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(From the painting by Richter.)

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21st FEBRUARY, 1891.



The Church and the People.

DR. MACDONELL'S appeal last Sunday week in St. Andrew's, Toronto, in favour of trying to make our churches more attractive to the poor, by the abolition of offertories and the rendering of all pews free during at least one service each Sunday will meet with much sympathy. If religion means anything, if its doctrines are true, and if an eternity of bliss or pain irrevocably follows good or evil actions done in the short life on earth, it should permeate every home in the land, and every impediment between its enjoyment and the great mass of the people should be swept aside. Anything tending to class distinction is totally out of place in God's house. Whatever involves the expenditure of money bears more or less the nature of such distinction, and is a barrier to some, who shrink from attendance at church where payment of even the smallest sum is looked for, they in many cases scarcely having enough to keep body and soul together. To such, religion should be especially welcome; but they dread to be considered as intruders in pews paid for by other people, and as paupers for not contributing to the collection plate. The churches do not begin to reach the great masses of the poor. Radical means must be employed; and perfect freedom from expense should be the first measure adopted.

General Sherman.

In the lamented death of GENERAL SHERMAN the United States loses one of its few great military leaders. Destined and educated for the profession of arms, he entered the army fifty-one years ago, and (with the exception of a few years of private life) he served his country faithfully and well until his retirement in 1884. Like all other great professions, there is a brotherhood in the military calling, not limited by country or language; and true soldiers of every nation will sorrow at the loss of a man who was conspicuous throughout the greatest civil war of the century for calm judgment combined with dash in carrying out the movements on which he had decided. His great march to the sea overshadowed his previous work; but it is possible that undue prominence attended this feat, in view of the known condition of the Confederacy at the time—prominence that involved lesser merit being granted for the hard fighting of earlier years. The almost simultaneous deaths of GENERAL SHERMAN and ADMIRAL PORTER appear a sad coincidence as being the removal of the most prominent figures in the army and navy of the great republic.

Aristotle's Lost Work.

The discovery of a lost work of ARISTOTLE by the British Museum authorities bids fair to be the literary event of the century. That such a book or manuscript—treating on the Constitution of Athens—existed at a period contemporary with the great philosopher is undoubted, although it has

been a debateable question among *savants* whether or no the work really emanated from his pen; the consensus of opinion being, however, in favour of his authorship. Be that as it may, the work had been referred to by many writers of antiquity; and its identity with the papyrus rolls now accidentally acquired by the Museum bears so many proofs, that all doubts as to their genuine character must cease. The treatise unfortunately is imperfect, the opening chapter being missing, and the concluding ones much mutilated; but the body of the work is intact. It is pleasing to note that already the text of the recovered volume has been reprinted by the authorities, and is now being published with an introduction and copious illustrative notes from the pen of an able scholar. Facsimiles of the work are also in course of preparation, and will be issued to those specially interested in the subject.

The American Press on Canada.

To those of us who possess anything of pride in Canada, and a sincere longing for the rapid growth and expansion of national sentiment, it is galling to see the rather contemptuous manner in which the American press concur in sneering at our institutions and in expressing—in terms more or less offensive—their belief that our ultimate fate will be to become incorporated in the United States. Well-informed on most subjects, they singularly fail to correctly measure the feeling of the Canadian people on this point. To a great measure this can be attributed to the fact that newspaper men, as a rule, can necessarily find but little time for visits to comparatively distant localities, such as Canada is to the average American; and when they do favour us in this way the visit is usually limited to a hurried rush through our principal cities. It is safe to say that not one in fifty stays here long enough to gauge public opinion on the subject of national sentiment. Those who have, know, and are usually honest enough to clearly state, that the annexation of Canada to the Republic is a thing so repugnant to the average Canadian that the idea of the thing brings a hot flush to the face. We respect the United States as a nation, admire the wonderful progress she has made, and have many dear friends among her citizens; but, apart from pride in the institutions of our country and knowledge of its superior government, we inherit too much patriotic feeling and national pride to wish to exchange a British birthright for a foreign alliance. A Canadian annexationist is a man who sells his patriotism to the highest bidder, and as such is deserving of all the contempt that can possibly be given. His place is not here, but south of the frontier; and the sooner he is made to feel this fact the better for the country. One of the last American papers to express itself on the subject is the New York *Saturday Review*, usually a well-written paper, but whose article on this subject displays the densest ignorance on the part of its author as to Canadian sentiment, coupled with a virulent hostility to England which one would have thought was confined to a lower grade of newspaper. The writer unwittingly pays the highest possible compliment to SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD; while his zeal has led him into making statements as to the results of a war between Britain and America, which must deeply impress those aware of the vast military and naval preponderance of the United States.

The Jamaica Exhibition.

The success of the great West Indian Fair appears to be beyond question. Favoured with a brilliant opening, under Royal auspices, the exhibition has been and is undoubtedly the greatest event in the Island for many years in spectacular, social and commercial senses. It is especially pleasing for us to note that the Canadian exhibit is incomparably ahead of any other, and the result cannot fail to bear substantial trade results in the near future. It is well that our best efforts should be put forth in recognition and encouragement of such exhibitions in our sister colonies, under our own flag; it gives a life and intensity to that unity of the Empire towards which so many minds are now eagerly looking.

The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891. QUESTIONS.

FIRST SERIES.

- 1.—State where mention is made of the war of 1812, and give particulars, as concisely as possible.
- 2.—Give details of the announcement of forthcoming books by Canadian authors.
- 3.—Where is mention made of an unfinished work by an English writer now dead.
- 4.—Describe briefly a midnight scene in the forest, and state where mentioned.
- 5.—Some habits of a well-known English novelist are mentioned. Give particulars.
- 6.—Where, and in what connection is mentioned the most prominent poetess of this century.

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 135 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January.

The second series of Questions will be given in our issue of 28th February.



THE WEDDING RING.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," "STORMY WATERS," ETC., ETC.

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Gillian was there among her flowers. He strode towards her. She tried to keep back the great wave of crimson, which flooded her from brow to throat, and to repress the trembling of her limbs, but he gave her no time to play the tricks of her sex. He had hold of both her hands in his strong grasp before she knew, and bent above her radiant. "Gillian!" he said, "I know your secret, now. I know the barrier that parted us is down. Bream has told me all."

"Mr. Bream tells other people's secrets, very easily," she said, with an attempt at frigid dignity, made quite abortive by her beaming face and

humid eyes, and by the electric tremor of her fingers.

"I have waited for my happiness a long time, Gillian," he said, with a sudden tremor in his voice. "Have I not found it at last?"

"If I can make you happy, yes," she answered, with sweet gravity, and yielded to the strong and steady persuasion of the hands which drew her to his breast.

CHAPTER XI.—ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

The evening after the blissful interview which had ended six years of fear and doubt, Sir George

Venables, mounted on his big roadster, was journeying through the pleasant green lanes which lay between the Lodge and Crouchford Court.

It was still early in the morning, and the heat of the young sun was tempered by a cool breeze and an occasional fleecy cloud. The whole earth seemed, in the happy lover's imagination, to rejoice with his rejoicing; and the tranquil, friendly prospect of the meadows among which his whole life had been passed had never touched him with a charm of such serene happiness.

The long ribbon of road, inch deep in white dust between the flowering hedges, was empty of passengers, and in the pleasant solitude he gave vent to the gladness of his heart with an almost boyish simplicity, answering the incessant chatter of the birds with a fluent whistle, as jolly as the jolliest note of thrush or blackbird. His handsome face, ruddy with free exercise in sun and air, beamed with satisfaction. He was dressed with unusual care, and from the corner of his hat to the tips of his polished boots looked the very model of an English squire.

As he approached within sight of the chimney cowl of Crouchford Court, visible above the winding hedges, he became aware of a figure approaching him on foot, and on a second glance, recognized the pedestrian as Mr. Herbert. He waved his riding whip in salutation, and quickened his horse's leisurely pace.

The reverend gentleman was strolling along with a serenity of visage begotten of a good breakfast, a conscience at rest, a mind at peace with all the world, and the softening influence of the odorous morning air.

"Good morning, Sir George," he said, as the baronet reined in his horse. "Magnificent weather."

"Yes," said Venables. "It's the finest day I ever saw, I think."

There was an unconstrained ring of jollity in his voice; he spoke the words upon a laugh, as though they had been some masterpiece of merry humour. The clergyman looked at him, with knitted brows of good humoured enquiry drawn over his mild, short-sighted eyes.

"You look particularly happy this morning," he exclaimed.

"I am particularly happy," Venables answered.

"I rejoice to—ah—hear it," said Mr. Herbert.

"May I ask the cause?"

"Well," said Venables, "you would certainly soon hear it from some other source, so I will tell you, the more willingly since, to some extent, it concerns you."

"Concerns me?" repeated Herbert.

Venables descended from his horse, and taking the clergyman's arm, led on his horse by the bridle.

"Yes, I hope in a week or two to ask for a cast of your office."

"Indeed?"

Mr. Herbert spoke the word with a sudden gravity, and shot a side-long glance at the radiant face of his companion.

"Yes," said Venables. "I'm going to say good-bye to bachelorhood, and settle down as a married man."

"Ye-es," said Mr. Herbert.

"Is that all you have to say?" asked Venables.

"By no means. I may have much to say, my dear Sir George; but tell me first, who is the lady?"

"I should have thought you would have guessed that," said the baronet. His tone was a little discomfited and brusque, as though his old friend's lack of warmth hurt him.

"Perhaps I do," said the clergyman. "Mrs. Dartmouth?"

"Yes, I proposed to her last night, and she accepted me. By Jove! I believe I'm the happiest man in England at this moment. You know, sir, what a woman she is, how good, how—"

He checked himself. To his devoted tenderness his very praise seemed almost a profanation of the priceless woman he loved, so little could he express of the devotion with which she filled his heart.

"A most admirable lady," said Mr. Herbert. "A lady for whom I have the most profound respect—I had almost said—ah—affection. Beautiful both in person and character."

"Isn't she?" cried Venables, turning a happy face on him. "Thank you, sir, for saying that. Though who could think otherwise who'd ever seen her for five minutes. I knew you would congratulate me when you knew."

"Ahem!" went Mr. Herbert.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Venables, releasing his arm. His face, which was simply wondering, would have expressed indignation had his companion been other than he was.

"My dear Sir George," said Mr. Herbert, "be calm. I respect and admire the lady as much, I think, as you can do. I admit that as far as the graces of her mind and person, the excellence of her character and principles are concerned, it would be difficult to discover a lady more admirably suited to do credit to the station you will raise her to. But there are other considerations."

"Other considerations?" echoed Venables.

"What other considerations, in Heaven's name?"

"Let us approach them—ah—*seriatim!*" said

Mr. Herbert. "You must know, my dear sir, that a friend so intimate, not merely with yourself, but with your dear father, must have been aware of the condition of your feelings with respect to Mrs. Dartmouth for some time past. I know, for instance, that some five or six years ago, you asked her to become your wife."

"I did."

"Did she—ah—confide to you any reason for her refusal at that date?"

"No, I guessed it, and have since learned that my guess was correct. Her husband was still alive."

"I gather, from her acceptance of you, that he is since dead."

"Precisely," said Venables drily.

"Precisely," echoed Mr. Herbert. "Has she confided in you the reasons for her separation from her husband for so long a period?"

"I never asked her," answered Venables, "I did not want to know them. The matter has not been mentioned between us."

"Don't you think," pursued the clergyman, "don't you think, my dear Sir George—putting aside for the moment other considerations to which we will—ah—presently return—that it would be well to invite such a confidence?"

"I am so perfectly certain," said Sir George, "that Gill—that Mrs. Dartmouth—can have nothing to blame herself for, so sure that whatever the reason for her separation may have been, she was blameless in the matter, that I have never thought it necessary to approach the subject. Let me ask you, sir, if ever, in all your knowledge of women, and in your clerical capacity you must have known many very intimately—have you ever known one her superior? I have heard you speak of her goodness a hundred times. She is your favourite parishwoman. It was by your countenance and friendship that she conquered the prejudice with which, as a stranger, she found herself surrounded when first she came to live here."

"True," said Mr. Herbert. "I believe her to be an excellent woman. But, mark me, I can only believe it. I do not know it. I know nothing but her career among us in Crouchford."

"Is not that enough?"

"To extend to her my personal consideration as a gentleman, my office as a spiritual guide, yes. To receive her as a fit wife for you, the son of my oldest friend, the representative of the best family in this county, as the future mother of your children, no. No, my dear George. You have a right to know more, to know—ah—all. I pay the lady a sincere compliment when I express my belief that she would welcome your invitation to such a confidence."

"I have no fear of it," said Venables, with a laugh. "If she likes to tell me—I'll listen. But I won't hint a doubt of her by asking it."

"Then" said Mr. Herbert, "let us waive that point for a little time, and come to the other consideration at which I hinted a minute or two ago. Mrs. Dartmouth is—ah—a widow."

"Well!" said Venables. He spoke the word drily, with a twinkle in his eyes which his companion did not see.

"My views upon certain topics," said Mr. Herbert, "are, I know, what the present generation, even the present generation of clergymen, are in the habit of calling—ah—old-fashioned. That judgment has, however, never frightened me into holding back when I deemed it necessary to express them. Some old fashions are worth preserving. Your 'well,' my dear Sir George, is a little disingenuous, for I think you are aware of my views upon the re-marriage of widows."

"I know that you disapprove of it," said Venables. "Mrs. Dartmouth knows it too, for you have expressed it, she tells me, in her presence. She told me so last night, when I said that I hoped you would marry us."

"Understand me," said Mr. Herbert, "that I have never taken the ground that no widow should marry. There may be—ah—dispensations. There are many rules of conduct which admit of no exception whatever. There are others in which—ah—distinction may fittingly be made. I trust that this may be such a case, admitting, of course,

that, as I am strongly inclined to believe, your blind belief in Mrs. Dartmouth's purity of character is justified. Come!" he said, pressing the young man's arm, and speaking with a winning friendliness of manner made additionally pleasant by his general stiffness and preciseness, "come, let us see if there is no way of reconciling our views upon this matter."

"Willingly," said Venables. "I know, sir, that I have no more sincere well-wisher than yourself."

"Good!" said Mr. Herbert. "Then, will you let me approach Mrs. Dartmouth on the two themes of which we have spoken? Let me in my double character of your friend and well-wisher—representing, in that capacity, the world and—ah—the general feeling of society—and as a clergyman, representing the views of the true church, let me ask Mrs. Dartmouth for some particulars of her first marriage and the reason of her—ah—unfortunate separation from her husband."

Venables paced on slowly for a moment.

"I tell you, candidly," said the old cleric, with an obvious affection, which gave a certain dignity to his speech and preserved the young man from taking any offence at his rather fussy officiousness, "that I feel towards you—ah—in *loco parentis*. Ah! you laugh. You think you are old enough to be out of leading strings, old enough to do without anybody's advice."

"Advice!" repeated Venables. "Pray understand me, Mr. Herbert." He checked his horse, and stood still to make the declamation, letting go the old clergyman's arm. "There is no power on earth to prevent me from marrying Mrs. Dartmouth. I believe, now that she is free, there is no force on earth that could prevent her from marrying me," he went on, with a heightened colour and a broken voice, which testified to the violence he did to his inner self in speaking thus plainly of his dearest and most inmost thoughts. "I love her, sir. She loves me. We are pledged to each other, and nothing, *nothing* can part us."

"I trust," returned Mr. Herbert, "that there may be no need to speak of your parting. My knowledge of Mrs. Dartmouth during her residence amongst us prompts me to believe that the fullest possible inquiry into her antecedents will conduce only to an additional respect for her character. That inquiry, my dear George, is the merest matter of form. As to the dispensation, that is a matter on which, until I know the facts of her former union, I cannot venture to speak. It is a matter for grave deliberation, not for—ah—hazard guesswork."

"You have heard my ultimatum, sir," answered Venables. "No power on earth can keep me from fulfilling my engagement with Mrs. Dartmouth. I do not think—I cannot believe—that anything will force or persuade her to break her promise to me."

"You expressed a desire," said the cleric, after a moment's silence, "that I should perform the marriage service."

"Certainly," said Venables. "It would add to my happiness, even in marrying Mrs. Dartmouth, that you should unite us."

"Nothing would give me sincerer pleasure," said Mr. Herbert, "than to do so, if I can only satisfy my conscience that I am guilty of no breach of the laws of the Church. But I feel so strongly upon this point that I make no apology for plain speech. If I find that I cannot so satisfy myself, it will be a painful necessity imposed upon me by—ah—the necessities of the case to request you to apply to another clergyman."

Venables gave a little shrug, half of vexation and half of humour.

"Well sir," he said, "I can't and shan't try to prevent you speaking to Mrs. Dartmouth on any subject you think fit. She may tell you what she will about her past life. As to your crotch—your views about this other matter—I warn you that I would marry Mrs. Dartmouth if she were fifty thousand widows rolled into one."

With this wholesale announcement of unconquerable affection, Venables turned his horse's head again in the direction of Crouchford Court.

"You are going to call upon Mrs. Dartmouth?" asked Mr. Herbert.

"Yes."

"Will you permit me to accompany you?"

"Certainly," said Venables, and he and the clergyman walked on together.

CHAPTER XII.

ANOTHER WAY.

A small rustic, in an ancestral smock frock, covered with a rimless felt hat, and wearing a pair of enormous boots of abnormal thickness of sole, was coming whistling along the road towards them at an easy pace, which quickened at sight of them to a shambling half run. On encountering the two gentlemen outside Mrs. Dartmouth's gate, he touched a shaggy forehead and extended a letter to Mr. Herbert.

"I missed 'ee at the Vicarage, sir," he said.

Mr. Herbert opened the letter, dismissing the messenger with a fatherly nod. He perused the communication with lifted eyebrows, and handed it over to his companion with a gravely twinkling smile.

"Mrs. Dartmouth wishes to see you, sir," said Venables.

"As you see," said Mr. Herbert.

They passed into the house together, and had been seated in the wide reception room some five minutes when Mrs. Dartmouth entered. She was dressed in a riding habit, and carried a whip in her hand. She flushed a little at sight of Venables, and cordially greeted Mr. Herbert.

"It is very good of you," she said, "to answer my appeal so soon, when you must have so many calls upon your time."

"I am always at your disposal Mrs. Dartmouth," the reverend gentleman answered. "Your messenger missed me at the Vicarage. I met him at the gate, where I had just encountered Sir George."

"If," said Venables, looking at his watch, "if you can let me know, Gillian, at what time you think your conference with Mr. Herbert will be over, I will get back then, and we can go for our ride."

"But I want you to stay," she answered. "I asked Mr. Herbert to come at this hour because we had already an appointment."

Venables sat and plunged into contemplation of his boots.

"I am all attention," said Mr. Herbert.

"You are aware," she began, the colour playing on her face, and her breathing a little quickened, though her manner was as simple and unembarrassed as her words, "you are aware, Mr. Herbert, of the relationship newly established between Sir George Venables and myself."

Mr. Herbert bowed.

"I have heard it from Sir George himself within the last half hour."

"I took the liberty of asking you to call."

"You did me the honour, Mrs. Dartmouth."

She acknowledged the stately mixture of correction and compliment by a slight bend of the head.

"To make a communication to you. The circumstances of my engagement to Sir George, and of my position in this place, seem to me to be such as make it advisable."

"My dear Gillian," Venables broke in at this point, "pray allow me a word. You are free to make any communication to Mr. Herbert you please. But I have asked for none, and I desire none."

"It is best," she said. "I should be unworthy the honour you do me—of your love," she added, with a little deepening of colour, "if I permitted you to marry me except with the clearest possible understanding between us."

"Admirably said, Mrs. Dartmouth," said Mr. Herbert. "You see, my dear Venables, you stand for love, who has always been painted blind; I represent the church and the world."

"Which have always had their eyes particularly wide open," interjected Venables.

Mr. Herbert let out a resounding cough of one syllable, deprecating levity, to call it by no harsher name.

"I have been told," continued Gillian, addressing him again, "that you have leanings towards auricular confessions."

"In a sense, yes. Without its perversions, its intrusions into domestic privacy. There are many things in the old formulas which might still be

adopted, with—ah—modifications."

"Adapted," murmured Sir George, "like plays from the French."

"On another point," said Gillian; "I hear you hold rather old-fashioned views—you doubt the right of a woman who has once been married to marry again?"

"Hum! Not—not entirely. There may be exceptions—spiritual dispensations. Divorce—of course, I hold with the Fathers to be abominable and un-Christian. Even when death intervenes, causing a temporary separation, it seems to me that the union of souls is still a living certainty."

"Ah!" said Gillian, softly, but with a note of deep emotion in her voice, which made her auditors look at her, Mr. Herbert, with a quickened interest, and Venables with a pitying affection. "The union of souls! It is of that I wish to speak before you both—of that, and other things. It is right that my future husband should know the whole truth concerning my former marriage and my past life."

"I listen under protest, Gillian," said Sir George.

"I ask for nothing that it can pain you to tell."

"It would pain me all the more to be silent, George," she answered.

She paused for a moment before beginning her recital.

"I was a mere child when my mother died, so young that I can scarcely remember her at all. My father had till that time practiced as a doctor in London, but at my mother's death he gave up his practice, and retired to a little town in the midlands. He had been very successful in his profession, and besides the money he had earned in that way, had a small private fortune, so that we were in more than easy circumstances. He was passionately devoted to science, and after his retirement from practice devoted his whole time to his studies and experiments, leaving me to the care of an old nurse, who had been my mother's favourite servant, and who idolized me. I was the only child. I grew up under her guardianship, not the best in the world, perhaps, for a self-willed child, seeing little of my father, who passed nearly all his waking hours in his laboratory. I would not have you think that I blame my father, or think of him with anything but the warmest love and respect. He was the kindest and best of men, generosity and gentleness in person, and he loved me dearly. But he was absorbed in his scientific studies, and so long as I looked happy and contented when we met, he never dreamed that there was more to wish for. I learned what and how I liked, and studied or idled as the fit took me. It was a happy life," said Gillian, with a sigh, "a long dream of happiness, but not the best preparation for the duties and struggles of the world."

"The place in which we lived was a very small one—little more than a village—and from two years of age to seventeen I had never been five miles away from home, so that between the unceasing affection of my father and my nurse, and my ignorance of everything in the world which I had not learned from books, I was little more than a child in knowledge when already almost a woman in years. I can look back on myself as I was then quite dispassionately. I had many faults. I was wilful and petulant, as spoiled children who have never had their whims crossed are sure to be. I was very ignorant of life, and my brain was filled with nonsensical dreams and ideas, some drawn from the novels and poetry which were all I cared to read, some the birth of my own ignorance and girlish folly. But I was as innocent and honest a girl—I can truly say—as I have ever known. Looking back to that time through the miserable years which separate the girl from the woman I now am, the contrast is all to her advantage.

"I was just seventeen when I first saw my husband. He came to the village on a sketching tour. He managed to scrape acquaintance with my father by pretending to have a great interest in some scientific problem on which my father had just published a book. He was an extremely clever man, with a ready address and a certain ease of manner which imposed on most people very readily, and he had, more than any other person I have ever known, the art of pleasing and interesting the people he de-

sired to stand well with. A less clever man might easily have made a conquest either of my father or myself. He, poor old man, fell a complete victim. In a week he could talk of nothing else but this new acquaintance. He had made himself my father's pupil and secretary, and it was my father's constant cry that he was a man of scientific genius, who, if he had had the necessary training, would have been one of the greatest lights of the age. I can remember and understand now by what means he gained my father's affection, how he played on his simple vanity and flattered his foibles. I learned more afterwards, and from him. It was one of his favourite amusements to tell me, after our marriage, how he had cheated and deceived the good old man, who grew to love him in a month or two almost as a son.

"My father fell ill, and after only a week's confinement, knew that his case was hopeless. In his last days all his thoughts were for me. He reproached himself bitterly for his neglect of me; the only terror death had for him was that he must leave the child he loved alone and unprotected in a world of which he knew as little as I myself. Philip—that was my husband's name—played on this terror with such success, that the day before his death my father begged me to marry him there and in his presence. His belief in this man amounted to a mania, though he had known him scarcely three months. He implored me with tears to make his last hours happy, 'happier,' he said, 'than he deserved to be after his neglect of me'—to let him know that he did not leave me unprotected. I consented. What else could I do. Put yourself in my place, Mr. Herbert, imagine the circumstances."

"Did you love this man?" asked Mr. Herbert.

"No," said Gillian.

"A bad beginning," said the clergyman.

"Bad, indeed," said Gillian. "No, I did not love him. I admired him; I thought him clever, handsome, like the heroes of novels I had read, but he had not touched my heart at all. But my father begged me to marry him, and in his anxiety for my welfare painted the future of an unprotected girl so black and full of danger, that I consented. To be quite honest with you, there was a dash of romance in this marriage to a semi-stranger, by the bedside of a dying father, which appealed to my silly fancy. Don't think worse of me than I deserve. I loved my father truly, devotedly, and was desolate at the thought of losing him; but I felt that it was like an event in a novel or a play, and felt a sort of pleasure in making a poetic figure.

"For the few days in which my father lingered, and for the few other days after his burial, during which we remained in the village, my husband's conduct not merely gave no cause for alarm, but was most affectionate and considerate. Then, without any warning, he suddenly told me that the house and grounds were sold and that we were going to London. Arrived there, he took rooms in a street in the West End. I was a perfect stranger in the town, without a friend or even an acquaintance, and perfectly at his mercy. We had hardly been in London a week before he began a systematic course of insult and neglect, which lasted till our separation. He would leave me completely alone for days at a time. My remonstrances were treated with cool contempt, and, on more than one occasion, were answered by violence."

"For God's sake!" broke out Venables. "Why should you torment yourself in this fashion?"

"Let me finish, George," she answered. "Half-confidence is no confidence. I will be as brief as I can. I found I had married a libertine and a drunkard. He had a truly diabolical cunning, which he loved to exercise. When guests were present he acted affection and respect in a fashion which would have deceived any witness. Always, in the presence of a third person, his conduct was the very perfection of consideration; when we were alone—I cannot speak of it. His hypocrisy was the most horrible of all his vices. I had married a man with neither heart nor conscience, one base beyond conception, cold, calculating, horribly impure. And, as I fully woke to the wretchedness to which I had bound myself, I became a mother."

(To be Continued.)



The Sagamore

The reporter stepped briskly into the wigwam, but halted suddenly the moment his eye took in the full interior. He saw at a glance that his visit was not opportunely timed.

On one end of a bench sat Mr. Paul, his back turned to the other end, and his eyes wandering in every direction but that where the reporter stood. At the other end of the bench sat a buxom forest maiden, with her back partially turned to Mr. Paul, and her attention also fully absorbed.



"Introduce me," said the reporter, with an insinuating smile.

"He's my squaw," said the sagamore, with manifest pride.

"Since when?" inquired the reporter, after acknowledging the introduction in his best manner.

"Since to-day," replied the happy groom. "He come here to-day—gonto be my squaw."

"Oh! Is that so!" commented the reporter, and the forest maiden smiled a sweet assent. The reporter tendered his congratulations.

"I shall come to see you a great deal oftener," he declared fervently to the sagamore, a remark, however, which was not received with that cordiality he might have expected. The sagamore simply stared at him and made no reply whatever. Conversation suddenly showed a tendency to lag, and the reporter began to feel slightly uncomfortable.

"It looks as if there would be another storm," he said at last, with a cheerful determination to be agreeable.

"Here!" cried the reporter, seizing an arm of each, "what's the trouble now? You surely are not going to quarrel?"

"You let go me!" cried the forest maiden fiercely.

"But you mustn't fight," protested the reporter. "Sit down, both of you, and let us talk it over."

"You lemme go!" The look which accompanied this ominous question caused the reporter to fall back at once. No sooner had he done so than the maiden freed one hand and planted a fist with terrific vigour squarely between the eyes of the sagamore, who went down like a log. Seizing a stool she was about to follow up the advantage when the reporter once more intervened. It required all his agility to withstand the onslaught promptly made upon himself. The old man scrambled to his feet and also took a hand in the fray. The reporter tried to get between the two and restore peace, but he might as well have tackled a whirlwind. The forest maiden's blood was up, and she made no distinction whatever between the peacemaker and her opponent. Seizing the sagamore and the reporter each by the topknot she swung them around and tumbled them both in a heap on the floor. The sagamore managed to get up and prudently shot through the door, and the reporter, with a desperate wrench, freed himself and followed. The pursuer was at their heels and the struggle was renewed outside. When at length the erstwhile smiling bride had wreaked enough of vengeance and had strode away, hurling fierce invective over her shoulder and vowing to kill either of them if they ever dared to look at her again, it was a handsome pair that got up on their elbows and surveyed each other. Their clothes were torn, their faces bruised and their general anatomy in a state of general disjointedness.



It was quite clear to the reporter that the respective positions of these two persons had some relation to the fact of his sudden and unexpected advent.

"My brother," he said, with a broad grin, "you seem to have received your valentine."

Mr. Paul turned with a great show of surprise, and with profuse cordiality welcomed his visitor.

"What's that you said?" he inquired, when the reporter had got comfortably placed.

"I say you seem to have found your valentine."

"What's that?" queried the sagamore.

The reporter winked a prodigious wink.

"No use you wink at me," declared the sagamore. "I can't tell what you say when you wink."

"If," said the reporter, with another broad grin, "I were sitting on the same bench with one of the finest looking girls in the settlement and somebody winked at me—I think I'd blush."

Mr. Paul at this remark cast a shy glance out of the corner of his eye toward the other end of the bench. The other end of the bench reciprocated, and a really charming little pantomime was enacted, to the high delight of the romantic reporter.

There was no reply from either end of the bench.

"Your fire is getting decidedly low," was the next remark. "Have you settled the question who shall make the fires?"

"Ah-hah," said Mr. Paul.

"Ah-hah," said the new Mrs. Paul.

"And cut the wood, and pound the splints, and carry the loads and all that?"

"Ah-hah," said Mr. and Mrs. Paul.

"I am curious," said the reporter, "to know how you have settled this question."

Mr. Paul thereupon made a remark in the Milicete tongue to the new partner of his joys and his bench. She replied in the same language. Mr. Paul repeated his remark a little sharply. The reply was the same. The sagamore straightened himself up and spoke again, this time in a decidedly vigorous tone. The forest maiden likewise straightened up and her reply was not less forcible. Before the reporter could realize what it was all about the two occupants of the bench were on their feet confronting each other and hurling guttural expletives with a volubility and energy that could not possibly be mistaken for anything else than the beginning of a storm. They soon began to gesticulate, and finally clinched.



"My brother," said the reporter, "we have had a close call. Will she come back, do you suppose, and finish the honeymoon?"

"No more honeymoon here," rejoined the disconsolate bridegroom.

"What started the row, anyhow?" the reporter demanded.

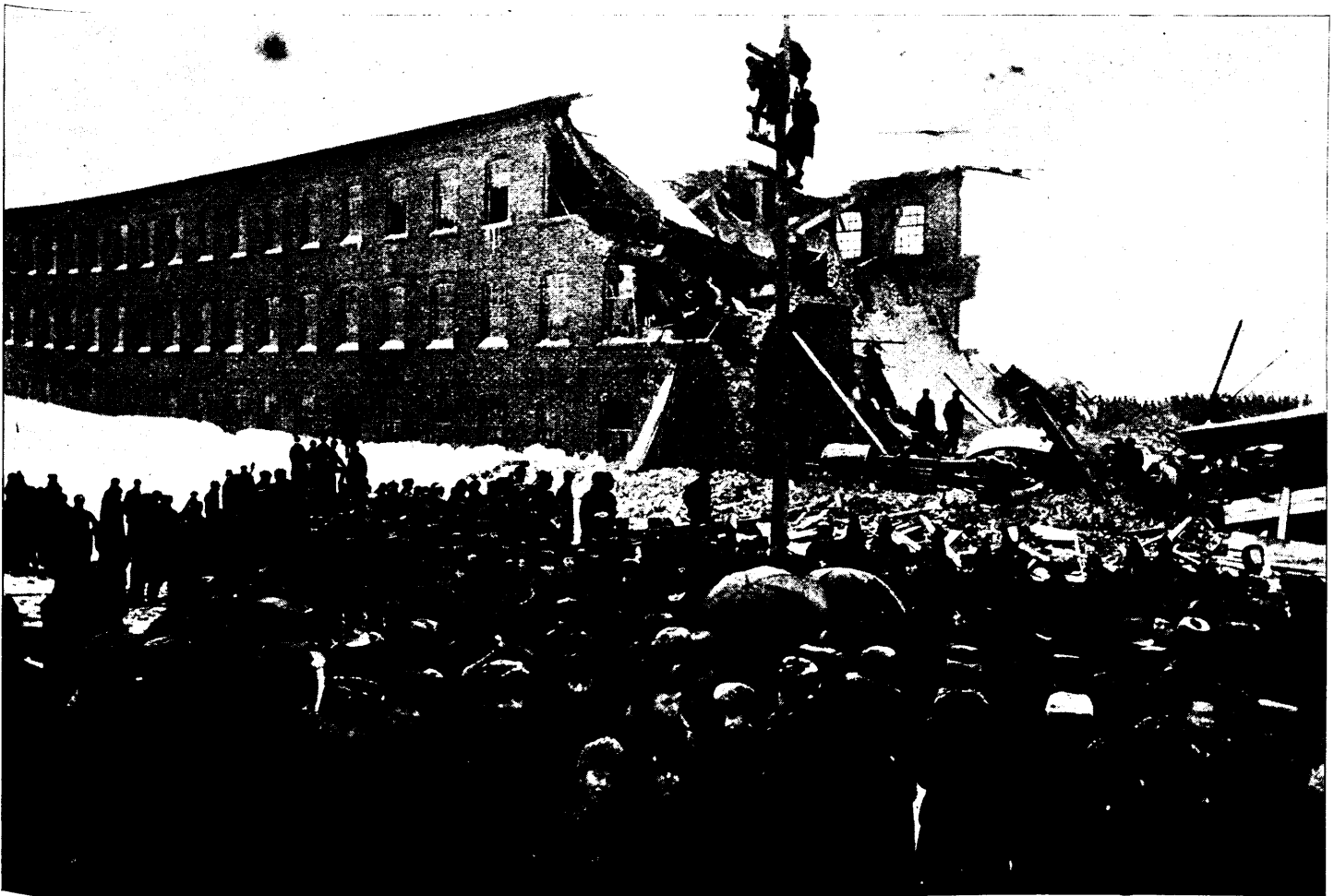
"I told him git some wood fix that fire—he told me go git wood myself—then we fight."

"Well," said the reporter, "I am going to a doctor. When you make up your mind to get married again let me know. I will not be the first to tender my congratulations. Good day."

"Good day," said the sagamore. "If you ever hear tell 'bout me have young squaws come round here any more you kin holler."

"There is no fool," said the reporter over his shoulder, "like an old fool."

And the sagamore did not dispute the statement.



IEWS OF THE RUINS OF THE QUEBEC WORSTED MILL AFTER RECENT FATAL EXPLOSION.

ABOUT RUDYARD KIPLING AND HIS POEMS.

Four years ago, nearly five years ago, I was at a ball on that stately old four-decker, the Royal Adelaide, one of the last, as well as the largest, of the wooden walls of Old England. She has never done any more active service than act as Admiral's ship on a home station, and now never goes outside Plymouth Sound.

But one of the Admiral's staff, whom I met on board, has been out to India, and he had brought back with him a volume of poems by a young Anglo-Indian. I caught it up while a "square" was being danced and read "The Story of Uriah" and "A Code of Morals."

So little was Rudyard Kipling known to fame then, that I had forgotten his name, while I remembered the poems as if I had read them but yesterday, when, to my delight, I recognized them in "Departmental Ditties," "Barrack-room Ballads" and other verses. (John W. Lovell & Co., New York, 1890)

Rudyard Kipling is certainly a wonderful youth. He is only four and twenty, and people are calling him the Indian Dickens for his life-like presentments of life in India, especially the life of Tommy Atkins in India. How close he is to life. I had an opportunity of judging the other day.

Everyone who keeps up with the 'best-broomed' fiction of the day is familiar with the lament of Private Ortheris, in "Forty Tales from the Hills," over his continued deprivation of the delights of London—the Strand and the penny bus and the gin palaces.

It fell to me last summer to have this curiously corroborated. There had been an accident on the Canadian Pacific Railway; a bridge had subsided, with a train on it, between Port Caldwell and Peninsular on the north shore of Lake Superior. A gang of men was scoured together in haste to repair the embankment and bridge; and pretty scourgings they were; the men who were at liberty for odd jobs in this unpopulated part of the country—most of them the riff-raff of the London streets, shot out to Canada by some emigration society, and drifting about the Dominion utterly unsuitable for anything when they got there. I went down on the work-train with these men, sitting on the beams for the repairing. Their conversation had one topic: "Lovely place, Lake Superior, ain't it? bootiful scenery, ain't it? such a lake for a cove to do, ain't there? Why, I'd give the whole — show for a pint of 'arf and 'arf at the Blue Boar's 'Ead in Droory Lane!"

I own that the things that take me most are the "Barrack-room Ballads." It is when Mr. Kipling takes his stand in the shoes of Tommy Atkins, the indistinguishable hero who has won England half her empire and glory, that he evinces his grasp of humanity, his power of creating the generalizations which endure his eye for picking out types as the philologist unearths the roots underlying the whole organ family of languages.

Worthy of the creator of that inimitable triumvirate, Ortheris, Learoyd and Mulvaney, are "The Sons of the Widow"

We 'ave 'eard of the Widow at Windsor,
Its safest to let 'er alone,
For 'er sentries we stand by the sea and the land
Whenever the bugles are blown.
(Poor beggars!—an' don't we get blown!)

Take 'old 'o the wings 'o the morning,
An' flop round the earth till you're dead,
But you won't get away from the tune that they play
To the blooming old rag over'ead.
(Poor beggars!—it's 'ot over'ead!)

and "Troopin'." (Our army in the East.)
Troopin', troopin', troopin' to the sea,
'Ere's September come again—the six-year men are free.
O leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot come away,
To where the ship's a-coalin' up that takes us 'ome to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,
Our ship is at the shore,
An' you must pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.

Ho! don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary-Anne,
For I'll marry you yit on a fourpenny bit
As a time-expired man.

"The Grave of the Hundred Head" has the strength and ghastliness and national pride of that fine story of Mr. Kipling's, "The Man who Was." It is refreshing to read

pages which show that the writer's heart still throbs with rational national pride in the midst of all the sickly maundering about oppression. Not that Mr. Kipling's poems are devoid of the sympathy for the rank and file of humanity which distinguishes his prose works, as witness "Dannie Deever," a poem which strikes quite tragic chords, and "Belts." But I adhere to liking him best in such poems as "Gunga Din." "By the living Gawd that made you, you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din;" and "Mandalay" is the gem of the book.

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago and fur away,
An' there ain't no busses running from the Bank to Mandaly;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year soldier tells,

If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why you won't 'eed nothin' else.

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else,
But them spicy garlic smells,

An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells!

On the road to Mandalay.

I'm sick o' wastin' leather on these gutty paving stones,
An' the blasted English drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids onter Chelsea to the Strand,

An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
Law! wot do they understand;

I've a neater, sweeter maiden, in a cleaner, greener land!
On the road to Mandalay.

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,

Where there aren't no ten commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst;

For the temple-bells are calling, an' its there that I would be—

By the old Monlmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea.

And there's a splendid finale to "The Young British Soldier:"

When you're wounded an' left on Afghanistan's plains,
An' the women come out and cut up your remains,
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains,
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.

Go, go, go like a soldier,
Go, go, go like a soldier,
Go, go, go like a soldier,
So oldier hof the Queen.

Englishmen will love Kipling's poems as they love Kipling's prose, because they make our great Indian Empire part of our everyday knowledge, as all the colonels who have returned from India since the days of Clive and talked of nothing but India till the day of their death.

His "Christmas in India," with which I will conclude my quotations, is worthy of Adam Lindsay Gordon.

Gray dusk behind the tamarisks—the parrots fly together,—
As the sun is sinking slowly over home;
And his last ray seems to mock us,
Shackled in a life-long tether
That drags us back howe'er so far we roam.

Hard her service, poor her payment—
She in ancient, tattered raiment—
India, she the grim step mother of our kind.
If a year of life we lent her, if her temple's shrine we enter,
The door is shut—we may not look behind.

Black night behind the tamarisks—the owls begin their chorus—

As the conches from the temple scream and bray,
With the fruitless years behind us, and the hopeless years before us.

Let us honor, O my brother, Christmas day!

Call a truce then to our labors—let us feast with friends and neighbors,

And be merry as the custom of our caste;
For if "faint and forced the laughter," and if sadness follow after,

We are richer by our mocking Christmas past.

Compare this with the immortal finish of poor Gordon's masterpiece "The Sick Stockrider," not so well known as it should be in America, though where is the Australian who has not these lines by heart:

I've had my share of pastime and I've done my share of toil;

And life is short—the longest life a span;
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or for wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

For good undone and gifts misspent and revolutions vain,
Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know.

I should live the same life over, if I had to live again,
And the chances are I go where most men go.

The deep blue skies wax dusky and the tall green trees grow dim,
The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall;
And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy sunlight swim,
And on the very sun's face weave their pall.

Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle-blossoms wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my bed;

Should the sturdy station children pull the bush flowers on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping overhead.

One of Mr. Kipling's happiest veins in his prose—the vein in which he entertains us with the Gadsbys—is very little represented in his verse, about the happiest instance being the poem quoted in the Sunday Sun:

THE BETROTHED.

"You must choose between me and your cigar."

Open the old cigar box, get me a Cuba stout,
For things are running crossways, and Maggie and I are out.

We quarrelled about Havanas; we fought o'er a good cheroot.

And I know she is exacting, and she says I am a brute.

Open the old cigar box, let me consider a space;
In the soft blue veil of the vapour, musing on Maggie's face.

Maggie is pretty to look at, Maggie's a loving lass,
But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest of loves must pass.

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in a Henry Clay,
But the best cigar in an hour is finished and thrown away.

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe and brown,
But I could not throw away Maggie for fear o' the talk o' the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty, gray and sour and old!
With never another Maggie to purchase for love or gold.

And the light of days that have been, the dark of the days that are.

And Love's torch stinking and stale, like the butt of a dead cigar.

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep in your pocket,
With never a new one to light tho' it's charred and black to the socket.

Open the old cigar box, let me consider awhile;
Here is a mild Manila, there is a wifely smile.

Which is the better portion, bondage bought with a ring,
Or a harem of dusky beauties, fifty tied in a string?

Counsellors cunning and silent, comforters true and tried,
And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival bride.

Thought in the early morning, solace in time of woes,
Peace in the bush of the twilight, balm ere my eyelids close.

This will the fifty give me, asking naught in return,
With only a Suttee's passion, to do their duty and burn.

This will fifty give me. When they are spent and dead,
Five times other fifties shall be my servants instead.

The furrows of far off Java, the isles of the Spanish Main,
When they hear my harem is empty will send me my brides again.

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will I temper their hides,
And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who read of the tale of my brides.

And I have been servant of Love for barely a twelve-month clear,
But I have been Priest of Partagas a matter of seven year.

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked with the cheery light
Of stumps that I burned to Friend-hip and Pleasure and Work and Fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie and I must prove,
But the only light on the marshes is the will-o'-the-wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey, or leave me bogged in the mire?
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I follow the fitful fire?

Open the old cigar box, let me consider anew;
Old friends, and who is Maggie, that I should abandon you?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a Smoke.

Light me another Cuba; I hold to my first-sworn vows,
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie for spouse!

With this I must bid adieu to Mr. Kipling and his verse.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.



LADY ELLINOR'S ROMANCE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

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

I always thought that Lady Ellinor Danvers—Lord Aire-dale's second daughter—had the face of a pitying saint. She was not so handsome as Lady Lillian, but she was gentler and sweeter looking, with pale golden hair and great, soft, dark eyes. She was a little thing, pale as a lily, with a tender, tranquil expression that made one love her at first sight. She was a year younger than her sister, and was fonder of the country and the parish than was Lady Lillian, the Marquis of Silvertown. I used to think that Lady Ellinor was rather lonely, especially after her poor mother's death; and that was why she got into the way of visiting the poor people, and teaching in the schools and playing the church organ—it was because she wanted some occupation for her mind. "Dear Mrs. Daintrey," she used to say to me—*I am Mrs. Daintrey, you know, and I live at the Cottage, which is a humble residence almost opposite the Squire's gates*—"dear Mrs. Daintrey, I wish you would let me go about with you and tell me which cottages to go into." "Sunning,"—that was Lady Ellinor's brother—"Sunning says that there are some places which I must not visit on any account; and if I bring home scarlet fever or measles he will make papa forbid my going into the village altogether."

"I wish you would do something with the choir, Lady Ellinor," said I, wishing to be sympathetic, and not in the least suspecting that my suggestion was to start her upon a path of which neither she nor I could possibly have foreseen the end. "Ever since Mr. Smith left, the boys have been getting worse and worse, and although the schoolmaster practises them, I think their voices are flatter each Sunday than the last."

"But is the Rector not going to get a new organist?"

"Oh yes, I believe so, but as he is away for his holiday just now, we are sure not to have one for another month. If you did not dislike the task, I think it would be a work of charity to get the boys into training before he comes."

Lady Ellinor's pale face brightened at the idea. She had a great love for music, and a very sweet voice. If any person could succeed in controlling the Underwood boys, who were often very rough and troublesome, it would be Lady Ellinor—first, because she was personally adored by half the village; secondly, because she was the Earl's daughter.

I undertook to speak about the matter to Mr. Crisp, our curate-in-charge, and to let her know whether she could be of any use.

"For you know I want more than anything to be *useful*, Mrs. Daintrey," she said to me, with a pretty, plaintive earnestness. "I often feel as if I did nothing in the world. I have no place ready for me, as Lillian has."

"That will come in good time," said I, smiling as I looked at her. She was kneeling on the white rug before my drawing-room fire, playing with my little toy terrier; and I thought, as the firelight tinged her face with rose, that I had seldom seen a prettier girl. She was well dowered too; for, besides what her father could give her, she had inherited fifty thousand pounds from one of her mother's American relations. There was not much fear but that Lady Ellinor would marry well and, it was to be hoped, happily. Somehow, to me, she always had the pathetic look of a creature doomed to misfortune—a ridiculous idea when one considered her position and her beauty.

She went back to Cheveley with a brighter look than I had seen her wear for a very long time, and I made a point of asking Mr. Crisp to tea next day in order to consult him about the choir and Lady Ellinor.

Mr. Crisp was one of the most pleasant and most sensible of all the curates we ever had at Underwood, and we have had a good many. He was a thorough gentleman, a good preacher, and—as I heard—a capital cricketer. But he was not musical. His efforts at intoning in church were more lamentable than can well be conceived; and he could not start a hymn tune in the Sunday school to save his life. But he could keep order amongst the boys remarkably well, and he was delighted with the idea of Lady Ellinor's help in training their voices. We arranged that she was to hold a choir practice every Friday evening at half-past eight (when she could get away from dinner so early), and on Sundays at four o'clock in the afternoon. She had told me that these hours would suit her as well as any other.

It was January when she began her work, and it succeeded admirably. The boys behaved like angels and ceased to sing through their noses. The choirmen began to attend regularly. Mr. Crisp looked in sometimes to keep order; now and then I helped Lady Ellinor by playing the harmonium for her, and filling her place when she was obliged to be absent. Not that the choirmen thought very much of my instructions; the English rustic dearly loves a lord; and Lady Ellinor's rank, therefore, availed with them as much as her musical knowledge. She did not often play the organ in church; the exertion fatigued her. The schoolmaster played fairly well, the singing improved mightily, and everybody was satisfied. Until the time came when Lady Ellinor's yearly visit to town drew near, and then the Rector bestirred himself to get a professional organist.

He came in jubilant one day. Mr. Charteris was one of the most charming men I ever knew; handsome, benevolent, a good talker, a delightful companion; but he was, now and then, a trifle over enthusiastic. I felt from the very beginning that he was too enthusiastic over the new organist.

"A most remarkable player," he said. "A most remarkable man, also. A man of genius, I should say. I never thought such tones could be brought out of our poor little organ. And he is accustomed to choir work; he has been organist and choirmaster at St. Sebastian's Bloomsbury, ever since he was seventeen."

"Why is he leaving then?" I asked.

"The work was too hard for him. He has a clerkship in London; and he thinks it would be a rest for him to take a Sunday appointment in the country for a few months. He's not very strong. He will come down on Saturday night, take the practice, and go back on Sunday night or Monday morning. We shall find a bed for him somewhere, and give him his fare you know."

"What is he like, Mr. Charteris?" asked Lady Ellinor, who had slipped into my drawing-room after a mother's meeting, and was now drinking a cup of tea.

"Oh, quite romantic looking, Lady Ellinor. The biggest black eyes I ever saw, a hooked nose, and a black moustache. Of Italian extraction, I understand."

Mr. Charteris spoke laughingly, but I did not think his observation quite well-timed. Even an Earl's daughter may have foolish ideas, and I saw my little Lady Ellinor's eyes open wide with interest at this description of the London clerk, I interposed a remark.

"I hope he does not drop his h's *very* badly," I said, "as Mr. Smith used to do, or scent himself with patchouli like the organist at Fairoaks. As a race, I think that church organists are very objectionable people."

This I said, not because I meant it, nor because I had considered the subject before but because I did not wish Lady Ellinor to listen with such interest to the description of this young man's gifts and graces. That I had not succeeded, however, I gathered from her next question.

"What is his name, Mr. Charteris?"

"Bateman, Orlando Bateman, of all ridiculous names. Orlando is a name that is quite inadmissible out of Shakespeare, is it not, Lady Ellinor?" said the Rector, with his gay, easy laugh. "He comes next Saturday, so you will be relieved of your toil a little earlier than you expected."

"If Mrs. Daintrey will come with me, I will come to the schoolroom on Saturday night and explain our mark-books and other mysteries to Mr. Bateman," said Lady Ellinor; and Mrs. Daintrey had, of course, to promise her presence on the occasion.

Some of the neighbours were inclined, I found, to envy me the preference that Lady Ellinor showed for my society. At least I heard rumours to that effect. I am sure they had

no need to feel any want of charity towards me on that account. I was always fond of Lady Ellinor, but I did find it rather tiresome to have to send my maid home with her at unexpected moments, or accompany her to the schoolroom or parish-room, so that she might not be left to the society of Mr. Crisp and the schoolmaster. I did not grudge either my time or my trouble; I only mean to say that there was a good deal to be considered before you got much pleasure out of a friendship with Lady Ellinor. I am sure I did my best for her. But I was very much blamed in the sequence, for what she brought upon herself entirely.

I and old Miss Meredith took it in turns to keep the altar vases in the church well supplied (Mr. Charteris had a weakness for floral decorations), and about half-past five on the following Saturday afternoon I set forth to take the bouquets of Lent lillies and scarlet geraniums that I had been arranging up to the church. Twilight was closing in, for I was later than usual; but on Saturday afternoon the church was almost always open for cleaning purposes, and I did not intend to be more than five minutes inside it.

I always think that an unlighted church at twilight has a singularly dreary look; and I was especially struck with a sense of *overness* as I pushed open the heavy west door and looked in. It was a wide and lofty building—too large for our scattered parish—and the east window was filled with unstained glass, so that the pale light of the evening sky gleamed between the stone fretwork and graceful arches. Some of the other windows were of stained glass and looked dull and dark at this hour. Beside that white east window, the only other light that I could see came from one little flickering candle close to the organ. The church then was not empty. Some one was sitting at the instrument and sending out weird, sweet strains of music, such as our little organ had surely never produced before.

It was the new organist, of course. But how strangely wild and sweet that music was! Perhaps the influence of the twilight hour lent fascination to the sound. At any rate all that I can say is that I have never heard, before or since, anything that in the slightest degree approached it for mournfulness and melody. Mr. Charteris had called Orlando Bateman a genius, and looking back to my memories of that evening hour I can almost believe that Mr. Charteris was right.

I sat down in the free seats, to listen to that marvellous music, and for some time I fancied that I was the only listener. Then, out of the darkness beyond the central aisle, as my eyes became gradually accustomed to the gloom, there grew the whiteness of a face—a young face, bent eagerly forward and resting on clasped hands that lay lightly on the wooden partition between two pews. At first I did not recognise it. Then my very blood ran cold with an odd sensation of horror and amaze, for it was Lady Ellinor Danvers who was sitting in the cold, dark church, listening in a sort of emotional rapture to the playing of the new organist.

I speak advisedly when I use these words—emotional rapture—for no others can describe the look upon her face. It seemed to be glorified—spiritualized out of all likeness to the ordinary girl with the wistful eyes whom I had known so long. I felt that it was not good for her to be so completely subjugated by the musician's art, so when there was a pause I crossed the aisle, touched her arm lightly, and showed her my flowers.

"Will you help me to put these flowers in their places?" I said. "I did not know that you were to be here this afternoon."

She started and coloured and looked somewhat annoyed. "I only looked in," she said, "to listen to the music."

"The new organist plays very well in a sentimental kind of a way," I said. She made no answer. I saw very well that she was vexed.

The organist had meanwhile put out his solitary candle, closed the organ, and walked down the aisle, and as I spoke he was close upon us and passed us with a bow.

He was much younger than I had expected. He did not look more than two or three and twenty. He was vividly pale, lean, not very tall, with a shock of black hair, just exactly as Charteris had said, immense black eyes, and from the way he stooped, one would have fancied that he was deformed, but I do not think that this was exactly the case, although one shoulder was certainly higher than the other. As he passed us in the church, he looked so fierce and wild that I could have fancied him to be some gnome or kobold, or ghostly vision, such as one reads of in German fairy tales. He had an uncanny look; and I believe Lady Ellinor thought so too, for when I turned to speak to her, her face was white.

You may imagine that I was at the choir practice in good time that evening. I was not going to allow Lady Ellinor to meet this horrible Mr. Bateman without chaperonage. She came, accompanied by her maid, a discreet, middle-aged personage; and in my presence and with my assistance, she made over to Mr. Orlando Bateman all the lists, notes, and papers belonging to her class. Then she let him take her usual place at the harmonium, and sat down in a chair to listen to his first lesson.

In such a position, some young men would have been nervous, but our young organist was not nervous in the least. He threw back the long, black hair that was apt to stray over his white forehead, glowered at the choir boys, spread out his long, slender fingers over the key-board, and began his lesson with all the aplomb in the world. As he proceeded his eyes glowed like coals of fire, and a faint hectic flush showed itself over his cheek-bones; his musical enthusiasm carried him away until he looked absolutely inspired, absolutely beautiful. I know that most people call him ugly; but they have not seen him at work. I never saw so great a change in any human face.

Lady Ellinor appreciated the change as much as I. She glanced at him oftener than I liked to see: in a furtive kind of way, as if she were aware that she ought not to be attracted. As for him, I will do him the justice to say that he took no notice of her at all. He never even looked her way; and once, when he was obliged to address her, his tone was so boorish, so impatient and rude, that I thought her offended, and laughed at myself for supposing that she could interest herself in him.

Indeed, I reproached myself seriously that night for having felt afraid. Lady Ellinor was romantically inclined—sentimental if you will; but the Airedales were a very proud family, and I felt certain that their youngest born had as fair a share of the family pride as any of them. They held themselves a good deal above the people—even of gentle birth—with whom they were surrounded; they did not often call at the Rectory or the Hall, although the Squire and the Rector were both men of longer ancestry than the Earl. They stood a good deal on their dignity, in fact, and although Lady Ellinor chose to distinguish me above the rest, I believe she always classed me as one of the "village people" whom she could not have known in town. So it was foolish of me, I told myself, to concern myself about her odd absorption in that afternoon's music.

She was certainly very fond of the organ. I did not go to church the following Saturday afternoon, as I had a cold. I thought that Lady Ellinor had gone to town, but when my maid, whom I had sent to the church with flowers, came home, she told me that "the new organist's playing away finely, ma'am, and my lady was there listening to him when I came in, but she had gone before I finished the flowers, and the organist, too."

But, of course, that was only a coincidence.

I had not intended to go to the singing class that night, for my cold was very bad, and I thought there would be no Lady Ellinor to be chaperoned. She had not sent me word, as she generally did, that she would be there. However, possessed by a vague uneasiness, I put on my furs and went to the schoolroom at half-past eight, and there I found not only Bateman and the choir, as I had expected, but my pretty little Lady Ellinor.

I sat down beside her, wondering whether she would be pleased to see me; but she gave me a radiant little smile. "I'm so glad you have come," she whispered. "We can't go to town for another month; my cousin's children have measles and papa has let his town house; so I shall be here at Easter-time—I am so delighted."

"Won't you be very dull at Cheveley?" I asked.

"Oh no, I shall have plenty to do." And she nodded and smiled with a pretty brightness that was rather uncommon in Lady Ellinor. "I am going to have organ lessons, for one thing," she murmured, in the pause between the end of one chant and the beginning of another.

"Not from that young Bateman, I trust," I said, more energetically than I knew, for the organist suddenly turned round and scowled at me as if to show that he had heard.

"Dear Mrs. Daintrey, why not? You seem quite prejudiced against him!" returned my young friend, in a pitiful tone. "He is a magnificent player; even papa says so, and is quite anxious for me to have lessons."

"I said no more, for I was afraid of being overheard, and the girl's face was so overcast that I decided to reserve my remonstrances. I walked part of the way home with her, at a discreet distance from the maid and footman in attendance.

"My dear," I said to her, "you must excuse me if I say too much; but I am an old woman compared with you, and Lady Mary"—this was a maiden aunt who was now staying at Cheveley—"is not strong enough to go about with you and take care of you. This Bateman person is a young man—"

"Why don't you call him Mr. Bateman, Mrs. Daintrey?" said Lady Ellinor. "It is not like you to be uncivil to people because they are poor."

"My dear Lady Ellinor, he is not a gentleman," said I.

"But he is a man of genius." And she turned her face to me, so that I could see how indignantly her eyes were flashing in the dim starlight.

"I cannot agree with you about his genius, because I know nothing about it," I answered; "but I know that he is a poor clerk in the city, that he has very bad manners and that he does not look as if he washed himself more than once a week. And although one does not expect good birth or good manners in a village organist, I think, dear, that you should remember the lack of them before you choose him for a music-master."

She tightened her lips and raised her head haughtily, as if she wanted to contradict or silence me; but the natural sweetness of her disposition got the upper hand of her proud temper, and she only answered:

"Don't be angry with me, dear Mrs. Daintrey. I know how kind you are; but, indeed, I don't think it will be any harm to take these lessons. He looks poor, and of course I will make it worth his while to come down an hour earlier on Saturday afternoons to teach me."

I could say nothing more. After all, what harm would there be? Lady Ellinor was quite able to take care of herself, and the Rector vouched for Orlando Bateman's respectability.

My cold was not improved by this night's expedition, and the consequence was that I was laid up for three weeks with bronchitis. Lady Ellinor was very kind to me, brought me flowers and fruit, sat and read to me by the hour together, and was sweet and amiable, as usual. She never spoke of her organ lessons, and as I was not well enough to discuss unpleasant topics, we let the matter alone.

But other people talked about the organist. His wonderful playing, his control over the choir, his remarkable appearance, were commented upon till I grew tired, in my weak state, of hearing his name. But at last—just after Easter Sunday—there came a little whisper, a rumour, that I did not like—

"Do you know that he walks home with Lady Ellinor after the practice every Saturday evening? Those lessons of hers last two hours sometimes, I am told."

Poor little motherless girl! The lessons, in spite of my own protest, did not matter so much; the boy to blow the bellows, the church cleaner, or the sexton were always present. But walking home with Lady Ellinor at nine or ten o'clock at night—that decidedly was not proper.

It was Easter Tuesday, and not at all likely that Bateman would be at the church, but something impelled me, all at once, to put on my wraps and go to look at the Easter decorations. The church was only a stone's throw from my house; it would not fatigue me in the least. The day was sunny and warm; the blossoming fruit-trees looked white as snow in the orchards; the cottage gardens were gay with polyanthus and primrose and daffodil.

I was glad to find that no peal of organ music greeted my entrance. The church seemed silent as the graves outside. Great shafts of sunshine struck through the blazoned windows to the wreaths of spring flowers, the bunches of narcissus and daffodil, the graceful trails of ivy with which the chancel had been adorned. They were fading now, these vernal blossoms; but the church was sweet with their perfume. I had walked half way up the aisle, my footsteps making little sound upon the matted floor, when a soft murmur of voices fell upon my ear. I looked towards the organ, and there sat Lady Ellinor, with Orlando Bateman at her side. The shock made me feel so faint that I was obliged to sit down for a minute or two and look at them.

There is one oaken bench in front of the organ, meant for the use of the organist, and there is no room for another seat on either side. The bench is certainly big enough for two—perhaps even for three—and yet it seemed to me as if the master and pupil ought not to be sitting there together. They seemed so very close—it was as if two intimate friends were leaning towards each other to exchange confidences. Lady Ellinor's hands were resting lightly on the organ-keys, and her eyes were cast down. Mr. Bateman was sitting ungracefully enough, on the very edge of the bench, supporting himself with one hand on the organ frame and one

on the seat. At a little distance it looked almost as if his arm were round her waist, but it was not. I can vouch for that; his fingers clutched the carved edge of the bench. I am bound to say that he did not seem to be in a very comfortable position. As for the boy who blew the bellows, he was nowhere to be seen. The two were alone.

I rose and walked up the aisle, carefully making as much clatter as I could with my high-heeled shoes and little ebony stick. Bateman started at once into an erect posture. Lady Ellinor turned round, showing discomfiture and vexation in every line of her flushed face.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Daintrey; I did not know you were well enough to be out," she said.

"I came to look at the decorations," I said, moving up to her. "I did not know anyone was here. Will you come back with me?"

"Oh, no, thank you, not to-day. I have just finished my organ-lesson."

"So I perceive. I would not linger if I were you; the church is cold. And besides," I said in her ear, as I helped her down the little step by which she climbed to her perch on the organ bench, "it is not exactly the place for long conversations on secular subjects."

I gave her that little hit, I must confess, because I was angry, and not because I had, until that moment, thought anything about the sanctity of the place. She started, turned an appealing glance at me, then bit her lip and silently put out her hand.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Daintrey," she said quietly. And I felt that I was dismissed from her confidence, perhaps from her friendship, henceforth and for ever.

I saw her leave the church, and then I turned aside to the vestry, where I knew that a glass of water was always to be found. I was not yet recovered from my illness, and this slight exertion had been almost too much for me. I pulled aside the heavy curtain that hung before the door and seated myself in the nearest chair, too exhausted even to reach out my hand for the glass on the baize-covered table. I felt very dizzy and as if the place were growing dark. It is possible that I should have fainted had not someone, coming in at that moment, loosened the fur boa round my neck, opened the window, sprinkled a little water on my face and given me some to drink. Under these conditions I soon revived, and opening my eyes I saw before me the cadaverous face and coal-black eyes of the organist, Orlando Bateman.

"Oh! Go away, please," I murmured. "I am quite well now, thank you—very much obliged to you; please leave me to myself."

But he did not go. I wondered whether it would offend him if I offered him a shilling, and, on peeping at him through half-closed eye-lids, I decided that it would. The man had a refined look, in spite of his ugliness. His voice, bell-toned and musical, struck almost pleasantly upon my ear.

"Mrs. Daintrey—madam—I fear that you object to my giving lessons to Lady Ellinor Danvers. May I ask the reason of your objection?"

"I have told Lady Ellinor Danvers herself the reason of my objection," I said very stiffly; "and if I tell it to anyone else I think it must be to Lord Airedale."

"I am sorry to have offended you," he said, as coolly and quietly as if he had been speaking to one of his own position—an audacity which brought me to my feet sooner than his cold water would have done!—"but I am not aware that I have acted with any disrespect to Lady Ellinor, or brought my profession—this with a little smile—"into disrepute."

"I have really nothing to say to you, Mr. Bateman," I replied, summoning up all the severity at my disposition, "and I am not well enough to talk at present"—this was weak on my part, I know—"and I should be very much obliged to you if you would stand out of my way."

A gleam of fire shot from Mr. Bateman's dark, sunken eyes. He was between me and the door, and he did not budge an inch. He seemed to grow taller as he spoke, and the red flush came and went upon his lean cheeks.

"I cannot stand out of your way," he said, "until I have told you one thing. You are Lady Ellinor's friend, and you have a kind face—you will not misjudge me altogether. I have not forgotten the difference of position between Lady Ellinor and myself. I am beneath her—immeasurably beneath her—but I am not altogether unworthy because I love her."

"Mr. Bateman, are you mad?" I asked him.

"I sometimes think that I must be so," he answered, "to have lost my heart to one so far above me; but it has been my fate, and I must submit."

This was such an odd speech for a village organist to make,

that I took another look at the man, and in spite of myself a feeling of pity stole into my heart.

He was gaunt, so ugly, so shabby, so inferior in every way to my lovely little Ellinor—the poor city clerk, with his one talent at his fingers' ends—that I lost my indignation at his presumption in sheer compassion for the man. And I think that he read my feeling in my eyes.

"You are sorry for me, after all," he said, looking straight into my face, "and if you dared, I believe you would help me."

"No, indeed, I would not!" I cried very heartily. But I am sorry for you, and I wish that you had never come. Why should you trouble *her* happiness? Go away, and never come back to Underwood any more—it is not the place for you."

"You think I have troubled her happiness then already?" he said; and there was a dreamy look in his eye, a dawning smile upon his lips, which showed me that my appeal had somehow missed its mark. But before I could repair my indiscretion, he continued in a firm and manly tone that, in spite of my prejudices, inspired me with respect. "You are right, and I will send in my resignation at once. I have been dreaming; it is time that I awoke."

With scant ceremony, he turned and left the vestry, and I hastened home, feeling terribly exhausted, but much relieved by this ending to our interview.

The rest of the week passed quietly away. On Saturday afternoon I received a brief note from Lady Ellinor, asking me to go up to the church if I was well enough; she would be there waiting for me at half-past five o'clock. It was then five and twenty minutes past!

I put on my bonnet and cloak in a great hurry, and went up to the church, wondering whether the note had been delayed in transmission, or whether it were only a whim of my little Lady Ellinor's. She was a whimsical little person now and then, I thought! The boy who had brought me the note guided me to the church (very unnecessarily, as I thought), waved me back from the west entrance and pointed to a side door. "They're up in the lane," he said, with a broad grin on his ruddy countenance. "My lady's *had* her lesson." The imp spoke as if he had some inner meaning in his words; but not deigning to answer him, I hurried onward to the meeting place.

The lane of which he had spoken opened out of the churchyard on the north side, opposite the vestry door. It was almost like a Devonshire lane, with its high banks and overhanging hedges. There was a great hawthorn bush on the right side, and close beside it, in the calm light of the setting sun, stood Lady Ellinor—and the organist.

I hastened towards them, raging in my heart against her imprudence; for although the spot was a secluded one, it was open to the public, and a favourite walk for lovers. Lovers! Could any two young people look more like lovers than Lady Ellinor Danvers and that presumptuous Orlando Bateman? It was she who turned to me first, with a flush upon her cheek and an angry sparkle in her soft dark eye.

"It is you who have done this," she said. "You who have driven him away."

"I beg your pardon, Lady Ellinor; I do not understand."

"Do you not?" she said, with as near an approach to satire as I think her gentle lips could form. "Do you not, really? Mr. Bateman has just told me—just before I pencilled the note that brought you here—how you urged him to leave Underwood—for my sake!—for my happiness! Do you not see how insulting that speech was—to me?"

"Lady Ellinor, I never meant"—and—"Lady Ellinor, pardon me"—were exclamations from myself and the organist, which passed unheeded in her wrath. She went on haughtily.

"I did not need to be protected. I understand Mr. Bateman perfectly, and I understand my own heart still more. I understand that at this hint from you he meant to go away and never see me again—give up a friendship which is the solace of his life as of mine—and all for fear that he should bring a single word of reproach on me. I am not worth such trouble, Mrs. Daintrey. And I will not allow Mr. Bateman to go without telling him—what he has never asked—what he would have gone without ever knowing if I did not choose to tell him now—that I love him, and that, if he wishes, I will be his wife!"

And with a gesture as noble as it was imperious, she laid one hand upon his arm, and then, constrained by a superior force, allowed her head to sink upon his breast.

So that was all I gained by meddling with matters which did not concern me. I had simply brought about the state

of affairs which I was most anxious to avoid. There was a dreadful scandal, of course. For some time I thought that the Airdales would never speak to me again, although Lady Ellinor, with the generosity of which she is capable, represented strongly, and in the end effectually, that I had been a very unwilling witness of her declaration of love. But in time they relented—to her, and also to me—though the Earl was never so cordial as he had been in the days before his daughter's marriage.

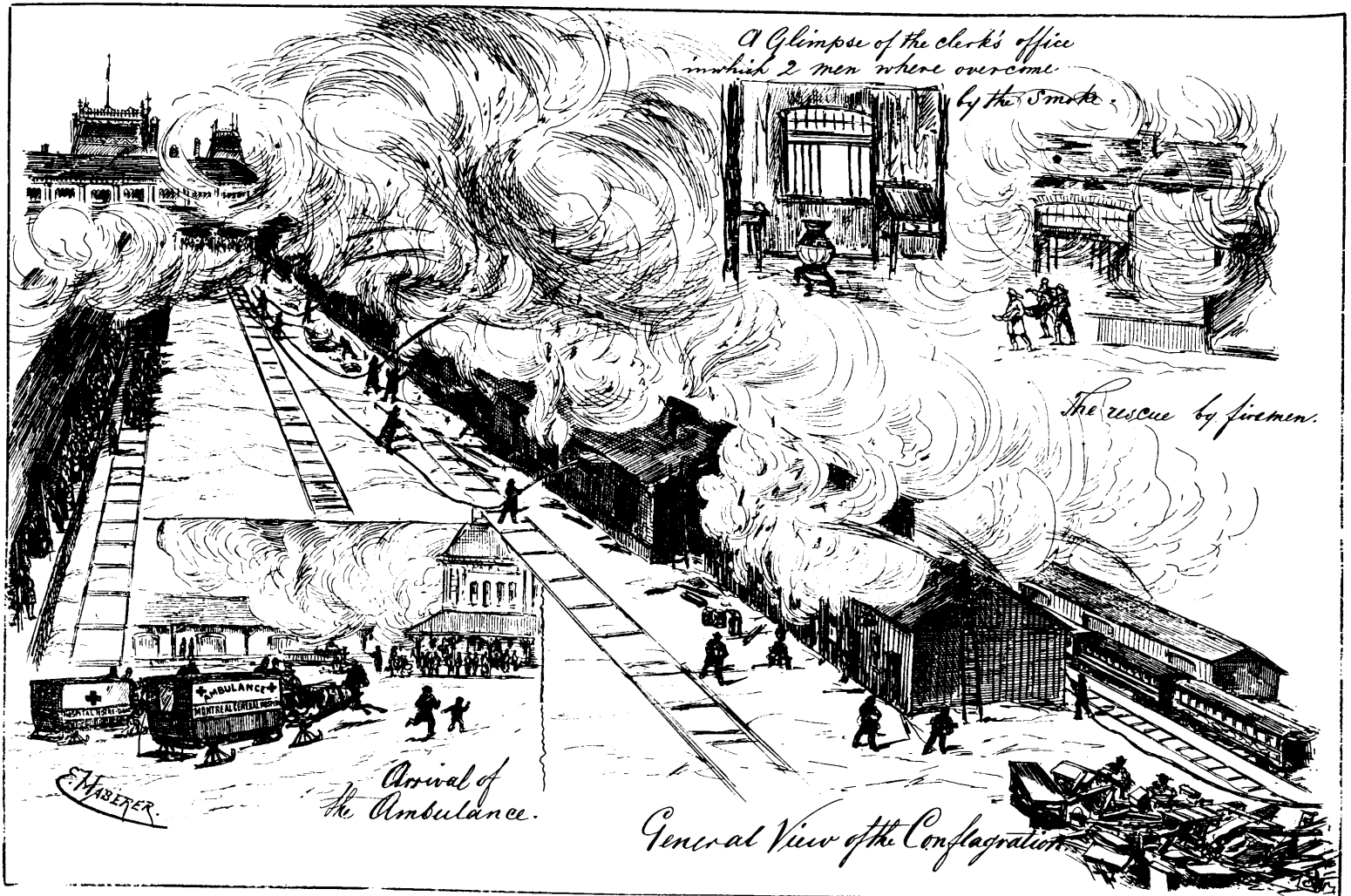
Lady Ellinor was one and twenty, and had complete control over her fifty thousand pounds, so it was rather useless for her relations to object. And really Orlando Bateman was not quite such a nobody as we had thought. He was a Foreign Office clerk, to begin with, and his father was a well-known physician, who allowed his son to play an organ as a way of amusing himself. At least, so I was told. It is certain that he had great musical gifts, and that he is now spoken of as one of the most famous musicians of the country. Do you think that is partly owing to his having married an Earl's daughter? I don't know. And I cannot help thinking that Lady Ellinor's choice would never have been forgiven by her father but for his consciousness of that stain upon her birth, of which the public are not generally aware. But I have told the story of that stain elsewhere.

I go to see them sometimes, and although Orlando is as cadaverous as ever, I forgive him his complexion when I see how he adores his wife.

THE END.

My Lady's Hairdresser.

A writer in *London Truth* says: I know no sight more interesting than that presented by a French beauty when she is being done up by a M. Auguste for a ball. He looks upon the professional aid he lends her as *une sacro-sainte*. The toilet table is lighted up with wax candles as brilliantly as a high altar, and unshaded lamps are placed on mantel and scones. A miraculous result of the dressmakers' art, in which laces, ribbons, feather and rich satins are brought into harmonious combinations, lies upon an armchair. There are petticoats to sustain it—stiff within and billowy and bubbly, with puffed muslin and Valenciennes, or flounced with surah silk in combination with this kind of lace, or still better, with Mechlin. The surah is meant to harmonize with the dress. It may be tan to go with deep brown, or salmon pink to go with deep rose, or deep blue to keep company with a sky blue train, or simply white. In any case it is so charming as to make one hope that it will not be wholly hidden. Waltzing would have a *raison d'être* if only to afford glimpses of such combinations of surah and lace. An opera cloak in the richest and softest stuffs lies on a pillow of a sofa, and somehow is so lightened by a feather trimming that one expects it to float in the air. Open jewel caskets reveal the soft glow of pearls and the glittering scintillations of diamonds. The lady sits beside a table denuded of its usual toilet accessories, save the pompadour mirror. She wears a lawn dressing-gown, ample as a surplice, but distinguishable from one by the quantity of lace that zigzags in a soft "cascade" down the front. A white-aproned *femme de chambre* is busy with gloves, fans, pocket handkerchiefs that might be manufactured with bleached leaves laid on spiders' webs of dazzling whiteness. Utter seriousness is expressed in every face. Indeed, a solemn stillness fills the air. The sound of a voice might *deranger les idées de Monsieur Auguste*, who is making a survey of the finery. He takes up the skirt of the gown at the belt, holding it from the ground as high as the waist of his fair *cliente*, studies the "movement" of the train folds, lays the garment deftly where he found it, and then, placing the fingers in the armholes of the corsage, holds that part up, paying particular attention to the outline of the bust. No priest could go through a religious ceremony with more seriousness. The jewels and fan are glanced at by him. This done, he goes and stands behind the head on which he is to operate, looking intently into the glass wherein it is reflected. The *femme de chambre* places herself beside him to hold hairpins for him, or such aids to failing nature as false tresses. Auguste has a plan in his head. A skilled potter manipulating clay on a wheel is nothing to him in dexterity and invention. As the capillary structure springs up, the physiognomy takes a clearly defined character. Auguste sometimes asks to see the neck and the part of the bust which is to be shown in the ballroom. He scans them with a purely professional eye as the surplice dressing-gown falls from the shoulders and a corset of some delicate tint of satin comes in view with a lawn and lace-trimmed garment, sleeveless and exquisitely dainty, peeping from it and clinging to the bust.



SCENES AT THE BURNING OF THE G. T. R. FREIGHT SHEDS 11th FEBRUARY

(By our special artist.)

OUR British Columbia Letter

A momentous decision was made by the people of Vancouver last week when the by-law for granting a bonus of \$100,000 to a dry-dock company was submitted to the taxpayers. Popular feeling was strongly in favour of assisting the project, and the by-law was carried by a majority that was practically a unanimous endorsement of the enterprise. The proposed dry-dock and arsenal will be the largest on the north Pacific coast, and will be capable of accommodating the new steamers that are shortly to fly between British Columbia and China. Mr. Imrie Bell, the engineer and representative of the firm of English capitalists who have undertaken the work, has gone to Ottawa to make arrangements with the Dominion Government. Construction is to begin before the first of next August, and there is no doubt but that the completion of this undertaking will be an important event in the history of Vancouver.

On the arrival of the *Abyssinia* from China a few days ago, it was found that a suicide had taken place on board under circumstances which suggest a tragedy of remorse. One of the cabin passengers, a son of an admiral of the United States Pacific squadron, shot himself through the head four days before the steamer reached port. A year and a half ago he had fought a duel with his brother-in-law, in Warrentown, Virginia, and killed him. He then left the country and went to Spain, where he had business interests. Although while travelling he had apparently shaken off the memory of what he had done, it still preyed on his mind, and after embarking on the *Abyssinia* to return again to America he became gradually more and more despondent. We can only surmise, from the statements of his fellow passengers, what the unhappy man must have

felt as day after day brought him nearer to his native land and to the place where he had taken a human life. All had observed the deep depression that seemed to fall upon him as he drew near home, and that finally ended in the sad event that threw a gloom over the rest of the voyage. The United States consul at Vancouver took charge of the remains and communicated with his friends. He had made his will and written out full instructions before firing the fatal shot.

A volunteer rifle corps is to be formed in Vancouver, and already a hundred and fifty names have been enrolled. Many of these have already served in different volunteer corps in Great Britain or other parts of the empire. A volunteer naval corps is also talked of, and in view of the fact that the new C.P.R. steamers are to be placed on the naval reserve list, such an organization might prove of use in providing men in cases of emergency.

A proof of the rapid commercial progress of Victoria is found in the fact that the Bank of Montreal intends shortly to open a branch in that city. Mr. Campbell Sweeny, manager at Vancouver, has secured premises in Government street for the new bank, and they will soon be ready for the transaction of business.

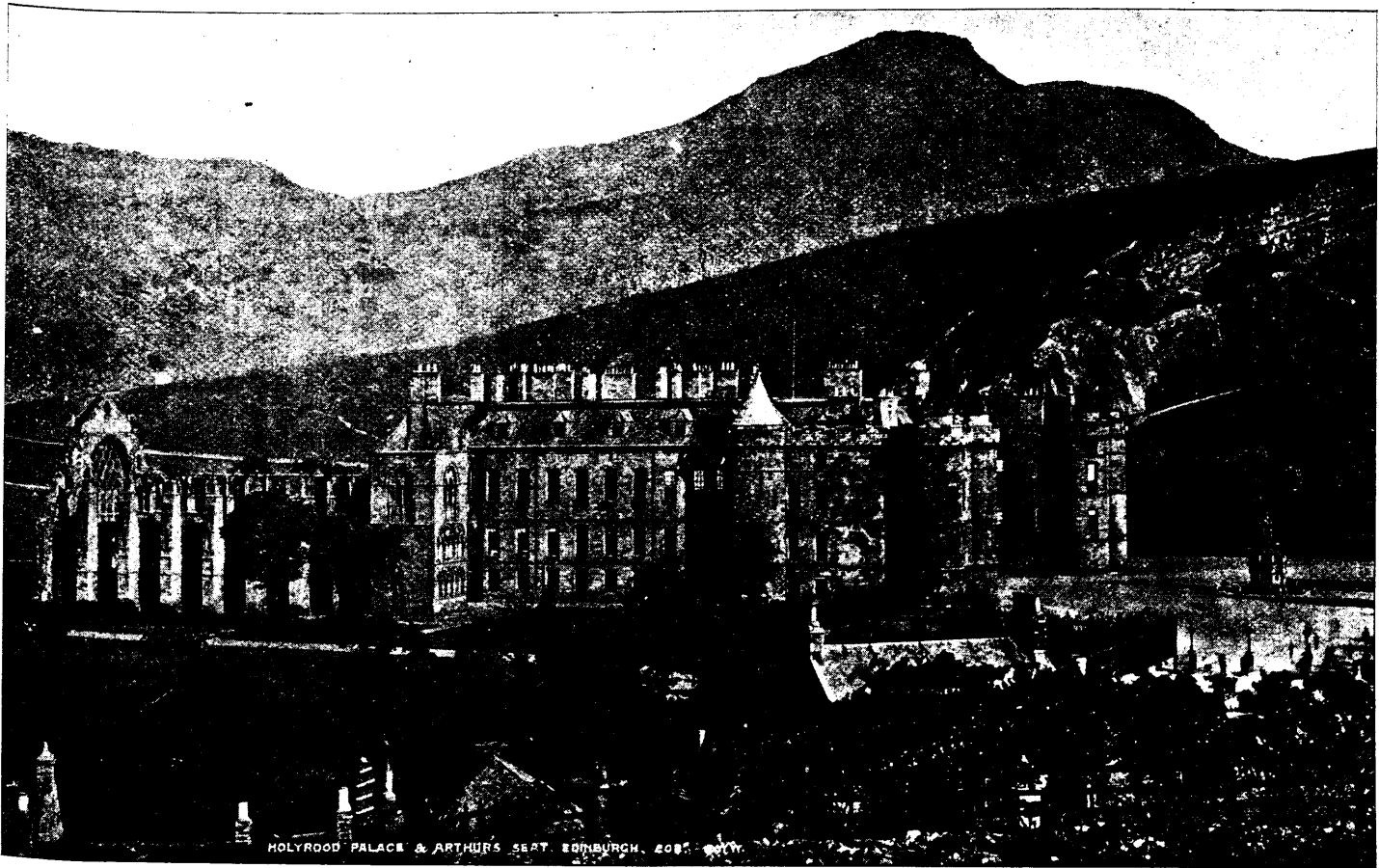
The Victoria Public Library has received a gift from Dr. Francis Parkman of a full set of his historical works.

A good deal of indignation has been expressed by some of the inhabitants of British Columbia, who take an interest in Indian affairs, regarding an article by Julian Ralph in the *New York Sun*. The epithets applied by him to the tribes he met with in this province are far from being justified by facts, and many of the old settlers, who thoroughly understand the subject, have warmly defended the Indians from his charges. The truth is that there are no more contented and industrious tribes in America than those of British Columbia. In the interior they live by farming, mining and fishing, and are employed as cow-herders and ranchers; on the coast they work in logging camps or as deck-hands on ship board. Last year no less a sum than

\$10,000 was brought into the province by Indians who went across into the States and earned it by gathering hops during the season. Just opposite the city of Vancouver on the north shore of Burrard Inlet is the Mission, a village that may be taken as a type of many such peaceful and prosperous communities. It has a most picturesque appearance as seen from a distance across the harbour, a cluster of white houses with a slender church spire gleaming against the dark background of purple mountains. The visitor is surprised to see the neat rows of cottages and sidewalks, the lamps at the crossings, the squaws sitting on the doorsteps engaged in work or conversation and the children playing around the steps of the little chapel; everything showing that tents are not the only habitations suitable for our dusky brothers, but that given a fair chance and kind treatment they can readily adapt themselves to civilized life. The church is very pretty and complete, has stained glass windows, a bell, harmonium and comfortable seats; all built and paid for by themselves. The Catholic missionaries have certainly worked wonders among these Indians, who are remarkable for the temperance and industry of their lives.

A Collegiate School for boys has just been opened in Vancouver. Such an institution was very much needed, and its benefits will be appreciated by those who were formerly compelled to send their sons elsewhere to be educated. The principal is Mr. Charles Whetham, M.A., formerly of Toronto and Johns Hopkins Universities. He has secured masters of ability and experience for the different departments, and there is no doubt but that a high standard of scholarship will be maintained. Mr. H. K. Fairclough, M.A., lecturer in Greek at Toronto University, and Mr. A. T. DeLury, B.A., who has for the last six months been Fellow in Clark University, Mass., have arrived in Vancouver to accept positions in the new institution. These gentlemen are both exceptionally well qualified, and the Collegiate School is to be congratulated on the brilliant staff of teachers with which it commences its career.

LENOX.



HOLYROOD PALACE & ARTHUR'S SEAT, EDINBURGH. 208.

HOLYROOD PALACE ARTHUR'S SEAT, EDINBURGH.

A REVERENT PILGRIMAGE.

PART II.

As churches—or religious foundations of some sort—are the sole objects of our present pilgrimage, castles and palaces, however interesting in themselves, must, when they are merely castles and palaces, be passed by. But, partly that these old days, whose history we are trying to read in stone, were days of devotion, when the cross adorned the crown, and partly that they were days of violence, when the cross had to shelter itself behind the sword,—there were few royal or noble dwellings, or military strongholds, without their chapels. And so it happens that both Edinburgh Castle and Holyrood have claims upon us.

I have called this an age of tolerance; but, behold, even on our way to the Castle we find ourselves in the midst of a religious war. The "ring" is formed by several women, a half-grown lad or two, and the usual contingent of prematurely old children with infants in arms—the latter swaying wildly as their bearers rush hither and thither to obtain a coin of vantage. The combatants are a small dog and a large cat; and prejudice is strong against the latter—it having the misfortune to be a "Roman." "Gie't tae the Roman, lad! Gie't tae her! S—s—s—ik her, Dandy! Sik her!" is the cry. It is all over in a moment, but not as had been hoped. "Ma certie!" exclaims Dandy's owner, as her dog slinks off with a drooping tail and the triumphant cat stands licking 'er chops, "Ma certie, she's feenisht him!" The woman is clean and tidy, and though excited seems so little angry, that I venture to ask if the dog is Protestant. "Ou ay, mem," is the civil reply, "but then, ye see, the cat's Scootch!" "And is the dog not?" says I. "Him!" cries his owner, in tones of unutterable scorn, he's jist a bit puir English tyke, a' bark an' bletcher, an' nae bite." "Eh, woman," she continues, turning to one of her cronies, "did ye hear the skelp she gied him? I'll gie her a sup milk, the nicht, or a bane tae pyke."

And so, even though these good people's news of it is not of the latest, it is country first after all. So be it always! A mercer's shop being at hand, we think of offering the victor a bright ribbon—but do not. After all, we have

some friends among the misguided folk south of the Tweed. And then the cat is a "Roman," after all.*

And now we are at the Castle. And here, close by the battery with its famous Mons Meg, we find the little Norman chapel built by Margaret, the Saxon Queen of Malcolm Canmore (afterwards revered as St. Margaret of Scotland), of whom we shall by-and-by have much to hear in connection with Dunfermline. It is the smallest chapel in Scotland, being only sixteen feet and a half long and ten feet and a half wide, and, as Margaret died in 1093, it is probably the oldest. For years it was used as a powder magazine, but in 1853 was restored. It is a pity that, unlike that of St. Giles, its restoration has been so limited that while it has given us a perfect little specimen of Norman architecture, it permits this to be used as a shop for the sale of photographs.

The interest of the ordinary transatlantic visitor to Holyrood is centred chiefly in the Palace, where the loveliest and most unfortunate woman of her age spent the most eventful years of her life. But the Abbey was old before the Palace existed. The latter was founded by James IV, added to by James V, and finished by Charles II; the former was founded in 1128 by David I (St. David), that "sair sanct for the crown," whose benefactions to the Church James VI so sorely grudged.† The Abbey was

* A ludicrous instance of a similar kind, where a cow was near suffering for its owner's religious opinions, occurred in a small Virginia town a few years ago. A Presbyterian gentleman was appointed to a chair in a Methodist college, and his wife, understanding that the cows of the faculty had the range of the college "campus" availed herself of the privilege. A few mornings later, she was waited upon by the janitor, who, after some circumlocution, announced that the cow must be removed. "But," said the lady, "I understood the professors; cows had the right to graze there." "Only the Methodist cows," pronounced the man. "Oh, then, it's all right," said Mrs. Professor. "The Doctor and I are Presbyterians, but we are perfectly willing that the cow should be a Methodist." The four-legged Vicar of Bray remained.

† The legend connected with its foundation is as follows: David while hunting in the forest of Drumshuch (where Moray Place now stands) had his life placed in peril by the fierce attack of a stag. Suddenly a cross descended from Heaven into his hand, upon seeing which the stag fled in dismay. In a dream which followed, David was commanded to commemorate his remarkable preservation; hence the founding of an abbey, and its dedication to the Holy Rood.

bestowed on canons regular of St. Augustine, whose name is still preserved in the surrounding districts of the Canon-gate. The Chapel Royal is the only portion remaining. Almost all the west front, with its great tower and richly decorated doorway, is part of the original building, and is a beautiful specimen of the mixed Norman and early English style which prevailed in Scotland about 1170. Between English invaders and Scottish reformers and mobs, this venerable chapel has fared badly; and yet, as we step into the roofless inclosure, the spell of these old places begins to work, the centuries roll back, and the brilliant pageantries of other days pass before us. Here were crowned the second, third and fourth Jameses and the first Charles; here Mary and Darnley were married; and here, in the royal vault, in the south-east corner, kings and queens have slept for hundreds of years—among them that lovely, loving and beloved Magdalen of France, first queen of James V, who, when she landed in Scotland, knelt down and kissed the dust of her husband's land,—dust with which hers was so soon to mingle.

Those windows over the doorway, with the tablet between them, are of the time of Charles I, who restored this portion of the Abbey and constituted it a Chapel Royal. Those who look upon the well-known Vandyck portraits of this ill-fated monarch are fond of tracing in the melancholy countenance dim foreshadowings of the dark tragedy that was to be. None such, assuredly, can be traced in the proud prophecy inscribed by him on the tablet: HE SHALL BUILD ANE HOUSE FOR MY NAME, AND I WILL ESTABLISH THE THRONE OF HIS KINGDOM FOR EVER. Read it, and then remember how it was fulfilled; the block for himself, exile for his family, Culloden for his friends. And so passes the glory of the world!

And now, fellow pilgrim, come out from these ruins, and lifting up your eyes unto the hills, see in what fair spots our fathers built their sanctuaries. Yonder is Arthur's seat, 822 feet above the sea; below it the bare, bold range of Salisbury Crags. On the slope just above us, harmonizing well with their romantic situation, are the ruins of St. Anthony's chapel and the rippling waters of St. Anthony's well; the chapel once a beautiful Gothic hermitage belong-

† It was partially destroyed by Edward II in 1322, burned by Richard III in 1385, restored by Abbot Crawford about the end of the 15th century, sacked by the English in 1547, stripped of its ornaments at the Reformation, and rifled by a mob in 1688.



HOLYROOD PALACE.—FRONT VIEW.

ing to the Carmelite friars, the well celebrated in the plaintive ballad, "O waly, waly, up yon bank!" Further off is Duddingston, with its quaint old Saxon church, and its loch, where the swan, as

"On still Saint Mary's lake,
Floats double, swan and shadow."

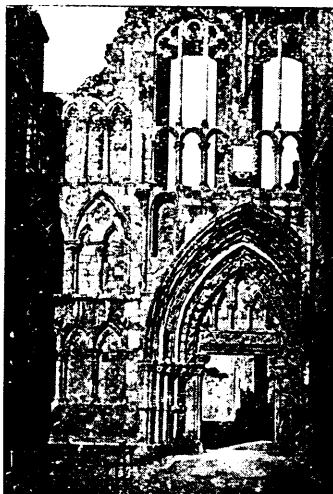
And all about us are hill and dale, lake and meadow, grass, and gorse and heather.

But we are not done with Edinburgh. Passing along this bridge, named after the "first gentleman (and basest man) in Europe," the battlemented steeple of an old church in the Cowgate attracts us. St. Magdalen's, or the Mag-



HOLYROOD CHAPEL.

dalen Chapel, was built in pre-Reformation times by a pious couple, whose tomb is still within it, and it preserves in its windows specimens of the oldest stained glass in Scotland. Here Craig, the colleague of Knox, preached in Latin, having, during his enforced absence from his native land, forgotten his vernacular. Here was held the first General Assembly after the Reformation, when "Mr. Andro Melvill was chosen Moderator," and "whar it was concludit that bischoppes sould be callit be their awin



HOLYROOD CHAPEL.—THE WEST DOOR.

names, or be the names of *breither*, in all time coming, and that lordlie name and authoritic banissed frae the kirk of God, qwhilk hes bot ae Lord, Chryst Jesus."

And now, but a few steps further, and we are at a place worthy of the pilgrim's most reverent regard. The actual buildings of Old and New Greyfriars' have neither age nor beauty to recommend them, though the former, as the suc-



HOLYROOD CHAPEL.—THE NAVE.

cessor of the original Greyfriars Church, has inherited many interesting associations. It was in the old church that, after a sermon by the celebrated Henderson, the National Covenant was subscribed by the lords and barons of the realm; being afterwards carried out to a flat gravestone,

where the common people subscribed it eagerly, many of them with their blood. Its pulpit has been filled by some of the greatest men the Church of Scotland has ever produced—among them Robertson, the historian of Charles V. It was to hear this great man, as the lover of Scott will remember, that Counsellor Pleydell conducted Colonel Mannering. Robertson did not make his appearance, however, and Mannering was not prepossessed in favour of his substitute. "The preacher seems a very ungainly person," he whispered to his friend. "Never fear!" Pleydell whispered in turn, "he's the son of an excellent Scottish lawyer. He'll show blood, I warrant him." And he did; for "Mannering had seldom heard so much learning, melo-physical acuteness and energy of argument brought into the service of Christianity." The preacher in question, then colleague to the historian, was Dr. John Erskine, son of the author of "The Institutes of the Law or Scotland." And "such," moralizes Scott in the guise of Mannering, "must have been the preachers to whose unfeeling minds, and acute, though sometimes rudely exercised talents, we owe the Reformation."

But Greyfriars' churches must yield in interest to Greyfriars' churchyard. Originally part of a monastery garden, it was by special grant of Queen Mary constituted the city cemetery; and time would fail, should we try to name or number its illustrious dead. Here, after his execution by the Maiden, was brought the body of the Regent Morton—the head being left to grace the tolbooth—and buried in a nameless grave. Here lie George Buchanan, the "Scottish Virgil," the tutor of James VI and the relentless foe of James's mother; Duncan Forbes, of Culloden; Henderson and Robertson, already referred to—the former the chief Scottish delegate to the Westminster Assembly and the chief author of the Assembly's Catechism; Jameson, a pupil of Rubens, and the first native Scottish painter; Allan Ramsay, the poet; Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling"; Fraser Tytler, the historian; McCrie, the biographer of Knox, and countless others, distinguished for rank or genius. In that somewhat imposing mausoleum is buried Sir George—or "Bluidy"—Mackenzie; and the popular belief being that his evil deeds prevented his resting in his grave, the city urchins were wont to amuse themselves by shouting at the key-hole:

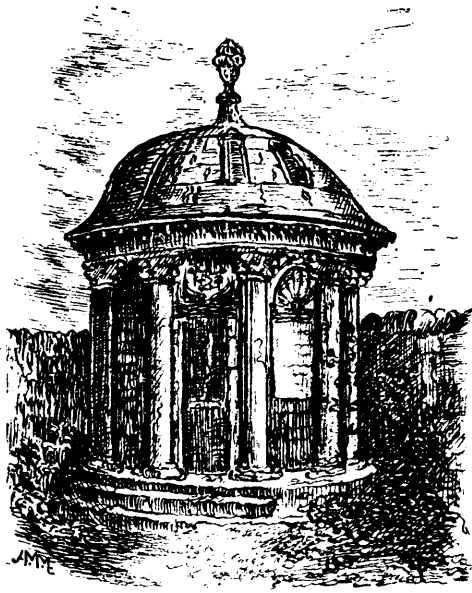
"Bluidy Mac, enzie, come out if ye daur;
Lift the sneck, and draw the bar!"

From the recess at the south side of the churchyard, where, after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, twelve hundred Covenanters were confined for five months—the sky their only roof, the ground their only bed—we pass to the "Martyrs' Monument." The inscription reads:

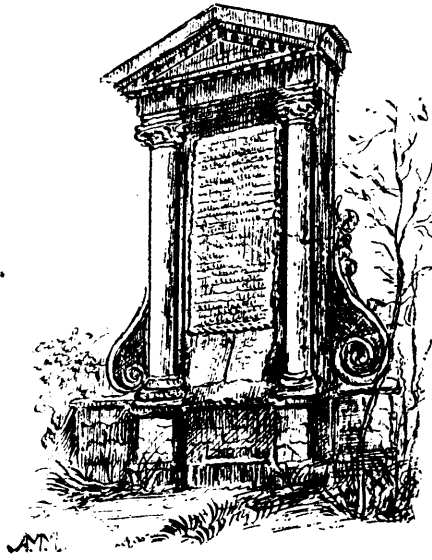
"From May 27, 1661, that the most noble Marquis of Argyll was beheaded, to the 17th February, 1688, that Mr. James Renwick suffered, were one way or other murdered or destroyed, for the same cause, about eighteen thousand; of whom were executed at Edinburgh about an hundred of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers and others, noble martyrs for Jesus Christ. The most of them lie here."



OLD GREYFRIAR'S CHURCH.



BLUIDY MACKENZIE'S TOMB.—GREYFRIAR'S CHURCHYARD.



THE MARTYR'S MONUMENT.—GREYFRIAR'S CHURCHYARD.

This is prefaced by a score of halting lines, that but poorly paraphrase the noble sentence of St. John the Divine: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

It is for this spot, consecrated by something higher than rank or genius, that I have bespoken your reverent regard. For whatever your creed, O fellow-pilgrim, and whatever mine, by whatever name they are called—Covenanters, Non-jurors, Jesuits—who have had the courage to die for conscience sake. It is so easy to sit by our comfortable firesides and fight old battles over; taking this or that side, as fancy or feeling may dictate; with nothing to be responsible for and nothing to suffer. It is so hard to be just to

those who fought those same battles in grim earnest. We are learning to understand that there were devout souls before the Reformation; let us not, therefore, belittle the reformers. There is a tendency to do this; to exaggerate their faults and mistakes, to find something ridiculous in themselves. Scott, good man as he was, had a keen eye for their failings, though none for his royal patron's vices. Let us go at once to the root of the matter. We owe to the reformers of England and Scotland nothing less than Civil and Religious Liberty; and I, for one, scorn to accept the gift and revile the giver.

"*Diversorium viatoris Hierosolymam profisciscantis*;"—by divers ways Jerusalem is reached. And by one of them—and not a very devious one, I am sure—the brave Covenanters, from "wild, dark, stormy, tender Scotland," went home to God.

A. M. MACLEOD.

A Young Poet to His Dead Master.

Your songs were great, and all the world
Stopped in its hurrying onward rush,
To hear the voice that slowed the moon
And o'er the waters dropped a hush.

And now, my master, I would write
And tell mankind of all your worth,
But still I fear that my dull words
Would blur your glory on the earth.

So, master, let your echoes fly,
And let your lyric words ring wide,
And let the memories of your life
Lie like a charm upon the tide.

I sing, but what are all my songs
To those great tones in which you sing,
My songs are scoffed at by the fool,
And yours are treasured by the king.

You wore a laurel when on earth,
You wear an amaranth above;
You wore a rose-bud when with us,
But now the full-blown rose of love.

But I, I wear no laurels yet,
No marks of honour deck my robe;
My songs can only touch one heart,
While yours are honoured by a globe.

Now, Master, though my harp is new,
Though all the strings are out of tune,
And may not stir a nation's soul,
I yet can sing a lover's tune.

G. E. THEODORE ROBERTS,
The Rectory, Fredericton, N.B.

[We have pleasure in publishing the above. Master Roberts, who is but thirteen years of age, bids fair to follow closely in the footsteps of his illustrious brother, the Professor.—ED. D. I.]



DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FOOTBALL TEAM, HALIFAX.

Our New York Letter.

February, 15 1891.

New York has been full of sensations this week—and yesterday and to-day have been the climaxes. Yesterday morning's papers were full of the death of Admiral Porter, the hero of Vicksburg and Fort Fisher, who never to the day of his death realised that the American navy had shrivelled up as flowers and fruits do when they grow old, and thought the Kearsarge good enough to tackle the Trafalgar Requesat; he was a good fighter and a good sailor, though he never knew what good stuff Canadians are made of and always talked of the subjection of Canada as if it were a mere Pine-Ridge affair.

Hardly were the papers out with the last naval hero of the war's death, when the newspaper offices were labelled with the death of William Tecumseh Sherman, the last military hero—famous all the world over for his march from Atlanta to the sea, which has given the world one of its great battle-marches, Georgia. It does not seem two years ago since Senator John Sherman introduced me to his soldier brother outside the old hero's residence in K street, Washington. It was inauguration time and hundreds of his old soldiers were gathered outside his house playing and singing "Georgia."

"You're an Englishman, are you?" he said. I proudly owned up to the Union Jack, which to me is the most beautiful thing on earth—as embodying the idea of England—the greater England which includes not only the little isle, but the ten million square miles of empire.

"What part of England do you come from?"

"Kent."

"A beautiful country, and they make brave men there," said the old hero, wringing my hand warmly as I turned to say good-bye, knowing that he was waiting to address his veterans.

To-day the *Herald* has given another proof of its enterprise by publishing the bulk of Sir Edwin Arnold's great "Light of the World," which took up nearly three entire pages.

The other most important event this week has been the arrival of the new North German Lloyd crack, the "Havel," which is simply the most sumptuous ship that ever crossed the ocean. Her saloon is decorated with gobelins tapestry which cost \$800 a yard. Her music room is decorated in white in the Louis Quinze style with flowered white silk hangings—and has a charming little ladies' room leading off. She has two first class smoking rooms, one on the promenade deck, and one enormous one, I daresay fifty by thirty on the deck below. No more than two persons are placed in any cabin, even in the second class, except to oblige families, and the second class has a fine smoking room, reading room and ladies' room. The first-class smoking room has a number of writing tables in it. The second class have a drinking room besides their saloon. Even the second class drinking room is as good as the saloon on the Parthia and Abyssinia.

The Havel only carries 160 cabin passengers and 60 second class, but she has 18 lifeboats and 75 stewards. Her total crew is 250. The Louis Quinze music room and ladies' room in the first class have deep cushions covered with the richest silk.

The fares on this magnificent steamer are high, \$100 is the lowest fare taken between April 12 and July 30, but her highest fares are not higher than the highest on the other lines—and the fare as well as the appointments are most sumptuous. Dinner lasts an hour and a half and a band plays through it, and indeed at intervals all day. The cabins are unusually large and contain a wardrobe and sofa in addition to a double bed below, and a berth above. She is 9,000 tons burden; 13,000 horse-power; can steam 21 knots an hour; is 485 feet long, by 52 beam, by 38 depth. She is a sister ship of the magnificent Spruce, heretofore the crack of the line, but even more luxuriously fitted. In fact so luxuriously fitted a steamer has never come into the port of New York. She has already had nearly all her berths sold for the end of May. New Yorkers who are wealthy, understand that for a disagreeable sea voyage it is worth while paying \$50 extra, and have every luxury that man can devise for a ship.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

HISTORIC CANADA, X.

THE CUTHBERT CHAPEL, BERTHIER-EN-HAUT.

The beginnings and development of Protestantism in Lower Canada cannot but be of interest to the historical student. Although the majority of the military and government officials who took up their residence in Canada after the conquest were of the Reformed faith, little was done towards introducing the means for religious instruction for the thirty years immediately following that event, be-

with its quaint sounding-board and steep stairs. A memorial tablet on one of the interior walls reads:

JAMES CUTHBERT, ESQ.,
Only son of the Hon. Ross Cuthbert,
Seigneur of Lanoraie and Daurie,
Died 30th March, 1842,
Aged 42 years

"Blessed are the merciful
For they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart
For they shall see God."

High up on the exterior is another quaintly-worded memorial, reading as follows:

THIS CHAPEL WAS ERECTED BY
THE HON. JAS. CUTHBERT, ESQ.,

LORD OF THE MANOR

of Berthier, Lanoraie, Daurie, New York, Maskinonge, etc.
And the first built since the conquest of New

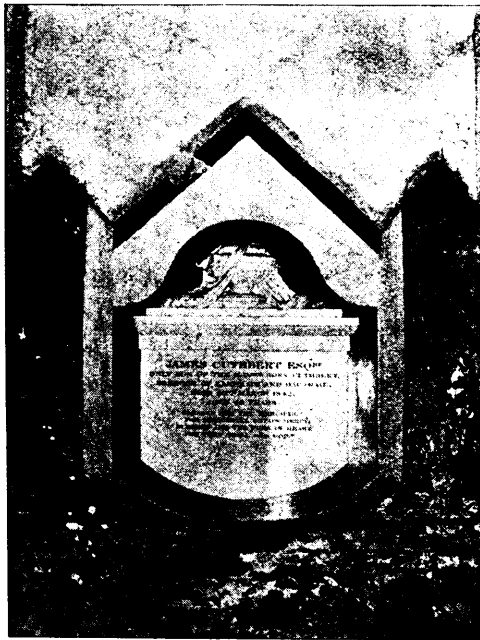
FRANCE, 1760.

And in memory of Catharine Cuthbert, his Spouse who died
March the 7th 1785, age 40 years. Mother of 3 sons and
7 daughters, 19 years married.

Caroline, one of her daughters is interred in the
West end of this chapel near her mother, she was
a good wife, a tender mother, her death was much
lamented by her family and acquaintance.

ANNO DOMINO 1786.

We give illustrations of the exterior of the building, the pulpit and the inner tablet; and trust the little chapel will long remain intact as a most interesting memento of the early religious life of English Canada.

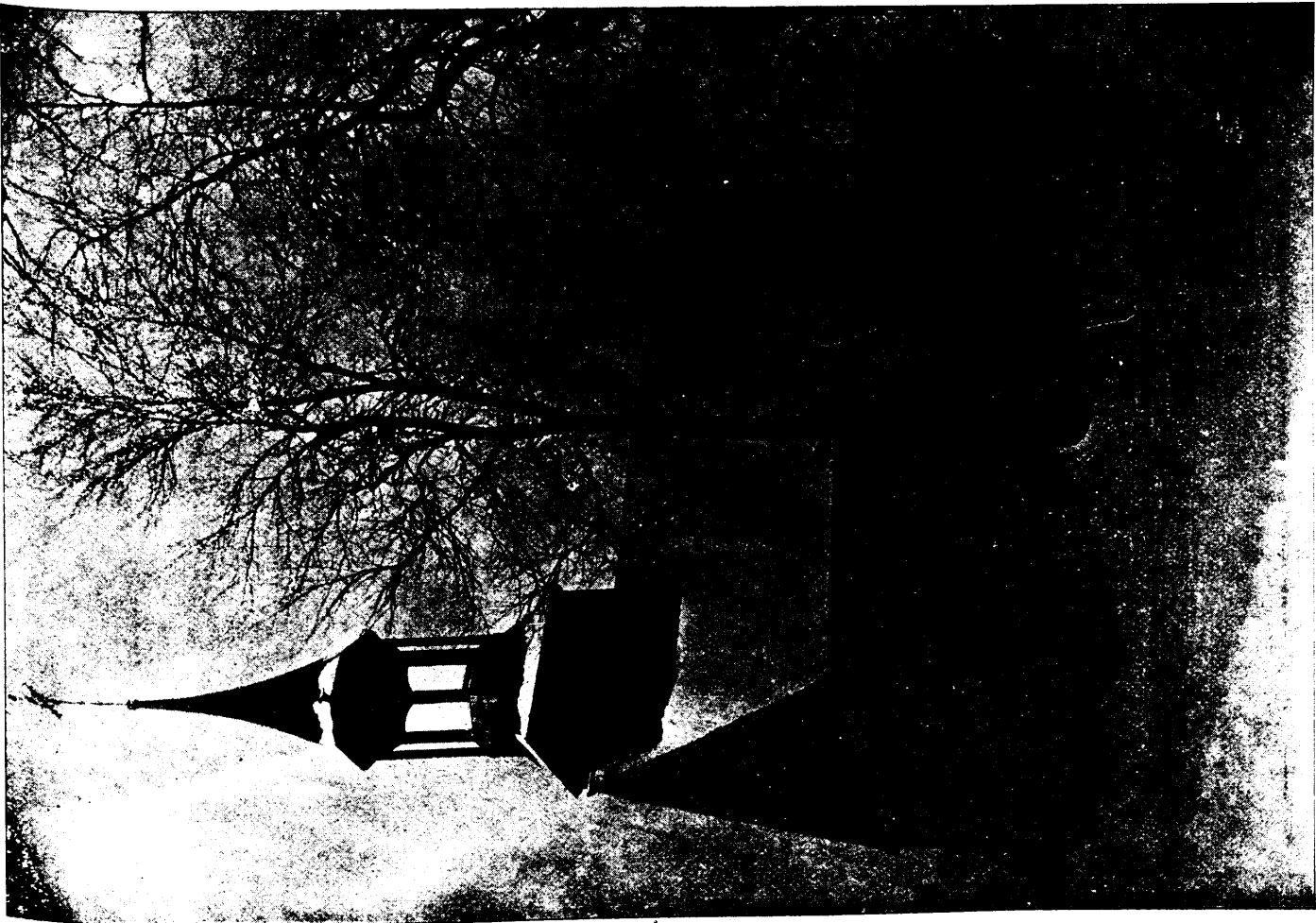
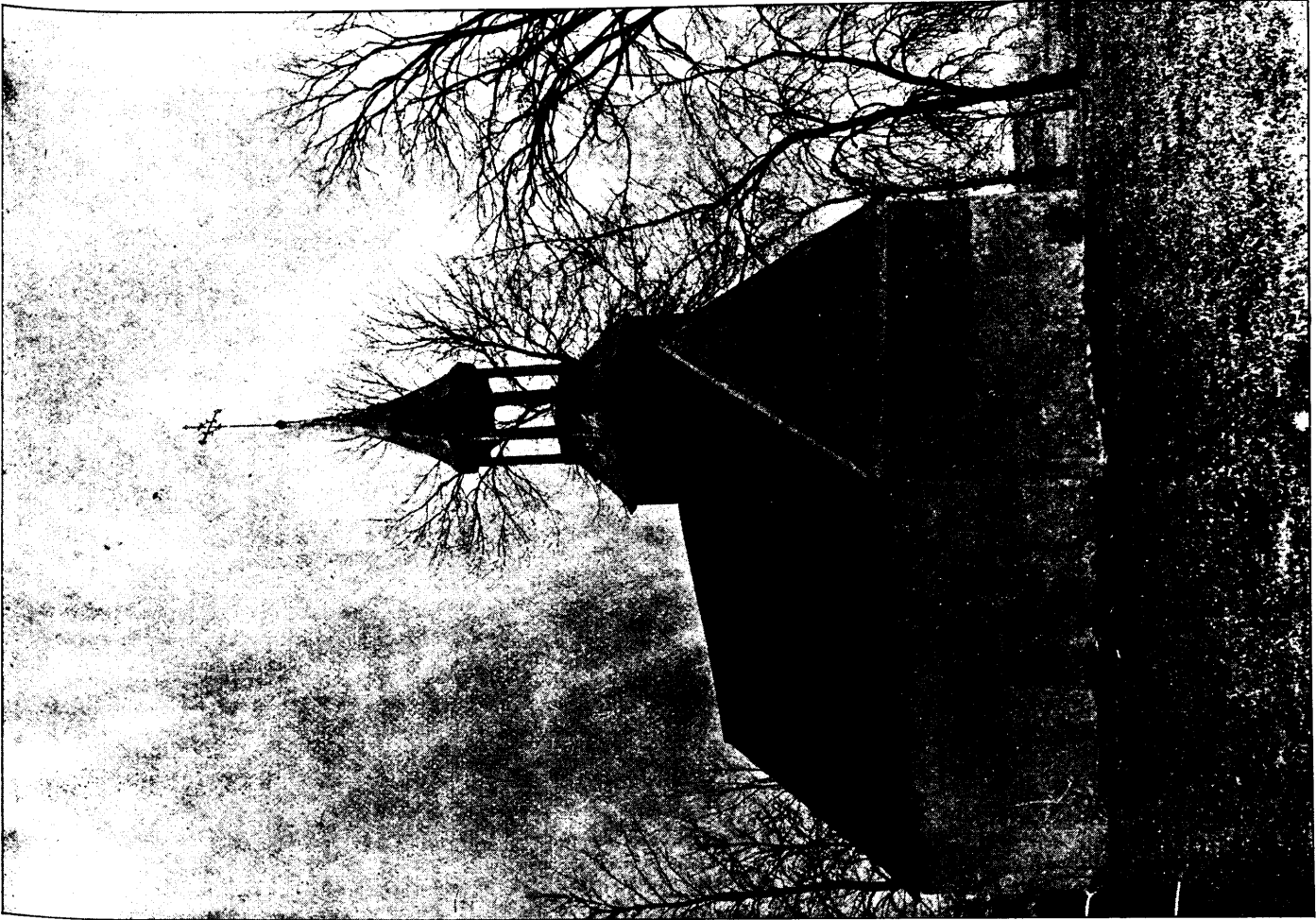


MEMORIAL TABLET.

yond what was imparted by the chaplains attached to the regiments in garrison. A few clergymen were appointed to some of the more populous centres, but no church edifices were erected for some time, the Protestant congregations in several instances worshipping in Roman Catholic churches, by the courtesy of the latter. About the year 1786 the first edifice was built for Protestant worship. It was erected at Berthier-en-Haut by the Hon. James Cuthbert, Seigneur of Berthier and Lanoraie, for the use of his family and such few English-speaking people as lived in the vicinity, most, if not all, of whom were employed in his service. The form of worship was that of the Church of Scotland, Mr. Cuthbert being an adherent of that body. Services were conducted by a clergyman who, according to the custom in great families during the last century, was one of the household, acting as tutor to the children during the week and occupying the family pulpit on the Sabbath. But little reference is made to the chapel by travellers through Canada in subsequent years; the fact of its being on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, out of the usual line of travel, apparently rendered it unknown to most visitors. In "Ogden's Tour Through Upper and Lower Canada," 1799, the building is referred to, and the fact of its being the first Protestant church in the Province is noted. It is probable that service was discontinued to be regularly held early in the present century. Since then it has been used chiefly as a mortuary chapel, several of the Cuthbert family being interred within its walls. The building, as will be seen by our engraving, is a plain stone one, with tin-covered steeple. Its windows are closed up, and what little remains of the interior woodwork is fast rotting away. The old-fashioned pulpit can still, however, be seen,



THE PULPIT.



HISTORIC CANADA, X.
THE FIRST PROTESTANT CHAPEL IN CANADA.—BERTHIER-EN-HAUT, P.Q.

OUR ENGRAVINGS

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FOOTBALL CLUB (The Dukes), Halifax, N.S.—This, the regimental club of the Imperial Battalion stationed in Halifax, has had a very successful season. The following is a short summary of the matches played by the team during the season of last year:—Matches, 7; won 6; drawn, 1; total points scored, 37 to 6. October 4th vs. Navy—1 goal dropped by Briggs and 1 try (Turner) to 1 try (Parker.) The goal dropped by Briggs was the result of a very clever piece of play, as he received the ball from a scrimmage in the opponents' 25, but finding there was no chance of getting over the line, he dodged an opponent, ran back and sent the ball flying over the cross-bars. October 11th, vs. Navy (return)—3 tries, Gilks 1, Turner 1, Briggs 1, to *nil*. The Navy more than held their own in the tight scrimmages, but directly the ball became loose the superiority in the passing of the Dukes backs asserted itself. The best try of the day being started at the home 25, Briggs picked up and transferred the leather to Fraser, who in turn passed it to Bruce, he handed it on to Turner, who seemed to have a good chance of scoring, but unselfishly threw to Briggs, who just managed to struggle over the line. October 18th, vs. Dalhousie—1 goal try by Turner to *nil*. This match was splendidly contested throughout and there was really nothing to choose between the two teams, the best run of the day was the one which decided the match. Turner received by no means a good pass from Fraser at the half-way flag and threaded his way through two or three opponents till he reached the touch line, close to the corner, then putting on full steam he shook off three of the opponents' backs and eventually touched the ball down between the posts. October 24th, vs. Mr. Stevens' team—1 goal dropped and 2 tries (Turner) to *nil*. Turner played brilliantly throughout and obtained all the points scored. November 4th, vs. Abegweits (at Charlottetown)—No score. In the first half the Abegweit forwards had the advantage, being very quick on the ball and the Dukes backs had hard work in keeping their lines intact. Just before half-time Gilks (half-back) sprained his ankle badly and left the field. On commencing after the lemon interval Ingo, the Abegweit captain, made a magnificent run along the touch line and was only brought down by Bruce in the nick of time, but at the same time unfortunately sprained his leg and took no further part in the game. This was a serious loss for the Abegweits as he was undoubtedly the fastest man on the ground, but this was by no means the last exciting incident, as close on time the Abegweits forwards came away in a body and a try seemed certain, but the rush was splendidly stopped by Briggs, who was knocked insensible for a minute or two, but pluckily rejoined the game, and when the whistle was blown neither side could claim a victory. The game was contested in a most friendly spirit throughout, the accidents being quite unavoidable and not due to any rough play—"Oh, where was the goal kicker." November 5th, vs. New Glasgow—3 tries, Turner 2, Bruce 1, to 1 goal. A series of mishaps betell the team on their journey to New Glasgow, as after a rough passage to Pictou, the river steamer to New Glasgow broke down half way and the team had to walk four miles and arrived just in time to bolt some lunch and hurry off to the field. The first half with the wind in our favour there was only one team in it, and two tries were scored, one by Turner and one by Bruce, after a beautiful corkscrew run, he also had hard lines in not landing a goal by a place kick obtained from a fair catch from the half-way flag, the ball actually struck the cross-bar and bounded back into play. In the second half the Dukes seemed to tire, and the New Glasgow forwards were not to be denied. They took the ball right down the field on the line, scoring a try, from which they landed a goal. This woke up the Dukes and just on time Turner dashed over at the corner flag, the point, after some discussion, was allowed, the match thus being won by 6 points to 4. November 6th, vs. Pictou—1 goal dropped by Briggs; 3 tries Fraser 2, Smith 1 to *nil*. The Pictou team were never really dangerous, but again, every one who attempted the place kicks seemed to have left their goal-kicking boots at home as two of the tries

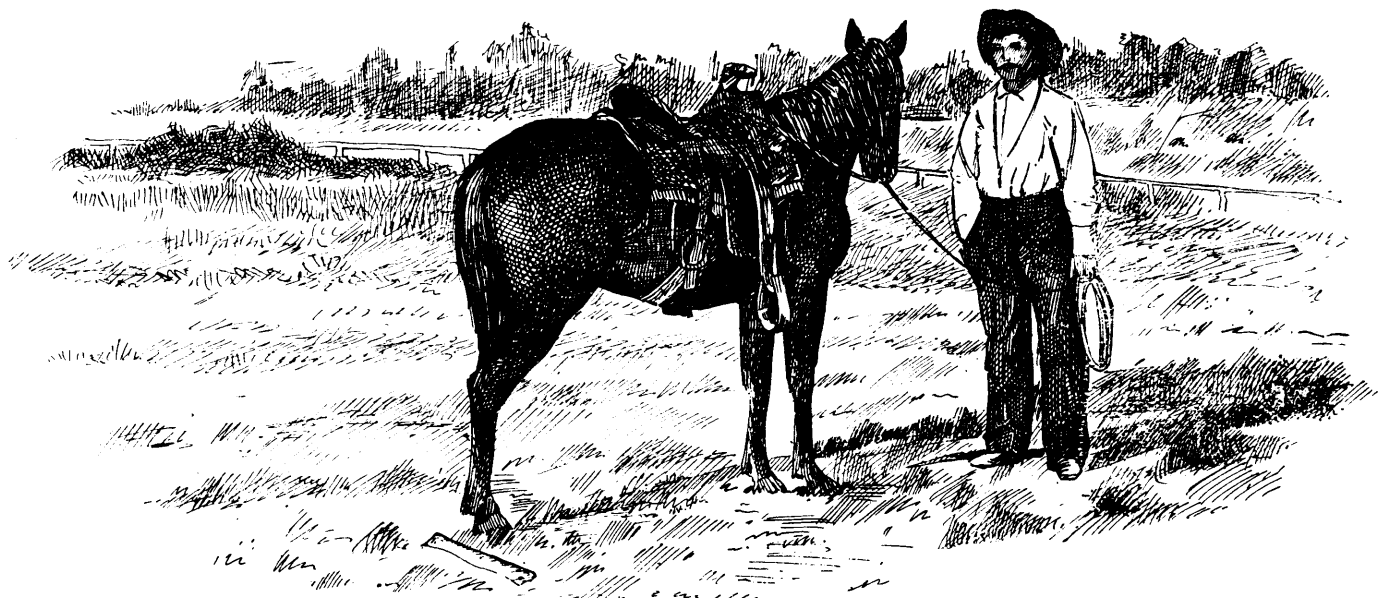


GEORGE MERCER DAWSON, D.S., F.G.S., F.R.S.C.

were obtained directly under the posts. Lieut. Turner (Cheltenham Coll. and Sussex County) has run in seven tries and dropped one goal in the seven matches played, and possessing a thorough knowledge of the game has very ably captained the team throughout. Capt. Bruce (Sandhurst) and Lieut. Fraser (Merchiston) have rendered very useful assistance, while Private Briggs has played a splendid game, his tackling and dropping leaving nothing to be desired. The half-backs have been the weak spot in the team, but the forwards have played a good fast game all through, Lieut. Smith, Sgts Dewhurst and Knowles being especially noticeable. Notman & Co. have taken a very good photograph of the team on which will also be found the various clubs the members of the team have played for on. We regret to learn that owing to the regiment leaving this station next month their football career in this country has ended; had they remained for another season it was their intention to have endeavoured to arrange matches in the upper provinces. The following compose the team; we have added the clubs to which the players previously belonged:—Capt. Bruce, Sandhurst, Haileybury Coll.; Corp. J. Hassell, Heidleburg Coll.; Sergt. Dewhurst, Manningham A. C.; Sergt. Knowles, Kirkburton A. C.; Corp. Sexton, Wakefield Trinity; Lieut. Wood; Lieut. Smith, Dover Coll.; Corp. Rogers, Bradford A. C.; Lieut. Pelham, Marlborough; Lieut. Turner (Capt.), Cheltenham and Sussex Co.; Sergt. Hoyle, Salterhabble A.C.; Lieut. Fraser, Merchiston; Private Cassidy, Bradford A. C.; Private Briggs, Bramley A. C.; Corp. Cunningham, Bradford A. C.; Private Lockyer, Halifax A. C.; Private Gilks, Halifax A. C.

GEORGE MERCER DAWSON, D.S., F.G.S., F.R.S.C., Associate Royal School of Mines, etc., Assistant Director Geological Survey of Canada, Ottawa, was born at Pictou, Nova Scotia, August 1st, 1849, and is the eldest son of Sir William Dawson, principal of McGill University, Montreal. He was educated at McGill College and Royal School of Mines, 1872; held the Duke of Cornwall's scholarship, given by the Prince of Wales; and took the Edward Forbes medal in palæontology and the Murchison medal in geology. He was appointed geologist and naturalist to Her Majesty's North American Boundary Commission in 1873, and investigated the country in the vicinity of the boundary line between Canada and the United States from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. At the close of the Commission's work in

1875, he published a report under the title of "Geology and Resources of the Forty-ninth Parallel." In July, 1875, he received an appointment on the Geological Survey of Canada. From 1875 to 1879 he was occupied in the geological survey and exploration of British Columbia, and subsequently engaged in similar work both in the North-West Territory and British Columbia. In 1882 he travelled extensively in Europe, inspecting mines, metallurgical works, museums, etc. He is a member of numerous scientific societies. His travels throughout the Province of British Columbia and in the North-West Territory have been extensive, details respecting which are to be found in the reports of the Geological Survey. Dr. Dawson is the author of numerous papers on geology, natural history and ethnology published in the *Canadian Naturalist*, *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, etc. He was in 1887 selected by the late Hon. Thomas White to take charge of the Yukon expedition, an expedition in which Mr. White took much interest, and some account of Mr. W. Ogilvie's work in connection with which has already appeared in THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. The results of that part of the work of the expedition carried out by himself are given in an elaborate report of nearly 300 pages, included in the last volume published by the Geological Survey. The route chosen by him for his own journey, though known to be difficult, was selected as that most likely to afford the greatest amount of information of a geological character. It proved to be 1300 miles in length from the mouth of the Stikkeen River by way of the Dease, Upper Liard, Pelly and Lewis Rivers back to the Coast. Much of the entire distance was traversed by following the rivers, which, though in former years employed by the Hudson's Bay Company, had long been abandoned as a trade route, and were almost unknown geographically. Boats had to be built at several different points for this purpose, and one portage of fifty miles was made through the woods in crossing from the drainage-basin of the Liard to that of the Yukon. Was granted the honorary degree of LL.D. by Queen's University, Kingston, last year. The Bigsby Medal of the Geological Society (London), has lately been awarded to Dr. Dawson as a recognition of his services to geology. The presentation of the medal will occur at the anniversary meeting of the society on February 20. It is making a very high prediction for the subject of this sketch to say that he bids



A CANADIAN COW-BOY, ALBERTA.

fair to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious father. Already he is one of the ablest geologists in Canada, and what he has achieved in the way of original research and discovery are altogether unusual. His whole heart seems to be in scientific work, especially in geological pursuits; and, as we have said, if he continues "still achieving, still pursuing," science shall some day look upon him as a great benefactor, and his name will be illustrious before the world.

BURNING OF G. T. R. SHEDS, 11TH FEBRUARY.—Our artist has depicted several scenes of interest noticed at the recent fire at Bonaventure freight sheds, Montreal. This conflagration took place during the morning of the 11th instant, and resulted in the destruction of the shed with all its contents. Luckily, the amount of freight in the building was much less than usual, so the loss is a comparatively light one. It, however, very nearly proved fatal to two men who were in the office attached to the shed, Messrs. D. Tuff and J. Flynn, who were unable to make their escape until rescued by the firemen. They were found on the floor, nearly suffocated and badly burned. The ambulance was sent for and they were conveyed to the General Hospital. We are glad to say that they have since recovered.

EXPLOSION AT QUEBEC, 12TH FEB.—One of the most appalling disasters that has visited Canada for several years occurred last week at Quebec. That historic city seems, indeed, to suffer more in accidents attended with unusually fatal results than its sister cities of the Dominion. The horrors of the landslide of October, 1889, claimed victims, and now it has to mourn for nearly 25 more lives suddenly crushed out. By some means, as yet unexplained, the boiler of the Riverside Worsted Factory exploded about half-past nine o'clock on the morning of 12th instant, blowing off the roof of the engine house and causing the fall of the walls of the structure and of the lofty chimney. The factory had been closed for some days, and the employes were coming in that day to resume work, consequently but a small percentage of them were in the building when the accident happened. Had all hands been at work the loss of life would have run into the hundreds. As it was, about 22 persons were killed outright and a large number wounded, several of whom have since died. The dead and wounded were taken to the Marine Hospital. "B" Battery Canadian Artillery were marched down from the Citadel to the scene of the disaster, and did excellent service in preserving order and assisting to extricate the sufferers from the debris. A jury has since been empanelled, which will, no doubt, determine the cause of the explosion. Two of our photographs of the ruins have been kindly furnished by Mr. Beaudry, photographer, 197 St. John street, Quebec.

POST OFFICE, FREDERICTON, N.B.—This building, situated on ordnance property at the corner of Queen and Carleton streets, was commenced in 1879 and completed and occupied in 1880. It is of brick, with stone dressings, on a stone foundation. The ground floor is the post office proper, the upper flats being devoted to other government offices. To the left of the engraving may be seen the drill

hall, hospital and guard room in connection with the barracks used by "A" Company, Infantry School Corps. For this photograph we are indebted to the courtesy of Lt. Col. Maunsell, I.S.C.

SNOW SHED CONSTRUCTION IN THE NORTH-WEST.—The quantity of snow in the Rockies during the winter season renders it imperative that means be taken to prevent the railway lines being blocked by snow-drifts or slides. At all cuttings or exposed spots wooden sheds are erected during the summer over the rails, forming a species of tunnel, which obviates to a very great degree the detention which would otherwise be experienced by the masses of snow. Our engraving shows the erection of these non-ornamental but essentially useful structures.

VIEWS IN JERSEY.—The Channel Islands form a curious link between England and France. Anciently belonging to Normandy, they have been under the rules of England since the Conquest; and while both languages are spoken freely, the inhabitants are thoroughly loyal to the British Crown. Jersey, the largest of the group, has an area of about 45 square miles, with a population of nearly 53,000. It is hilly, but very fertile, and abounds in many scenes of beauty and interest, to which engravings can do but scant justice.

A CANADIAN COW-BOY.—Our engraving shows a type totally unknown to Eastern residents, except through the medium of printer's ink. The free and open life on the prairie has engendered this class—picturesque, rough-and-ready, kind-hearted, and generous to a fault. Nothing is in more vivid contrast to the prim civilization of the East.

Bold and skilful riders, they are invaluable on stock farms, and in the performance of their duties do work of great value to the development of the country.

Personal and Literary Notes.

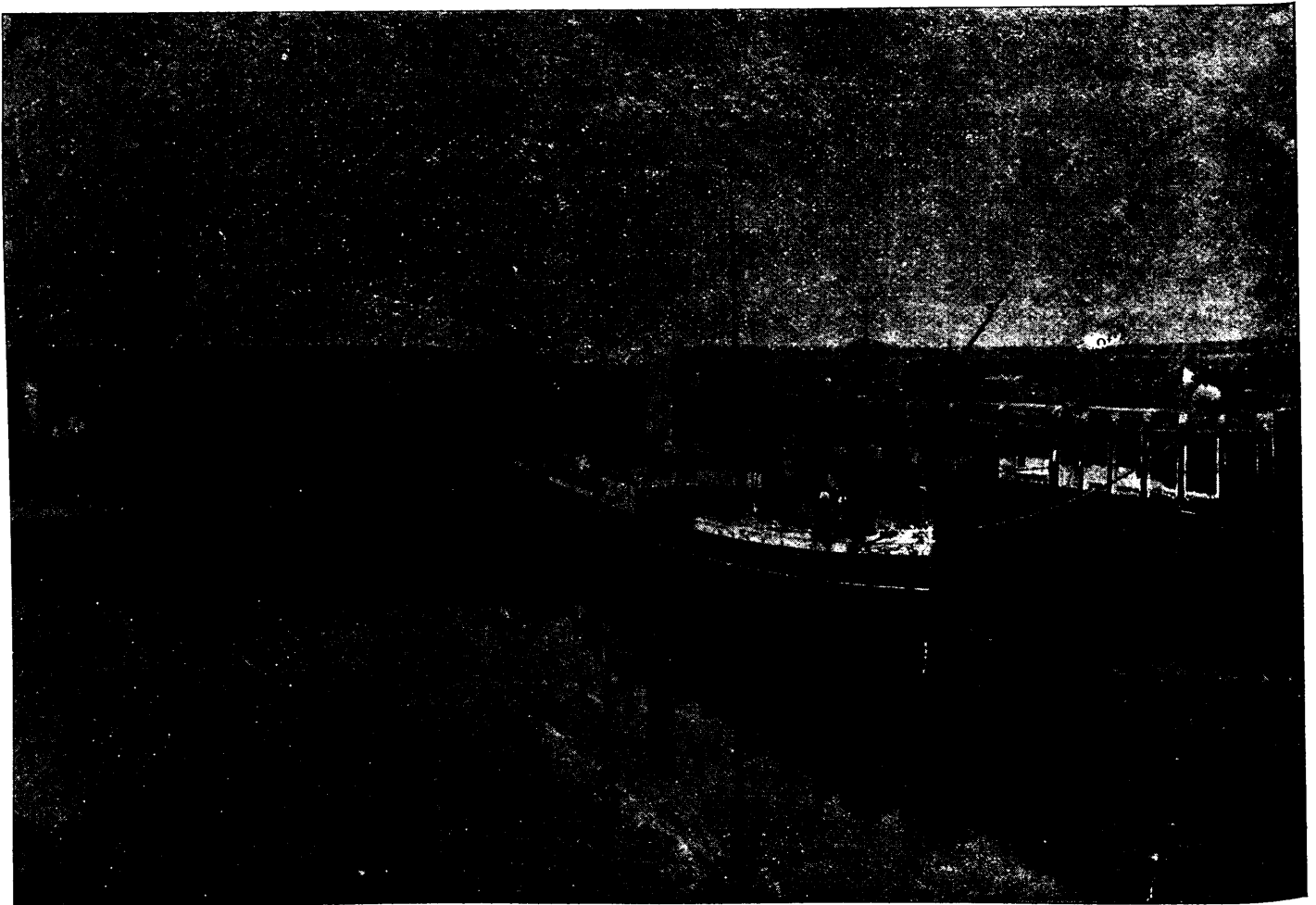
The fact that King Kalakaua, of Hawaii, was a student and a linguist is not generally known. Such, however, was the case, and his visit to the United States was partly for the purpose of securing a publisher for his latest work, "Temple of Wisdom." Last year his book, "Legends of Hawaii," written in collaboration with ex-Minister Dagget, was published. In "The Temple of Wisdom," which was not quite completed, the royal author attempts to prove from the original Hebrew that the Trinity is a misnomer for one God, and further that all things have their origin in fire, and will end in fire.

* * *
The late George Bancroft was a good man of business, in which respect he was unlike nine literary men out of ten. Though he was never very economical in his living expenses, he left a very snug fortune. As an illustration of the enthusiasm of his old age it is related that he took up the study of Shakespeare when eighty-seven, and prosecuted his new pursuit with all the ardor of youth.

* * *
Rider Haggard, the novelist, was mercilessly black-balled when his name came up for ballot recently in the London Society of Antiquaries. The archaeologists evidently consider that his discovery—in his brain—of King Solomon's mines is not an achievement that entitles him to communion with them.

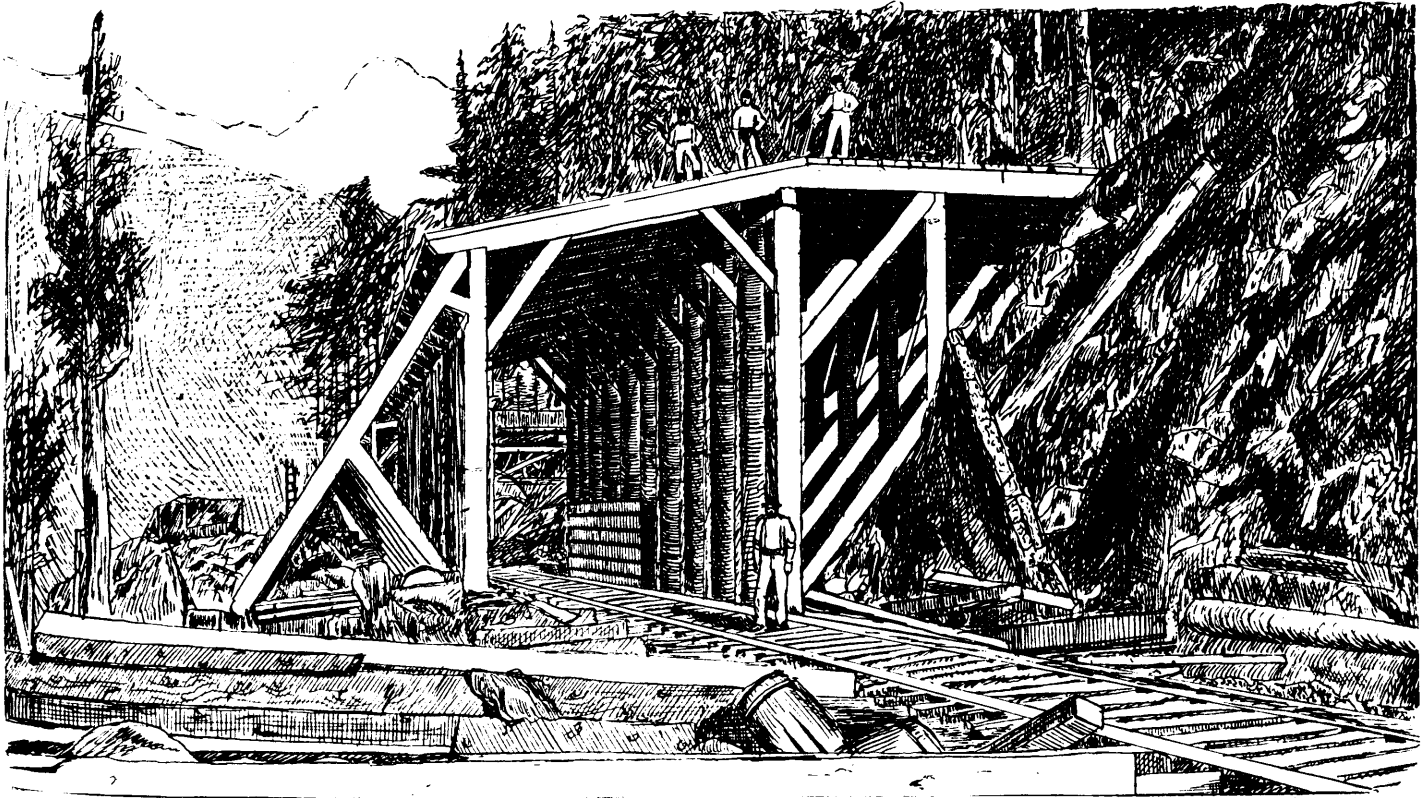


SCENE AFTER RECENT FATAL EXPLOSION IN QUEBEC WORSTED FACTORY.

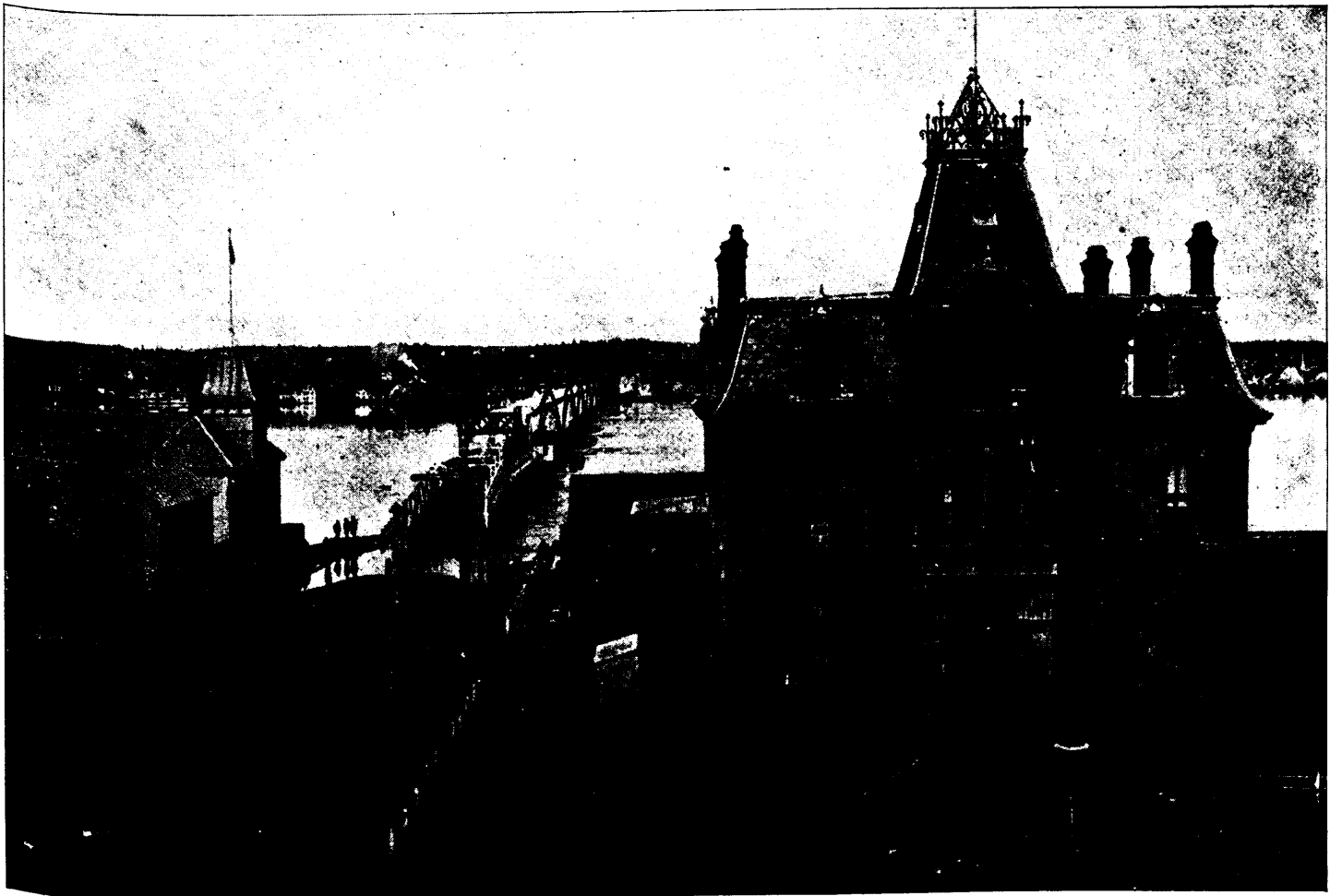


SCENES IN THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.

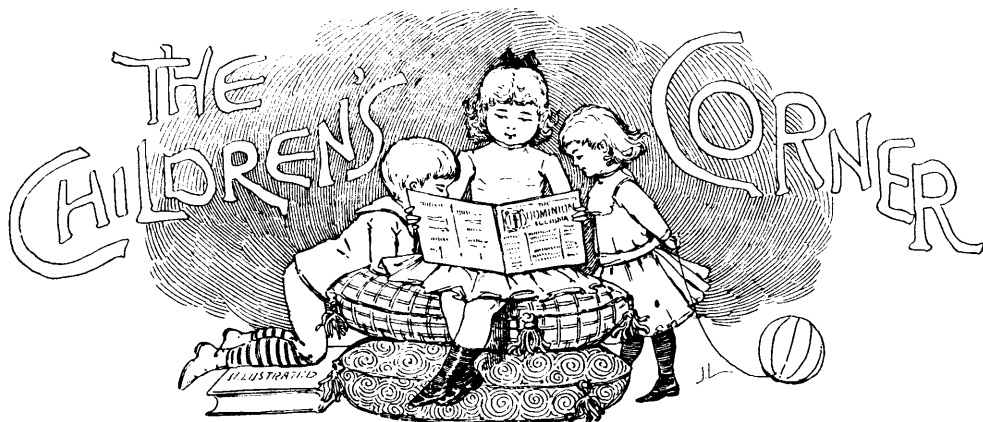
(Mr. A. E. Collas, Amateur photo.)



SNOW-SHED CONSTRUCTION IN THE NORTH-WEST.



THE POST-OFFICE, FREDERICTON, N. B.



Farmer Brown's Wonderful Adventures In the Moon

By MORDUE

CHAPTER III.

THE AMBER PALACE.

Their way lay through woods luxuriant in the richest vegetation, gigantic trees of untold ages towered aloft, clumps of exquisite ferns grew beneath their shades, while flowers of rare beauty and fragrance peeped at them as they passed by.

Farmer Brown's fear vanished as he gazed with wonderment on the many beautiful things.

"I never thought it was half so beautiful here, the people below were always saying it was a barren, dreary place, and nobody could live in it. But I was very fond of looking at the moon and fancying that I could see mountains and valleys, and I am sure Your Majesty, that I have seen you looking at me sometimes."

"No doubt," answered the Man-in-the-Moon, nodding and smiling at him. "But see! here come my light-bearers." As he spoke, there appeared a flock of birds of brilliant plumage, so brilliant as to dazzle the eye.

"They are very beautiful," murmured Farmer Brown, wondering what he meant by calling them light-bearers. Just then their path through the woods was brought to an abrupt end by an immense mountain towering thousands of feet above them, and thickly covered with trees and brushwood.

"Oh dear!" thought Farmer Brown, "how ever are we going to climb the mountain when I can't even see a path."

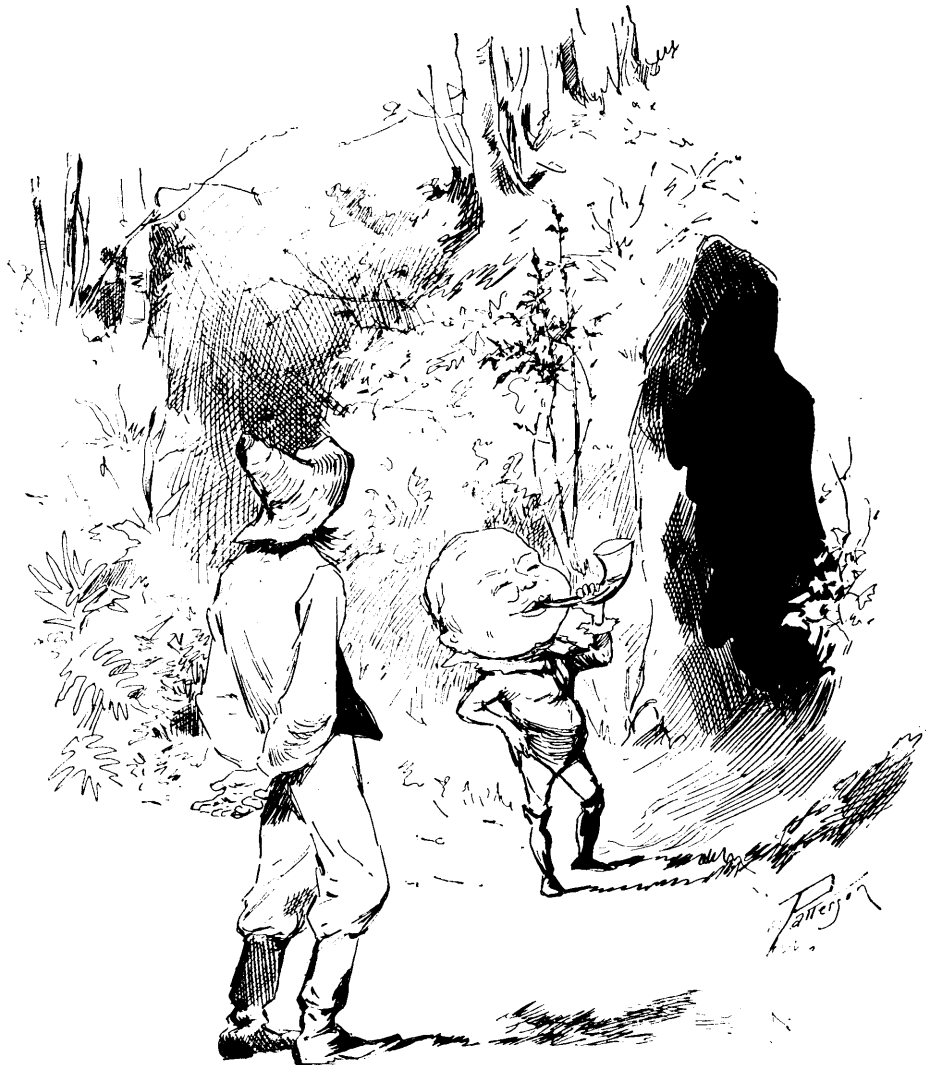
"Don't be alarmed, we are not going to climb it, but pass through it," said the Man-in-the-Moon, as he noticed the troubled look on Farmer Brown's face. "See!" and he pointed to a large arched opening in the side of the mountain. Then, taking a horn which hung by his side he blew several quick notes which were immediately answered by the birds with a succession of chirps, followed by a rapid flight towards the opening into which they disappeared in two regularly formed lines. "Now" said the Man-in-the-Moon, "we will follow, but let me warn you on no account to speak; no matter what you see, preserve silence."

Passing through the arched way, they entered a small stone chamber with a couple of seats roughly hewn from the rock. From this, a flight of stone steps led down into a black abyss. Groping his way, Farmer Brown followed the rest through what seemed a narrow passage with many windings, and then there burst upon his view a vision of wonderful enchantment and loveliness. A broad and lofty passage paved with the softest of green moss; while from the walls and roof hung strange fantastic stalactites sparkling and glowing with many a beautiful colour, and over all was shed a soft, mellow light, not unlike the light of the moon, and as the wondering eyes of Farmer Brown drank in the scene he saw that this light came from the birds who lined either side of the way. Their whole breast seemed to be a living flame of light. In his surprise and wonderment Farmer Brown forgot the warning he had received and uttered an exclamation of delight; hardly had he done so, when the sound was reverberated again and again with a roar like mighty thunder, the birds uttering shrill cries of fright, dashed madly about and the whole place was plunged into dense darkness.

Suddenly in the midst of the confusion a long, clear note from a horn was heard. Immediately the birds ceased their struggles and returned to their places, and in a few moments quiet and light were restored. Continuing on their way for sometime longer they at last gained the open air much to Farmer Brown's delight who had been dreadfully frightened at what he had done.

"How was it you forgot my warning?" asked the Man-in-the-Moon, "but I suppose I should have impressed it more strongly on you. But see! yonder is my palace, what think you of it?"

"Think, Your Majesty. I am beyond thinking,



everything is so wonderful, but oh, this is the greatest sight of all." And well might he exclaim. From where they stood a gentle slope led down to a beautiful lake, in the middle of which was a small island rising abruptly to a height of a thousand feet, and on the summit was the summer palace of His Majesty; a long low building of clear amber beautifully ornamented with trimmings of emeralds and pearls. It was approached by terraces rising one above the other; round each terrace ran a white marble balustrade, while numerous fountains threw aloft delicately perfumed waters.

Waiting for them by the side of the lake were a number of little boats, made out of huge mother-of-

pearl shells and daintily cushioned. But His Majesty's surpassed them all for beauty. It was in the form of one of the birds which had lighted them through the mountain. The brilliant colours of the plumage were represented by precious stones and in the centre of the bird's forehead blazed an enormous diamond. Each of the boats was manned by two rowers dressed in sea-green tights with a jaunty little cap perched on their heads.

"Dear me!" thought Farmer Brown, "I can never get into one of those little things." Now he was very much afraid of the water and when the Man-in-the-Moon asked him if he could swim he shuddered at the idea and made haste to say "No Your Majesty I can't swim a stroke." "That is awkward, for I do not see how we are to get you over. Ah, I have it! you can cross on the turtle's back. I'll tell them to bring him over." With that he sounded his horn, and in a short while an immense thing was seen moving through the water guided by a little creature dressed like the rowers. It was so large it made a good sized raft. But it seemed terrible to Farmer Brown to cross over on the back of such a creature. "Suppose it should turn over or make a dive ough! the thought was enough." Still he did not like to refuse when he was asked to step aboard.

At first the turtle moved steadily through the water, but ere the middle of the lake was reached, it showed signs of restlessness and presently it be-

gan to plunge about so violently that Farmer Brown could scarce hang on.

"Oh dear! oh dear! I shall be drowned, I know I shall, oh please Mr. Sailor help me, oh, oh," and down he rolled on his face as the turtle gave another flop.

"What are you rolling about like that for," cried the sprite with a chuckle, can't you sit steady, you see how you are frightening the turtle, I wouldn't be surprised if he made for the bottom, ah, he is going! hold on!" And sure enough, down went the turtle to the bottom of the lake, where, after quietly swimming about he rose again with his rider, but alas! no Farmer Brown was visible.

(To be continued.)



In the plenitude of their power and good nature the mighty men of the A.A.U. have condescended to mind their own business, at least so far as Canadian athletes are concerned. When the now celebrated suspension of the lacrosse men who had played in Madison Square Garden was first made known, to put it mildly, it rather surprised us here in Canada. Of course, it would not be proper to suppose that such a potential body as the A.A.U., owning the great U-nited States and the athletes thereof, would have consideration enough for the benighted Canadians to appropriate us bodily and by administering a mild parental castigation immediately give us to understand what we might expect in the future if we had the audacity to simply keep on existing without permission from the fountain-head of athletic wisdom that bubbles up to refresh the world from Manhattan Island. Of course such a thing was not to be expected, and a good many of us boiled down our own private impressions in the vulgar but significant word "gall." We were mistaken. It was simply ignorance, not invincible ignorance, but plain, ordinary, excusable ignorance. It has taken some weeks to partially eradicate this mental affliction, but the operation was successfully performed on Saturday last, when the A. A. U. were graciously pleased to remove what they styled the "ban" put upon the lacrosse players. The American clubs may look on the matter as they see fit; but it would be just as well for these gentlemen in the future to remember that there is a Canadian Amateur Athletic Association in this country to suspend or reinstate as is thought proper. We like to see the Americans come to the championship games and capture all the prizes for that matter, but in other things we are able to take care of ourselves and are inclined to look upon any interference, in the way of athletic legislation or suspensions especially, in the light of gratuitous impertinence.

In this connection there was another development, by the way, which appears to me to have been rather ill-judged on the part of the executive of the C.A.A.A., and which, without any great stretch of imagination, may be traced to something closely resembling club prejudice. It was generally known that the A.A.U. meeting would be held on Saturday last and some action relative to the suspended players would be taken. If the C.A.A.A. were so anxious to follow up the initiative taken by the American association they also might have had the patience to await the ultimate result. But there seemed a possibility of placing the Montreal Lacrosse Club in an unenviable position, and there was unseemly haste. The Montreal Lacrosse Club was asked for certain documents regarding invitations and the arrangements made with the Staten Island Club. It was not put in so many words, but reading between the lines it was tantamount to a demand that the club show cause why it should not be suspended or censured. Now, we all know that an athlete declared a professional in the United States, or in any part of the world for that matter, is a professional here, but in this instance, as in several others since the A.A.U. undertook to legislate for everybody, the question was simply one of jurisdiction, or competing in games held under the auspices of the A.A.U. or affiliated clubs. The American clubs may have offended against their laws through forgetting to ask permission from the ruling body, which had no power whatever over Canadians; but why the Montreal club should have a suspension hung over its head is difficult to fathom, especially when exhibition matches with Indians are distinctly allowed by the rules. As to the question of receiving remuneration or valuable trophies for their matches, that is just as absurd as the suspension. Per-haps, after all, there were some lacrosse players a little disappointed at the fact that they did not have a trip somewhere, but that is only a surmise. To the demand for documents made by the C.A.A.A., the secretary of the Montreal Club was very properly instructed to reply, asking what the club was charged with, who made the charges, and expressing a readiness to answer any accusations made. Then came the "removal of the ban," and just now it

would be interesting to know exactly what the C.A.A.A. think about their own hasty action. If it is proposed to make the Montreal Lacrosse Club stand an alleged trial, it will be only further proof that club jealousy and not a genuine desire for the good of amateur sport is at the bottom of the matter. Take *Punch's* advice, "Don't."

The last spasm of virtue in amateur circles does not seem to have met with universal approval, and the first protest came to the League of American Wheelmen from the Hartford Wheel Club, which is one of the most powerful organizations in the country. They still hanker after the substantiality of gold watches and diamond rings by way of trophies, they do not like the limitation put on the value of prize medals, and they threaten the organization of a new governing body, as will be seen from the following portion of a resolution passed by the club:

"Whereas, it being the unanimous opinion of the members of this club that the adoption by the League of American Wheelmen of rules forbidding team races and the award of various articles of intrinsic value and worth as prizes in amateur cycling events, as recommended for adoption by the joint committee of the League of American Wheelmen and the Amateur Athletic Union, would be so highly prejudicial to the interests of amateur cycle riding as to make the creation of a new and independent authority for the government of such races a matter of necessity; therefore be it resolved that present rules regulating races and award of prizes remain unchanged."

When it is remembered that the Hartford Club give one of the most successful annual meets on the continent, the future course pursued by them will be watched with interest, although it is hardly likely that any such extreme measure as forming a new governing body will be resorted to. At the annual assembly of the L.A.W., held in Washington on Monday last, the total membership was shown to be over ten thousand, a rather powerful organization for one club to butt against, unless the expected results were something like what happened the steer when he charged the locomotive. In his annual report President Dunn also advocated a closer relationship and a more complete harmony between the Canadian cyclists and the L.A.W.

If in the past there was any one particular branch of sport which was supposed free from the stigma of professionalism, that sport was lawn tennis; but even the Lawn Tennis Association for the United States is apparently afflicted with the epidemic of reform. At the tenth annual meeting their rule defining an amateur was made more stringent, as will be seen from the new text, which is given here:—

"An amateur is one who has never violated any of the following rules:—1. He has never entered a competition open to professionals, nor played for a stake, admission money or entrance fee. 2. He has not competed with or against a professional for a prize. 3. He has not played, instructed, pursued or assisted in the pursuit of tennis or other athletic exercise as a means of livelihood, or for gain or other emolument. 4. His membership in any tennis or athletic club of any kind was not brought about or does not continue because of any mutual understanding, expressed or implied, whereby his continuing a member of any such club would be of any pecuniary benefit to him or his club. 5. If connected with any sporting goods house, such connection was not brought about or does not continue because of his proficiency in tennis or any other form of athletic exercise. The executive committee of the association shall be the tribunal to decide whether a player is a professional or an amateur."

This change brought out a good deal of opposition, one of the disputants pertinently remarking that the organization which at present had the most iron-clad rule was having more trouble with its amateurs than any other body.

From the fact that there was a possibility of the American skating champion being seen at the Canadian championship races, on Saturday, the following paragraph which has been going the rounds of the press recently, may be of interest. It is claimed by Ole A. Olsen that Donoghue's time for the five miles has been beaten at Hamar by Lindahl, of Gjovik, and Norseng, of Hamar, whose respective times are alleged to be 15.18 and 15.19¾. Donoghue's time was 15.37.

Hanlan and Gaudaur are still waging a wordy warfare—a sort of battle of back-numbers—that just now is only interesting to the public from the fact that there is very little aquatic news of any importance to talk about. Gaudaur is so anxious for a match that he wants to row for fun, which must be a new sensation for a professional oarsman,

but Hanlan wants a stake of \$1,000 a side. He also wants to row rain or shine, hurricane or zephyr, water smooth as glass or churned into white-topped billows. The ex-champion says he is no parlor rower, and apparently thinks Gaudaur will weaken at the proposed conditions. Probably he will.

The Montreal Snowshoe Club had a field day on Saturday last, when the annual races were held. On account of the number of handicap events the list of starters was not as large as might be expected, but there were good races for all that. The final of the hundred was won by C. A. Lockerby; W. O. H. Dodds won the club cup for two miles; T. O'Brien, an Argyle man, captured the quarter, and the half fell to Dodds again. In the mile open Lumsden (scratch) was first. In the veterans' race Harry Young was the winner, and C. A. Lockerby won the final in the 115 yards. In the evening there was the usual banquet in the Windsor, which was one of the most successful efforts ever made in that direction.

According to the despatches, McCormick, the St. John professional skater, was an easy mark for Hagen, the Norwegian champion. It is down in the reports that the distance was about 4 4-5 miles and the time 15 56 2 5. Pretty slow, considering; but there is an uncertainty about these skating times that will bear looking into.

The Toronto Fencing Club has been making remarkable progress since its resuscitation some time ago, and perhaps nothing brought it before the fencing world so prominently as the contest between Mr. Currie and Mr. Bevington, in which, after a splendid exhibition of the beauties of carte and tierce the former was victorious. On March 7 the championship of the United States will be fenced for, and Mr. Currie intends to challenge the winner. But in order that he shall be the recognized Canadian champion he invites any amateur foilsman in Canada to meet him before that date.

Those thorough sportsmen of the Albany Curling Club are bound to keep alive the interest in the international match for the Gordon medal; and although up to the present Fortune has not been very favourable in the way of granting them victory, the Albanians will not be discouraged. The president of the Branch, Mr. Geo. S. Brush, was unable to act as referee, but his place was ably filled by the veteran Mr. Wm. Wilson, a keener curler than whom never put away a stone. The match was played on the Caledonia rink, and "Aleck" felt pardonably proud at the condition of the ice. As the match was played with granite, it was natural to expect that the iron playing men would be handicapped somewhat, but still they managed to win by a majority of 7 shots. On Rink No. 1 the visitors lost by 14, the local skip, Mr. R. Wilson, unmercifully piling up big ends, but on No. 2 the visitors had the best of it by 7. Following is the score:

United States.	Canada.
C. Tremper, jr.,	A. Ramsay, Heather,
J. J. Van Schoonhoven,	Geo. W. Sadler, Caledonia,
Wm. Kirk,	W. Hutchison, Heather,
Jas. McCredie, skip 20	R. Wilson, Caledonia, skip 34

RINK NO. 2.

W. E. Elmdorf,	T. Williamson, Montreal,
J. W. McHarg	J. S. Archibald, Thistle,
J. C. Laing,	Rev. J. Williamson, Montreal,
A. McMurray, skip 28	Rev. J. Barclay, Thistle, skip 21

Total for Albany, 48; for Canada, 55.

It will be remembered that the Ottawa and Montreal Curling Clubs won the finals in their respective centres for the Branch tankard, and last week the deciding match was played off, the Montreal Club being successful.

For the Royal Caledonia medal, as was foreshadowed, the Montreal Thistles could not overcome the lead which the Quebec men got in the first half of the match. Quebec's majority for the two days' play was 24 shots.

The Stancliffe cup managed to keep the curlers pretty busy for three days during last week. It was a very close match, but at last the Montreal and Caledonia Clubs were left for the final, and Montreal carried off the trophy with a majority of 8 shots.



TORONTO, February 7, 1891.

The past has been a brilliant week. The Yacht Club Ball, the *Conversazione* at Trinity College, *The Gondoliers* at the Grand Opera House, each an event of importance in itself, and each an occasion honoured by the presence of the "Uprer Ten," have constituted a very full round of special engagements—rather wearing, it must be admitted, yet full of charm.

The presence of the Vice-regal party at the Yacht Club Ball acted upon the committee to the extent of necessitating the exclusion of some of our citizens, who would otherwise have been there. The "lady type-writer" was shut out; whether the gentleman type-writer shared the same fate I am not informed, but such exclusion looks, to say the least of it, silly. Neither Lord nor Lady Stanley would have been the least disturbed even had the "lady type-writer" been found in the same set with them. The true aristocrat is the most democratic of democrats, and provided manners are mannerly, neither Queen nor Kaiser enquires further.

Three new waltzes by native composers formed part of the programme of the Ball. *Starry Night*, by Mrs. T. T. Blackstock, of Toronto; *Wenonah*, by Mrs. J. C. Smith, of St. Catharines; and *Golden Rod*, by Mrs. Frank MacKelcan, of Hamilton. New waltzes by Gillett, Tobian and Rosas were played, a compliment to distinguished guests not often at command, even of so wealthy and fashionable entertainers as Commodore Boswell and his yachtmen.

All the decorations, even to the supper, partook of the nautical character of the occasion, and everything went off beautifully.

The coldness that marked the production of *The Gondoliers* in New York had no place here, but rather the warmth of welcome accorded the piece on its production in London. Probably Canadian tastes and education are more English than our cousins across the border enjoy, and thus we are better able to note the "points" made, both in music and libretto. For there are "points" in music, and when the well-remembered notes of a familiar song fall upon the ear, in the midst of the brightest comedy, does not the heart respond at once, and the candidate for our suffrages come into favour readily? The music of *The Gondoliers* is very sparkling, and some of the songs are sure to become popular.

At the Academy of Music *Money Mad* has had the week, and in spite of a hackneyed subject has taken well. The company is good, and a bit of realistic stage-setting, that gives a steamer coming up the river, while a swing-bridge—the Clarke street, Chicago, bridge—opens to let it through, forms a great attraction, though by no means the only one.

I have seen that bridge in *Harper's* or *The Century*, and it had a very telling tale attached to it, of an old hulk, a loving but miserly father, a beautiful daughter, a hidden treasure, both of which a designing young man eventually carries off, not without the consent of said father. How he won the consent is the heart of the story.

Robinson's Music Theatre, a somewhat new introduction among our public amusements, and which started out with the Benwell Tragedy and wax figures, *a la* Madame Tussand, received a decided lift into notice by the visit of Lady Stanley and party. The *Music* has a fair collection of curios and gives some decidedly curious exhibitions, but this week no one can say a word against its subject matter, which is a series of lectures or talks by poor Capt. W. D. Andrews, once a champion swimmer on Toronto bay, and the saviour of more than a hundred lives, one third of them women, which would otherwise have been lost by drowning. As a result of his unprepared-for exertions in the water at all times and seasons, Captain Andrews has become blind while yet a comparatively young man, and has

to depend on the proceeds of an excellent little book on swimming and life-saving, which he has compiled since his affliction. Capt. Andrews has the medal of the English Humane Society among others, and shows several of his own devices for life-saving. It seems discreditable to us that there is no fund upon which a hero, such as Andrews, has a claim, and it is time his case was taken up in this direction.

A boy soprano, from Westminster Abbey choir, will visit Toronto next week.

The *Conversazione* given by the Trinity University Literary Institute rivalled the R. C. Y. C. Ball in beauty and fashion. Fourteen hundred guests were present, and the corridors of the beautiful building, both the old and the new, were crowded almost to suffocation.

As dancing always forms part of the entertainment provided by the Institute for its guests, the *Conversazione* is a favourite gathering of the younger portion.

The Athenæum Club, organized in 1883, for objects thus stated by its promoters, "recognizing that the young men of our city, engaged during the day in professional and mercantile pursuits, naturally desire to spend a portion of their time in recreation of a healthy character * * * * free from objectionable associations and drinking and gambling," have decided to build themselves a new home. The site is on Church street, and the building is to be of the Moorish style of architecture. The Moorish, with its wide and covered galleries, its handsome curved portals, and its large court, seems particularly adapted to this climate and our popular amusements, and we shall be proud to see a building erected that will do honour as well to the high character of its aims as to the city. The success of the club is assured; its stockholders are all prominent citizens, and its stock and charter are such as satisfied the Ontario Government to grant it letters patent at the outset.

Messrs. Williamson & Co. are following up their already important list of high-class publications by another valuable native work, "*Canadians in the Imperial Service*," by J. Hampden Burnham, of Osgoode Hall, Barrister.

It is not every Canadian who knows that "Williams of Kars" was a countryman of his own. There are many such surprises in the book, which is composed of "over one hundred-and-fifty biographical sketches of distinguished Canadians" in the Imperial service (army and navy). The price of the book, \$1.50, places it within the reach of everybody, and its illustrations add to its value.

The Mail has just published a really valuable addition to our local literature, on "*Toronto, Old and New*," a Centennial memorial volume, historical, descriptive and pictorial. The historian is Mr. G. Mercer Adam, whose facile and elegant pen has so often instructed and interested us. Rev. Dr. Scadding has written an introduction to the work, and it is beautified by several hundred fine engravings. The *édition de luxe* deserves its title in every particular. There will be but few copies left on sale, subscriptions absorbing nearly the whole issue, but certainly every public and private library ought to contain a copy.

I observe for the first time in our Canadian topographical literature the portrait of a lady. The first lady physician of Canada, Dr. Emily Howard Jennings Stowe, who began practice here twenty years ago, and the pioneer of the advancement of women in Canada, appears among her confrères of the profession. Dr. Stowe is of U. E. L. stock.

A son of the Right Rev. the Bishop of Algoma has come before the public as a poet. I hope to have a few words respecting his verse in another letter.

Political affairs have crowded everything else to the wall; the air is full of election talk. Prof. Goldwin Smith's late address on "Loyalty," before the Young Liberals' Club, has deceived none but those who cannot or will not analyse public speeches, and there are many who say that the Professor's views of loyalty are as expressive of disloyalty as if they were so intended. Loyalty means something far higher than self-interest, let who will gloze it over with phrases.

S. A. CURZON.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!

—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

There seems to be a growing distaste for the capital "I," and a feeling that it is not such a capital letter after all. Indeed, numbers of unassuming people are so much afraid of the "ego," that they might almost be said to be *egophobists*. Probably no letter of the alphabet has bored so many people, or figured in so many falsehoods. How often upon opening a letter, the first thing that strikes one between the eyes (pardon the suggestion of a pun) is an able-bodied capital "I." And the same capital usually waxes more aggressive in inverse ratio to the importance of the individual. Certain lecturers cause the letter to figure largely in aged and pre-historic anecdotes; because they consider it necessary to introduce the *personal element*. But with most of us it is like the "head of Charles I," which used to bother Mr. Dick so much; and will slip in, in spite of us.

Heroism sometimes appears under strange guises. The habit of chewing tobacco, for example, is manifestly very far from admirable; and the noxious weed is about the last thing in the world that one would expect to find figuring prominently in any act of especial virtue. But an old soldier who, like Solon Shingle, had "fit in the Revolutionary War," used to relate with some degree of pride his unselfish conduct in dividing his small remaining supply of chewing tobacco among his comrades, whose store of it had become exhausted. It was not an easy thing to do. And anyone who uses the weed will be in a position to appreciate the situation. Being frequently without food and without rest, but with hard work ahead, the soldiers naturally placed great value upon the soothing drug. They well knew that should their supply of tobacco run out they would experience not only the hardships incidental to their lot as soldiers, but in addition a certain reaction as the result of their former indulgence in the weed. When therefore, for the benefit of others, one deprived himself in the manner indicated, he afforded a curious but not wholly ignoble instance of self-denial.

Two ladies recently acquired some celebrity by remonstrating against what they considered to be ill-treatment of a street-car horse in Quebec, the horse's neck having been severely chafed by a refractory collar. The conduct of these ladies was fully in accord with a growing sentiment that man is not sufficiently considerate in his treatment of his four-footed friend, the horse. The public press of late has contained considerable comment and correspondence on the subject of the check-rein. Of the check-rein it may be said, on the one hand, that a horse that looks well without it does not need it; and, on the other hand, a horse that does not look well without it is not worth trying it on. But as human beings are wont to torture themselves for the sake of style, they are only consistent in doing the same thing to their horses.

As a sort of corollary to the old maxim that division of labour is half the labour done, one might say that *beginning* of labour is, well, a considerable fraction of the labour done. Who is there, for example, that in writing a letter does not undergo moments of dire perplexity as to exactly where and how to begin. Our amusement at the throes of Sam Weller in beginning his letter to Mary, the housemaid, is not indeed wholly unmingled with sympathy; but once he had squared his elbows and fairly got to work he did not make a bad fist of it, all things considered. The public speaker also labours under the same difficulty as to where to begin. And his stereotyped "as accustomed as I am" is about the worst beginning; but it is a beginning, and he desperately plunges into it. Indeed, I have often observed in relation to studies that the beginning of any subject is the most difficult part of it. The dry bones of perplexing inflections, the strangely inverted arrangement of words, and all the evasive technicalities of grammar face at the very outset the student of the sciences who as yet catches no glimpse of the elysian fields beyond. The dry bones of legal terminology face the law student long before he has any idea of legal principles. And I verily believe that there are people who remain in ignorance of certain important subjects, for no other reason than that they are perplexed as to exactly where and how they should begin their investigations.