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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

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

(REGISTERED.)

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SIR JOSEPH HICKSON,  
GENERAL MANAGER GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

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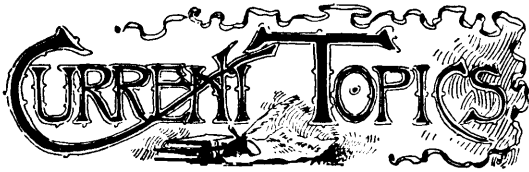
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The experimental farms at Brandon and elsewhere have succeeded so well that a demand for similar establishments has arisen in other parts of the North-West. It is suggested by the Prince Albert *Times* that at least two more should be located in the more northerly districts—one at Prince Albert, and the other at Battleford. The objection in the past, it is urged, to such northern stations was the difficulty of access, but the progress of railway construction has brought the northern centres, or will soon bring them, within easy reach of the rest of the country. The *Times* thinks that the request for such an addition to the series is reasonable, and feels sure that the Government will look at the matter in the same light. Now that Parliament will shortly meet, the members for the Territories will, doubtless, see that the subject is effectively ventilated. It is a good sign when such a desire springs up spontaneously in the district concerned, and we see no reason why so healthy an ambition should not be gratified.

It seems that the rumours of a purposed Mormon propaganda in the North-West were not altogether without foundation. As our readers are aware, the subject has been sharply discussed in the Territories ever since it was known that a colony from the Mormon community in the States was about to be established in Alberta District. Since the arrival of the new comers, some of their leaders have taken pains to deny that it was contemplated to practice polygamy in their Canadian home. But it was not long before a new turn was given to the subject by the bold avowal of Mr. A. Maitland Stenhouse, formerly a member of the British Columbia Legislature, that, as a Mormon, he intended to stand up for all the doctrines of the sect, polygamy included. Mr. Stenhouse defends his course by the strange plea that there is nothing in the Canadian marriage laws to prevent one of his faith conforming with his convictions. Bigamy, he maintains, is a crime, because the man or woman who commits it, marries again without the consent of the first wife or husband. He thereby violates a solemn contract. But the Mormon, like the Mohammedan polygamist, marries his second or third wife with the full consent of the first or the second. It is suspected that Mr. Stenhouse would not give expression to opinions so distasteful to the sentiments of the people of Canada unless he was supported by his fellow-religionists in Alberta, and, as he has made known his intention of testing the law by defying it, it is naturally concluded that the Mormons of Lee's Creek were insincere when they promised, on crossing the border, to leave their abominations behind them. The Saskatchewan *Herald* indignantly protests against any toleration

in the Dominion of the odious customs which the United States authorities had such difficulty in stamping out.

The Saskatchewan *Herald* wishes to correct a wrong impression that seems to have got abroad with respect to the agitation for responsible government in the North-West Territories. Some of the papers, it appears, in commenting on the disagreement between the Lieut-Governor and the Assembly of the Territories, write apparently under the impression that each of the three districts was seeking a distinct autonomy. Such is not the case. The memorial of the Assembly clearly states that what is desired is that the Territories, as a whole, should be put on a par with one of the provinces. The change, in that case, would be from the present virtual Crown-colony system to that of provincial self-government, like Manitoba. In the *Herald's* opinion, it would be simply absurd to ask for separate rule for each district, as the population is, in no case, large enough to justify such a demand, and in fact, few would support it. "The Assembly," it concludes, "only asks concessions such as are in keeping with modern ideas of political justice—ideas shared in by both Conservatives and the opposition.

No less than five provinces of the Dominion will have their general elections during the year on which we have entered. These are Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Prince Edward Island and Ontario. The last elections in these provinces took place, in the order in which they are named, in June, October, November and December, 1886. The elections for the Dominion House of Commons will not be held until 1892.

When Mr. Sandford Fleming wrote his pleasant and instructive book of travel, "From Old to New Westminster," the young city of the West was comparatively unknown. It is fast becoming worthy of its name. What it can do in the rearing of roses we had occasion not long since to illustrate. But it produces more than roses. "Magnificent buildings, great public works, palatial residences, mills of all kinds, factories, workshops and foundries," says the *Columbian*, "can be noted on all sides. Her shipping is assuming an importance that will soon place her on a level with the more favoured cities of Victoria and Vancouver." The peculiarity, moreover, about the growth of New Westminster, according to our contemporary, is that it is steady. "It is the growth of the oak, not the gourd, and will remain because it is solid." And then the *Columbian* backs its praise with figures. The total revenue collected in November, 1888, was \$2,258.92; that of the same month in 1889, \$10,703.69—showing an increase, for last November, of \$8,143.77.

There can be no question of the fitness of Montreal as an Exhibition centre, and that, after so much had been done in preparing grounds and buildings, our leading citizens should have allowed the enterprise to remain dormant for years, is somewhat of an enigma. That it is not due to any lack of public spirit or energy was proved by the successive carnivals, in which Montreal did all that a city could do. Whatever the cause, there is reason to believe that the era of apathy has passed, and though the renewal of interest in the movement has not been altogether happy, we may hope that a *modus vivendi* which will satisfy all concerned will eventually be reached. The prosperity of Montreal is at stake, and on such a question there should be no dissension.

An institution that is doing good work in Paris is the Technical School of Lithography, founded in 1886 by M. Sanier, who is the present director. It is supported by the Paris Municipality and the Minister of Commerce. The pupils attending the school—actually twenty-five—are from thirteen to sixteen years of age. There are rooms for model drawing, perspective, study of drapery, stone-polishing and graining, proving and painting, as well as the room in which the pupils work on stone. Each pupil grains or polishes his own stone, and learns to prove his own work, in some instances even drawing his own original. Work on stone is carried on from eight till three, with an interval for lunch, and from three till five the pupils study in the class-rooms. Three painting lessons are given a week. Occasionally the pupils and masters go on sketching and surveying excursions. Three francs a month are charged, and each pupil is entitled to two proofs of his own work on leaving the school. A dining-room is provided for those who live at a distance, and every provision is made for the health and comfort of the pupils.

The articles that Mr. J. A. Chicoyne has been writing in *Le Pionnier*, of Sherbrooke, on subjects pertaining to agriculture, have been the means of directing the attention of Eastern Townships farmers to many points on which there is room for improvement. In one of the later contributions, he treats of experimental farms. These institutions were introduced by the Dominion Government, on the suggestion of a Committee appointed by the Federal Parliament in 1884, on the best means of encouraging and developing agricultural industries in Canada. This Committee presented an elaborate report, which was duly printed and which covers the entire range of agricultural interests. A large number of distinguished agriculturists gave their evidence on matters which had most occupied their attention. The central station at Ottawa was organized soon after, and the North-West was favoured by branch farms, one of which, near Brandon, we gave an illustration some months ago. They have done so well that both in the North-West and the Eastern provinces there has arisen a demand for similar institutions.

Portland cement is composed of limestone, carefully and in due proportion mixed with the muddy deposits of rivers or lakes overrunning layers of clay and chalk. Hitherto Canada has been dependent for this substance on supplies ordered from England, those procurable on this side of the Atlantic being of inferior quality. If the hopes engendered by the recent find in the Owen Sound district are even partially fulfilled, Canada will be hereafter one of the great centres for the fabrication of Portland cement. The deposits of material necessary for making it which have been attracting attention are situated in the bed of Shallow Lake, nine miles from Owen Sound. This is a most important discovery, which engineers and builders are sure to welcome.

A large number of the United States papers fell into the mistake of calling their electoral reform the Australian system of voting. Doubtless, circumstance lends enchantment to the view in politics as in other matters. It sounds better, perhaps, to the mass of people to hear a new method, the advantages of which they are asked to acknowledge ascribed to a distant country of which they know hardly anything, than to be told that it really emanated from the despised Samaritans alongside of them. All our neighbours are not, however, so

entirely ignorant of what is passing to the north of them, as the comments of the press would seem to imply. Those who have given their attention to the political and economic development of the last quarter of a century know that the "Australian system" has been in vogue in Canada for at least fifteen years. In one of those useful "Economic Tracts" issued from time to time by the Society for Political Education, we are glad to find this fact frankly acknowledged. "But," writes the author, "we need neither take ship to the Australian antipodes, nor to Great Britain, to observe the value of electoral reform. Across the Canadian border, where it has been enacted since 1874, its benefits have been amply demonstrated. Concerning these benefits, a member of the Montreal Bar, Mr. R. D. McGibbon, thus writes: 'Our system as regards securing absolute secrecy is practically perfect, so that a briber can never be sure that the bribee delivers what he has been paid for. . . . The provision of the statute giving a candidate or his agent the right to require a voter to make oath that he has not been purchased or unduly influenced is a salutary one; many men who will sell their votes will hesitate about committing perjury. On the whole, I think our great need is an educational test for the franchise.'

In these words the same pamphlet indicates one of the most important results of electoral reform: "Throughout the nation there are men of eminent character and ability, whose ambition and pleasure it would be to join the few who worthily fill public place, were politics other than the muddy pool it is. Every reform which clears the political waters will bring these men out; will raise higher and higher the standard of public office; will tend to make statesmanship replace the dishonourable arts and practices of the mere politician." How sorely needed such a wholesome change was a few years ago was very clearly shown by an article contributed by Dr. Parkman, to the *North American Review*, entitled, "The Failure of Universal Suffrage." The discovery that the failure was, in part at least due to defective methods of voting has already tended to improve the condition of things, but to what extent can only be known after the reform has been some time in operation.

Mr. J. Israel Tarte defends the Imperial Federation movement from the reproach of aiming a blow at existing colonial institutions. One of the resolutions on which the League was founded is that no project, to which it shall give its sanction, must in any way affect the colonial parliaments or legislatures. The fact that the Federationists have all along sought the counsel and co-operation of colonial statesmen, so that they might consult together and combine with the Mother Country in promoting the highest good of the Empire as a whole, and of all its parts, shows that their objects are not to destroy, but to build up, to unite in greater harmony, good will and mutual service, not to disintegrate and disrupt. The policy of the League is marked by the utmost frankness, and any thought of touching the constitution of Canada or any other colony is entirely alien to its spirit.

The citizens of Montreal have given their sanction to the million dollar by-law. Though the vote was small, it is for our civic authorities to set such an example of wisdom, economy and regard for the needs of the future as will create a corresponding faith on the part of the people. The money to be spent on immediate improvement is

absolutely necessary, but it is but a small fraction of what will be required before Montreal is made the harbour which its position, population and commercial traditions destine it to become.

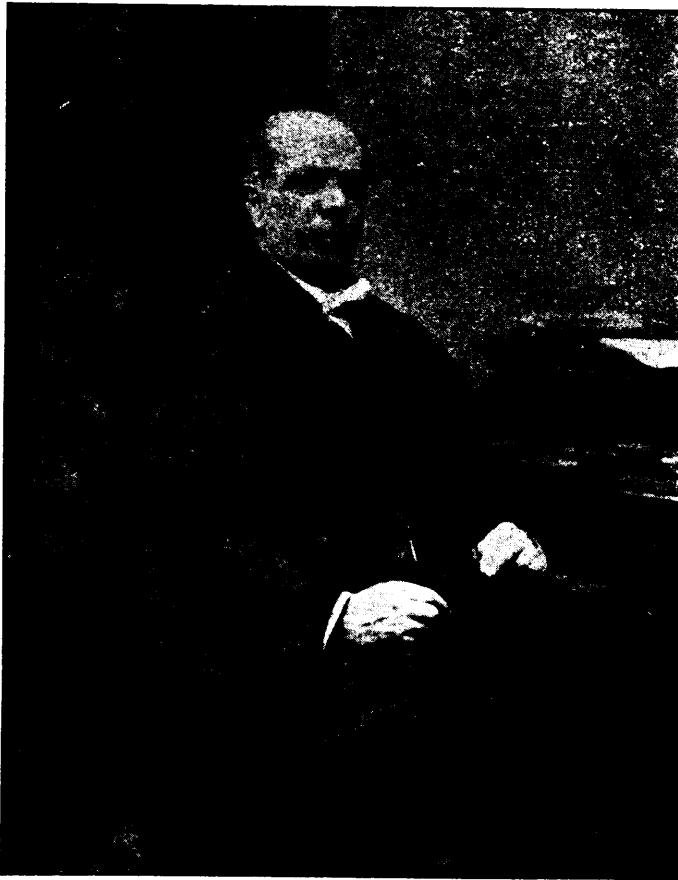
#### NORTH-WEST DEVELOPMENT.

During a great part of the past year attention has been directed rather to the agitations going on in the North-West than to its rapid and far-reaching development. Since the completion, indeed, of the great route across the continent, the progress of settlement, industry and trade, has been taken for granted rather than discussed. It would be a mistake, however, if this comparative silence were to be regarded as indicative of any standstill in that great movement of colonization which is the most remarkable feature in recent Canadian history. In contemplating its results, there are two questions which must be kept constantly and simultaneously in sight—the building of railways and the taking up of land. The interaction of these phases of enterprise is manifest. When a line of road is contracted for, the district or region through which it runs assumes an importance and value that it had never had before. On the other hand, it is the knowledge that the land is available for colonization that gives an impulse to railway construction or extension. Before the remoter portions of the North-West and British Columbia came under the notice of the general public, the whole vast area had been generally explored and characterized by the Geological Survey, so that the task of selection was considerably simplified. The course of colonization after the first land has been taken up, depends, in a great measure, on the reports of the pioneers. The pamphlets giving the experience and opinions of a large number of settlers in Manitoba and the Territories could not fail to bear fruit. However willing farmers in the Old Country may be to listen to the descriptions of expert visitors like Prof. Tanner or Prof. Sheldon, they are still more likely to give heed to persons in their own circumstances, with their own wants and aspirations. Besides, in answering the questions put to them, the intelligent settlers—especially those who had left England to push their fortunes in the New World of the far North—would use a language which intending emigrants would understand and would treat the whole subject in a direct, practical way, that men who had always lived on a farm would appreciate. It was, doubtless, fortunate that, at the outset of North-West settlement, so large a proportion of the pioneers should have gone thither from older Canada and should thus have been inured to Canadian agriculture. When Englishmen or other Europeans took up land in a community thus largely peopled by experts, they could be at no loss for information, warning and guidance. But what has tended most decidedly to give assurance to the new-comers was the knowledge that, in moving into the heart of the continent, they would not be cut off from communication with the rest of the world. The railway policy laid the foundations of North-Western prosperity.

The C.P.R. is already an old story for us. In Great Britain they have really only begun to take in its full significance. Notwithstanding Canada's comparative nearness to Europe, there is only a mere handful of public, business and scientific men, who look upon it with sympathetic interest. The ignorance that prevailed some years ago has, it is true, largely disappeared, but the knowledge

that has succeeded it is, save in a few instances, by no means profound, and it is certainly not universal. In this busy age when so many different objects engage people's attention, it is only on one or two specialties that the mind can be concentrated, and of the class that helps to form public opinion in Europe those who are personally concerned in our affairs are few and far between. We can imagine, perhaps, with what sentiments most people look at us from across the Atlantic from our own feelings with respect to Australia or South Africa. Our thoughts are turned to the former of those great possessions just in proportion to the chances which it offers of profitable trade. From this common-sense point of view, we certainly cannot complain of the rate at which Canada is becoming a subject of concern to Europe—Great Britain, of course, especially. And our position there to-day—so different from what it was a quarter of a century ago—is largely due to the North-West. If some writers—some of our own writers, moreover—were to be credited, the progress of settlement has not only not kept pace with expectation, but has, in comparison with the hopes indulged, been little less than a failure. That Canadians should not hesitate to convey such an impression to the outside world would be incredible, if we were not used to it. But we know how unscrupulous some persons can be when they have political aims to serve. The impression is undoubtedly a wrong one. Judged by the "Boom," the quiet, steady progress of recent years may afford a sufficiently striking contrast—but it is a favourable contrast. The Boom was sure to end some time. It was well that it ended early. In a country like the North-West, traversed by one great trunk and a number of branch railways, a merely local boom is an anomaly.

The progress of the North-West may be estimated variously according to the starting point we take. It seems only the other day that we were reading the "Great Lone Land"—that wondrous record of travel under difficulties. But that is too far back for a retrospect. We might choose to make our horizon the year 1881, when the pioneer railway had already begun to revolutionize the face of the country, or we might confine our survey to the period since its completion. Whatever be the range fixed upon, the results are equally surprising, for the advance has been constant and in all directions. The main line alone, with the elevators and flour mills along its track, gives scope for justifiable felicitation. But the subject has been often dealt with. The Manitoba and North-Western has done wonders in the development of a tract of country unsurpassed for grain-growing and stock-raising facilities. In connection with the Governor-General's visit, we gave some of the evidences of prosperity that may be witnessed along this route. Other lines, long looked forward to, have at last begun to satisfy the hopes of the expectant localities, and the Prince Albert, Battleford, and other thriving northern districts, will soon have all their desire in the way of communication. The immigration during the past year has been considerable—some 22,000 souls having been added to the population. The manner, in which Winnipeg, Regina, Brandon, Calgary and other centres in Manitoba and the Territories have advanced in population, wealth and general improvements, has been most gratifying. If we add British Columbia to our survey, we shall, of course, have a still more satisfactory showing. Vancouver has already a



J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G.,  
CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



THE HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU, L.L.D.,  
SHERIFF OF MONTREAL.

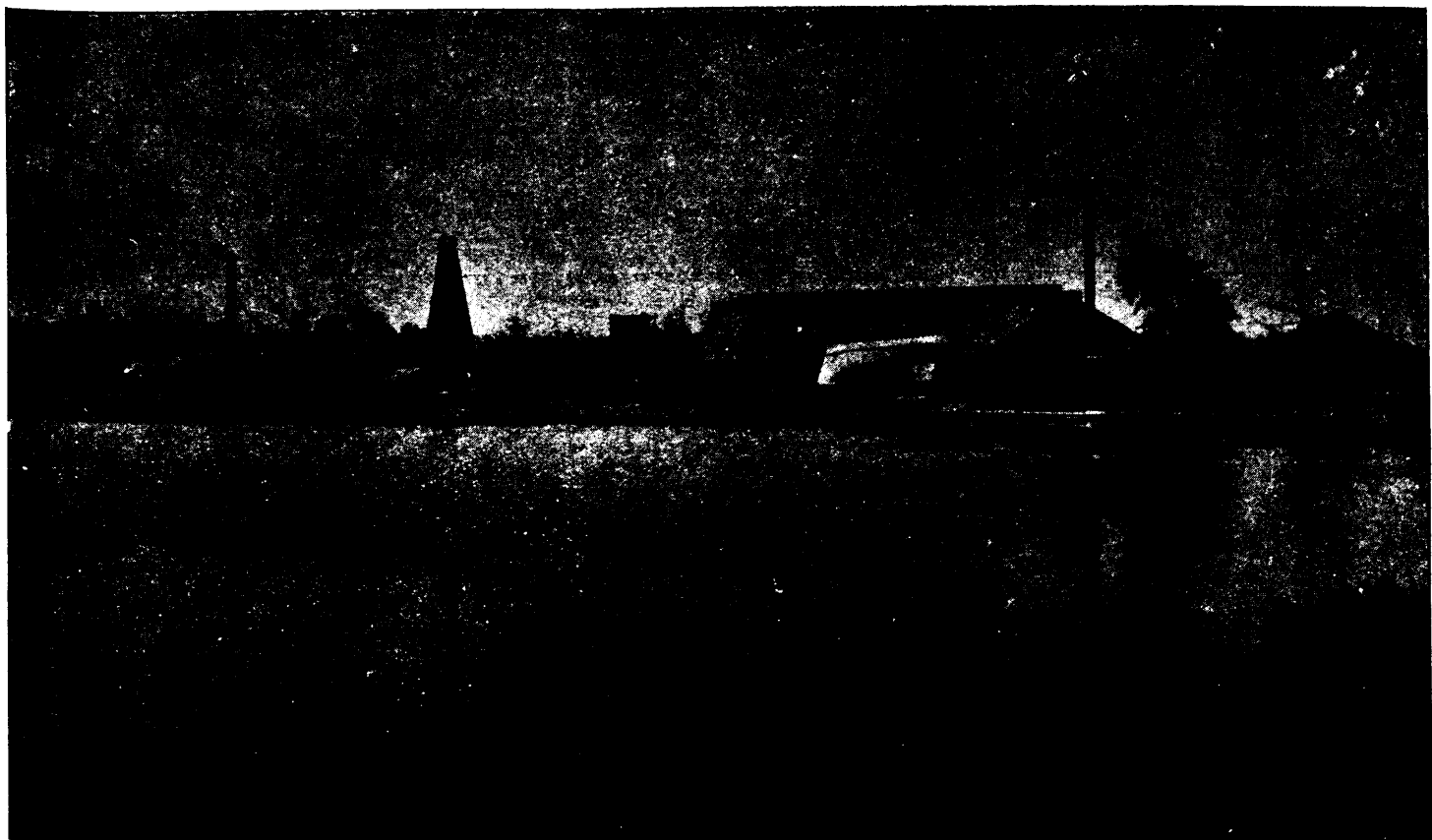


RUINS OF THE STONE HOUSE, COTE-DES-NEIGES ROAD, IN WHICH THE CAPITULATION OF MONTREAL  
IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN SIGNED BY THE MARQUIS DE VAUDREUIL.

From photo. by G. R. Lighthall



VIEW ON AUX-SABLES RIVER, PORT FRANK, ONT.



SALT WORKS AND SAW MILLS, PORT FRANK, ONT.



population of \$15,000. There is, indeed, reason to believe that the whole of Canada beyond Lake Superior, is in a condition of fair prosperity and steady progress, which fulfils all reasonable hopes and justifies us in looking forward to a still grander expansion in settlement, industry and trade. Some phases of this manifold development have already been illustrated in this journal, and in the coming year, as in the past, we purpose giving it a large share of our attention.

### CANADIAN ARTISTS IN PARIS.

An exhibition of Canadian artists, now studying in Paris, was improvised during the recent visit to Europe of the Hon. Messrs. Garneau and Shehyn. The Hon. Hector Fabre, C.M.G., our Commissioner in the French capital, took a cordial interest in the undertaking, and though disappointed to learn that the Ministers were obliged to leave for home before the date fixed for it, spared himself no pains in bringing the arrangements to a successful issue. The studio of M. Dubé, one of the exhibitors, was chosen for the rendezvous, and M. Fabre gave an entertainment to the artists. Those who took part in the exposition were Messrs. Larose, Franchère, Saint-Charles, Hill, Dubé, Beau, Cullen, Picher, Phillippe Hébert, Emile Girouard, Achille Fortier, Duplay, Paul Fabre, Charles Gravel-Lajoie, A. Licord and Lieut. Ducrot. M. Beau, who is a pupil of Jérôme and Rixeus, showed some good oils and water colours, landscapes, portraits and still life. His exhibit comprised "A Sunset on Lake Paladrú," "A Scene in Dauphiny," summer and autumn flowers (water-colours), and a number of sketches. M. Cullen, a pupil of Rixeus and G. Courtois, showed two studies from nature, some costume studies, and a copy of Ribot's "Good Samaritan." M. L. J. Dubé, a pupil of Jérôme, Benjamin Constant and Lefebvre, exhibited life-sized portraits of Mr. Jackson, Jr., of the firm of Jackson & Sharp, Washington, Delaware, and of M. Jammaire, of Paris, and copies of several famous pictures in the Louvre. Some of these last were sold to persons living in Denver, Colorado. M. Franchère, a pupil of Jérôme and Rixeus, showed a "Street in Saint Malo," a composition entitled "Charity," "The House of Jacques Cartier," and several studies and drawings. M. Hill, pupil of Enjabert, had some models of sculpture on exhibition. M. Larose, a pupil of Laurens and Delaunay, showed some fine copies of Louvre pictures, a sketch entitled "The Martyrdom of Fathers Brebœuf and Lalemant," and studies from nature. M. Picher, a pupil of Bouguereau and Fleury, exhibited a sketch of "Mademoiselle de Verchères defending the Fort of Verchères against the Indians," and a number of other studies and drawings. M. Saint-Charles, who had Jules Lefebvre and B. Constant for masters, exhibited "Too Late," copied from Mosier's picture, "The Unfortunates," from Geoffron, ordered by M. Mongenais (of the firm of Dufresne and Mongenais), of this city, some sketches from Canadian history, and a Venus of Milo, from the original in the Louvre.

After the works of art had been inspected, the company betook themselves to the refreshments that Mr. Fabre had provided. The Commissioner, in toasting the invited but unhappily absent Ministers, read a letter from the Hon. Mr. Garneau, in which he promised to tell his colleagues and compatriots of all the good things he had seen and heard of the Canadian artists, and how worthy they were of support and encouragement. M. Fabre informed his audience that, in inviting Messrs. Shehyn and Garneau, he had not failed to impress upon them the position of the Canadian artists in Paris, and in what respects it is less favourable than that of their fellow-aspirants from other lands. The latter are stimulated by prizes, grants, and orders for public institutions, and helped in other ways to pursue their studies with good hope. The Canadian, on the other hand, has to depend on his own resources and exertions. It was satisfactory to know, however, that M. Hébert's skill as a sculptor had been so heartily

recognized in his native land, and M. Fabre hoped that the example thus set would be followed in the case of other artists. The Commissioner's remarks were enthusiastically received. During the *réunion* M. Achille Fortier, who has for some years been pursuing a course of musical study at the Conservatoire, sang *A la Claire Fontaine* and other Canadian airs, Messrs. Duplay, Paul Fabre and Charles Gravel-Lajoie gave some recitations, and, after a happy interchange of ideas and sentiments, the company separated.

### A PLEA FOR SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

Belleville, Ont., has a Mock Parliament. At a late sitting, a bill was introduced to amend the education law, abolishing separate schools, doing away with the French language as a branch of instruction, and also prohibiting moral training in the class. Various speakers were heard on both sides. Mr. Paul Denys opposed the bill in the following terms:—

**MR. SPEAKER:** In rising for the first time to address this Honorable House, I feel I should ask its utmost indulgence. This, sir, is only my second evening in the capital, and were it not that the question under consideration is of the gravest importance, I should not have left my seat. But strong in the belief that

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,"

I have presumed to rise.

I regret, Mr. Speaker, while thanking the first Minister for the courteous manner in which he introduced his bill, to have to take issue with him thereupon. The hon. gentleman is one for whom, personally, I entertain the greatest respect, and of whose general policy I am an ardent admirer and supporter; but, sir, principles are more binding than party ties, and unless a man has principles which he is prepared to uphold if necessary, he is, to my mind, unfit to sit in the councils of a great nation. The grounds upon which I must oppose this bill are obvious to you. My chief objections are to those clauses which aim a blow at our system of separate schools, at religious instruction in the class, and, above all, at that language which I learned at a mother's knee. We are here to legislate it is true, but in a manner wise and just. We are here to see that the poor and the rich, the weak and the strong, the few as well as the many, shall receive justice, shall be protected. If properly constituted authority is of God, how careful those invested with it should be.

The principles I represent here this evening may be those of only a minority of this House, but I ask it of you, sir, I ask it in all earnestness, in all sincerity, nay, in all confidence—Does not the future of a country depend on the education of its youth? Can a nation ever be great that is not good? Can a nation ever be good that ignores God? I ask this House to pause and weigh well what it is doing. It will not do to come here and say there are so many religious systems, we will have none of them. It will not do to come here and recite our politico-religious creed, however good that may be, and then force God out of that which is most sacred—education. If the various religious systems which we have are the outgrowth of honest, sincere convictions, I say let them be. Let us remember that we cannot trample upon conscience with impunity. If separate schools must be had to suit separate systems, have them we will. It were well, in the words of the distinguished Principal of Queen's College, Kingston, Rev. Dr. Grant, to "leave what is well enough alone." Let us not run from a lesser evil, so called, to a greater; let us not jump from the firepan of multifarious religion into the fire of rank infidelity.

How unwise, Mr. Speaker, it would be of this Government to try and coerce one-third of our entire population in what is most sacred to them—their tongue, their faith? Take away from the parent the right to educate his child as he understands it and what becomes of your civil liberty? Take away from the child the opportunity of being trained in those principles and truths for which his forefathers have bled and what becomes of your religious liberty? Remove both civil and religious liberty and where is your British boast? Let us not be politicians of the common type, but far-seeing men. Let us remember that the moment we interfere with the liberty of the subject, we create discontent; discontent will produce disloyalty, and disloyalty engenders every crime. There may have been unpatriotic, misguided men among us, but the heart of the mass of the people is true. Let England but continue in the exercise of that generous freedom which has made her great among nations, and let her count on our unswerving fidelity.

I need not here tell the House what it must know, that religion is not a Sunday vestment, but that the whole week must bear its impress. Morality has been defined "religion in practice"; and religion "morality in principle." Unless those principles be inculcated from the beginning, there can be no religion, and, without religion, there is no morality. It is in the season of youth that character and habits take the deepest root. So well was this understood by the early Jews that they never divorced science from religion. The Talmud looked upon any infringement in this regard as deserving punishment. Other nations have

walked in the same path. Now I remind you that wherever Britain's sons are, as Max O'Rell has already observed, there may be found, if you will, a cricket ground; but there also and as surely will you find an open Bible! Shall we retrograde? Must I recall the well-known maxim:

"'Tis education forms the common mind,  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Curtail your religious influence to-day; enlarge your prisons to-morrow. Without moral training we lose respect for the most holy things. The marriage tie ceases to be sacred. The welfare of the family is endangered, and, thereby, that of society and state. See the struggle in Manitoba to-day. It is not only Archbishop Taché, but the Anglican Bishop of Rupert's Land and Rev. Dr. King, Principal of the Presbyterian College of that Province, who are raising their voice against the secularization of the schools. Surely, those men of deep sense, of prudence, of wisdom, must have strong, potent reasons for so doing. You speak, sir, of abolishing the French language. But that would be a violation of the most solemn engagements. Has the Norman branch of the language I now speak, would I ask, given the Saxon branch of its beauty, elasticity and grace, only that the latter should now claim sufficiency unto itself? You want to do away with a language spoken to-day by 45,000,000 people or more. You reject a language in which the Czar of Russia and Prince Bismarck of Germany do not disdain to converse. You oppose a language which was found the best adapted by the many delegates to the late Washington Commercial Congress. You will not have the language of diplomacy *par excellence*, the political language of the world. You ask that a poor child be not allowed to speak its mother's tongue? Are we wise? Are we just? Rev. Dr. Grant, in Montreal, said: Learn French and Gaelic; learn English, too, if only to gain an advantage over your Saxon neighbour. Lord Dufferin, that noble statesman, patriot and scholar, entertained a similar sentiment. To learn as many languages as we can is, by as many times, to be a man. Lord Lansdowne, at the opening of the Ottawa Catholic University, May 21st, 1885, recognized "the immense services rendered by the French language to the literature of the entire world, the influence it is destined to exercise upon that of our own country in particular, and consequently the place it should occupy in every well-regulated system of education." Before such men, such words, and such authority, I feel that to insist further would be an insult to the intelligence of this House.

Permit me one more word. A great, a glorious destiny awaits our fair young Dominion. Let us not strike the death-blow at our national existence. This is a free, happy land, let us not pass rash, coercive measures. We are living in a Christian country, let us not enact unchristian laws. Let a child speak the language of its mother. There is none to him so sweet. Let God have a right to enter our schools, lest an entry into His own eternal kingdom should in turn be denied us.

### GONDOLIED.

[ "I sat upon the right side of the ship, and looked out across the blue, billowy sea; a lad sat not far from me, and sang a Veneti in song about the bliss of love, and the shortness of life." Hans Andersen's "Improvisatore," Chap. XXIV ]

Kiss the red lips of thy mistress to-day,  
To-morrow, who knows? thou may'st sleep with the dead;  
Love, while the heart in thy bosom is gay,  
Love, while thy blood is a flame that is red.  
Grey hairs, they say, are the pale flowers of death—  
Blood turned to ice, or but sluggishly flows—  
Time, the remorseless, will soon with his breath  
Quench the wild fire that exultingly glows.  
Into my gondola step from the shore,  
Under its roof we are free from alarms;  
Veiled are the windows and closed is the door—  
Nobody sees thee, my love, in my arms.  
Nobody watches our infinite bliss,  
Gently we rock on the waters that heave;  
Like the fond wavelets we toy and we kiss,  
Mingling caresses this midsummer eve.  
Love, then, while youth thrilling passion inspires,  
Age soon with snow will extinguish its fires!

GEO. MURRAY.

### THE DOVES.

FROM THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

On yonder hillside, white with tombs,  
A palm tree's fan-like foliage blooms;  
There, in the gloaming flock the doves,  
To rest their wings and coo their loves.

At dawn the palm tree they forsake,  
Like beads that from a necklace break,  
And scatter airily in flight,  
Upon some distant roof to light.

My soul doth, like that palm, receive  
White dreams as visitors, at eve:  
They drop from heaven—a while they stay  
But vanish at the break of day.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.



SIR JOSEPH HICKSON affords an instance of a youth starting his career in life having only the advantages of a fair education and natural ability, raising himself by honest, steady industry, to the highest position in connection with his life's work, winning honours, esteem and fame, while still a probable long future of usefulness is before him. He was born in 1830 in the County of Northumberland, Eng., and commenced his railway career when a boy in the offices of the York, Newcastle and Berwick Railway, and subsequently went to the Maryport and Carlisle Railway, and worked his way up to Chief Agent at Carlisle. In 1851 he joined the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway at Manchester, where he became assistant to the General Manager. While thus engaged, he was appointed to the position of Chief Accountant of the Grand Trunk in December, 1861, and afterwards became Secretary and Treasurer. Here he found ample scope for that financial and administrative ability with which he battled against what often appeared insuperable obstacles, but his skill, knowledge and energy were always in the end victorious. In 1874 he was promoted to the responsible position of General Manager, which office he has since filled. The first service which he had to perform in his new capacity was to effect the change of gauge of the road so as to complete its uniformity throughout with that of its American connections, and to enable cars to go through without change of bulk. To carry out the financial negotiations necessary for the accomplishment of so extensive an alteration was no trifling labour, and these he performed in a manner entirely successful. From this period the Grand Trunk was no longer a local Canadian road dependent for its resources upon a sparsely populated country, and fenced in, as it were, with a Customs line, from free intercourse with the trade and people of the United States, as it had been during its earlier history. It was at this time he negotiated the sale to the Government of the Dominion of Canada of the unremunerative line from Quebec to Rivière du Loup, and applied the proceeds of the sale in securing the control of a line to Chicago. Subsequently a line was built making a direct connection to Toledo, and the fusion of the Grand Trunk with the Great Western of Canada secured to the former a terminus over the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee RR. in Milwaukee. We may briefly add that Sir Joseph Hickson, besides being General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway (3,487½ miles), is President of the Chicago & Grand Trunk, the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee, Toledo, Saginaw & Muskegan, the Michigan Air Line, and the Montreal & Champlain Railways, and Vice-President of the International Bridge Company at Buffalo, and a director of the Central Vermont Railway. He may, therefore, be said to be the controlling mind over 5,000 miles of railways in Canada and the United States, and in his official capacity probably devotes more hours to work than any railway manager either on this or the other side of the Atlantic. The importance of the Grand Trunk among the Railways of the United States has been established by its being recognized as one of the Five Trunk Lines, and Sir Joseph Hickson as its chief representative unites with the presidents of the New York Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Erie Companies, in determining the momentous questions which are constantly affecting this vast interest of the commercial wealth of the continent. He is unostentatious in manner, and has a keen sense of truth and justice. His straightforward conduct with the officers of other railways, the public, and the employees of the undertakings of which he is the chief officer on this continent, has won him the honour, respect and confidence of all with whom he has had dealings. He has had little leisure since 1861, and has only been to Europe a few times—the last occasion in 1881, when the directors so highly appreciated his untiring devotion to the interests of the proprietors that they presented him with gold and silver plate of the value of £2,500 sterling. He has declined frequent offers of public recognition by the commercial community of Canada, but the services he has rendered to his adopted country have now found expression in the honours and title conferred by Her Majesty. He was married in 1869 to Catherine, daughter of the late Andrew Dow, and niece of the wealthy brewer, and they have six children living.

JOHN GEORGE BOURINOT, LL.D., C.M.G., HON. SEC. R. S. C., ETC.—Dr. Bourinot, whose services as a constitutional writer have just been recognized by the Queen, is, like not a few of our distinguished men, a native of the Maritime Provinces. He was born at Sydney, N.S., on the 24th of October, in 1867, and is a son of the late Hon. J. Bourinot, Senator of the Dominion. The Senator's family was Norman, but his ancestors had been settled for generations in the Island of Jersey. Dr. Bourinot's maternal grandfather was the late venerable Judge Marshall, whose father, a captain in the British army, was a United Empire Loyalist. Having studied for some years under the supervision of the Rev. W. V. Porter, of Sydney, J. G. Bourinot entered Trinity College, Toronto, where in due time he graduated in arts. He then began the career, which was destined to prove so successful, as a journalist in his native province. He founded and for some years edited

the Halifax Reporter, and took charge of the *Hansard* of the Nova Scotia Assembly. In 1868 he was appointed one of the official shorthand writers of the Dominion Senate. In April, 1873, he became second clerk-assistant, in 1879 first clerk-assistant, and in December, 1880, chief clerk to the House of Commons. While his ability and assiduity in the Civil Service were thus winning deserved recognition, Mr. Bourinot's pen was not idle. He had made a name for himself as a vigorous writer on public questions before coming to Ottawa. Settled there, he devoted what rare leisure his official duties allowed him to magazine-writing. The range of subjects which occupied his attention was a wide one—comprising history, statistics, criticism, economic problems and constitutional development and practice. He contributed, not only to our own leading papers and magazines, but to American and British periodicals, and his articles, always carefully thought out and abounding in valuable information, were well received. The *Toronto Mail*, the *New York World*, the *Chicago Current*, the *Canadian Monthly*, the *New Dominion Monthly*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *Westminster Review*, the *Scottish Review*, the *London Quarterly*, and other leading organs of mature opinion, were glad to receive the fruits of his research and reflection. Most of his articles to the British magazines and reviews had to do with the history, resources, progress and aspirations of the Dominion, and were welcomed in the Mother Country as valuable additions to the fund of knowledge concerning British North America. The worth set on these papers of his was quickly recognized by the Statistical Society, of which Mr. Bourinot was made a member, and by the Royal Colonial Institute, to the Transactions of which he contributed. When the Marquis of Lorne thought of forming the Royal Society of Canada, he sought Mr. Bourinot's co-operation, and the wisdom of the choice is proved by the fact that for eight years he has held the position of hon. secretary to that institution—which is certainly no sinecure. A little book, originally published in the *Canadian Monthly*, and entitled the "The Intellectual Development of Canada," was happily prophetic, as the forecast with which Mr. Bourinot supplemented his retrospect has been amply fulfilled in recent years. Nor has he been the least noteworthy among those who have furthered the movement. "Parliamentary Practice and Procedure in Canada" was the first in a series of constitutional studies which showed to what good account Mr. Bourinot had turned the advantages of his position. It at once became a standard authority on all points connected with Canadian parliamentary usage. "Local Government in Canada" was still more noteworthy, as it dealt with a class of subjects that had never before received adequate attention. It was originally presented before the Royal Society of Canada, in whose Transactions it was first printed. Its importance was recognized by the authorities of Johns Hopkins University, who re-produced it as one of their excellent series of "Studies in Historical and Political Science." The same distinction was conferred on Dr. Bourinot's later study on "Federal Government in Canada"—originally a course of lectures delivered in his *Alma Mater* (Trinity University, Toronto). Dr. Bourinot has also lectured before Johns Hopkins, Harvard and other American colleges on Canadian institutions. Though, of late, he has concentrated his attention on this branch of historical research, Dr. Bourinot has also written largely on the early romantic history of his native province and on other topics equally interesting. His services to the cause of historical study and literary culture have not passed unrecognized in Canada. He is an LL.D., of Queen's, and a D.C.L. of Trinity College, Toronto. His admission to the Order of St. Michael and St. George, which comprises in its ranks many colonists of distinction all over the Empire, will be welcomed by his fellow-countrymen as a fitting reward for patriotic service. Dr. Bourinot has been twice married. Socially he is widely esteemed and has many friends.

THE HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU, Q.C., LL.D., F.R.S.C., ETC., SHERIFF OF MONTREAL.—Mr. W. D. Lighthall chose four names to represent French-Canadian poetry in his "Songs of the Great Dominion"; one of those names was the Honorable P. J. O. Chauveau. When in 1874 the sons of the valiant race by which Canada was conquered from barbarism gathered from all parts of the continent to do homage to their beloved cis-atlantic motherland, the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau was the orator who reminded them of the glories of their past and pointed to the grand destiny that awaited them in the future. Already, at the grave of the most characteristic and patriotic historian of the struggles and triumphs of the French race in the New World, Mr. Chauveau had uttered "winged words" of impassioned eloquence which posterity long hence will read with admiration. And when the time came for the issue of a fourth revised edition of Garneau's great work, it was Mr. Chauveau that prepared the memorial volume. When, in connection with the Caxton celebration of 1877, it was deemed well to illustrate the growth of printing and publishing in Canada, it was Mr. Chauveau who again represented his compatriots' share in that progress. Surely, one might well say, the veteran in whose career these are well-known incidents is a man of letters, pure and simple, who has devoted all his life to the cultivation of the Muses, if not on "a little oatmeal" (*tenui . . . avenâ*), at least, on such slender recompense as the professional *littérateur* can secure in a new country like ours. But most of our readers need not be told that his literary work is but one phase of the Hon. Mr. Chauveau's public services. They know that to him our educational system is largely indebted

for its efficiency and smooth working; that he was at the head of the Department of Public Instruction for many years; that during that period he edited its journal; that he crossed the Atlantic in order to perfect our educational machinery, and that he has given us the most comprehensive and lucid synopsis of the school system of the Dominion—a work which is a recognized authority on the continent of Europe. Nor has Mr. Chauveau been a theorist or even an administrator only. He has for years been a professor in the great university that supplies the higher needs of the Catholic population in this province. He is, moreover, a distinguished member of the Bar, a Queen's Counsel and Sheriff of Montreal—a position which he has now filled for twelve years. But he has discharged still other and even more trying tasks. The political life of the generation preceding and following the passage of the British North America Act cannot be written or studied without taking account of Mr. Chauveau's share in it. He has been associated with the formation and establishment of our federal system, and held important office both in the Dominion and this province in the early years of the new régime. He has the distinction of having been the first Premier of Quebec and the second Speaker of the Dominion Senate after Confederation. It is, nevertheless, as the *doyen* of our French-Canadian literature, that the Hon. Mr. Chauveau is best known at the present time. He is so enthusiastic a lover of the best works of the world's great writers—those of his own tongue naturally taking precedence in his affection—such a master of style and so fastidious yet genial a critic that, in literary circles, it is not surprising if his public services be looked upon as the digression and the product of his pen as the *magnum opus*. It is in his oratory that we find the link that brings these two phases of his career into harmony. As Superintendent of Education also, he was constantly brought into contact with those, on the one hand, whose chief interest lay in politics, and those, on the other hand, whose business was to promote intellectual development and literary culture. Mr. Chauveau is, indeed, an excellent example of Mr. Davin's theory that the highest and most generous exercise of the mental powers is by no means alien to that practical efficiency which commands success. No person has illustrated this principle more clearly than Mr. Chauveau himself, both by his career and by his published writings. In one of his addresses as president of the Royal Society, he has enforced the need of higher culture in language of characteristic vigour and beauty. This is not the place, however, for literary biography. We hope to take another occasion for a survey of Mr. Chauveau's writings, contenting ourselves for the present with an outline of his life. Born in Quebec on the 30th of May, 1820, Pierre Joseph Olivier Chauveau, is the son of the late Pierre Charles Chauveau, and his wife, Marie Louise Roy. His paternal ancestors came from the Diocese of Bordeaux, in France, and settled at Charlesbourg. Educated at the Seminary of Quebec, the future statesman, poet and orator, had for class mates His Eminence Cardinal Ta-cheron, the Hon. D. A. Ross, and the late Hon. Letellier de Saint-Just. He studied law under his uncles, Messrs. Hamel and Roy, and subsequently under Mr. Okill Stuart, and was admitted to the bar in 1841. After some years' practice, he entered the Legislature of the Union as member for Quebec County, his opponent being the late Hon. John Neilson, whom he defeated by a large majority. During the Lafontaine Baldwin administration he was in Opposition. In 1853 he accepted office as Solicitor-General in the Hincks-Morin Government, and was also for some time in the McNab-Morin Ministry. In July, 1855, he succeeded the late Dr. Meilleur as Superintendent of Public Instruction, in the discharge of the functions of which position he rendered most important services to the province. He formed a company of *Chasseurs Canadiens* of the staff of the Department, and was one of the lieutenant colonels of the Home Guards formed at Montreal during the Fenian Invasion—the other two being the Hon. Henry Starnes and the late Hon. James Ferrier. In 1866 he undertook his educational mission to Europe, returning to Canada in June, 1867, just in time to assume the Premiership of Quebec. He was returned by acclamation in his old county (Quebec) for both the House of Commons and the Quebec Legislature, and in January, 1873, became Speaker of the Senate. In September, 1877, he received his present appointment as Sheriff of Montreal. In 1878 he was made Professor of Roman Law in the Montreal branch of Laval University, of which he is Doctor of Laws and Letters, as well as D.C.L. of Lennoxville, and LL.D. of McGill—well deserved distinctions. Mr. Chauveau is also Officier d'Instruction Publique of France, a titular member of the Muses Santones and corresponding member of the Athénée Louisianais. He was one of the gentlemen summoned by the Marquis of Lorne to assist him in forming the Royal Society of Canada, of which His Excellency appointed him first vice-president, Dr. (now Sir J. W.) Dawson being president—to which position Mr. Chauveau succeeded in 1883. He has been president and honorary president of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society; of the Institut Canadien of Quebec; of the Institut Canadiens-Français of Montreal; of the Sociétés St. Jean Baptiste, Quebec and Montreal; and of the Montreal Numismatic and Antiquarian Society. Mr. Chauveau also holds the honoured positions of Knight of the Order of St. Gregory and Commander of the Order of Pius IX. On Mr. Chauveau's literary work we can now only touch slightly. Were it his sole claim to distinction, he would still be in the foremost rank of contemporary Canadians. His earliest effort takes us back to the year 1852 when he





INDIAN CEMETERY, RAINY RIVER, N.W.T.

By F. A. Verner.



JOAN OF ARC.

From the painting by Madame de Chatillon.

Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Société Photographique Company.

published "Charles Guerin." This work, which its author terms a "roman de Mœurs Canadiennes," is marked by Mr. Chauveau's characteristic charm. His contributions to the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique* and other periodicals, and some of his finest orations fill up the interval between it and his next volume. His pen was never idle when he had leisure to use it, and he has flung off enough in his moments of relaxation from public and private cares to make a reputation for an ordinary writer. To his great work, "L'Instruction Publique en Canada," we have already referred. It includes a chapter on the Intellectual and Literary Movement in the Dominion, which forms the basis of much that has since been written on the subject. Mention has also been made of his volume on Garneau. In "Souvenirs et Legendes," the monograph on the Caxton celebration, the oration and poem on the Jacques Cartier monument, we have only a small portion of what Mr. Chauveau has lavished from his rich store of learning, thought and fancy whenever occasion demanded or inspiration prompted. His writings in *Le Courrier des Etats Unis*, *La Revue de Montréal*, *L'Opinion Publique*, *Le Canada Français*, and other journals and magazines, would, if collected, form some bulky volumes. At present he contributes regularly to our Canadian (quarterly) review of European affairs—a department which he had already filled in previous publications. Mr. Chauveau is no stranger to sorrow. On the 24th of May, 1875, he lost his wife (Marie Louise Flore, daughter of the late Mr. Pierre Massé); whom he had married in September, 1840. Of their six daughters, one died in infancy; another died of consumption in 1855 in her 11th year; a third, Henriette, was married in October, 1870, to Lieut. (now Major) Wm. Scott Glendonwyn, of the 69th Regiment, and left for Bermuda, where she died of typhoid fever on the 17th of December. On the 14th of March following, the elder sister, Flore, passed away, and on the 30th of December, 1875, Eliza, a member of the Congregation of Notre Dame, followed her mother and her sisters to the grave. In the chapel of the Ursulines, where the remains of Mrs. Chauveau and her three daughters repose, the husband and father has erected two monuments of rare beauty of design and execution. One, by Marshall Wood, represents the three daughters under the figures of Faith, Hope and Charity, in alto-rilievo; the other, by Van Hooper, which is opposite, shows a basso rilievo of the *Mater Dolorosa* of Carlo Dolce, with the inscription, so sadly appropriate, "Quis est homo qui non flet?" Of Mr. Chauveau's two sons, Mr. Pierre Chauveau, the elder, was for a time an officer in the Education Department and assistant editor of the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique*. He is the author of a remarkable study on Frederic Ozanam, the great critic of Dante and the Mediaeval Philosophy, and for many years professor at the Sorbonne. The younger son, the Hon. Alexandre Chauveau, was admitted to the Bar in 1869, has been Provincial Secretary and Solicitor-General, and for several years has been Judge of Sessions at Quebec. Thus the sons inherit a share of the literary, legal and political genius of the father. On the poetic side, Mr. Chauveau was well represented by his daughter, Mrs. Glendonwyn, whose poem, "Ma Chambrette," is one of the gems of our French-Canadian literature. Our readers will find it, with a translation, in another part of this issue.

**RUINS OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE CAPITULATION OF MONTREAL IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN SIGNED.**—As our readers are aware, Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham was followed by the surrender of Quebec, and in September of the following year (1760), the capitulation of Montreal ended the long struggle between France and England. On the 7th of September the British forces had effected their junction. "The three armies encamped around the city amounted," says Parkman, "to seventeen thousand men." According to the details given in Smith's History, General Murray had 3,800 men; Col. Haviland, 3,400, and General Amherst, 18,850. "From Knox's account it would appear," says the late Mr. R. A. Ramsay, "that Amherst's army encamped upon what is now the Beaver Hall plateau, Murray's on the ridge of Cote au Barron, and Haviland's at Longueuil and Hochelaga." Mr. G. E. Hart locates Amherst's position "about the foot of Cote des Neiges Hill, between Guy street and Clarke Avenue on the one side and Dorchester street on the other." And he adds: "The house in which the capitulation was signed existed until quite recently, and was at the head of the Cotes des Neiges old toll-gate." It is the ruins of this house that are represented in our engraving.

**SALT WORKS AND SAW MILL, PORT FRANKS.**—This engraving shows one of the natural industries of Western Ontario. The manufacture of salt began at Port Franks in the fall of 1883. The salt bed here has a depth of 1,355 feet (200 feet deeper than at other points on Lake Huron), the strata passed through being fine sand, 60 feet; gravel, 16; clay and gravel mixed, 178; gravel, 6; limestone, 940; shale, 95; salt and shale in alternate strata, 110. The process of manufacture is simple. The brine is pumped into large tanks, where a good supply is kept always on hand. From the tanks it passes into a shallow iron pan 25 inches wide by 124 feet long, under which three large furnaces are kept in full blast night and day, creating a rapid evaporation and causing crystals of salt to form on the surface. As these crystals sink to the bottom, the salt is raked with heavy, long-handled iron rakes, a man standing on each side of the pan. This is exhausting work, which only the strongest men can stand. The quantity manufactured is from 120 to 140 barrels in the day of 24 hours. The bulk of this is shipped by water to the ports of the great Lakes.

**INDIAN CEMETERY, RAINY RIVER, FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. A. VERNER.**—It may be remembered that it was on the Rainy River that Prof. Bryce, of Manitoba College, Winnipeg, made his greatest discovery in the way of Moundbuilders' relics. A few months ago we gave a brief synopsis of the results of his investigations in that region. What he calls the Grand Mound is situated on the Rainy River about twenty miles from its head, on a point of land where its waters are joined by those of the Bowstring. It was somewhere in the same neighbourhood probably that Mr. Verner came upon the scene that he has depicted. It will be of interest to those of our readers who are engaged in the study of aboriginal usages.

**JOAN OF ARC.**—The literature relating to the Maid of Orleans would make no inconsiderable library. Her life has been written in every language of Europe, and as for the essays, disquisitions and poems that the subject has called forth, they are virtually countless. As a dramatic theme, Joan has exercised the fancy and skill of many play-writers. Gounod has set it to music. It is not surprising, therefore, that the painter's brush should also have undertaken to delineate the inspired maiden who led armies to battle, received counsel from unseen advisers and saw visions that were prophecies. Our engraving is a reproduction of one of the many attempts that have been made to give form to the gifted woman. The traditions of her personal appearance have been collected and analysed by M. E. de Bouteiller in his *Notes Iconographiques*, in which all the most authentic portraits are submitted and compared. Painters, however, mostly cling to ideals of their own where entire certainty as to lineament and stature does not compel adherence, more or less close, to a single model. But such cases are really rare. How many different portraits, for instance, are extant of men like Napoleon, Wellington, Washington and others, the memory of whose faces and forms has hardly yet passed from the minds of the living! In the engraving which we offer to our readers the artist has evidently tried to keep clear of that realism which does not fear to offend the fastidious by bringing their ideals from the clouds. In such pictures as "Joan d'Arc listening to the Voices," by Bastien Le Page, the maid is simply a peasant—a peasant with all the exultation of genius and high purpose in her tranced look, but still a peasant—sharing in the toils and cares of her class and only lifted above it by spiritual communion with intelligences more than human. Here, on the contrary, an appeal is made to the æsthetic sense. This Joan has the charm and graces which all women prize and all men admire. Her limbs are not those of one inured to hard labour. The faith of the devotee is shown in the rapt upward gaze, and one wonders—as the contemporaries of the Maid wondered—at the fortitude and determination enshrined in the slight girlish figure. *Dux femina facti.* Ages have not exhausted the interest in the Maid of Orleans. Whatever ideal we hold, Schiller's, Southey's, Barbier's, or to whatever critic we hearken, the sublime patriot's, faith and misfortunes of the wondrous damsel of Domremi shine clear through the mists of time. There are points in the details of de Chataillon's picture which are not unworthy of careful study.

**GRAND FALLS, ST. JOHN RIVER, N.B.**—The series of views here presented, from photographs by Stoeger, comprises some of the most admired scenery in New Brunswick. These Falls, seen in our engravings from different points, are situated in Victoria County, about 225 miles from the sea. The river rushes with great force over a rocky bed till it is suddenly contracted within narrowing banks by a projection of the rock. It then rolls on with resistless impetuosity over the ledges till it is precipitated in almost perpendicular curtain into the basin, where it foams and surges. Escaping at last from its confines, it continues its headlong course over a succession of declivities about half a mile long, with craggy cliffs overhanging so as well nigh to intercept the view. The natural grandeur of the scene has attracted many tourists. The suspension bridge that spans the flood is a triumph of engineering.

**THE SUPPER AT THE MASONIC BALL, HAMILTON.**—This engraving, from a sketch by Mr. A. H. H. Heming, gives a fair impression of an event which our Hamilton readers have not forgotten. The *personnel* comprises some of the leading men of the Order in Ontario, and will, doubtless, be prized as a memento of one of the most important and agreeable masonic gatherings of recent years.

## SEAGULLS.

A SONNET.

Fleet bird, that circles in the vessel's wake,  
A hundred leagues from land, above the waves,  
And, with persistent cry and foll'wing, craves  
The food for which your eyrie you forsake;  
Had I such wings—oh! days of bliss at stake!  
What hungry longing now my heart enslaves?  
What fervid passion fierce within me raves  
Would quit my breast when thus equipped to take  
A flight so swift, I could the distance scorn,  
That pricks impatience unto prurience keen.  
Ah! me. The night should find me with my love.  
O pinions broad! What freedom thine! The morn  
Should give me surcease, that, forsooth, I e'en  
Would ask no more their use to further rove.

Toronto.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.



Madame Albani, the famous singer, will visit Montreal and Quebec early in the new year.

Miss Hattie R. McLellan of Windsor, N.S. is studying elocution and oratory at the Martyn College, Washington, D.C.

Hon. Andrew D. White has presented the library of Cornell College a papyrus of a portion of the "Book of the Dead."

Miss Louise Phillips, the well-known writer, has fallen heir to \$225,000, a portion of the estate of a deceased brother.

Samuel Huebsch, a learned and industrious American Hebrew, has translated the proverbs of Solomon into Volapuk.

A number of prominent English writers are gathering literary materials in remote localities. Rider Haggard has gone to Asia Minor, Robert Louis Stevenson is in the South Seas, and Sir Edwin Arnold is between here and India.

A despatch from Vancouver dated 11th inst. says that Mr. W. W. Ogilvie, president of the Ogilvie Milling Company contemplates establishing a large mill in that city to make flour for the Pacific Coast trade. Also, that Mr. Baptiste, a lumber king of Three Rivers, Que., is going to the Coast with a view of starting a lumber mill there.

Sir Edwin Chadwick, known in England as "the father of sanitary science," is a great believer in fresh air, and thinks such structures as the Eiffel tower might be utilized to pump down the ozone from above to localities below in which the air is impure and unfit to breathe, as it is in many localities and close-pent offices in great cities.

**GIFT TO THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.**—Mr. Julius Rossin, a graduate of the university, who took his B. A. in 1864, has just given substantial proof of his attachment to his alma mater by announcing to the president of the university a gift of \$1,000, to found a scholarship in the modern languages. Mr. Rossin is now a prosperous merchant in Hamburg, but has not, it seems, forgotten the pleasant associations of his undergraduate years in Toronto.

Miss Lotta Redman has just completed a very pretty painting of Halifax as seen from the summer house beyond Steel's Pond. The view of the pond, the narrow road, and the harbour with the Dartmouth shore in the background, is true to nature. The painting was specially done upon the order of an officer lately on the garrison. It will be sent to England by the next mail and while giving an excellent view of a beautiful portion of Halifax, will also be a constant reminder of the skill of one of our clever young artists. Miss Redman will spend some time next summer sketching in Cape Breton.

**DEATH OF A NOTED PIANIST.**—A cablegram was received at Brockville announcing the death at Stuttgart, Germany, of Ernest Longley. His sister, reached his bedside twenty-four hours before he expired. Deceased was a son of the late George C. Longley, of Maitland. He was only twenty-three years of age at the time of his death. He had taken a full four years' course at the conservatory of music at Stuttgart, and was just starting out on what promised to be a most brilliant professional career. He had an engagement to visit several of the leading cities of Europe in his professional capacity as a pianist at a salary of \$150 a night when galloping consumption nipped his prospects in the bud. The remains will be interred at Stuttgart.

Mr. W. Philip has received an invitation to become a member of the Society of Science, Letters, Arts and Music, London, England. The honorary president, Sir Henry Valentine Gould, Bart., in the conclusion of his invitation says: "Your qualifications and ability as a musician are well-known to us, otherwise you would not have received an invitation to be a member." Among the musical examiners are James Russell, Mus. Doc.; Joseph Parry, Music Doc. (Oxon); Sir Arthur Sullivan; Dr. Stainer, organist St. Paul's Cathedral; Dr. J. Stewart, Music Doc. (Dundee), and other musicians of eminence. The Society is one of the most influential in England. Mr. Philip is the fifteenth Canadian to become a member of the Society.

## SHORT NAMES.

The family in France which has no other surname than the letter B has, since the publication of the account of a registry official's perplexity over the name, developed several rivals.

In Belgium there is a family of some distinction whose name is O. One branch of this family is said to be descended from a French Marquis of O, who was a court official in the reign of Henry III.

In addition to the French village named Y, there is a River Y in Holland; and in Sweden there is a village called A.

It is said that there is in China a village named V; but as the Chinese have no equivalent for our alphabet, the bestowing of this name upon it on the maps must have been the result of the ingenuity of the geographer, who had no room to get in "Vee" on his chart.

# IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF "THIRTY-SEVEN.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1889, by Sarah Anne Curzon, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

In the dim light of a winter's morning, the three friends stood on the shore of the lake, ready to embark. The water was still extremely rough, and as Harry looked at the miserable craft at their command, and at the fury of the waves, he would fain have waited an hour longer in the hope that the wind might at least abate.

But Alice opposed delay, she said the sight and sound of her father's murderer overwhelmed her with agony, and she would rather run any risk than remain where she was. Her father might, indeed, not be dead, and at that moment was perhaps calling upon her whose fate, he had reason to fear, was worse than his own. The young men offered no further opposition; the boat was set afloat and Frank took the oars, while Harry seated himself by the side of his beloved Alice, who was so utterly exhausted as scarcely to be able to sit upright. With the wind in their favour, the frail craft sped on its way like a thing of life, now trembling on the crest of a wave, now sinking into trough of the deep.

They had run some forty rods from shore when they heard shouting, and Frank bade Harry look whence they had left, and see his old friend Howis. Harry looked in the direction indicated, and there sure enough stood Howis and one or two of his companions.

"Thank God! he arrived too late to execute his hellish purpose!" exclaimed Harry, thinking of the words of Strattiss.

"Don't speak too soon," said Frank, "he is going to fire."

Alice turned a wild gaze toward the shore they were leaving, and as she saw Howis take aim she threw her arm round Harry as if to shield him from harm.

"Be not alarmed, dearest," whispered Harry, "Howis is but a poor shot, and it is ten chances to one if he comes within several yards of us." His words were verified by the event. Whether Howis intended to injure the party or not, it is certain he failed to do so, and they saw him and his companions turn in the direction of the shanty.

As the boat neared shore the storm abated and the sun rose upon a bleak winter scene. The party were tired in body and mind, numbed with the cold, and their clothes stiff with ice.

On landing the three looked at each other; each was anxious to know the worst, and each dreaded to be the first to enquire. Assuming the errand, Frank ran on, telling Alice and Harry to follow him at their leisure.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### MORE TROUBLE.

As Harry and Alice approached the house, Alice leaned heavily upon her lover's arm; her breath came short and fast; cold, fatigue, everything was forgotten in the all-absorbing anxiety to learn whether her father still lived. Gladly would she have flown forward, but her limbs failed her, and a presentiment of evil haunted her.

Harry bore her gently along, comforting her as well as he could. Life, he urged, was full of changes; there was a continual succession of strange events going forward, and it was the part of a Christian to meet them bravely.

"And," he added, in the ignorance Alice had not dared to dissipate, "if the worst has come, I am left you, dearest, and my mother also. She will be a mother to you, and we will do all we can to supply your loss."

"Alas! alas!" cried Alice, in great distress, "you know not all, Harry. Nevermore will your dear mother need your care or comfort; she is gone to One who is the Comforter Himself."

"What mean you?" cried Harry, "you cannot mean what you say. What has happened to my mother in my absence?"

"Your dear mother has succumbed to repeated anxieties and terrors, Harry; she died but the

evening before last; my father and I were with her all that day and had only returned home a few moments when Egan carried me off."

"God help us all!" exclaimed Harry in great dejection and trembling violently.

"Come, Miss Leslie, come quick!" cried Frank Arnley, as he met them just at the door. "Dr. Leslie is yet alive and asks for you."

Alice stood at her father's bedside in a moment. He was very weak, but the sight of his daughter, safe, revived him, and he opened his arms and clasped her to his heart.

"Thank God for this," he cried, "let me bless thee, my child, before I die."

"Oh, not so!" exclaimed Alice, "let Dr. Pearson be summoned."

"He has been here, Miss Alice," replied the housekeeper in broken accents, "I sent for him the moment we got the doctor in."

Harry and Frank now entered, and extending a hand to each, Dr. Leslie thanked them for their help, and in answer to Harry, told them that the ball had entered beneath the armpit and passed out near the spine. Harry knew enough of surgery to be aware that such a wound was fatal, though the patient might last several days. Dr. Leslie then asked Harry if he had heard of his own loss.

Harry bowed an affirmative. The doctor continued:

"I have only a few hours to live, and the happiness of my child has long been my main pursuit; tell me, Harry, if you wish my child to redeem the conditional promise she gave you in happier hours."

"That is the only hope left me in this world, Dr. Leslie," replied Harry, "your consent was the condition."

"Then you have it, Harry, for my child has acknowledged her love, and now Frank is found, what drawback is there?"

"None, sir, that I know of," said Harry.

"Then promise me, both of you, that as soon as possible after I am gone, you will take each other to have and to hold until death do you part."

"I promise, for my part, by all that is holy," cried Harry warmly, and looking for a sign from Alice. The poor girl could not answer, but sank on her knees at the bedside, and taking her hand Dr. Leslie placed it in that of Harry, while he gave them a dying man's blessing.

The little boy, Walter, who had crept into the room unseen, now sobbed aloud, crying:

"If Allie goes, too, who will love me?"

The interruption was a welcome one; Frank took the child in his arms, while Harry, at Dr. Leslie's request, led Alice from the room and persuaded her to retire to rest for a few hours at least.

At noon Dr. Pearson arrived, and after hearing that Dr. Leslie might survive several days, especially as his daughter was restored to him, Harry took his way homeward, leaving Frank in charge, news having been sent to Squire Arnley of his safety, and the circumstances of Dr. Leslie's condition.

Heavy-hearted, indeed was Harry Hewit as he rode slowly homeward. How could he cross that threshold where never before, after an absence such as the present, his mother had not stood there to welcome him! Now she who had nourished him in infancy, directed him aright in boyhood, and who had been a self-denying and affectionate mother to him all his life, had flown from earth and its cares, and he was alone. His brother, who should have stood by his side in this their mutual affliction, and whose tears should have mingled with his own over the hallowed remains of his sainted mother, was flying from the laws of his country, a victim of designing men and a blind love for an unworthy woman. All these thoughts crowded through his mind as he approached the house and seemed to render him at intervals incapable of sorrow in the bitterness of his resentment against those who were the authors of his misery. He shook hands with the neighbours who were assembled at the house, but his heart was too full for speaking. Some would fain have offered him such comfort as was in their power, but he could not listen to them. He ascended to the room where lay the remains of his mother, and fell

upon his knees at the bedside.

How long he had indulged this silent grief he knew not, when the trampling of horses in the yard, and the rough voices of several men in the hall below aroused him. Starting to his feet, he was indignant that any one should so far forget the reverence due to the departed, and descended to the hall to reprove them. There he found Bertram and a company of armed militia. That officer was arguing, in a loud, rough voice, with some neighbours who were trying to dissuade him from his purpose. It occurred at once to Harry that Bertram had come to arrest William, and therefore he advanced towards the party, saying in a cold tone:

"If you will be good enough to state the object of this visit, Captain Bertram, and not forget the respect due to the dead, I shall be happy to assist you to the best of my ability, and to be left alone."

Bertram eyed Harry with a broad grin, and making a mock bow, replied:

"Bravo, Hewit! you can carry a high head still; but by the time you swing from the top of some tall tree it will be higher. In the Queen's name I arrest you as a traitor."

This was a new development, and took Harry by surprise. Seeing this, Bertram again shouted:

"Come, my men; pinion this highflyer, and let us be going."

A brace of pistols in Harry's belt, however, prevented the execution of the pinioning, notwithstanding the fact that they were men quite unknown to Harry, evidently recruits from the lower order, and well primed with drink. Bertram had made this a point, for he knew that if he had employed respectable men they would not have allowed Harry to be abused.

Some of the neighbours who had tried to persuade Bertram at least to defer his errand until after the funeral, advised Harry to go with the guard, convinced that when the court heard the circumstances he would be liberated, at least on bail; especially as the former charge against him had proven false.

Seeing no help for it, Harry signified his readiness to attend the officers.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### AN EXAMINATION AND A REVELATION.

As Harry walked along, for he refused to ride, his reflections did not tend to raise humanity in his estimation. He, whose conduct had always been unimpeachable, who might fairly have been quoted as an example of right living, and who had tried to do his duty to God and man under all circumstances, had been first arrested on a charge of the most heinous nature, and again was a prisoner on another charge scarcely less revolting to his principles. He, who had run risks and performed services of no mean order in defence of his country and her laws, was become the victim of a sneaking villain, who had charily secured himself in the public eye, and had remained snugly at home at a national crisis until he should see which side would win. Was there such a thing as justice in the world? If so, why was he thus ill-used and maligned?

Rousing himself at last from these misanthropic reflections, Harry threw his case upon the hands of a Providence that had befriended him "in all time of his danger," and would, he felt, yet stand by him.

When the party reached the village where the magistrates were assembled, they found a large crowd gathered, for, in the unsettled condition of things, business was at a standstill, and everybody on the search for news. The rout at Montgomery's was in everybody's mouth, and it was known that several who had taken up arms against the Government had already been arrested. Prejudice had been actively awakened against the Hewits. It had been industriously circulated among the crowd that both the young men had been "out," and that this had caused the death of their amiable mother. Popular indignation on this behalf knew no bounds, for Mrs. Hewit was known and beloved for her ability and charity throughout the whole district. Moreover, the special motives that had influenced each of the young men had been carefully particularized. William, it was said, had joined the

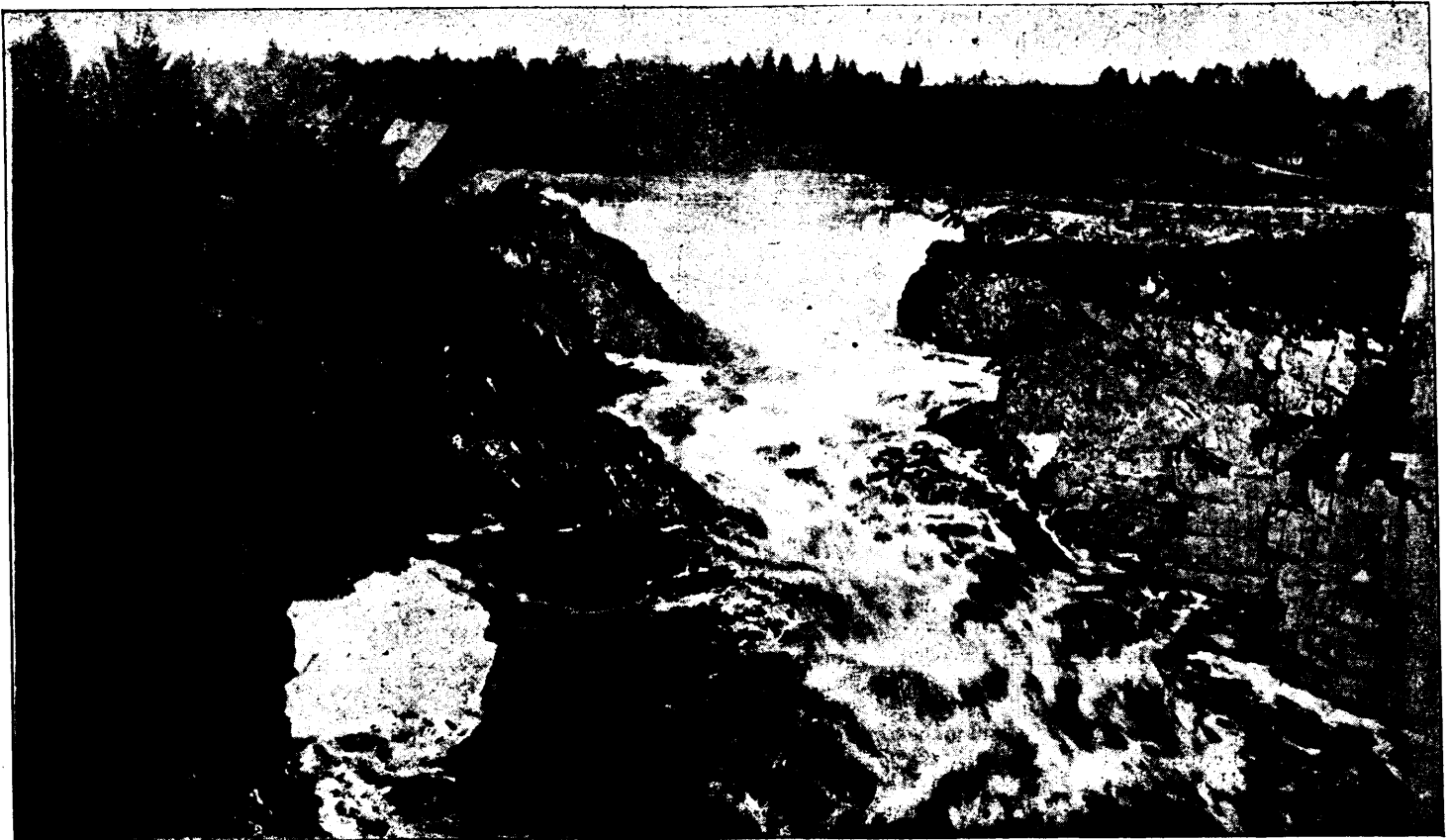


GRAND FALLS, N.B.

From photos. by Stoerger.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND FALLS.

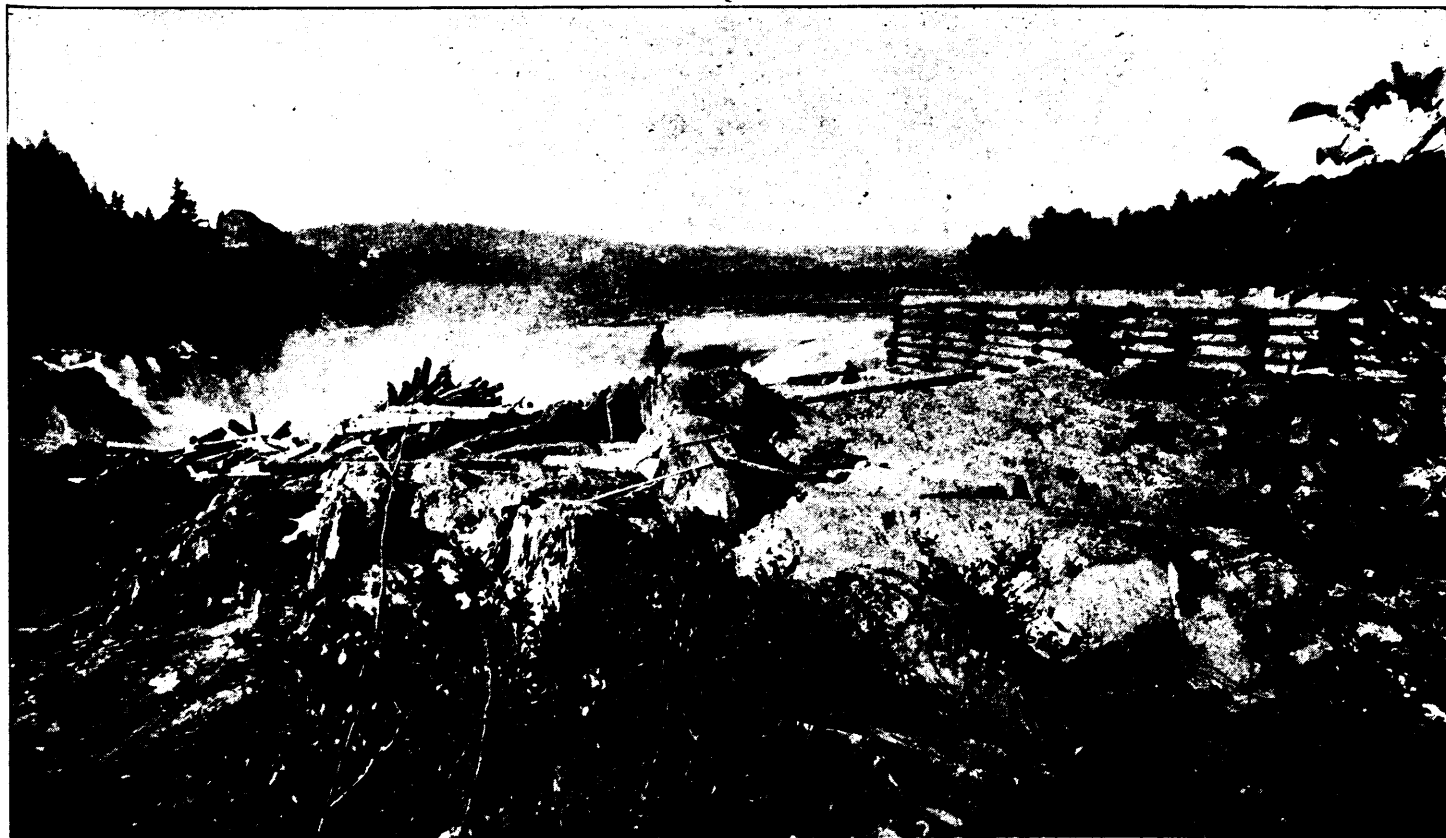


VIEW OF FALLS FROM SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

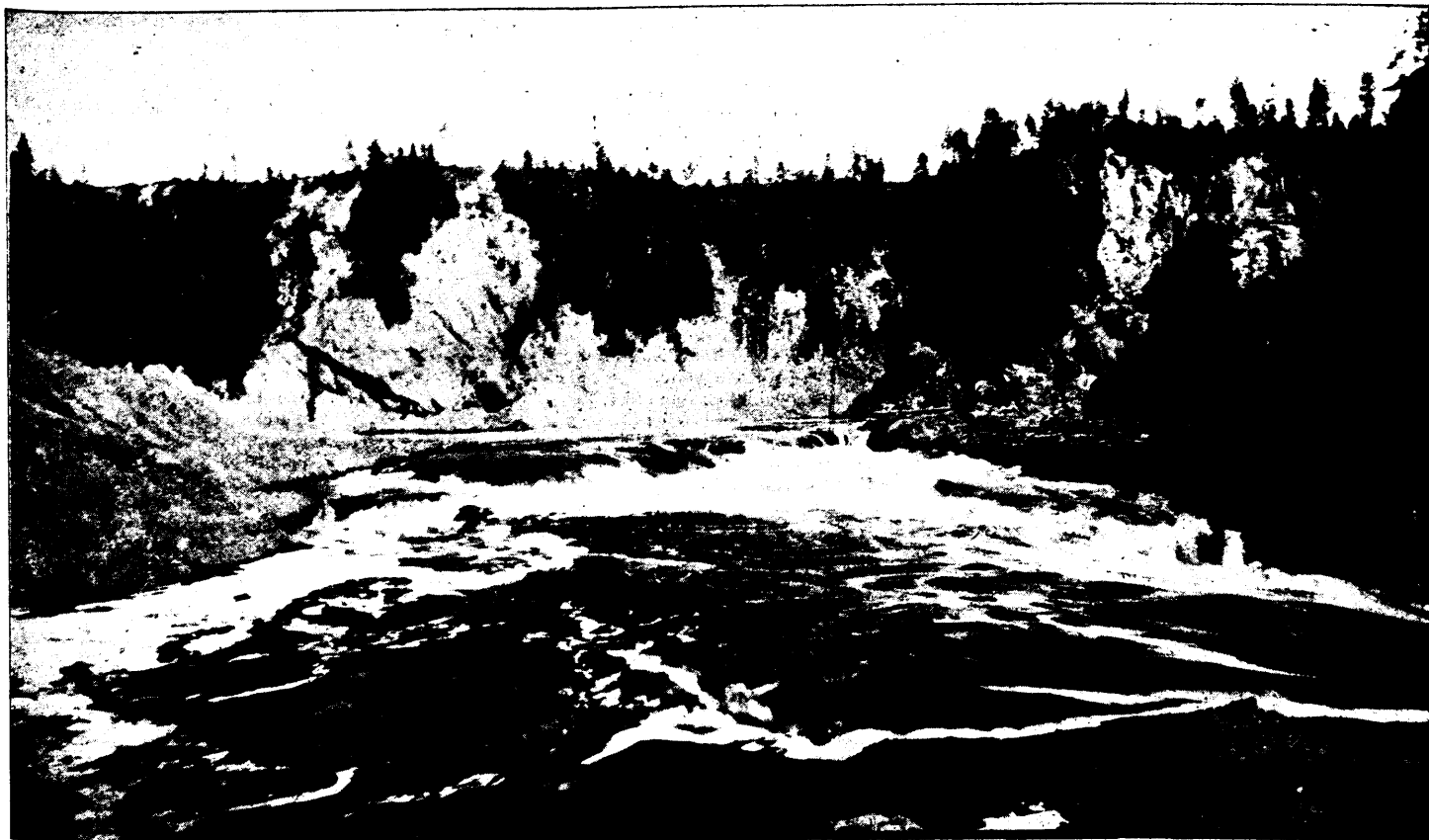


GRAND FALLS, N.B.

From photos by Stoerger



FALLS FROM THE EDMONTON ROAD.



WHIRLPOOL, GRAND FALLS.

insurgents because he had been overpersuaded, and moreover, there was a lady in the case. But as for Harry nothing short of pure ambition had attracted him. He was anxious to become a great man, a leader in the country; to this end he had overlooked the character of the men he was forced to associate with for the time; and his reason for making away with Frank Arnley was because the young fellow had found him out, and had threatened to denounce him.

As Harry, therefore, came forward with Bertram and the guard, he noticed that many who previously would have been proud to call him friend, looked upon him sternly and with contracted brows.

No sooner was the court declared open than the crowd rushed in. It needed but a spark to inflame them to deeds of violence, for many of them were deeply under the influence of liquor and excitement. On the charge being read, a voice from the crowd shouted: "He's a traitor! a rebel! a murderer! a matricide! lynch him! swing him from the nearest pine!" The crowd took up the cry, and with shouts of "Murderer! Where's Arnley? He broke his mother's heart!" began to close upon him. Seeing that the court was powerless to protect him, Harry drew a pistol from his belt and placing his back against the wall cried:

"Come on, you cowards! I'm but one to a crowd, but the first man that attempts to lay a hand on me, his blood be on his head!"

The crowd paused, struck with admiration at his boldness, but they were again surging forward, determined to seize the prisoner, when a side door was burst open violently and in sprang Frank Arnley. Seeing at a glance Harry's peril, he placed himself in front of his friend, crying:

"Who says I'm killed? Touch Harry Hewit with a finger, if you dare, and I'll soon show you I'm as much alive as ever!"

Had a spectre risen before them the assembly could not have been more amazed, and had they not all been too much occupied with him for other observations, they might have seen several individuals slip away hastily.

Questions poured so thick on Frank that he clapped his hands over his ears, saying that if he had Mackenzie's power of speech ten times over, he could not answer all.

Before the court was once more brought to order, Frank's uncle arrived, having ridden hastily to Dr. Leslie's in his anxiety to see his nephew, and then hearing what had befallen Harry Hewit, and Frank's departure to the rescue of his friend, had followed him up with speed.

Delighted to find his nephew not only alive, but also in his usual health, Squire Arnley insisted that Frank should be called as a witness in the charge still pending.

(To be continued.)

### MORNING.

#### I.

Afar o'er rugged mountains  
The first faint dawn appears:  
Through space the great Aurora  
Our cloud-wrapped planet nears!  
Haste, shadows! flee before her,  
Haste, for your reign is done,  
Hither in purple and amber  
Comes her attendant sun!

#### II.

The sombre pall is scattered  
Like serried ranks in war,  
For Morn's fair path a hopeless Night  
With shadows may not mar!  
The lake's smooth bosom glitters  
With golden streaks agleam  
The tree-tops softly crimsoned  
Silent and awe-struck seem!  
And rich, deep woodland odours  
Float through the stilly air,  
A sacrificial burden  
Heavy with perfumes rare.

#### III.

Stay, Morn, for I cannot let you  
Slip from my heart's great deep,  
Stay, and in subtle essence,  
My glowing senses steep!  
Fleeting, ah! swiftly, swiftly  
Glides the fair Dawn away,  
Melting with infinite beauty  
Into the glorious Day!

KAY LIVINGSTONE.

### MA CHAMBRETTE.

This beautiful little poem, so full of freshness and promise, was published in the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique* of the Province of Quebec, in November, 1870, under circumstances peculiarly sad. The authoress, Miss Marie Catherine Henriette Adeline Chauveau, daughter of the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, the present Sheriff of Montreal, but then Minister of Education was married on the 25th of October, 1870, to William Scott Glendonwyn, Esq., of Parton, Kircudbright, Scotland. Lieutenant in the 69th Regiment. She left Quebec with her husband on the 16th of November for Bermuda, and arrived there on her birthday, the 25th, when she was just 19 years of age. A few days after her arrival she was taken ill with typhoid fever, and died on the 17th of December. Mr. Glendonwyn started with the remains for Quebec, but fell ill of the same disease at Halifax. On the 6th of January, however, the remains reached Quebec, and were temporarily placed in the Bellevue Cemetery. The sad event had a terrible effect on Mrs. Glendonwyn's eldest sister, who died on the 13th of March following. The two sisters, with a younger one, who had died some years before, were interred in the Chapel of the Ursuline Convent, and a beautiful monument of white Carrara marble, the work of Mr. Marshall Wood, was erected to their memory. It consists of three figures in alto-rilievo, representing Faith, Hope and Charity, each of them bearing a resemblance to one of the sisters.

Four years later, Mrs. Chauveau, who had been severely shattered in health by these successive bereavements, was laid beside her daughters. Another sister, who was a nun in the Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal, a lady of marked ability and extraordinary power as a teacher, followed in seven months.

The poem, "Ma Chambrette," was written by Madame Glendonwyn a few months before her marriage. Her father, the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, published it, as already mentioned, in the November number of the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique*, of which he was then officially editor-in-chief, without his daughter being aware of it, and thinking to surprise her by showing it to her in print. Providence had ordered otherwise. She never saw it. The next number of the *Journal* contained the announcement of her death. We have presented it to our readers with the initials and the date, as it was first published. The aim of the translation has been to preserve, as far as possible, the spirit and girlish freshness of the original.

### MA CHAMBRETTE.

Elle est belle, elle est gentille!  
Toute bien, à mon réveil,  
Elle a le feu qui scintille  
De chaque brillant soleil!  
Elle a la pâle lumière  
Des étoiles de la nuit,  
Et l'encens de ma prière  
Qui s'élève et qui s'enfuit.  
Oui, c'est là, dans ma chambrette,  
Que je prie et parle à Dieu;  
Oh! quelle grâce secrète  
Se répand en ce doux lieu!  
Dans ce petit sanctuaire,  
Chaque meuble, chaque objet,  
Devient pour moi le sujet  
D'un penser qui sait me plaire.  
C'est le chant de mon oiseau  
Dont la douce mélodie  
Charme tant ma rêverie,  
Lui donne un essor si beau;  
C'est aussi mon secrétaire  
Sachant toujours me distraire  
Lorsqu'un nuage léger  
Vient en passant m'affliger:  
Il est la sûre cachette  
Du plus intime secret  
Je lui dis tout sans regret  
Comme à ma mère discrète.  
Mais si je taris la source  
De mes heureux souvenirs,  
Ou si l'ennui dans sa course  
Vient provoquer mes soupirs,  
De suite c'est la lecture.  
Les livres ne manquent pas,  
Si mon cœur veut les approcher  
De tout ce que la nature  
A de grand et d'enchanteur,  
C'est le "Récit d'une sœur."

Oh! quel admirable ouvrage!  
Il a bien le pur langage  
D'un cœur vrai, de l'idéal,  
De la sainte poésie.  
Puis vient après, le journal  
De la rêveuse Eugénie,  
Dont le style original  
Révèle un si beau génie.  
Mais c'est assez vous conter  
Mon doux trésor littéraire—  
Je ne saurais bien chanter  
Ces fleurs de mon étagère,  
Et cependant je voudrais,  
Je voudrais, ô ma chambrette,  
Dire dans ma chansonnette  
Tous tes gracieux attraits,  
Ainsi que fait l'alouette  
Et chaque gentil oiseau,  
Pour le petit nid d'herbette  
Qui fut hier son berceau.

Quebec, October, 1870.

H. C.

\* Le "Récit d'une sœur," par Madame de Craven, et le *Journal de l'Instruction Publique* de Québec.

(Translation.)

### MY LITTLE ROOM.

Thou hast charms for me alone,  
Little chamber, all my own;  
Thou dost wear the hues I prize,  
Vying with the azure skies;  
Thou hast just such gentle light,  
As the stars that deck the night;  
The sweet incense of my prayer  
Unto heaven thou dost bear;  
For 'tis here I hold converse  
With Him who rules the universe.  
Then what sweet, refreshing grace  
Is diffused throughout the place,  
Changing it into a shrine,  
Of God's holy will the sign.

Every object there I see  
Brings a pleasant thought to me.  
Hark! my bird, with spirit free,  
Utters such sweet melody  
That on fancy's wings along  
I am wafted with its song.

And if ever 'neath a cloud  
Of melancholy I am bowed,  
To my desk I can repair  
And indict my sorrows there.  
'Tis the safest confidant  
Of the woes the mind which haunts,  
Safe as is a mother's breast  
To her daughter's sad unrest

If of memory the source  
Lose its freshness and its force:  
If to weariness a prey—  
Shall I sigh my hours away?  
No! within my little room  
There is what can chase the gloom.  
Books of memory take the place  
And of sadness leave no trace.  
All that to the sentient heart  
Can quick sympathy impart  
With what nature doth contain,  
Grand and fair, in her domain,  
In the "Sister's Tale" I find,  
Offspring of a noble mind:  
Language pure and purpose high,  
A true soul's holy poesie.

Next, delighted I peruse  
Eugenie's sweet, dreamy muse,  
Whose rapt style is like no other,  
Save that of her poet-brother—  
Mental twins of wondrous birth,  
Lost, alas! too soon to earth.  
Over books like these I pore,  
Dearest of my classic store—  
Flowers, whose exquisite perfume  
Makes thee fragrant, little room,  
But I cannot number all  
The delights within my call,  
Though I fain would sing the rest,  
As the lark its dainty nest  
Praises with its gladsome notes,  
As aloft in air it floats:  
And each other gentle bird,  
As it upward soars, is heard  
Warbling forth, where'er it roam,  
Praises to its humble home.

### USING ONLY ONE VOWEL.

#### THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

Wars harm all ranks, all arts, all crafts appall;  
At Mars' harsh blast, arch, rampart, altar, fall!  
Ah! hard as adamant, a braggart czar  
Arms vassal-swarms, and fans a fatal war!  
Rampant at that bad call, a vandal band  
Harass, and harm, and ransack Wallach-land.  
A Tartar phalanx Balkan's scarp hath past,  
And Allah's standard falls, alas! at last.

Current Literature.

## THE FIRST CANADIAN NOVEL.

(Memorandum of a Reading at the Society of Canadian Literature.)

The first novel composed in Canada was "The History of Emily Montague," written by Mrs. Frances Brooke, the wife of an army chaplain of the garrison at Quebec, soon after the Conquest. Published in four small volumes, it bears date of issue at London in 1784, while internal evidence shows it to have been written from 1766 to 1769, and the dedication is dated the latter year. The copy belonging to Mr. J. P. Edwards, of Montreal,—the only copy I have seen—bears the book-plate of Lord Bathurst, and is a neatly printed little book bound in fine calf covers. It was a "society novel" of the day. As usual with such, it is very slim as literature. The authoress, Mrs. Brooke, was born in 1745. She was the daughter of a clergyman named Moore, and the title-page informs us she published another novel entitled "Lady Julia Mandeville." In 1789 she died. The dates show that she lived about forty-four years, and began "Emily Montague" when twenty-one. It is written in the style of a flighty girl, a worshipper of wealth and fashion, put in the form of a great number of letters addressed by the different characters to one another. The first letter is dated at Cowes, England, in 1766, by the hero, Edward Rivers, a half-pay officer, to his friend, Colonel Temple, a man of leisure, in which he announces an intention of going to Canada to found and colonize an estate. This Rivers afterwards proceeds to do, but spends his time instead chiefly at Montreal and Quebec, moralizing and making love to Emily, the heroine, a most sentimental and ridiculous paragon, whom he first meets at a ball in an officer's country-house near Montreal. Emily discovers that she does not love one Sir Edward Clayton, a conceited baronet to whom she was till then engaged. She rejects Clayton. She cannot, however, marry Rivers, because he has only his Colonel's half-pay and the prospect of an estate of about £400 a year, then occupied by his mother. He, on his part, will not press her to "descend from her station," and to walk where she has been brought up to a carriage and pair! In this consists the whole agony of the situation, which is protracted over the four volumes! Meanwhile the parties go to innumerable balls, express reams of sentimentality, avoid one another, and flee separately to England, there to meet in the fourth volume. The problem is solved as follows: Mrs. Rivers is got out of the way by the lucky death of a distant relative who leaves her exactly £400 a year, thus enabling her to turn over the little estate to her dutiful son. He then becomes inwardly persuaded that it is possible to live in the country on £400 and his half-pay, and succeeds in getting Emily to make the sacrifice in heroic independence of "society." When they have arrived at this wondrous climax of magnanimity their virtue is rewarded by the appearance of another rich relative, an Anglo-Indian, Colonel Wilmot, who, arriving on the scene, turns out to be the father of Emily, endows the pair with his blessing and unlimited means, gives them a town residence, enlarges their country-house, and establishes them in a position such that they are "to follow no other rule except inclination." Happy denouement!

Considered otherwise than as a novel, the book, however, has much interest. It reflects something of the atmosphere of an obscure and most interesting period. At its commencement—for the letters evidently bear some truth of date—the country had been secured to Britain only three years, the brilliant group of the heroes of Quebec were in their day of triumph, and one of them, James Murray, Wolfe's righthand man, was military Governor. Shortly afterwards, the gallant Sir Guy Carleton, who was later to earn the title of "founder and saviour of Canada," took up the Government, and to him the book is dedicated. Under Carleton, a vigorous and intelligent policy, resulting in the Quebec Act, and founded upon a careful consideration of the country and its people, was commenced. In "Emily Montague" there are, besides some references to the life and amusements of the garrisons, letters and passages devoted

to descriptions of the French, and to recommendations of a policy which several respectful phrases indicate was the personal policy of Carleton himself, thus reflected through this young authoress, of his social group. Canada is represented as being a country of wild and magnificent spectacles. Mrs. Brooke grows enthusiastic over the loneliness of the mountainous shores in the Gulf, the Falls of Montmorenci, the views about Quebec and Sillery, and the drive from Quebec to Montreal. She visits and describes camps of Indians; makes her remarks on the laziness, the ease, the ignorance and the strength of the peasantry, and the sprightliness of their women—like shepherdesses of romance; on the different communities of nuns, and on the condition of the *seigneurs*. Regarded as containing these valuable elements, and when it is remembered that the Novel was an institution not over twenty-five years old, (for Samuel Richardson published "Pamela" in 1741), and that the three great works of the "father of the modern novel" himself were all very long, sentimental, and in the epistolary form, Mrs. Brooke and the first Canadian story will not be hardly treated by an impartial tribunal.

WILFRID CHATEAUCLAIR.

## FRUITION.

O, the fair, fair, far-off someday  
When these stormy waves shall cease,  
And my heart now dashed upon them  
All becalmed shall rest at peace!  
Haste, glad day, that I thy rapture  
Yet may see before the the tomb  
Looming dimly in the distance  
Shall enclose me in its gloom.

Buds of hope that now I nurture  
Still that droop, with all my care.  
In the fair, fair, far-off sunlight  
Will be radiantly fair.  
Doubts that cloud, and fears that torment  
Like the winds upon the sea  
In that fair, fair, far-off someday,  
Shall disperse, and I be free.

In that day, there lies the keeping  
Of the things I fain would know.  
Let it not to me reveal them,  
And I ready am to go.  
But in rapt imagination  
Have I tasted of their bliss,  
And the fair, fair, far-off someday  
I have dimly felt in this.

—ACTS.

## VILLANELLE.

As o'er the keys your fingers fly,  
O dark-eyed maiden musical,  
You weave a web of melody.

A web that ever grows, whereby  
My heart to thee is held in thrall,  
As o'er the keys your fingers fly.

As mighty Thebes rose toward the sky,  
To music sweet grew house and hall,  
You weave a web of melody.

And in the woof and warp you ply  
My noblest thoughts and passions all,  
As o'er the keys your fingers fly.

The song of thought makes perfectly  
The full chord with your notes that fall  
And weave a web of melody.

A willing captive I in thrall  
That know my soft bonds ne'er shall fall,  
As o'er the keys your fingers fly  
You weave a web of melody.

Ottawa.

J. E. MACPHERSON.

"La Reponse" is the title of a grand concert fantasia for the piano, just published by Messrs. Pond & Co. of New York. We understand this piece is the composition of a young lady composer of Ottawa who has written considerable pianoforte music under the nom de plume of E. Marie Thoss, all of which has been published by Messrs. Pond & Co., the proprietors of the copyright. This young lady has lately had the honour of meriting the following complimentary critique from the pen of the distinguished German composer Albert Berg. "It has given me great pleasure to go over the 'suite' composed by Marie Thoss. The musical conceptions in this work are certainly of a high order, and display much originality—a thing that is scarce now-a-days, even with the best standard writers. I compliment Marie Thoss in all sincerity upon this work."

New fire screens have a frame of white wood with gilt tracing, now so much used for many small pieces of furniture, with a large circular screen suspended in the middle, made of transparent bolting cloth beautifully painted.



SMITH: Look here, Brown, we'll soon decide the matter; let's ask the waiter. Waiter are tomatoes a fruit or a vegetable? Waiter; Neither, Sir, tomatoes is a hextra!

SYMPATHY.—He: The poodle? Why, he's dead, don't you know? She: Oh, how sad! How did it happen? He: I was driving to Tuxedo and the horse bolted. Poor Toby was killed, but I escaped— She: What a pity.

The following sentence is said to have been pronounced by a Scotch Judge:—"Ye did not only kill and murder the man, and thereby take away his life; but ye did push, thrust, protrude, or impel the lethal weapon through the band of his regimental trousers, which were the property of his Majesty!"

HIS IDEA OF SUCCESS.—"Well Tommy, how are you getting on at school?" Tommy (aged 8): First rate. I ain't doing as well as some of the other boys, though. I can stand on my head, but I have to put my feet against the fence. I want to do it without being near the fence at all, and I guess I can after awhile.

CHILDREN'S WIT.—Willie's mother was busy sewing when he entered the room and he hid himself without being noticed. His four-year-old brother came softly into the room and said: "Mamma, did 'oo see Vivvy?" "No, dear." "'Oo hear nobody go pit-a-pat, pit-pat?" "No." He toddled into the next room, when with a rush Master Will was gone, and then the searcher announced, with quivering lip, to his mother: "I dess 'oo ears is sleepy."

When Harvard celebrated its two-hundredth birthday fifty-three years ago, Dr. Holmes wrote a poem for the occasion, in which he humourously asked:

"Who was in the Catalogue  
When college was begun?  
Two nephews of the President  
And the Professor's son  
(They turned a little Indian by,  
As brown as any bun)."

But they wouldn't do that to-day, for Harvard no longer draws the colour line, having just elected Clement Garrett Morgan, a coloured man, class orator.

On a Sunday not long since Dr. Lyman Abbott of Plymouth Church, in the following vein of rich humour said: "I can enter the bowels of the earth," says Science, "and gather up and utilize the vast resources for man's comfort that have lain dormant and undiscovered since the world began." We thank thee for that, Science. "I can bridle the electricity that flashes through the skies, and make it minister to the uses of civilization." We thank thee for that, Science. "I can run railroad trains from Maine to California at the rate of fifty miles an hour." We thank thee for that, Science. "I can explore the heavens and calculate the movements of the celestial bodies to a nicety." We thank thee for that, Science. "I can reach under the ocean from continent to continent, and annihilate time and space." We thank thee for it, Science. "I can collect and distribute the news of the world in a single night, and at your breakfast table you can read it in your newspaper." But can you make the papers tell the truth, Science? "No," says Science, sorrowfully, "no power on earth, visible or invisible, can make the papers tell the truth."

## NOMS DE PLUME OF AUTHORS.

"Old Si," Samuel W. Small.  
"Bill Nye," William E. Nye.  
"M. Quad," Charles B. Lewis.  
"Bill Arp," Charles H. Smith.  
"Max Adler," Charles H. Clark.  
"John Paul," Charles H. Webb.  
"Peter Plymley," Sidney Smith.  
"Peter Parley," H. C. Goodrich.  
"Ned Buntline," Colonel Judson.  
"Josh Billings," Henry W. Shaw.  
"Spoopendyke," Stanley Huntley.  
"Gath," George Alfred Townsend.  
"Howadji," George William Curtis.  
"Fanny Fern," Sarah Payson Willis.  
"Eli Perkins," Melville D. Landon.  
"Peleg Wales," William A. Croffut.  
"Ik Marvel," Donald Grant Mitchell.  
"Brick Pomeroy," M. M. Pomeroy.  
"Mark Twain," Samuel L. Clemens.  
"Nym Crinkle," Andrew C. Wheeler.  
"Petroleum V. Nasby," D. R. Locke.  
"Miles O'Reilly," Charles G. Halpin.  
"Uncle Remus," Joel Chandler Harris.  
"Josiah Allen's Wife," Marietta Holley.  
"Hosea Biglow," James Russell Lowell.  
"Fat Contributor," A. Miner Griswold.  
"Hawkeye Man," Robert J. Burdette.  
"Major Jack Downing," Seba R. Smith.  
"John Phoenix," Capt. George H. Derby.  
"Orpheus C. Kerr," Robert H. Newell.  
"Artemus Ward," Charles Farrar Browne.  
"Mrs. Partington," Benjamin P. Shillaber.  
"James Yellowplush," William M. Thackeray.  
"Grandfather Licksingle," Robert W. Criswell.  
"O. K. Pilander Doesticks," Mortimer Thompson.



THE SUPPER AT THE MASONIC BALL, HAMILTON, ONT.

(From a sketch by A. H. H. Heming.)

# CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Commencing December 29th, 1889.

**TRAINS LEAVE MONTREAL**  
**From Windsor Street Station:**  
 FOR SHERBROOKE—4.00 p.m. and \*7.35 p.m.  
 FOR ST. JOHNS, Farnham, etc.—9.00 a.m., 4.00 p.m., \*8.15 p.m., \*7.35 p.m.  
 FOR BOSTON, Portland, Manchester, etc.—9.00 a.m. and \*8.15 p.m.  
 FOR ST. JOHN, N. B. and Halifax, N. S.—7.35 p.m.  
 FOR NEWPORT—9.00 a.m., 4.00 p.m., and \*8.15 p.m.  
 FOR TORONTO, Smith's Falls, Peterboro, Brockville, Kingston, etc.—9.25 a.m., For Smith's Falls, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, etc.—\*8.45 p.m.  
 FOR OTTAWA and Buckingham, etc.—9.00 a.m. and 4.25 p.m.  
 FOR SAULT STE. MARIE, St. Paul, Minneapolis, etc.—\*4.10 a.m.  
 FOR VAUDREUIL, WINCHESTER, ETC.—9.20 a.m. and \*8.45 p.m.

**From Dalhousie Square Station:**  
 FOR QUEBEC—\*8.10 a.m., \*3.30 p.m. (Sundays only) and \*10.00 p.m. For points on Intercolonial Ry. to Campbellton N. B., \*10.00 p.m.  
 FOR THREE RIVERS—\*8.10 a.m., \*3.30 p.m. (Sundays only) 4.00 p.m. and \*10.00 p.m.  
 FOR JOLIETTE, St. Felix de Valois, St. Gabriel, etc.—\*3.30 p.m.  
 FOR OTTAWA—\*8.50 a.m., 4.40 p.m., \*8.40 p.m.  
 FOR WINNIPEG and Vancouver—\*8.40 p.m.  
 FOR ST. JEROME, St. Lin and St. Eustache, etc.—5.30 p.m.  
 FOR ST. ROSE and Ste. Therese, and intermediate stations—3.00 p.m., 4.40 p.m., 5.30 p.m. Saturdays only, 1.30 p.m., instead of 3.00 p.m.

**From Bonaventure Station:**  
 FOR CHAMBLY and Marieville, etc., 3.40 p.m., from St. Lambert, connecting with Grand Trunk 3.15 p.m. train from Bonaventure Station.  
 FOR CHAMBLY and Marieville, etc., 5.00 p.m.

Except Saturdays.  
 Run daily, Sundays included. Other trains week days only, unless otherwise shown.  
 Parlor and Sleeping Cars on trains so marked.  
 No connection for Portland with this train leaving Montreal, Saturdays.  
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 Windsor and Dalhousie Hotels.  
**OFFICES** Windsor Street and Dalhousie Sq. Stations.

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## Laugh and Grow Fat at Christmas Time!

The 20 wittiest books ever written are, I think:—  
 (20) The Laird of Logan, 50c.; (19) Artemus Ward, 75c. (18) James Kaye, 35c.; (17) Father Prout, (probably Dean Swift's Son) \$1.00; (16) Cooper's Eve, Effingham and other novels, 15c. and \$1.00 each; (15) Marryatt's Peter Simple and other novels, 15c. and \$1.00; (14) Trollope's Barchester Towers, 65c.; (13) Sheridan, 30c.; (12) Hudibras, 60c.; (11) Pope, \$1.00; (10) Junius, \$1.00; (9) Thackeray's Rose and Ring, \$1.00 (his works complete \$9.00); (8) Don Quixote, 35c. and \$1.00; (7) Goldsmith, \$1.00; (6) Dickens' Works, complete, \$4.00 and \$7.00; (5) Lamb's Elia, \$1.00. Life and Works, \$3.75; (4) Cochin's Molière; (3) Swift, \$1.50 and 75c.; (1) Shakespeare, 35c. to \$20, order the \$2.50 edition. And the best place to order these books at once, by mail, is of

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 NOTE: Beware of common inferior preparations offered by unscrupulous traders for the sake of increased profit.

# HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

**ENTRY.**  
 Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

**DUTIES.**  
 Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:  
 1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.  
 2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.  
 3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

**APPLICATION FOR PATENT**  
 may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.  
 Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.  
 Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

**A SECOND HOMESTEAD**  
 may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.  
 All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

**A. M. BURGESS,**  
 Deputy Minister of the Interior,  
 Department of the Interior,  
 Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.