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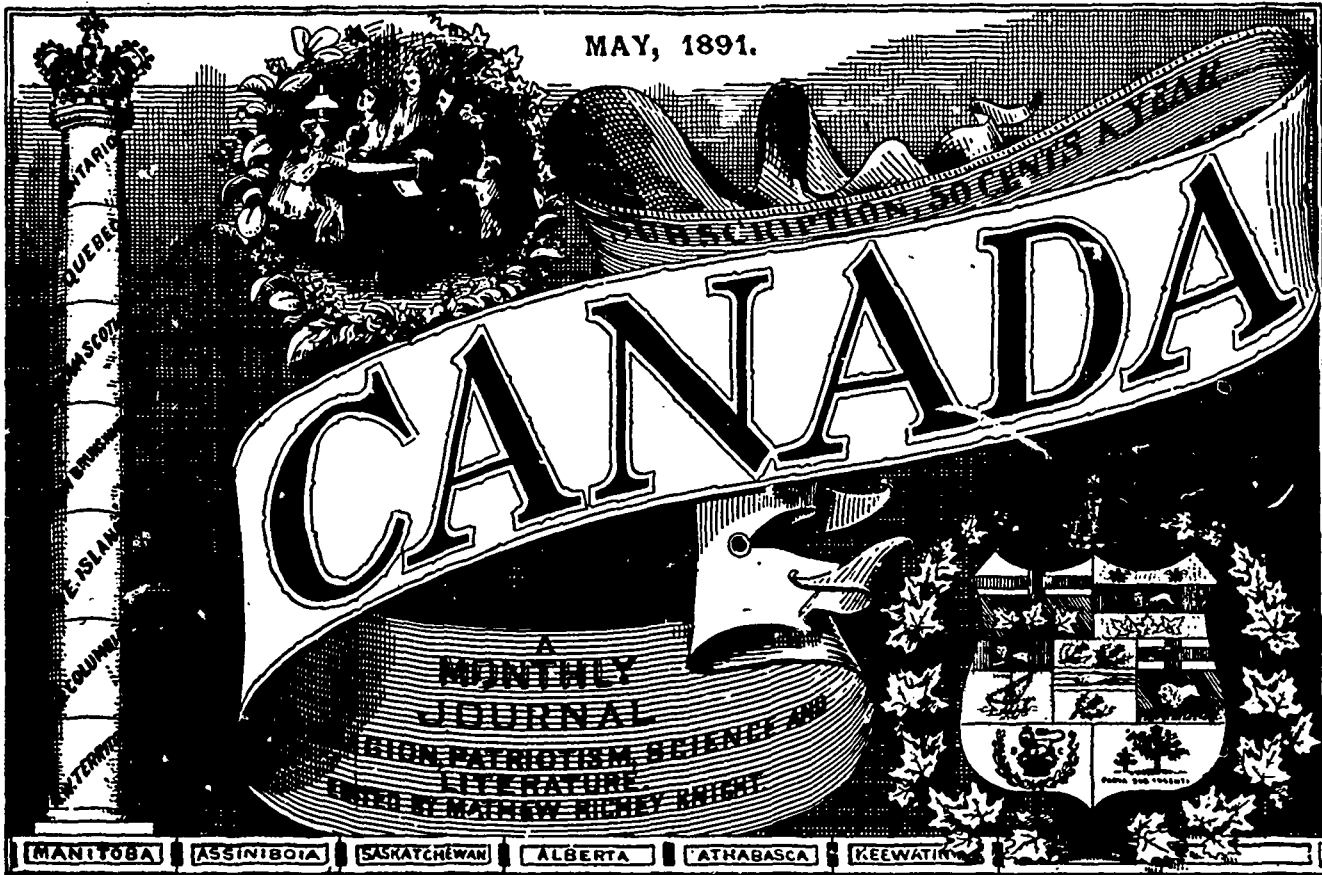
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MAY, 1891.



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We furnish both for..... 1.50

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CANADA50
We furnish both for 2.00

The Youth's Companion..... 1.75
CANADA50
We furnish both for 1.75

Grip 2.00
CANADA50
We furnish both for 2.00

The Land We Live In 1.00
CANADA50
We furnish both for..... 1.00

The Weekly Empire 1.00
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We furnish both for 1.00

The Family Herald and Weekly Star . 1.00
CANADA50
We furnish both for 1.00

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For all forms of pain this LINIMENT is unequalled. As well as for all

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FOR MAN AND BEAST.

Emollient & Counter Irritant.

SOLD AT ALL STORES.

PRICE, - 25 CENTS.

H. PAXTON BAIRD,

* Proprietor, *

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

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(TRADE MARK.)

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Coughs, Hoarseness, Irritation of the Throat, Whooping Cough, Congestion,

AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE

THROAT AND LUNGS.

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proves its reliability. At all dealers and wholesale druggists.

H. PAXTON BAIRD,

* Proprietor, *

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Of bottles of DYSPEPTICURE have been sold during the past few years without any advertising whatever. It easily overcomes indigestion and POSITIVELY CURES the worst cases of Chronic Dyspepsia; this quality of curing the disease explains its large and spreading sale without having been brought prominently before the public.

THE PAMPHLET

(Copyrighted.)

On DYSPEPTICURE gives the results of many years study on Diet and the Diseases of Digestion. All interested in these subjects. Chronic Dyspepsia especially, should read this little book: it is wrapped about each bottle of the remedy, or will be promptly mailed free to any address.

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THE

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CANADA'S

Illustrated Monthly.

102 pp. per month, of live, original and selected reading.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES, NOTES OF TRAVEL, POPULAR SCIENCE.

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TEN YEARS OF UPPER CANADA

IN PEACE AND WAR,

(1806—1815.)

Being the Ridout Letters, with Annotations

By **MATILDA EDGAR,**

Demy 8vo, 396 pp. Price, postpaid, \$2.00.

"This book will be read with the greatest pleasure by all Canadians, and by a great many people who are not Canadians. From the papers of the Ridout family, Mrs. Edgar has obtained the material for one of the most interesting works of Canadian history which has been our good fortune to read. It treats directly of a few eventful years only, but indirectly it covers by its references and explanations that classic period of time which lays two generations of men. Necessarily there is much original matter in the volume, but it is all essential to a proper understanding of the time, and is remarkably well done. Mrs. Edgar has so arranged her story and the methods of telling it, that the difficulty is to lay the book down. In the chapters which precede the outbreak of the war are found pictures of the times, painted with all the ease and fidelity which familiar correspondence permits, and are lit's less interesting than the narrative of more exciting national occurrences. Were Thackeray alive and in search of a subject for a companion novel to his Virginians, he could hardly find equal material to subject and matter than he would discover in Mrs. Edgar's volume. The letters of Mr. T. G. Ridout are literary accomplishments in themselves, and Mrs. Edgar's compilation of these and other documents, with her own contributions, have resulted in a most valuable addition to the library of Canada. The book will be read a first time for its romance, and be constantly referred to for its accurate and valuable information."—Montreal Herald, Dec. 30th, 1890.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Wesley Buildings, Toronto, Ont.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE.

S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX, N. S.

CANADA:

A Monthly Journal of Religion, Patriotism, Science & Literature.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

Vol. I.—No. 5.

MAY, 1891.

50 Cents a Year.

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Original contributions are solicited from Canadian writers and on Canadian themes. While the Journal remains of its present size, contributions should not exceed one thousand words in length. Those not required will be returned, if stamps for postage be sent.

All communications should be addressed: "CANADA", Benton, New Brunswick.

Our Short Story.

A QUEEN OF HEARTS.

BY ANNIE CRAWFORD.

"NO, he never thinks about me, why should he? I am thirty years old, and quite homely".

Said a gentle little lady, very philosophically, but she sighed as she turned to her blackboard, and erased the fourth leg of a table, which had been drawn very beautifully and correctly, for the mere pleasure of chalking it in again.

It was Friday afternoon, and the presence of a blackboard suggests a schoolroom. A bare little room it had been, when Miss Burrows had taken charge of it, two months ago; but she had insisted upon a coat of whitewash for the walls, and a coat of black for the tarnished blackboards, and then, with much decorative skill, had arranged pretty prints from various illustrated papers all over the fresh whitewash.

Mary Burrows, the eldest of a family of seven girls, daughters of a poorly paid though hard-working merchant's book-keeper, had passed her childhood and youth in a monotonous round of school and home duties, rudely interrupted one day by the sudden death of the toiling father, by which his family were left in a state of absolute destitution. Happily for them they had been fairly well educated, though, with singular improvidence, none of them had been fitted for other duties than those of the home. The youngest, Flora, was now well in her teens, and Mary, the eldest, all too rapidly approaching thirty. The mother's suggestion, therefore, that each should turn out and see what she could do for herself, was quite practicable, and was soon put into execution. Flora and Jennie, the two youngest, aged respectively fourteen and sixteen, entered a Kindergarten as students of the system, earnestly undertaking to pass all examinations and be ready for work in two years time. The next one, Kate, "poor child", had "secured" a position as nursery governess to half a dozen little tyrants, for whose comfort and edification she was supposed to minister morning, noon, and night, for the magnificent sum of \$10 per month. Eliza, the next, though but twenty years old, and therefore under age for the work, had, by much solicitation and dogged perseverance, battled her way into a Nurses' Training School, and had entered with much gusto upon her interesting, if somewhat ghastly, course. Sarah, the beauty of the family, and the only one of the little circle possessed of a "beau", had finally brought her young man to the point, and rejoiced in the prospect of a home of her own. Good natured, sleepy, chubby Dolly, too, had received an unexpected offer from a "horrid old widower", (according to Eliza), whose redeeming feature was his money, and, in desperation, had accepted him.

After the two quiet weddings, Mary, hearing of a vacancy for a junior teacher in a little country school, had obtained a permit and the situation, and had gone off feeling very lonely indeed, but determined so to win upon the trustees, by careful attention to her duties, as to be allowed to fill, permanently, the very arduous position, with the privilege of drawing the very slim salary.

Mary had rather worried than won upon the trustees, however, by her demands for improvement in her little schoolroom; but she had certainly won the hearts of the

children, whose delighted eyes constantly sought, and found too, new beauties in the once drear and hated schoolroom. A new drawing on the blackboard from those wonderfully clever fingers, perhaps, or another bright illuminated text for the wall, another little picture, or a pretty, delicately tinted mat of tissue paper for teacher's desk, and the daisies and wild flowers, denounced by their former teacher as "trash",—what pretty bouquets Miss Burrows could make of them!

No child would dream now of coming to that neat schoolroom with dirty face and hands, especially as Miss Burrows was so apt to sav' of a neatly dressed child:—

"See what a nice clean pinafore Kitty has"! or "How neat and particular Johnnie is about his dress"!

She loved each bright little face, looking up to hers so longingly and lovingly, and realized, with a sense of great responsibility, but, woman-like, with a thrill of pride and pleasure, that her smile or frown made the clouds or sunshine of her little domain, over which she reigned a veritable Queen.

"With so much love and admiration from twenty precious little human souls, I need not be lonely and unloved, even if I *am* an old maid, as Eliza says I am", mused Mary.

And so she wore her simple prints with royal grace and importance, and fastened pretty flowers at her slender throat and in her rich brown hair. Becoming conscious at last of growing admiration in a pair of grave, masculine eyes,—those of the Principal of the school—she indignantly repelled the consciousness, and chid herself for unpardonable folly.

"Folly" even Dolly would have called any regard, from a matrimonial point of view, of the faithful country school-master, *earning* the gratitude of the community, *getting* barely enough to keep body and soul together. But our rustic "Queen" was not mercenary. The accusation of folly, so sternly made against herself, was due to her supposed presumption in imagining that that grave, strong, wise man could be moved to tenderness by her insignificant, quiet, "old" little self.

It was all nonsense, Mary knew, and dismissing an idea so unworthy of her years and dignity, she and Mr. Lawrence worked together like the best of friends, as they were. How they consulted and planned, and worked upon the sympathies of the parsimonious trustees, and got up entertainments, at which the boys and gir's, in pretty costumes largely due to the deft fingers of Miss Burrows, read, recited and sang, to the great delight of admiring parents and friends, who, in the pride of their hearts, willingly gave the trifling admission fee, until, with the proceeds, the old school blushed in paint and improvement not dreamed of by the patient "master" before Miss Burrows' advent as within the possibilities for years to come.

They were getting on so nicely, so very nicely indeed, when change, remorseless and inevitable, brought its

unwelcome interruption,—unwelcome at least to Mary, but surely viewed by Mr. Lawrence in a very different light.

A wealthy bachelor uncle had suddenly died,—as even wealthy bachelors must,—leaving to his favorite nephew, John Lawrence, a large and very valuable farm, with immediate possession. As soon as the new arrangement could possibly be made, Mr. Lawrence's place was taken by a youth scarcely out of his teens, and the former, with a blind man's selfishness, had bidden his former fellow worker a cheery Good Bye, unmindful, happily for poor Mary's pride, of the tears she scarcely could hold back.

"Of course he had a great deal to think of", Mary argued with herself. "Just setting up his own home", and—"getting ready for his wife", she had been about to say, but couldn't, somehow. For Mr. Lawrence had confided to Mary that the dearest wish of his heart would now be realized, and he hoped to make the girl he loved mistress of his home as well as his heart.

"He might have remembered me a little, though", murmured poor Mary, "when we have been such friends, and now I have only that boy to help me,—no, he is master, by the way, it is I that am supposed to help him".

The new Principal was inexperienced, as well as young, and many and embarrassing were the difficulties as to discipline into which the hitherto orderly school was plunged. The worst of it was that Mary and Mr. Rawson differed so entirely in their ideas of school management that Mary was vainly striving to resist the growing conviction that separation would be the only alternative of continual strife, and already saw herself, in imagination, with trunk packed and carefully corded once more, on her way back to her mother, confusion in her face, and failure graven on her heart. She had not been to blame, but the knowledge gave her little comfort. Why could not things have gone on as they were? It was too bad, when she had been happier than ever before in her life, in spite of the hard work. What a tiresome world it was anyway! But for poor mother, who would miss her, she knew, she would be glad, so glad, to be out of it, and with the dear father she longed for so sorely.

And yet, was it her father she longed for? Beneath the tender spot filled by that dear memory was there not a deeper, stronger feeling, a yearning associated with the grave, dark eyes, lighting a face half hidden in a rich brown beard? With an indignant little stamp, and a quick flush at the remembrance that *he* was another girl's lover, Mary endeavoured to excuse her-self with the assurance,—“It was just because of the trouble I was thinking about him. If he had been here everything would have been going on smoothly,—and now I'll have to go home”.

In despair at the thought, or for some other reason, Mary gave way completely, and bowing her head upon her little desk, indulged in a passion of tears. School was out, but would not some loving little one linger, as usual, for

"teacher", and wonder at this strange grief? Mary never thought of it, until an arm stole gently around her waist, and a warm kiss was imprinted upon the hastily upraised face.

The effect was not soothing, for Mary started to her feet with a cry that strove to be indignant, but was only glad.

"I could not help it. I have come for my little wife, and I almost forgot that I have to ask her permission first".

"O Lawrence!" said Mary, and—well, never mind.

She ought to have asked about "the other girl" first, of course, but she never thought of her, not for a good while, at least. Then, upon enquiry, she learned that "the other girl" was herself, and that Lawrence's "dearest wish" was to be in a position to ask for what he knew to be his own, having read, with man's conceit, her secret in the softening eye and glowing cheek that ever welcomed his approach.

Ottawa, Ont.

Our Contributors.

A SUMMER EVENING.

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR (FIDELIS).

NAY, long enough you've sat, with brow downbent
Above your book, dear! lift these eyes intent!
Lay down the printed page and, from the cliff,
Read Nature's page, inscribed in hieroglyph!
Leave man's best thoughts for less enchanted hours
That dull the skies and steal away the flowers!
Yon sunset hues are too bewitching sweet;
See God's own thoughts unfolded at our feet!
On the still river, rose and opal seem
To melt and mingle in the quiet stream,
Blending in rich empurpled tones of air
With gleams of palest azure, here and there,—
The softer double of the rose-flushed sky,—
In which the fairy islets seem to lie
More true, more lovely than reality!

All silently, the little skiff glides o'er
The tide of glory, to the further shore,
While Nature's self seems to stand still with us
As, through her temple, tolls her Angelus!
See how yon bird has ceased his happy thrill,
Peched on the pine-branch, standing mute and still
As if he listened to a sweeter strain
He fain would catch and give to us again!

Let us, like him, leave earthly thoughts and things,
To catch the sweeter song that Nature sings!
What boots it though we could, with curious eye,
Thread all her hidden paths of mystery?
See how she works out, in her inmost shrine,
This myriad-featured life, so rich and fine;
Trace all its growth, from earliest dawn to day,
And measure all the laws its forms obey;
If, in our eager quest, we miss the soul
That vivifies, inspires, informs the whole?

In such an hour as this, if but we will,
While *that* is speaking, listen and be still,
We hear the "still, small voice" breathe soft and low,
In tones of love that well we seem to know,
Till that vast Infinite we vainly sought,
To comprehend, transcending human thought,
Seems near and sweet, like tenderest kisses pressed
On Nature's child, close-folded to her breast!

Kingston, Ont.

LITERATURE AND POLITICS.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

IF the reader, after glancing at the above heading, should question, rather cynically "what connection is there, or can there be, between them"? no student of contemporary legislation could refrain from accepting the inquiry as a pertinent one. The connection, just at this day, is certainly neither obvious nor intimate. A broader outlook, however, may yield a different result.

Directly or indirectly, manifestly or by unseen process, the national literature and the national politics must act and react upon each other; and it may be accepted as a safe induction from historic facts that the more immediate the connection between them the better for the nation. When they become estranged, the estrangement tends immediately to the debasement of politics, to the emasculation of literature. Literature makes alliance with dilettantism, and politics with the saloon.

The literature of a people, if genuinely a nation's product, is of necessity shaped by the national character. It is the effect, not the cause, of the national character. In its turn, however, when once set in motion with the nation's force behind it, it exerts an almost incalculable influence upon the direction of the nation's aims, upon the mode in which the national character takes expression. This it continues to do, so long as its connection with the springs of national life is full and vital. The ideal, surely, of a national literature, is that it shall be the most perfect expression in written words of the best of the nation's thought and feeling. The ideal of a national politics, speaking broadly, is that it shall be the most effective expression in act and deed of the best of the national thought and aspiration. How far literature may fall short of this ideal, and how much further politics, we have all been made two vividly aware; but history reassures us by showing that there have been times when such an ideal appears to have been clearly apprehended, and in a manner realized, by politics no less than by the sister art. At such periods we find that, almost without exception, the national literature and the national politics were going hand in hand,—and the politics, though perhaps not avowedly, depending upon the literature for its sanction and its guidance. This has been the case with England and France in their times of most shining splendour—the days

of Shakspeare, Raleigh and Elizabeth; of Corneille and Richelieu; of Lamartine, Swift, Thiers; of Macaulay, Disraeli, Gladstone. United Germany is no more the work of Bismarck than of Goethe, Schiller, Fichte, Arndt. Italy has taken again her place among the nations. The impulse which stirred her out of her long ignoble sleep was no less literary than political. The rallying cry of "Italia Irredenta" was a cry of poets and patriots. Observe the case of Portugal; Philip the Second could annex her by force, but the national spirit remained alive in the song of Camoens, and the mighty Spanish failed to absorb even this small and kindred people. In the beginning of the present century Portugal found herself once more trembling on the verge of the same fate; but a little band of patriotic poets and historians rose up and fanned into new flame the fading spark of national sentiment, and the nation lived again. To view the obverse of these instances we need not go far afield. Under the second Charles, and James of England literature and politics vied with each other in their degradation.

To find a milder but more immediately applicable illustration we may turn our gaze yet nearer home. The fathers of the American Republic were, for the most part, her literary statesmen. Later, the period of the richest outflowing of American literature, when Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Bryant, Whittier, were doing their best work, was a shining period in American politics; and such men-of-letters as Bancroft, Palfry, Everett, adorned the American Congress. At present, surely it will be allowed, things are not quite so well with literature and politics in America. The question of our cynical interrogator at the beginning of this paper is sufficient proof of this. From politics the best men in America are too apt to stand aside in indifference or disdain. The literary output is enormous, but too generally characterized by cleverness rather than by large impulse and strenuous purpose. Certain illustrious exceptions will of course occur to us; but, these aside, would not one almost be justified in complaining that American literature had made alliance with dilettantism, her politics with the saloon?

During periods of estrangement between literature and politics, we may be sure that the fault lies not wholly on the one side or the other. Politics, though perhaps dimly conscious of what she might gain by keeping in touch with the best thought and most unbiassed wisdom of the nation, is alienated by some unpractical Utopianism on the part of a literature that may seem to have withdrawn its finger from the common pulse. Though ready to acknowledge the dangers of the appeal to ignorance and prejudice, she cannot conceal her contempt for mere closet statesmanship,—for political theorizings which are not based on a comprehension of the true inwardness of the ballot-box. On the other hand, the tendency of literature to shirk responsibility for the public weal is at least as old as the days of Plato. It is

Plato, I think, who says that if the wise are too indifferent to concern themselves in the government of the state they must endure to be governed by their inferiors. If the wise are anywhere at the present day, fallen into this predicament, it is not an illustrious one, but they have only themselves to blame. The writers of a nation are, whether they will or no, to a great extent the teachers of the nation. They are false to one of their chief trusts if they huggingly leave the great problems of public policy to just anyone who will take the trouble to attempt them. It is not strange that the literary class become impatient with the tools and material which politics is compelled to use. They should not forget, however, that it is the plainest duty of every intelligent citizen in a democratic country to interest himself actively in the public policy. The greater the intelligence and knowledge of the citizen, the more incumbent upon him the duty of exercising his wisdom for the public good. What is true of the individual is true of the class. Without indulging in a wearisome recapitulation we may give our inference a yet wider sweep, and reach the conclusion that on the literature of a nation rests the heaviest political responsibility.

King's College, Windsor, N. S.

LUX ET UMBRA.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

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

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Royal Society of Canada will meet in Montreal on the 27th inst. An excellent little handbook has been compiled by the local committee for the use of members and visitors, and from a copy of this Handbook which we have received we gather the information here presented to our readers.

This Society and the Canadian Academy of Arts owe their existence to the intelligent and kindly interest of

the Marquis of Lorne in the literary and artistic progress of Canada. A provisional council was chosen by the Marquis; at his invitation the members met at Government House and made preliminary arrangements; and the Society was publicly inaugurated in the Senate Chamber of the Parliament Buildings, at Ottawa, on the 25th of May, 1882. "Fifty-six papers, embracing nearly all the departments of research, were either read or presented at the first meeting, and of these thirty-three were published in the Transactions".

By permission of Her Majesty the Society styled itself the Royal Society of Canada. In 1883 it was incorporated by Act of the Canadian Parliament. The Queen gave her assent to the Bill on the 25th of May of that year.

The Society consists of four sections: French History and Literature; English Literature, including History, Archæology, etc; Mathematical, Chemical and Physical Sciences; and Geological and Biological Sciences. The number of members of each Section is in general limited to twenty, and under any circumstances may not exceed twenty-five.

Copies of the Transactions of the Society, published annually, are sent to members, to Associated Societies, the Lieutenant-Governors in Canada and Newfoundland, the members of the Privy Council of Canada, the Chief Justice and Judges of the Supreme Court of Canada, the Speakers of the Senate and House of Commons, the Chief Justice of each Province, the Premier of each Province, the Speakers of the Legislatures of each Province, the Minister or Superintendent of Education in each Province, the Universities, the Library of Parliament and the Libraries of the Provincial Legislatures.

Provision was made for the affiliation of local literary and scientific societies throughout the Dominion, and this is helping very much to concentrate and develop intellectual effort and research in our country. Twenty-four of these local societies are now affiliated with the Royal Society of Canada. Three of them belong to the Maritime Provinces: The Nova Scotia Institute of Natural Science, the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and the New Brunswick Natural History Society.

The circulation of the Transactions has done much, the Handbook assures us, to make Canada better known abroad, especially in the seats of enlightenment in the Old World. "Not a week passes", says the report of the Council for 1887, "without some evidence being furnished of the attention that the papers are receiving in cultivated circles abroad, and requests for the volumes are constantly at hand from various centres of intelligence to which they have not hitherto been sent".

Sir J. W. Dawson was the first President of the Society. The President for 1890-91 is the Very Rev. Dr. G. M. Grant. The Maritime Provinces are represented in Sections 2, 3 and 4. Rev. Dr. George Paterson and Professor Charles G. D. Roberts are members of the English Literature

Section; Dr. J. G. MacGregor is a member of Section 3; while five Maritime savants belong to Section 4

To show how comprehensive and important is the work which the Society has been doing, we give the titles of some of the principal papers read in Section 2 since the inauguration:—

The Literature of French Canada, by John Lesperance.

The Making of Canada, by John Reade.

The Literary Faculty of the Native Races of America, by John Reade.

The Poets of Canada, by John Lesperance.

Sources of Early Canadian History, by George Stewart, Jr.

First Siege and Capture of Louisburg, by Sir Adams G. Archibald.

The Romance of the History of Canada, by John Lesperance.

The Last Decade of French Rule in America, 1749-1759 by J. M. Lemoine.

It is a pity that a much wider circulation should not be given to such papers as these than the Transactions of the Society can afford. If the Society could see its way clear to publish the most interesting of the literary and historical papers in pamphlet form for sale to the public, it would very much enhance the usefulness of its work.

Long may the Royal Society of Canada flourish and fulfil with increasing efficiency the high and noble aims which it has in view!

HE WHOM WE WAIT.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

HE whom we wait will bring,
Not flowers, to blow and die,
But the seed from which will spring
Roses eternally.

No map of the finished life
Will be spread before our eyes;
But his every song will be rife
With the swing of high emprise.

Not beauty that time will blast,
Not glories of gold and red,
But truth and life that will last
When the sun and stars are dead.

Not form but spirit he brings;
Not deed, but power to do;
The weak forget, as he sings,
Their weakness, the sad their rue.

"He brings", have I said? and yet
My wistful ear hears no song;
The eyes of the world are wet;
Why doth he tarry so long?

MONTCALM AND FRENCH CANADA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES DE BONNECHOSE
BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 42.)

IN Europe, there was still peace; a strange situation, perhaps unparalleled in history. For two years, English and French blood reddened the verdure of the American forests, while the ambassadors of the two nations were being warmly fêted at Versailles and St. James. Alas! the French government, which realised its incurable weakness, clung desperately to even the shadow of peace. But one day, "in spite of the law of nations, and faith of treaties and the usage of civilised peoples", at a signal given by the Admiralty in London, from every part of the horizon, the English vessels pounced upon our merchant-ships and war-ships, our fishing craft, our whalers and our coasters. In one month, 300 vessels, manned by 8000 men, were captured by the enemy and towed in triumph into the harbours of Great Britain. The glorious escutcheon of England remains, by this act, darkened with a blot which cannot be washed out by all the water of that Ocean which was the scene of these piracies. Louis XV, even Louis XVI, resented the affront and became once more for a moment the king of Fontenoy. He wrote to George II an indignant letter demanding reparation, and this delusive peace, which was simply a screen for ambuscades, was officially broken the 18th of May, 1756.

What was then the situation respectively of the two colonies which were about to measure their strength in mortal combat? The English plantations, with their 1,500,000 inhabitants, were at this period twenty times more populous than Canada, which could still reckon only 80,000. At the same time, their territory, more compact and infinitely less extensive than that of New France, could be more easily defended; moreover, it was flanked by the sea and in direct communication with the Metropolis, whereas, since the loss of Acadia, Canada's only outlet was the St. Lawrence. To these advantages of situation and numbers, add another; the British colonies were richer, more flourishing. To what cause must their superiority over our still more ancient settlements be attributed? To the fruitful influence of political and religious liberties, answers a certain school in Berlin and Boston which, under the pretext of celebrating in the fall of the French dominion in America, the defeat of despotism by liberty, in reality exalts the victory of the Germanic race over the Latin. What was the cause of the inferiority of Canada to the English colonies in industry and agriculture, matters little, this cannot be disputed, that from a military standpoint, our disaster was due to the want of men. In a sustained struggle against a people twenty times more numerous, defeat is inevitable, and if Canada had possessed at this time all the liberties of the world, she

would have lost her own. Never was struggle more unequal and the power of numbers more decisive; our colony was not conquered, brought low, but submerged by the invasion and, to the cry of "Vive la France", she was engulfed in the flood with her standard.

Nevertheless, in the beginning of the hostilities, the Canadians possessed over their formidable neighbours one advantage, unity, a powerful engine of war. The resources of New France were weak, but they proceeded from one common centre, and, therefore, the movements were more in harmony and more rapid. Among the Anglo-Americans this unity was altogether wanting: the thirteen colonies which became, twenty years later, the thirteen first United States, were very much disunited in 1756, although having in common certain religious and political chiefs. Each of the plantations had been founded by a separate charter; all had different laws, and often opposing interests. The manners, the temperaments and sometimes the origin of the settlers were not alike.

The hand of the British government, heavy in commercial and industrial questions, was light in politics; the royal governors almost left the colonies to rule themselves, and they took good care not to put an end to the rivalries which, by dividing the transatlantic states, already too powerful, strengthened the Metropolis. For their part, the thirteen colonies isolated from one another by so many causes, had not yet felt the need of union for the triumph of the public good, or rather, up to this time, the public good had no existence.

Through the new war will arise and grow larger the federative idea and, under the pressure of events, all Anglo-Americans will be led to combine their finances, their soldiers and their passions. On that day, France will lose Canada, and, on the next, England will be engaged in conflict with her ancient colonies in America: they will have signed the Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July, 1776.

Our Young Folk's Serial.

THE WHITE COTTAGE: Or the Fortunes of a Boy-Emigrant in Canada.

BY MRS. S. A. CURZON.

CHAPTER I.

"THE PLACE WHERE I WAS BORN."

YES, "The White Cottage" is mine, and most folks think it a very pretty place, I fancy; for, though there are plenty of other white cottages around, mine has come to be a sort of finger-post, and travellers are directed by it hither and thither.

I do not deny that I am proud of my cottage, and, if you will do me the kindness to listen, I shall be happy to tell you how it came to be mine.

Though you find me settled in Canada, I was born in an English village, in a cottage embowered in roses and honeysuckles, shaded by tall elms in which the blackbird sang, and surrounded by a thick hawthorn hedge where throstles built their nests. Within the hedge was a nice bit of garden, where marygolds and gillyflowers, pinks and lillies, grew in a round plot before the front window, and straggled off in borders full of thyme and rue, sage and parsley, lettuce and onions, to the back, where father planted potatoes, carrots, peas and parsnips, alongside of the currant and gooseberry bushes that offered such strong temptation to my childish fingers. Often, when something reminds me of home, I think of how I used to sit on the low door-step and watch father at work in the garden, and how I tried to step in the patterns he had made in the front walk, of black and white stones and oyster shells. I remember, too, how sometimes my mother would snatch me up suddenly, rush with me to the bench, and wash my face, straighten my tangled hair, and carry me back again before you could say "Jack Robinson", and how, at such times, the squire or the parson was sure to be at the gate talking kindly to father, and how my mother would curtsy when the gentleman looked at her or said, "Good evening, Susan, and how's the little one?" meaning me.

But times changed with us sadly. I and my brothers and sisters had to go to work while we were very small; my mother, who used to be cheerful and strong, grew pale and seldom laughed; we had to leave the pretty cottage and go to a poorer one; father did no work in the garden, and was seldom at home except for his meals, and then he scolded mother because they were not better. We got scolded too, not without deserving it, I daresay, pretty often, but almost just as often for nothing, so that we got to be afraid to see father come in at the door, and were happiest when he was away. Our clothes got very poor, too, nothing but rags and patches, but clean, very clean, for poor mother worked like a slave to keep us fit to be seen; and as soon as ever my sisters could sit on a stool, they were sent to dear old "Granny", who kept a little school, to learn to knit, first garters and then stockings, so that we might have something on our feet, however coarse. We all went to Sunday-school, too, and though the parson had ceased stopping to look at our garden, he was very kind to us. All the summer long we were at work, of course, stone-picking, sparrow or crow-driving, or something of the kind; but in the winter, when there was not much in hand, Mr. Devine, our curate, used to hunt us up and teach us to read and write and do sums, by ourselves, that is, us and such other children as had to work as often as work could be got, and thus we learned a great deal which, if poor mother had been left to get it for us, we should have been without; and many a time I think of it and bless him for his kindness, for I have found that a

bit of education goes a long way here in helping a man forward, just as it does at home.

Things went on pretty much in this way without my thinking a great deal of it, until I was twelve years old! "a big thumping lad", as Granny said, smiling at me over her spectacles, "and a comfort to his poor mother."

"And what a comfort he'll be to her when he's a man", the old woman would add.

From this time her words haunted me like jack-o'-lantern haunts the fens and marshes—"What a comfort he'll be to her when he's a man"! I knew it was very little comfort she had now, poor thing, though I don't think we children were very tiresome to her—not as tiresome as some of our neighbours' children, I knew; but then she talked to us of our duty, and urged us to be good, and taught us to love God, so that we hardly *could* be as careless as others who were taught nothing by their parents. We knew what was right and what was wrong, and when we found fault with others and with each other, mother always answered, "Look at your own faults before your neighbours'". It would have been strange, therefore, if I had not been some comfort to my dear mother, at least as far as good conduct went, but now I thought of her comfort in another light. I had grown used to seeing her ill-dressed and our house ill-supplied with necessaries, but suddenly the past and the future came before me. I remembered a nice dresser full of crockery, a large cupboard with drawers full of clean towels and table-cloths, a good old clock that used to tick loudest when all things were quiet, pretty things on the mantel along with the brass candle-sticks, mother's neat bed with its check hangings and white coverlid, and herself and father going to church in respectable clothes. Now, all was gone; the last new baby, dear little Emmy, was wrapped in mother's wedding shawl for three days, till a kind lady sent mother some things by the parson's wife. There were eight of us now, and I thought with an aching heart of what poor mother would do if things went on like this until we were all grown up. Of course we should keep at work, but that would only help to feed us, and she looked so white and really was so weak that I wondered father didn't see it, and work better. And there and then the thought sprang up, "I'll work for her. I'll be a real comfort, not a make-believe". Ah! how little did I think then wherein a mother's real comfort lies; not in gifts, and gold, and fine clothes. A picture, too, sprang up in my mind of a quiet cottage home with a pretty garden in which an old man, white and worn perhaps, but good now, should walk about and enjoy his pipe, doing a little here and there, just such little jobs as his stalwart sons, having done the heavier part, left him for employment's sake, and, at the cottage door, near which a thrush in a wicker cage should sing all the day long, should sit, in her comfortable arm-chair, an aged woman, at rest, not even knitting, but smiling at a little child who should call her "Granny",—it might not be my child, but it should be my father and

mother. How the picture was to be made I could not then tell, but I resolved that it should be made if the power lay in me; and I went about in the strength of that resolve for four years, never seeing how the picture was to be begun, but always looking out how to begin it. At last the time came.

Red Pencil and Scissors.

CANADA IS NOT COMING.

[Cicero said to Canada, "Either come in or stay out, but don't keep me waiting." *New York World.*]

As I went up the frontier way,
I heard the wondering people say,
"Our land is wide and richer far
Than all the golden Indies are.
Our fathers' lives are past and spanned
Our fathers' glorious swords are sheathed,
Then shall we fling away the land
The God of Hosts to them bequeathed?"
From sea to sea, in sun and snow,
The answer thundered southward "No"!

As I stood on the frontier way,
I heard the indignant people say,
"Who fought and bled to save our rights
At Chateauguay and Queenston Heights,
Who is it fills each silent grave
That marks the hill or dots the plain?
The dust of patriots true and brave,
Who if they lived would cry again
'You're welcome as the flowers of May',
To Queenston Heights and Chateauguay".

As I went up the frontier way,
I heard the patriot people say,
"No alien flag shall ever wave
Above the hero's honoured grave.
No alien heel shall e'er defile
Each green and grassy diadem:
No cunning tongue shall wean or wile
The shelter of our swords from them.
Their name shall never pass away,
From Queenston Heights and Chateauguay":

As I stood on the frontier way,
I heard a dauntless people say,
"God loves a patriot people. He
Despises those who won't be free
Shall traitors our proud ensign drag?
Shall we submit in fear and frown?
If they would have the grand old flag
They'd better come and pull it down."
"They're welcome as the flowers of May",
Roar Queenston Heights and Chateauguay.

Our readers will do us an especial favour if, in writing to our advertisers, they will mention CANADA. We want to prove in this way to those who patronize our advertising pages, that CANADA is a valuable advertising medium.

GOVERNORS AND GOVERNORS-GENERAL OF CANADA.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the ADVERTISER, the following interesting list of the various governors of Canada for the last 100 years, and the date of their appointment.

Sir John Graves Simcoe, 1792.
Sir Robert Shore Milnes, 1801.
Sir Peter Hunter, 1802
Sir John Craig, 1807.
Lord Francis Gore, 1807.
Sir George Provost, 1812.
Sir George Drummond, 1813.
Lord Francis Gore (second time), 1815.
Duke of Richmond, 1818
Sir Peregrine Maitland, 1822.
Sir John Colborne, 1829.
Sir Francis Bond Head, 1836.
Sir George Arthur, 1838.
Lord Durham, 1838.
Charles Poulette Thompson, Lord Sydenham, 1839.
Sir Charles Bagot, 1841.
Sir Charles Metcalf, 1843.
Earl Cathcart, 1845.
Lord Elgin, 1847.
Sir Edmund Walker Head, 1855.
Viscount Monck, 1863.
Sir John Young, 1868.
Lord Dufferin, 1872.
Marquis of Lorne, 1880.
Lord Lansdowne, 1884.
Lord Stanley, 1889.

--The London Advertiser.

CANADA'S PREMIER.

IT is rarely that a statesman in a colony—even if it is a large colony like Canada or Australia—achieves a reputation that is world-wide. One reason of this is that the political affairs of colonies are, to a large degree, local in their scope. Colonies do not usually have diplomatic relations with other countries; they do not make treaties with them, or declare war and conclude peace.

But one colonial statesman, by reason of his abilities, his political power and success, and his long occupancy of office, and by reason of the extent and importance of the country which he leads, has attained to an eminence similar to that occupied by statesmen of high rank in larger states.

This is Sir John Alexander Macdonald, the present prime minister of Canada, who is always familiarly spoken of in his own country as "Sir John."

Sir John's political career in Canada has covered a period of forty-six years. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in January, 1816, but when he was five years old his father emigrated to Canada. He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty, and at twenty-nine years of age was elected a member of the parliament of Upper Canada.

Ever since that time he has been constantly engaged in public life, and a greater part of the time he has held high office in the colonial government. He first took office in 1847, when he had been only three years in parliament.

Since that period he has been attorney-general, minister of militia, of justice, of the interior, and of railways, and has several times been at the head of the cabinet as prime minister. He had the distinction of being the first prime minister of the dominion of Canada, after its formation in 1867, and continued to hold the position till 1873; and again from 1878 to the present time.

But the record of Sir John's political achievements is not expressed by the mere statement of the many offices he has held. He has done more than any one else to build up and strengthen the Canadian Dominion, to foster its commerce, and to develop its industries and business.

To him mainly Canada owes it that, instead of comprising a number of small, separate colonies, it was transformed into a united federal state, with a central government and parliament; a state very similar in its construction to that of the mother country, Great Britain.

Sir John's services to Canada include the adoption of a large number of important measures. It was he who established the Canadian civil service on the permanent basis it now occupies; whose energy aided in the successful establishment of the great railway line which connects Canada with the Pacific coast; and who introduced the policy by which manufacturing on a large scale was introduced in the Dominion.

To him Canada owes it that it has direct steam mail communication with Europe; that its system of public education has been extended, and that a well-devised election law has come into force.

He was selected and served as one of the joint high commissioners, by whom the treaty of Washington, that settled the famous Alabama claims, was framed, and received the high honor of being created a member of the imperial privy council for his services.

Throughout his political career, Sir John has been the leader of the Canadian conservative party, and it is owing, no doubt, to his great ability and popularity to a large degree, that the party has so long remained in control of office and power. As a party leader he has great tact; he is somewhat mysterious and silent, and he has the art of conciliating men and attracting them to his leadership.

The value of his services induced the Queen to confer on him the rank of knighthood in 1867, and in 1872 he received a similar honor from Spain. His scholarship was recognized by the University of Oxford, which conferred on him the degree of D. C. L. in 1865.

At seventy-six Sir John's activity and ambition seem as vigorous as ever, and he is not unlikely to be for some time to come the chief figure in Canadian politics. *Youth's Companion.*

CANADIANS IN THE IMPERIAL SERVICE.

(C)OMPARATIVELY few persons are aware of the important positions held by Canadians in the imperial service. If a young Englishman comes to Canada and gets a \$100 a year appointment in the Canadian civil service, a number of grit papers at once go into hysterics over the "crowding" of the service with "young sprigs of the aristocracy." Great Britain is more liberal in this respect than the grit papers would like Canada to be; and the efficiency of her army, her navy, and her civil service is not one whit lessened, but rather improved, by the copious draughts made on the colonies to fill their ranks. Canadians long ago commenced to make their mark in the imperial service, and the men of to-day seem quite capable of maintaining the reputation won by their forerunners in the past. A casual glance through that very useful publication, Whitaker's Almanac, will, perhaps, cause surprise at the number of Canadians it will disclose who are filling important positions in the imperial service. A Toronto boy, Hillyard H. A. Cameron, son of the late Hon. J. H. Cameron, and a Chambly boy, William Andrew Yule, son of the late Mr. John Yule, have attained majorities in their respective regiments. A Dundas boy, William Mogg Rolph, has reached the command of his battalion—the 2nd 17th—which he will shortly bring from Bermuda to Halifax. Three Canadians are now afloat in command of armed cruisers: Capt. Archibald L. Douglas, son of the late Dr. Douglas, of Quebec, in command of the *Edinburgh*, Lieut. and Commander Charles E. Kingsmill, a son of Judge Kingsmill, in command of the *Goldfinch*, and Lieut. Scott Gray, a son of the late Hon. Justice Gray, of British Columbia, in command of the *Forward*. The first named is on the Mediterranean, the second on the Australian, and the third on the North American and West Indian station. But it is at the headquarters of the army that the service of our countrymen appears to be best appreciated. There, no less than four leading offices are filled by Canadians: while Lt.-Col. Douglas Ford Jones, from Brockville, is Deputy Asst.-General of military education, with a salary of £700, Colonel Charles W. Robinson, C. B., from Toronto, is Chief Assistant Military Secretary to the commander-in-chief, with a salary of £800; and while surgeon-general John B. Reade, C. B., from Perth, is assistant director general of the army medical department, with a salary of £1,300, Sir Arthur L. Haliburton, K. C. B., from Halifax, is assistant under Secretary of State at the war-office, with a salary of £1,500. Another Perth boy has also come to the front, in the person of surgeon-general Herbert Taylor Reade, C. B., a brother of the Reade above mentioned, who not long since won the Victoria Cross for distinguished gallantry in the field. Kingston also comes to the front in the person of Sir Frederick N. Broome, K. C. M. G., who was recently appointed governor of Western Australia. All this is certainly very pleasant and gratifying, reflecting as it does as creditably upon the country which produced these embryo mariners and administrators, as upon the individuals themselves. May they walk worthily in the footsteps of the Englands and Montizamberts of the past, whose successful march through the fatal Khyber Pass in 1842—after the 44th had been totally effaced by the enemy—has been recently brought to remembrance by that industrious *colaborateur*, Henry J. Morgan.

The Editor's Portfolio.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WITH this number we have made some changes in the arrangement of the matter and hope they will add to the interest of the *Journal*. After this every number will contain a short story as well as an instalment of our young folk's serial. In addition to these we hope to furnish each month several bright, original articles and two or three poems by our best poets. We make an earnest appeal to our readers to help us to extend the circulation of the *Journal*. We must have a very large circulation in order to make it what every true-hearted Canadian must wish it to be. All that you do for CANADA will come back to you through its pages. In this number are contributions from some of our foremost writers. The June number will contain poems by E. W. McCreedy and J. F. Herbin, and prose articles by C. D. Randall and others.

WE have great reason to be encouraged with the progress CANADA has already made. While as yet our circulation is principally in the Maritime Provinces, we have subscribers in five counties of Quebec, in fourteen counties of Ontario, in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, British Columbia, in nine States of the Union, in Great Britain and Newfoundland. This is not bad for a beginning. Let our readers do what they can, and by the end of the year we shall have three thousand subscribers.

IF any of our readers know where a file of the *British American Magazine* may be found, they would confer a favor by communicating with the editor. An Ontario lady, a novel of whose appeared in that publication, entitled "The City Curate", and who has lost her only copy, is desirous of obtaining the loan of the numbers containing the story.

IT seems to be a very natural thing that Canadians should from time to time seek their fortunes in the United States and Americans in Canada. Many lads are never satisfied until they see more of the world than lies immediately around home. But to the absent ones home is still home, and after a few years very many of them will return and do return. The two nations are side by side, and there will always be a passing too and fro. There would be nothing in it to excite remark, if the facts were not exaggerated by unscrupulous politicians. The immigration to Canada this spring seems to be larger than ever before, and hundreds of those who left the country for a time, but have not improved their condition, are returning to the Canadian North-West.

MESSRS. THOMAS MEADOWS & Co., of Liverpool, G. B., writing in the *Journal of Commerce* of that city recently concerning the shipment of goods for Canada, made this extraordinary statement: "All goods for that country must at this season of the year pass through the States." A statement so utterly absurd and at the same time so damaging to the Dominion has naturally excited considerable indignation on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Cornwall, Secretary of the Board of Trade of St. John, wrote to the editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, showing the erroneousness and injustice of the above statement. The editor publishes the letter from Mr. Cornwall, but appends a footnote: "We have no doubt but that Messrs. Thomas Meadows & Co., a firm of high standing, will be able to substantiate their statements." This is pretty cool. As a preliminary to any imperialistic movement, would it not be well for the English editors and merchants to take some lessons in the geography of the most important colonies?

THE informal conference on reciprocity and other matters, which was so abruptly postponed by President Harrison, is to take place, it seems, in October. It is to be hoped that an arrangement may be arrived at advantageous to both countries. The free interchange of products appears natural and right, if it could be extended to all countries with which we trade, and, whatever imaginary evils may be connected with direct taxation, it certainly would bear more lightly upon the poor and more heavily upon the rich. But when such freedom of trade is confined to two nations only, it must be attended with very grave inconveniences, and would appear to promise very questionable advantage to us while our relations with the rest of the world remain as they are now.

IT is unfortunate that anything should arise to lessen the good feeling which has existed between Newfoundland and Canada. We believe a strong sentiment was growing up in the island in favour of confederation, but lately that sentiment has experienced some rude shocks. Perhaps, however, now that the character of the treaty negotiated has been revealed and has so disappointed the people of Newfoundland, the anger against Canada will die away. We do not want to see the island forced by injustice to ally itself with Canada. Unions of that sort are not satisfactory. The time may come when Newfoundland will see that the gain accruing from a union with the Dominion would be mutual.

THE death of Capt. H. B. Mackay, R. E., at Mombasa, on the 17th ult., cut short a brilliant career. He was one of the little band of Canadians connected with the Imperial Military or Naval Service who have shed lustre on themselves and Canada by their ability and courage. We quote the following brief sketch from *The Witness*, of Montreal: -

Capt. Mackay was the son of Huntly B. Mackay of this city, and was at one time on the editorial staff of the *Witness*. He entered the Royal Military College, Kingston, where his career was exceptionally brilliant, he having graduated with the highest honours. As *Dux* of the school he had a choice of three commissions in the Imperial Service. Mr. Mackay accepted a commission in the Engineers and went to Woolwich to complete his studies. He next volunteered for service under Sir Charles Warren in South Africa. Capt. Mackay was next employed at Sierra Leone superintending the fortifications of that unhealthy military station. Returning to England he was sent to Ireland to take charge of a military school. He next volunteered for service in East Africa, under the British East Africa Company, and was selected as the company's representative at Uganda. On his way he was detained at Zanzibar to superintend the construction of the first section of the railway from Mombasa to Lake Victoria Nyanza. He was afterwards engaged in several Central African expeditions. He suffered from the effects of the fever contracted in Africa, even during his short visits to Canada. He appears to have started for home on sick leave and to have died on the way. Capt. Mackay was about 39 years of age.

CANADIAN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. E. W. SANDYS has been appointed Editor of *Outing*.

MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT has a short story in *Scribner's Magazine* for March.

MRS. ALFRED DENISON, author of "A Happy Holiday", is now on the staff of *Saturday Night*.

To *Onward and Upward* for April the Countess of Aberdeen contributes an illustrated article on "Through Canada with a Kodak".

THE departure of C. H. Lagrin, of Fredericton, for Washington State will be a loss to literary Canada.

DR. THOMAS O'HAGAN has been promoted to the editorship of the Duluth *Sunday Tribune*.

MR. J. C. HAMILTON, of Toronto, has an article in the March *Magazine of American History* on "Slavery in Canada."

The Canada Educational Monthly is an excellent publication, invaluable to teachers and attractive to all persons of culture.

EDMUND COLLINS, well known in journalistic circles in Canada, is said to be one of the most successful writers of boys' stories in New York.

THE April number of *The New England Magazine* contains an article by W. Blackburn Harte on "Contemporary Canadian Art and Artists".

REV. W. W. CAMPBELL has been compelled through failing health to resign the pastorate of the Episcopal Church at Southampton, Ont. The resignation takes effect in June.

Le Glaneur for April is as good as ever. The articles are all original and on a great variety of subjects. The conclusion of the monograph on Monseigneur de Laval is especially interesting.

The Week for April 17th is a capital number. There are strong editorials, poems by Sarepta and Thomas O'Hagan, the usual Paris letter, another of Mr. P. S. Hamilton's Old New-World Tales, several other interesting articles, and well filled departments.

WITHIN the last two years Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley has had four books accepted by the American Baptist Publication Society of Philadelphia. Mr. Oxley will contribute a serial entitled "Arlie of Athabasca" to *The Young Canadian*.

The Dominion Illustrated for April 18th shows no abatement in literary or artistic merit. The London, New York, Nova Scotia and Toronto letters are always interesting. "A Reverent Pilgrimage" describes and illustrates the churches and abbeys of the Old World. This number contains the first two of a cycle of brief poems by Arthur John Lockhart under the general title "Nehilakin".

THE April *Land We Live In* is full and varied as ever. This number has nine illustrations, five of which are Canadian scenes. The principal feature is a biographical sketch of Montague Chamberlain, the Canadian ornithologist, by J. M. Lemoine, F. R. S. C. New Brunswickers should be interested in this, as Mr. Chamberlain is a native of St. John. We think *The Land We Live In* ought to have a large circulation in the Maritime Provinces. It is the only journal for the sporting fraternity published in Canada.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A STORY of unusual power and strange plot will begin in the May *Cosmopolitan* and run through three numbers: The story of a man, who three times in his life undertakes to paint Jesus. As a young painter full of health and life, full of joy, he puts on his canvas, a Greek ideal of strength and beauty; just as the picture is on the point of completion, he learns to love a beautiful woman who returns his passion. After weeks at her feet he returns to his studio one day, and is filled with disappointment when he gazes upon the face of the Christ. It is the face of a beautiful heathen god bearing no impress of that divine love which the painter now knows must belong there. His canvas is turned to the wall, and inspired by love he sets to work upon the image of a new Christ, who would be a God of Love. Again his picture is completed when the second great change comes over his life. She whom he adores turns from him to give her love to the Prussian

officer whose Greek beauty had been the model for his first picture. Going back to work under the shadow of this deep sorrow, he looks upon the face of Christ upon his easel, and sees that once more he has failed. There is the beautiful face irradiating love, but there is not upon it the refining touch of sorrow that must have been in the face of Him who was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief". There was this wanting. He must set to work again, and paint not only the beauty of the Divine Perfection, and the love that embraced all mankind, but the Sorrow of the Man God who suffered for our sins. The author, Hjalmer Hjorth Boyeson, thinks he has given the best work of his life in this singular story.

The Cosmopolitan for May is a marvel of beauty and substantial excellence for the price. The two short stories it contains are both in a pathetic strain. One strong feature of this enterprising monthly is its variety. Every number seems to have something for every taste. This makes it specially suitable for the family.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

BIOGRAPHIE DE STANISLAS DRAPEAU. Par Chas. Thibault. Ottawa: A. Bureau & Freres, 1891.

The subject of this interesting little volume has been for nearly 50 years a prominent factor in French Canadian journalism and literature. Besides being the author of a number of pamphlets relating to religion, education and colonisation, he has been connected editorially with *L'Artisan*, *le Ménestrel*, *la Revue Canadienne*, *le Journal de Québec*, *le Courrier du Canada*, *le Foyer Domestique*, *l'Album des Familles* and *la Lyre d'Or*.

ST. LOUIS STREET AND ITS STORED PAST. By J. M. Lemoine. Quebec: "Morning Chronicle" Print, 1891.

To say that this is a charming little sketch is to say nothing more than that it is from the pen of the reverend antiquary, historian, Canadian cyclopedist, of Spencer Grange. This is a Christmas sketch, specially printed by the Quebec Garrison Club for its guests, and the frontispiece is a view of the projected Garrison Club building, a part of the original Dufferin improvements.

CHEBUCTO, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Allison Bell. Halifax: James Bowes & Sons, Printers, 1890.

As these poems were not published, but merely printed for private circulation, we do not feel at liberty to quote from them, although passages may be found in them, both of a serious and humorous cast, that are considerably above the average of published verse. "Chebucto" is graceful and patriotic. "The Fisherman of Chebucto Bay" is true to life. "An Apostrophe" is a delicious little bit of humour.

MARIE GOURDON: A ROMANCE OF THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE. By Maud Ogilvy. Montreal: John Lovell & Son, 1890.

Canadian fiction, and especially historical fiction, is a field that is rich in possibilities. It is useless to disguise the fact that fiction is very much more read by the young people of our country than any other form of literature. This is the means then that must be used to familiarise them with our history, our scenery, our social conditions, our past and our future. Some useful work has been done in this field, but the sum of it is small. Mr. W. D. Lighthall expresses almost exactly our opinion of the story before us. He says: "She writes with *connaissance de chose*, while the plot holds together well, though simple, and there is no surplus padding." The interest is well sustained from beginning to end, the love-making is well done, and the delineations of character reveal no ordinary talent. We cannot have too much fiction of the same sort.

Juvenile Canada.

QUESTIONS IN CANADIAN HISTORY.

33. What do you know about Pere Le Jeune?
 34. What do you know about Pere Isaac Jogues?
 35. Name some of the martyrs of the Huron Mission.
 36. Who succeeded Champlain as Governor of New France?
 37. What two French ladies established a hospital and school at Sillery?
 38. Whence did Sillery derive its name?
 39. By whom was a Mission founded on the Island of Montreal?
 40. What French knight was the founder of Montreal?

PRIZE COMPETITION.

The first among our young readers to answer correctly the Canadian History Questions and Hidden Ore contained in the March, April, May and June numbers of this Journal will receive *The Youth's Companion* for one year, subscription price, \$1.75; the second will receive "Stories of New France", price \$1.50; the third will receive a book worth \$1.00.

The answers for the four months must be sent in at one time, after the appearance of the June number.

Competitors must be under eighteen years of age.

Some member of the competitor's family must be a subscriber to CANADA, and only one can compete where only one copy of the Journal is taken. The subscriber's name must be sent with the competitor's.

HIDDEN ORE FOR YOUNG MINERS.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Aooooo is a county in New Brunswick.
 Booooooo is a county in Ontario.
 Coooooo is a county in Quebec.
 Doooo is a county in Nova Scotia.
 Eoooo is a county in Ontario.
 Foooooo is a county in Ontario.
 Goooo is a county in Quebec.
 Hoooooo is a county in Nova Scotia.

OBLONG PUZZLE.

1	0	0	0	0	2
3	0	0	0	0	4
5	0	0	0	0	6
7	0	0	0	0	8

From 1 to 2 is a county in Ontario.
 From 3 to 4 is a city in Canada.
 From 5 to 6 is a city in Canada.
 From 7 to 8 is a county in Ontario.
 From 1 to 7 is a puppet.
 From 2 to 8 is the name of a language.

CROSS PUZZLE.

1	2				
0	0				
3	0	0	0	4	
5	0	0	0	0	6
0	0				
0	0				
7	8				

From 1 to 7 is the name of an English sovereign.

From 2 to 8 is the name of a French sovereign.

From 3 to 4 is an Old Testament prophet.

From 5 to 6 is an ancient Eastern city.

Olla Podrida.

"THERE'S no use tryin' to edjucate the Chinese", said patrolman Flynn. "They don't even know their own language. O' asked wan of thim phwat the worind fur St. Patrick's Day war in Chinese, and he hevius he couldn't tell me".

If you have not read "Stories of New France", say nothing about it, but send \$1.50 to us and we will send you the book and give you CANADA for one year into the bargain.

TEACHER: "Freddy, how is the earth divided?"

Freddy: "Between them that's got it and them that wants it".

THE combined subscription price of *The Land We Live In*, *The Scottish Canadian*, and *CANADA* is \$3.00. We furnish all three for one year for \$1.75.

"DEAR me"! said old Mr. Boggs, hesitatingly: "I know I've forgotten something, but for the life of me, I can't remember what it is".

PROGRESS is the most popular weekly published in the Maritime Provinces. Order it for one year through us, and you will get CANADA free. \$2.00 will pay for both.

Mistress: "Is the fire going, Bridget?"
 Bridget (an amateur): "Faith, mum, an' it's just gone".

THE *Cosmopolitan* is the cheapest of illustrated monthlies. Order it through us and you will get CANADA free. \$2.40 will pay for both.

Teacher: "What is a synonym?"
 Bright Boy: "It's a word you can use in place of another one, when you don't know how to spell the other one".

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QUOTH Tom: "Though fair her features be, It is her figure pleases me."
 "What may her figure be?" I cried;
 "One hundred thousand", he replied.

Those who do not possess "Laura Secord and other Poems", by Mrs. S. A. Curzon, should send to us for a copy, and we will add CANADA for one year free. \$1.75 will pay for book and magazine.

Teacher: "In what part of the body is the liver?"

Small Boy: "South of the lungs".

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 Mary: "Out in the back yard, mum".
 Mrs. Hicks: "Go out and see what he is doing and tell him to stop it."

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Remittances.—Remittances should be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. Fractions of one dollar may be sent in Canadian one and three cent and American two cent stamps.

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Offer to Subscribers.—We want to largely increase our subscription list at once, and so we make this offer to our subscribers for the rest of the year: If you have sent us the full subscription price of 50 cents for your own copy for 1891, we will give you 25 cents commission on every subscription you send us, provided you do not send less than four subscriptions the first time.

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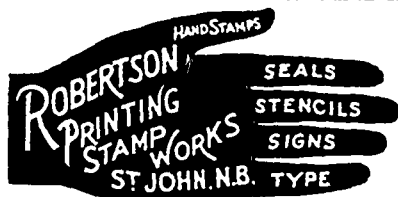
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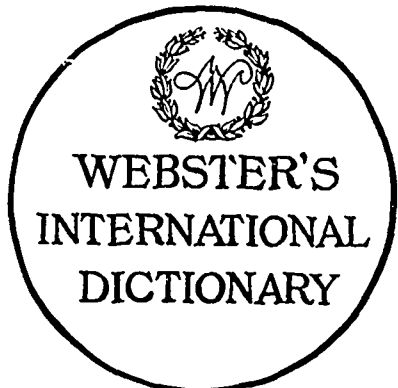
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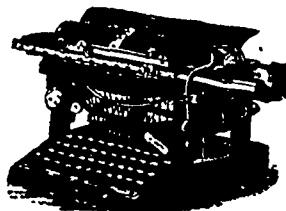
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 "is such that it may be used with perfect confidence upon the
 "tenderest and most sensitive skin—even that of a new born babe".

W. Wood, M.D., N.C., U.S.