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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

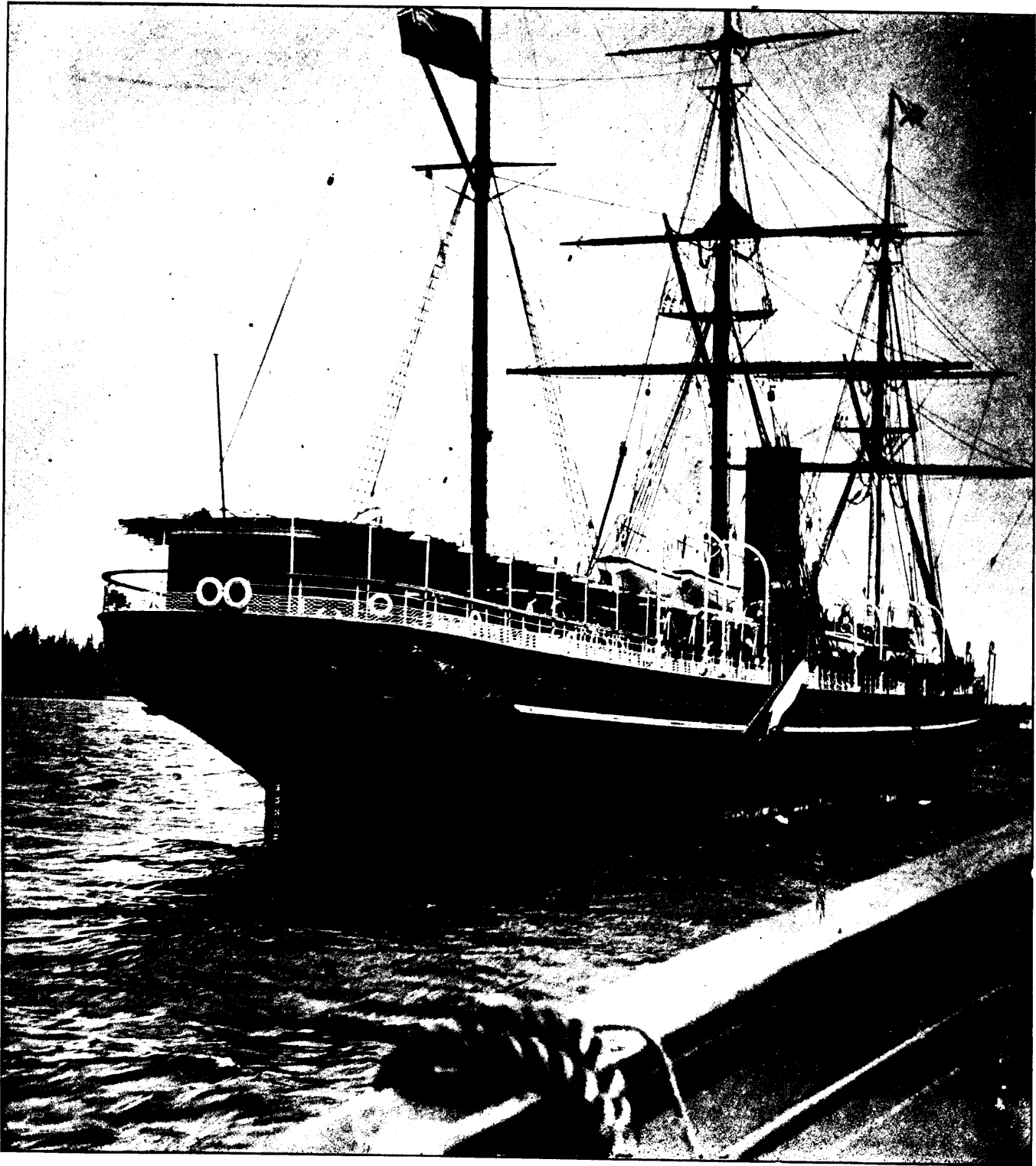
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

VOL. IV.—No. 101.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 7th JUNE. 1890.

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THE ROYAL VISIT.—THE C. P. R. CO.'S STEAMSHIP ABYSSINIAN, ARRIVING AT VICTORIA, B.C.,
WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

(From photo. by our special artists, Boorne & May, of Calgary.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

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SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

7th JUNE, 1890.

OUR VICTORIA NUMBER.

The next issue of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be entirely devoted to the Royal Visit to Victoria, B.C., the reception by the authorities, the games and festivities in honour of the event, and to other matters therewith associated. Our representative in Western Canada, Mr. Brownlee, has been at the utmost pains to secure the best possible illustrations of all the scenes and proceedings connected with the Royal sojourn in the island capital.



The imports and exports of the United Kingdom reached last year a total of £740,242,564—the highest figure yet attained. The imports amounted to £427,210,830; the exports of British produce, to £248,091,959; the exports of foreign and colonial produce, to £64,939,715. The imports from British possessions amounted to £97,136,483. In these India took the lead with £36,026,402, Australasia coming next, with £26,819,656, and British North America, third, with £12,183,835, or \$60,919,175. The exports to these countries were as follows:—To India, £30,967,258; to Australasia, £22,754,400, and to British North America, £8,114,777, or \$40,573,885. The imports from South Africa were a little more than half those from Canada, and from the Straits settlements nearly the same figure. England's trade with foreign countries reached a total of £495,216,666—imports, £329,986,290; exports, 165,230,376.

In his important work on "The Climate of Canada and its Relation to Life and Health," Dr. Hingston points out that the differences between the climate of Canada and that of Europe are mainly due to the winter. This is especially the case in this province in connection with the rainfall. In 1886 (the last year for which we have complete returns) 122 rainy days were recorded in Montreal. But in the winter months (December to March inclusive) rain fell on only 18 days. In the spring months (April and May) rain fell on 27 days; in the fall months (October and November), on 19 days, leaving 58 days of rain for the summer months. May had most rainy days (18). To June 15 days of rain are set down, and 13, 16, 14, respectively, to July, August and September. The average of rainy days for the whole province was 88.8. Of all the places at which records were kept, Pointe des Monts has the lowest figure (57), Cape Magdalen coming next (61), St. Francis next (66). Only one place exceeds Montreal in the number of rainy days—Quebec (123), while Brome and Bird Rock stations have just the same number (122).

We have already published the portrait of Lieutenant Stairs, with a brief sketch of his career, and some complimentary references to his services from the Commander of the Forces. In a timely and valuable article contributed by Mr. H. M. Stanley to *Scribner's Magazine* for June, the explorer pays a tribute of grateful acknowledgment to each of the officers of the expedition for the rescue of Emin Pasha. "I acknowledge," he writes, "the priceless services of my friends—Stairs, Jephson, Nelson and Parke—four men whose devotion to their several duties was as perfect as human nature is capable of. As a man's epitaph can only be justly written when he lies in his sepulchre, so I vainly attempted to tell them how much I valued the ready and prompt obedience of Stairs; that earnestness for work which distinguished Jephson; the brave soldierly qualities of Nelson, and the gentle, tender devotion paid by our doctor (Parke) to his ailing patients. But now that the long wanderings are over and they have bided and laboured ungrudgingly throughout the long period, I feel that my words are poor indeed when I need them to express in full my lasting obligation to each of them."

The census in Great Britain is much simpler in its character and methods than that of either the United States or Canada. It was first taken in 1801, but did not then include Ireland. It was not, however, till after several decades that a system at once prompt and trustworthy was attained. The uniform plan of registering births, marriages and deaths, introduced in the first year of Queen Victoria's reign, greatly facilitated the work of enumeration in ensuing censuses. The first Imperial census was taken in 1871, when it was found that the population of the Empire consisted of 234,762,593 souls occupying a total area of 7,769,449 square miles. In the British Isles the enumeration took in all the persons living in any house on the night of the 2nd of April. The population of India and the colonies was obtained through the Secretaries of State. The British house schedules require details as to the head of the family and the other persons of the household in relation to him, special schedules being supplied for sailors, bargemen, persons travelling and other classes not comprised in the ordinary enumeration. The information collected is afterwards carefully revised and arranged in abstracts under various headings, other statistics being used to give completeness to the work. The first census of the United States took place in 1790. It was a necessity—population being by the Constitution a main measure of political power. In 1810 its scope was greatly enlarged, and several modifications have since been introduced, so that, as now conducted, it is a manifold and far-reaching machinery for the collection of statistics on a great variety of subjects. The one-day system in vogue in England and other countries of Europe, has been found impracticable, the United States having, it is urged, no national organization which could be adopted to the purpose of gathering replies to such a multiplicity of inquiries as the American census comprehends. The government endeavours to reduce the risk of inaccuracy by minimizing the districts—a plan which demands a large army of enumerators and involves the difficulty of securing competent persons to undertake a merely temporary and poorly paid service.

Our own census is based partly on the British,

partly on the American system. Its aim is to ascertain, with the utmost possible accuracy, the population of the various territorial divisions of the country classified as to age, sex, social condition, religion, education, race, education and employment; the number of houses and other buildings, occupied and unoccupied, completed or under construction, their style, material and purposes; the area and condition of the land, its national products and, if cultivated, the yield of various grains, vegetables, fruits, etc.; its capacity for stock-raising; the lumbering, mining and fishing industries; statistics of manufactures; the state of trade in each city, town or district, and its municipal, educational, charitable and religious institutions, and other details set forth in the forms and instructions duly furnished to the enumerators. The latter are required to use all diligence in obtaining the information specified in the census papers and to confine their attention exclusively to the duties mentioned in their instructions. They must take oath to that intent, and if they make default or false entries they are guilty of misdemeanor. On the other hand they must be allowed reasonable access to sources of information by those who have them in charge and those who obstruct them in any way may be proceeded against. The accuracy of a census depends largely on the commissioners and examining experts who quickly detect a wrong entry made through heedlessness or ignorance. Statistics have, indeed, attained the rank of a science, and there are now many ways of checking inaccuracies of enumeration that must formerly have been left uncorrected through lack of classified knowledge.

LABOUR PROBLEMS AND THEIR SOLUTION.

Two important reports have recently seen the light under very different circumstances, and though they both deal with the same subject, their conclusions and the impressions which they leave on the mind are widely diverse in character. The first of the documents to which we refer is really a series of reports, of which the latest, issued a few weeks ago, is now engaging the attention of the press and business public in England. Some years ago the House of Lords appointed a select committee to take and consider evidence touching the employment of labour in certain English industries on conditions which have justified the name of the "sweating system." Hundreds of witnesses have been examined, and the testimony rendered by some of them was such as to shock the sense of humanity and justice. The revelations of the first four reports, which were published day by day in the newspapers before they appeared in blue-book form, naturally set statesmen to the task of devising some remedy for such terrible evils. The more important organs of public opinion discussed the whole question from every point of view, and various suggestions were made for the relief of the unfortunate victims of this crushing competition, which spares neither age nor sex. The simultaneous agitation for labour reform on the continent of Europe made it all the more essential that something should be promptly done in making the exposure of the sweating system advantageous to the poor people who suffered from its slavery. But the reflections with which the committee close the last report imply an admission that, so far, hardly any appreciable redress has been brought

to the classes that so sorely need it. The members of the Lords' committee are fully conscious of the terrible misery that so many men, women and children are called upon to endure. They hope that the inquiry on which they have been engaged will not be without moral effect on both employers and employed—on the former, in deepening their sense of responsibility; on the latter, in leading to improved habits. They advise capitalists to give closer attention to the needs and just claims of those who supply them with labour; they propose certain modifications of the laws relating to factories, which, they believe, would better the status of the working classes. But, after all, they hardly expect that any legislation will bring about all the ameliorations that are so urgently called for. They depend more on wholesome public opinion for the condemnation of those who drain the workpeople of their toil and skill without making any just return. Ultimately, they hope, the unscrupulous system that has been so glaringly exposed will be made impossible, and, at the same time, the sons and daughters of toil may be induced by counsel and encouragement to practise thrift and temperance, and to be more careful in matters pertaining to their moral and physical well-being.

It would be premature just now to pronounce on the utility of the Sweating Committee's labours. One thing it has certainly made plain—it has enlightened the well-to-do of England as to the ways in which their poorer fellow-citizens drag on their existence, and it is almost impossible that the knowledge disseminated by the reports can be entirely fruitless of good. In fact, some reform must be effected, or the consequences will be serious for those whose apathy and neglect help to delay its accomplishment. The labour agitation is no mere passing breeze of popular discontent. It springs from deep-seated social anomalies which must be adjusted and brought into harmony with the rights of the workpeople in England as elsewhere.

In our own country the labour question, though its discussion has been unaccompanied by any of the wild and menacing unrest that has characterized European labour movements, has reached a critical stage, which compels attention. Some years ago the Dominion Government, it may be recalled, appointed a commission of enquiry into the subject which, after discharging its responsible duties, published a report, which has for some time been in the hands of the public. About twelve months ago the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, Secretary of State, in pursuance of the same investigation, authorized Mr. Jules Helbronner to proceed to Paris, so as to study, at the various congresses on social economy held in connection with the exposition, such reforms, in practice or theory, as might be applicable to the condition of labour in Canada. Provided with letters of introduction to the Hon. H. Fabre, our Commissioner-General in France, Mr. Helbronner set out accordingly on his important (though for reasons long since made public) unofficial mission, and the results are embodied in a voluminous report recently issued from the Government press. This "Report on the Social Economy Section of the Universal International Exhibition of 1889 at Paris" is virtually an appendix to the report of the Canadian Labour Commission, of which Mr. Helbronner was an active member. It differs very materially from the reports of the English Sweating Committee, already referred to, inasmuch as it provides a remedy for the defects to which attention was called in the original report

of the Labour Commission. There is, indeed, no scheme for the improvement of the workers' position put into operation during the last half century, which the reader will not find described and valued at its true worth in this bulky volume. Apprenticeship, technical training, the regulations of the workshop, the labour of women and girls, systems of payment, wages, profit-sharing, co-operation, strikes, arbitration, provisions for old age and for attendance in sickness, the hygiene of the factory and workshop, workmen's dwellings, mutual benevolent societies, provident institutions, and all the schemes of reform that have been instituted in France and other parts of Europe—all these topics are exhaustively treated in this report. As Mr. Helbronner, through his whole inquiry, had his eye on Canada and sought especially such organization and appliances as would be likely to suit our country and people, the report is a grand labour encyclopedia, which the Canadian economist and student cannot consult without advantage. It is impossible to read the accounts of these hundreds of successful experiments recorded in this useful volume without reaching the conviction that there is hardly any labour problem so desperate that, with patience and forbearance, it does not admit of satisfactory solution.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DELEGATES.

The affairs of the "ancient and loyal" colony of Newfoundland have, during the past few weeks, been placed prominently before the Canadian public by the visit of delegates charged with the duty of enlisting the sympathy and support of the Canadian people on the struggle of the Newfoundlander against the claims made by the French to a part of the coast of Newfoundland. The delegates have visited the principal cities of Canada and have everywhere been received most heartily, and the action taken by the people of Newfoundland in endeavouring to maintain their undoubted constitutional rights has met with unanimous endorsement from the people of Canada.

In view of their visit, a few facts in connection with the history of Newfoundland, in addition to what we have already published, may not be out of place. It was discovered by Cabot in 1497, and was formally taken possession of by Sir Humphrey Gilbert in the name of Queen Elizabeth on the 5th of August, 1583. During the wars of the early part of the eighteenth century, it was the scene of constant conflicts between the English and French, but at no time was it in the exclusive possession of the French. It was considered of great importance by both nations in these early times as a fishing station and as a nursery for seamen for their navies. The history of Newfoundland during the past century and a half, and the peculiar policy pursued towards it by the Imperial authorities, is well worthy of diligent study. The development of the colony, instead of being promoted, was carefully retarded. Settlement was prohibited, the cultivation of the land was made a crime, and the administration of justice was placed upon a footing unique in the history of British colonization. This was especially the case from 1633 to the early part of the present century. The first fishing captain that arrived in the spring would be the admiral, the second vice-admiral and the third rear-admiral, and these gentlemen had sole supervision and authority in all matters of law and order during the season.

In the early part of the eighteenth century Newfoundland was further confirmed as an English

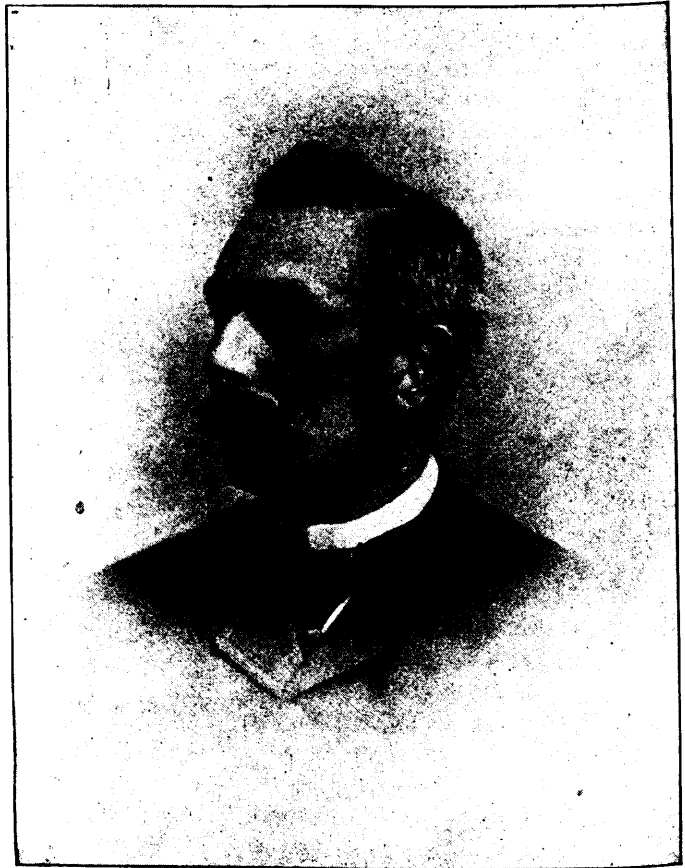
colony by right of conquest and treaty with the French, and the unfortunate concessions made to the latter in the Treaty of Utrecht (1713), have resulted in nothing but trouble to the colony. By this treaty the French were given a concurrent right with the English to "catch fish and dry them on land" on a part of the coast of Newfoundland, and this right was confirmed and their limits extended by subsequent treaties. The French have constantly claimed more than what, under a fair interpretation of the treaties, they were entitled to, and the British Government, instead of confining them within their rights, have, for purposes of Imperial expediency, sacrificed the rights of the colonists. The helpless position of the colony places its inhabitants at the mercy of the Imperial authorities, and their appeal to Canada in the present instance is for the purpose of strengthening their case with the Home Government. The occasion of the present agitation was the claim, on the part of France, to take and preserve lobsters and erect factories on the part of the coast where they have fishery rights. For this they have not the slightest shadow of right under the treaties; but the British Government, instead of taking immediate measures to protect the undoubted rights of the colonists, entered into a *modus vivendi* with the French, granting them the right to take lobsters for the present season. This was done without the consent of the people of Newfoundland, and raised a storm of indignation in the colony. Mass meetings were called and delegates were appointed to proceed to England and Canada to place the grievances of Newfoundland before the people of both countries, and ask their assistance in opposing the claims of the French and the supineness of the English authorities. The delegates to England are Sir James Winter, K.C.M.G., P. J. Scott, Esq., Q.C., and A. B. Morine, Esq., M.L.A. They arrived in England *via* New York last week. The delegates to Canada are D. J. Greene, Esq., Q.C., Donald Morrison, Esq., and P. R. Bowers, Esq., and we present our readers with their portraits in to-day's issue, taken from photographs by Notman. Mr. Greene and Mr. Morrison are both members of the Newfoundland Legislature, and Mr. Bowers is editor of the Newfoundland *Daily Colonist*. These gentlemen have performed the duties of their mission with marked tact and ability, and have been the means of disseminating among the people of Canada much valuable information concerning "Britain's oldest colony," which, we have no doubt, will bear good fruit in the future. Their labours in aid of their fellow-colonists have been eminently successful, and they take with them our fullest sympathy and heartiest good wishes in the work in which they are engaged.

"BAY LEAVES."

"I see," says "The Rambler" in the *Week*, "the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED accords Mr. Mercer Adam praise for Professor Goldwin Smith's recent classical translations. This is even unusual stupidity; an act of inadvertence of which the editor is, no doubt, by this time fully aware." Yes. That would be stupid, indeed. But we never dreamed of such a thing. On the contrary, after quoting at some length from the "learned author's Introduction," we mentioned distinctly that it was signed by "G. S." and dated from "The Grange, Toronto." All the praise that we gave to Mr. Adam was an acknowledgment of his courtesy in sending us a copy of the book, for which we take this opportunity of again expressing our gratitude to him.



DONALD MORRISON, Esq., DELEGATE FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



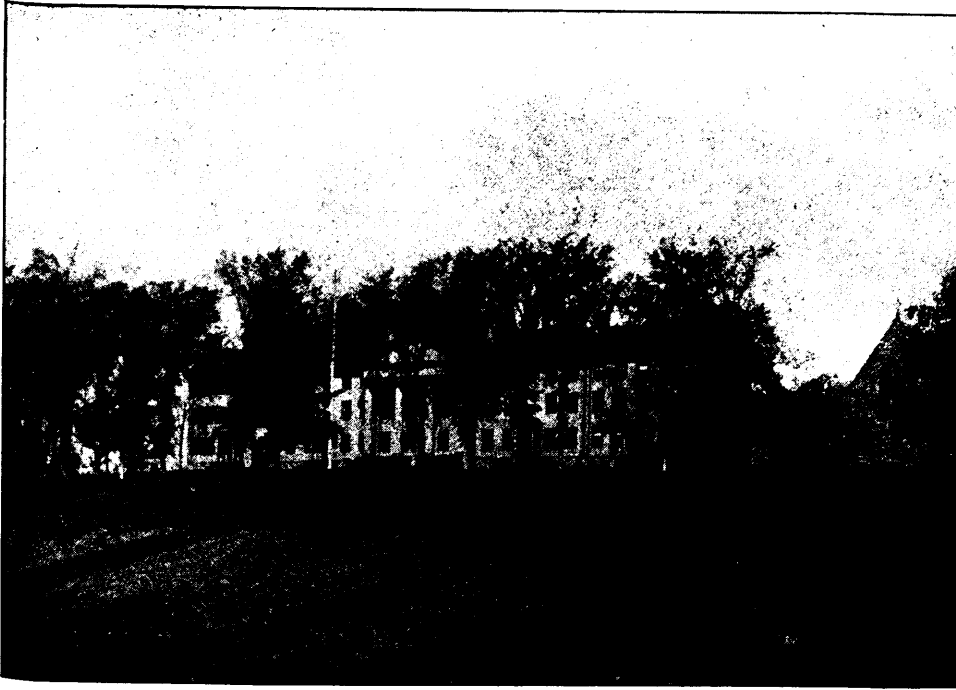
D. J. GREENE, Esq., Q.C., DELEGATE FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



P. R. BOWERS, Esq., DELEGATE FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



REV. DR. WILLET, PRESIDENT OF KING'S COLLEGE.

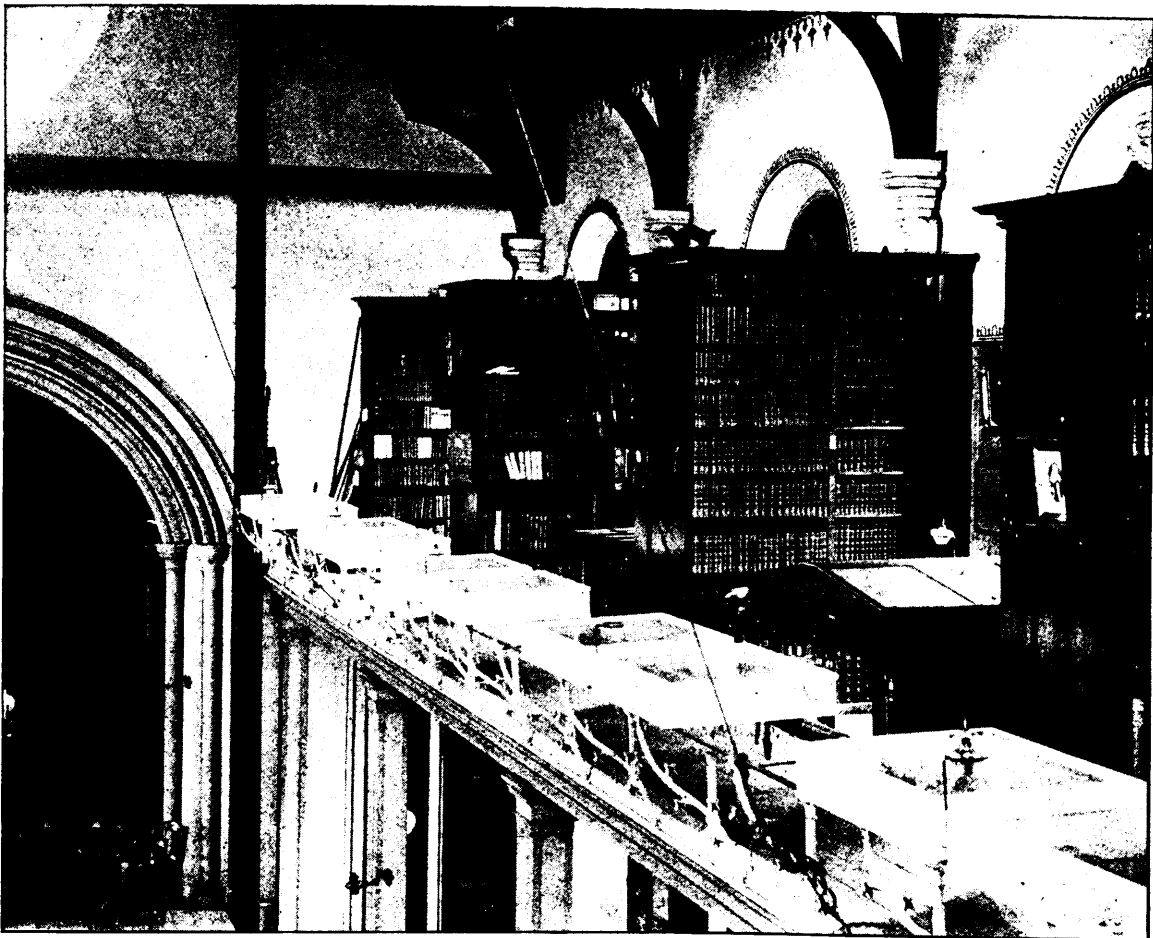


KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N.S.



A STUDENT'S ROOM.

THE KING'S COLLEGE CENTENARY.



THE KING'S COLLEGE CENTENARY.—THE LIBRARY.



THE ROYAL VISIT.—ARRIVAL OF THE PACIFIC STEAMSHIP ABYSSINIA WITH THE ROYAL PARTY.—The scene depicted in our engraving is one that the people of Victoria will not soon forget. Even in ordinary circumstances the advent of one of these fine monarchs of the western ocean is a sight worth seeing. The Abyssinia is one of a fleet of vessels, famous both for equipment and speed, which were once in the service of the Cunard line. They sail, as a rule, every fifteen days from the harbour of Vancouver for China and Japan—the route which they traverse being some 800 miles shorter than that which has its starting-point at San Francisco. The trip takes from twelve to fifteen days to Yokohama, and from seventeen to twenty to Hong Kong. At Yokohama connection is made for other ports in Japan, Eastern China and Corea; and at Hong Kong, for Sydney, Melbourne, Auckland, N.Z., Levuka (Fiji), Batavia (Java), Calcutta, and other points in Australasia, Oceania and the East Indies. The Duke, Duchess and suite had, on the whole, a most satisfactory voyage and expressed themselves as highly pleased with all the arrangements. Our "commissioner" had the honour to be one of the first to greet their Royal Highnesses, and to receive from the Duke expressions of kindly remembrance of his former sojourn in Canada. It is not unworthy of mention that a portrait of His Royal Highness adorned the first number of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, the publication of which, by the managing-director of this paper, was begun in October, 1869. His Royal Highness was also pleased to signify his approval of the *Dominion Illustrated*, copies of which, that came under his notice in India, had reminded him of the years spent in the Dominion. As our next issue will be entirely devoted to the rejoicings at Victoria—will be a Victoria number, in fact—we will not anticipate our commissioner's account of the proceedings. On Thursday, the 22nd ult., at eleven o'clock, the steamship reached Vancouver, and their Royal Highnesses were met by Mayor Oppenheimer and the City Council of that place, and the resident officers of the Canadian Pacific Railway. An address of welcome having been read by His Worship, His Royal Highness made a gracious reply and thanked the authorities and people of Vancouver for their loyal greeting. He was glad, he said, to find himself once more on Canadian soil. It was quite a new experience for him to come into a city only three years of age, and he was perfectly astounded at its size and thrift. The afternoon was spent by His Royal Highness in driving about the city and Stanley Park with Major-General Sir John McNeill and Mayor Oppenheimer. In the evening the Royal Party dined with Mayor and Mrs. Oppenheimer and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Abbott. They went aboard the special train immediately after dinner and left Vancouver at 8 o'clock in the morning. Both the Duke and the Duchess and Colonel McNeill spoke frequently of the wonderful progress of the young city, whose churches, hotels, civic buildings, private residences and other manifold signs of prosperity were a constant surprise to them, after living so long in the East with its millennial traditions and averseness to change. The impression made on the Vancouverites by the Royal Party was all that could be desired, and that go-a-head community is now more loyal than ever. The readiness with which their Royal Highnesses, notwithstanding their limited time, acceded to the request of our representative and allowed themselves to be photographed, deserves the gratitude of all our readers, who are also indebted to the enterprise and tact of Mr. Brownlee, who was our spokesman on the occasion.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DELEGATES.—Some particulars regarding these gentlemen and their important mission to Canada will be found in our editorial columns, to which the reader is referred.

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N.S.—King's College, which is to celebrate the centenary of its foundation this month, may fairly claim to be reckoned amongst the ancient institutions of the country. The original promoters of the college were Loyalist refugees, the chief of whom was Dr. Charles Inglis, who played a brave part as assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York, during the Revolutionary War, and was in 1787 consecrated Bishop of Nova Scotia, being the first colonial bishop. He may be regarded as the pioneer of higher education in the Maritime Provinces. His first care on coming to the province, which then included New Brunswick, was to secure a grant from the Legislature for a Boys' Academy at Windsor, and this done, he set himself to work to establish a college. When sufficient funds had been obtained by public and private benefactions, he secured the services of Rev. Dr. Cochran, formerly Professor of Classics at King's (now Columbia) College, N.Y., and the college was opened in the summer of 1790. A royal charter, conferring university powers, was granted by George III. in 1802. It is estimated that about 200 students, representing nearly all the best Loyalist families of the Maritime Provinces, passed through the college before the granting of the charter. The college is inseparably connected with the Church of England, the Archbishop of Canterbury being *ex officio* Patron, and the Bishop of Nova Scotia, Visitor, but no religious tests are imposed on students. The college is situated just outside the town of Windsor, on a hill sloping towards the south

and ornamented with tall and graceful elms. In the rear of the college is the cricket field, and behind that a wood of spruce, diversified by hill and dale, through which the direct road to town picturesquely winds. The main college building, shown in our engraving, was begun in 1791, and for many years served all the purposes of lecture rooms, hall, library, chapel, and residence for president and students. A second building, for the residence of the professors, was erected in 1855. This was destroyed by fire a few years ago, and its place has been supplied by detached cottages. The library and convocation hall, a handsome free-stone building, situated on the slope of the hill, below the main building, was erected by the Associated Alumni in 1865. The library, it may be noted in passing, is a very valuable one of about 10,000 volumes, and contains some rare bibliographical treasures. The chapel, which stands beside the main building, and is connected with it by a corridor, was built in 1878, chiefly through the liberality of the late Edward Binney, of Halifax, as a memorial of the Rev. Dr. Hensley, sometime Professor of Divinity at the college. The college staff at present consists of a president, five professors and two lecturers. The president, Rev. Dr. Willets, is a graduate of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and before his appointment to his present position was favourably known as Head Master of the Collegiate School. Three of the Faculty—Professors Butler, Vroom and Jones—are graduates of the college, the latter being also a graduate with honours of Heidelberg. Prof. Kennedy, vice-president, is a graduate of McGill, and formerly held the position of Professor of Natural Science at Acadia College. Prof. Roberts, who is a graduate of the University of New Brunswick, is already well known to our readers.

THE BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL AND MCGILL COLLEGE CRICKET MATCH.—Some time ago it was announced that the Cricket Club of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, would play a series of matches with the McGill, Montreal and St. James Cricket Clubs of this city. On Thursday, the 29th ult., the first of the series came off between the Bishop's College School and McGill college clubs. It is this match which is illustrated in our engraving. The pitch was in excellent condition and the weather all that could be desired. Captain Smith, of Bishop's College, won the toss, and selected to send his men to the bat. The boys showed excellent form, and their fielding was all that could be desired; but the bowling of Mackie and Muir, and the batting of Muir, Robertson and Langley proved too strong, while the fielding of McGill was very good, Ramsay, at coverpoint, being especially noticeable. The match resulted in a victory for McGill by six wickets. The following is the score:

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL (LENNOXVILLE).

<i>First Innings.</i>		<i>Second Innings.</i>	
Heneker, b Muir.....	0	Heneker, b Muir.....	2
Stewart, b Mackie.....	5	Stewart, b Mackie.....	0
Brice (Pro.), b Muir.....	15	Brice, c Hamilton.....	10
Kaulbach, b Mackie.....	3	Kaulbach, b Mackie.....	11
McLeod, b Mackie.....	4	McLeod, run out.....	6
H. S. Smith, b Muir.....	2	F. W. Frith, b Mackie.....	0
F. W. Frith, run out.....	0	H. S. Smith, c b Mackie.....	9
Drury, b Mackie.....	0	Drury, c Hamilton.....	4
E. C. Smith, b Muir.....	0	E. C. Smith, b Langley.....	0
Crosby, b Mackie.....	0	Stone, run out.....	0
Stone, not out.....	0	Crosby, not out.....	0
Byes.....	3	Byes.....	2
Leg byes.....	1	Leg byes.....	1
Total.....	33	Total.....	45

Bowling Analysis.

	B	R	M	W
Mackie.....	49	13	5	5
Muir.....	45	16	4	4

MCGILL COLLEGE CRICKET CLUB.

<i>First Innings.</i>		<i>Second Innings.</i>	
Prof. Moyses, c McLeod, b		Patterson, b Smith.....	0
Brice.....	3	Robertson, b Brice.....	3
Ramsay, b McLeod.....	0	Hewettson, not out.....	1
Mackie, c s't'd Frith, b Brice.....	3	Yates, c Stewart, b Brice.....	0
Muir, c Crosby, b Brice.....	24	Muir, b H. S. Smith.....	0
Yates, c Kaulbach, b Brice.....	2	Hamilton, not out.....	4
Hamilton, E. H., c and b			
Brice.....	0	Total for four wickets.....	8
Hewettson, c Frith, b Brice.....	9		
Langley, b Smith, H. S.....	4		
Oughtred, b Brice.....	0		
Patterson, not out.....	7		
Robertson, run out.....	14		
Byes.....	4		
Wide balls.....	1		
Total.....	71		

COLLINGWOOD HARBOUR.—Our readers will find in this engraving a characteristic Canadian scene, representative of the awakening commercial life of our great inland ports at this season of the year. Collingwood, as they are aware, is a thriving incorporated town and port of entry, on Notawasaga Bay, on the south shore of that portion of Lake Huron known as Georgian Bay. It is in the County of Simcoe, and is less than a hundred miles from Toronto, with which, as with all the other chief centres of population and trade in Canada and on the continent, it is connected by railway. It contains several flourishing factories and a number of stores which do a large business with the surrounding country. Its lumber, grain and produce trade is extensive, and its shipyards and elevators are well worth seeing. Some notion of the character and extent of the grain trade at this port may be obtained from the fleet of vessels shown in our illustration, the first to arrive this spring. It carries an aggregate freight of 400,000 bushels, from which statement it may be imagined what the business yields during the season and how many men must procure employment from it. The harbour of Collingwood is one of the finest in fresh water within the boundaries of

the Dominion. The dry dock connected with it is capable of receiving the largest class of lake vessels. It is kept constantly occupied, under the management of the Great Northern Transportation Company, which has a large number of steamers running from the port. The scenery at Collingwood is in harmony with its great natural facilities for trade, and is much admired by visitors.

SPRING IMPRESSIONS.

A MEDLEY OF POETRY AND PROSE.

The morning sun throws an emerald radiance over woods and fields, enchanting in their spring-tide beauty. Happy, silvery-winged birds are skimming o'er a pure blue sky, and some sober-coloured little songsters, merry for all their quakery looks, are twittering on the hedges and tree tops. The leaf buds are bursting and swelling, and the flowers are unfolding their long hidden loveliness. The water music of rippling streams purls in our ears, and the soft winds caress us with murmurs of delight.

'Tis spring, and the spring feeling, the gladness of spring is in our heart.

We are not always happy. Man was not made to be always happy; but when the spring sun shines upon us; when the spring voices sound in our ears; when the spring fragrance and freshness fill the air; when all nature rejoices in returning life, then that elusive bird called "Happiness," which we are forever pursuing, tarries with us of its own sweet will and sings a song so loud and clear that our little home bird, "Sorrow," hides its head under its wing and appeareth as if dead.

Our love for Spring has ever been deep and true, although until now, until we could obtain the sanction of Time to prove its worth, we made no protestations of affection, finding, as many young lovers find, more charm and romance in a secret love than in one known to the world.

Be that as it may, the communicativeness of our nature will no longer be repressed, and though to us be not given the "faculty divine," the power of expressing all that we feel and see in words which sound melodious to the ear and create for Fancy's eye scenes of beauty, yet out of a heart which hath ever been open to the sweet charm of Spring there cannot but escape a few earnest words in acknowledgment of that charm.

Then let earnestness be the substitute of eloquence, and believe us when we say that no true Irishman's breast, when beholding a display of his national colour on St. Patrick's Day, throbs with more enthusiastic pleasure than ours when our eyes are gladdened by the sight of woods and fields so fair and young in their greenness that they seem to grow greener even as we gaze.

Another lease of life and hope is given us "when the robin nests again"; for the spring time of the year recalls the spring-time of life and the glory of the fresh young earth brings back to us the hopes and dreams of youth. And, oh, what rainbow hopes have been ours, what bright, and to doubting minds, what impossible dreams we have dreamt! Even when too young, perhaps, to think seriously, did we love the hours of solitude in which we could dream, could look into the Future through Fancy's magic mirror and see therein beings which were to exist for us, flowers which were to bloom for us, birds which were to sing for us,—some day—some day.

And though we are no longer a nonsensical child, and though our human sympathies are as warm as it is needful for them to be without inconveniencing us by their heat (he that hath a taste for solitude is generally considered misanthropic), yet there are times even now when we love to wander alone into a realm of hopes and dreams very little different from the fairyland To-Come of our childhood.

And tell us not on such a bright day as this that 'tis unwise to be so sanguine and hopeful. 'Tis spring-time now, and though Despondency may visit us during the other seasons of the year, in the happy, buoyant, life-giving spring it seemeth impossible to be too hopeful, too joyous, too trustful.

We hope for blessings, and we believe that we shall get them, and to those who talk of "Blighted Hopes" we would say: There is enough pleasure in anticipation; there is enough charm in things hoped for though not possessed, and there is enough cheerfulness and courage given us through hoping to recompense us for all the "Blighted Hopes" that this world has to blight.

What a dreary, hopeless, effortless being is he who will not hope because he fears his hopes may be disappointed; who seeth nothing in the future worth striving for!

We can suffer with those who have suffered wrongs, perchance beyond the righting; we can weep for those whose hearts unnoticed broke amidst this world's great traffic; we can mourn for those whom the grave hath robbed of all that was dear to them, and can sympathize with those remorse-tortured ones, who, gifted with utmost divine wisdom, yet, wilfully turned from the guiding light and with eyes that saw all the horror and shame before them walked into the arms of sin.

Yes, we can feel for all these, for we have often gazed (though not in the spring time) into the melancholy deep of life; but we cannot, no, we cannot waste our sympathy on one who can stand in the beneficial, wholesome spring sunshine and ask us despondently the question, "Is life worth living?" To such a one we can only reply, "The question is not whether life is worth living, but it is whether you are worthy to have the gift of life bestowed on you. The worth of life depends upon your own worth, and if, with all the spring influences around you, you can find nothing better

to do than to ask that question, then your worth is, indeed, small.

And, now look up, all ye who are weary, sorrow-stricken and broken-hearted; look up, as the sky raiseth itself in spring; look up and believe and feel that just as the flowers are blooming afresh over the graves of sister flowers of other years, so also is it possible for hope, faith and love to rise again in the heart in which they once withered and died.

For thee, who knowest how to love;
For thee, who weavest fancies bright,
'Here is a glory in the Spring,
'Here is a rapturous delight.
For thee, there's music in the wind,
Whose unseen chords the green trees bind,
And Nature's smiles are more than kind
For thee. Ah, yes for thee.
For thee, the sunbeams haunt the streams,
Bewitch the leaves, dance in the air;
For thee, the sapphire sky of Spring
Hath charms with which no charms compare.
For thee, the sweet wild flowerets spring;
For thee, the joyous song-birds sing;
For thee, rejoiceth every thing.
For thee! Ah, yes for thee.

May, 1890.

EDITH EATON.

THE WAR OF 1812.

(CONTINUED FROM NO. 98.)

The next move of the enemy was on the 27th of November, after the armistice between General Smyth and General Sheaffe was ended. It took place at the upper end of Grand Isle, between Fort Erie and Chippewa, when two of the small outposts of the British were, after a stubborn resistance, overpowered. On hearing the news, Colonel Bishopp immediately left Fort Chippewa and formed a junction with Major Ormsby, from Fort Erie. Early next morning a second division of the enemy attempted to land, but were repulsed by a steady fire of musketry and a six-pounder, which destroyed two boats and compelled the remainder to take to flight. General Smyth, who had remained on the other side, no doubt busily composing more of his wonderful and heart-stirring proclamations, was amazed at his men returning in such a manner—had he not sent them forth to victory?—a sure and easy victory over a *broken down force*. Had he not sent them forth burning with zeal to accomplish the great deeds which he had with so much eloquence put forth in his proclamation. There was some misunderstanding, surely, and forthwith he despatched a message to Colonel Bishopp, desiring him to surrender Fort Erie. To which Colonel Bishopp made answer "Come and take it." General Smyth did not, however, accept this invitation, but after a little further display of his forces on the other side, ordered them to winter quarters, greatly to their annoyance, which showed itself so strongly that he was at last obliged to take to flight to save himself from their indignation. And in this manner ended the third attempt to take Upper Canada; closing the campaign of 1812, with a result that reflected nothing but the greatest honour and glory upon Canada, who had, with her few regiments of regulars and hastily levied militia, proved herself more than a match for the enemy. And herein lay the secret of her success—that her people were firmly united and fought as only men can fight when they see all that is dear to them about to be sacrificed. Side by side French and English, Protestant and Catholic, fought, and never a word about creed and nationality was heard; for were they not defending their common country—their beloved Canada. This feeling is shown in the following passage, which appeared about this time in the *Montreal Canadian Courant*: "The young men move forward in solid columns towards the enlisting officers with an expression of countenance not to be mistaken. The Canadians are awakening from the repose of an age secured to them by good government and virtuous habits. Their anger is fresh—the object of their preparation simple and distinct. They are to defend their king, known to them only by acts of kindness, and a native country long since made sacred by the exploits of their forefathers."

General Dearborn on hearing of the enthusiastic preparations and united feeling of the people where he had hoped for results far otherwise, determined to abandon his design of invading the Lower Province for the present and retired into winter quarters at Plattsburg and Burlington.

The Legislature of Lower Canada met on the 29th December and granted the following sums:

£15,000 to equip the militia; £1,000 for hospitals; £25,000 towards the support of the war, and £400 to improve the communication between Lower and Upper Canada.

Of the 399 vessels which left Quebec during the year 1812, 21 were built that year in the city.

While the campaign of 1812 had proved disastrous to the enemy on land, it had been lost sight of in the brilliant victories achieved by them at sea. England had at this time a thousand vessels afloat, but many of them were insufficiently manned and their equipments were far from perfect. Those of the enemy, on the contrary, though few in number, were new and well built and of great speed.

On August 19th the Constitution encountered the Guerrière, a vessel captured by the British from the French. She was returning from a long cruise to refit. She carried 48 guns and a crew of 244. The Constitution, on the contrary, was just fresh from port, with 56 guns and a crew of 460. For two hours the fight raged yard-arm to yard-arm, till the Guerrière lay a perfect wreck, with all her masts gone, and slowly but surely sinking, and not till then did her commander yield her up.

The next engagement took place in October. The Frolic, damaged in a gale, was refitting rigging, when she encountered the American Wasp. After an hour's fighting she was carried by boarding, the only men living on her decks being three officers and the man at the wheel.

Again, on the 25th the Macedonian was captured by the United States, with a crew of 424, to that of the Macedonian's 254. The fight lasted three hours, first at long range, then in close fight, and in endeavours to board, which were vain, owing to a tremendous sea. The Macedonian was at last obliged to lower her flag, being in a helpless condition and exposed to a raking broadside, with a loss of 104 killed and wounded, while that of the enemy was only 12. The closing disaster of this year was the loss of the Java frigate, under command of the brave young hero Lambert, who was on his way to the East Indian station with a crew composed of poachers, smugglers and other desperate characters. On the 29th December he encountered the Constitution. The inequality of the two in respect to broadside and crews was much the same as the previous contests. Lambert, who was one of the bravest of the brave, saw that his only chance was at close quarters, and succeeded in getting alongside of the Constitution. And for three hours and a half the fight raged furiously. Lambert, attempting to board the Constitution, was fatally wounded, whereupon his motley crew, undisciplined and many totally ignorant of the mode of fighting, but with true British courage, fought still more desperately to revenge the fall of their brave young commander. The rigging and running gear took fire, and added to the horror of the struggle. So ruined and riddled was she when taken that the American commander, after having saved the remainder of her crew, left her to the devouring flames.

When the news of these losses reached England she seemed for a moment stunned by the blow. That she, who had compelled the nations of Europe to bow before her power on the seas, should now be conquered by a nation of such recent growth was humiliating. While the rest of Europe gloated over the astonishing and unprecedented results of the conflict, England, after her first deep growl of resentment, said no more, but quietly set about remedying the evil and grappling more vigorously with one of her many foes, who at this time were occupied in trying to tear her to pieces. As fast as she shook off one others were ready to take his place, till it seemed well-nigh hopeless; but, though she might be sturled for a while, she awakened to mightier efforts.

The campaign of 1813 commenced early in the year, the plan of the enemy being to recover Detroit and assail Upper Canada by way of Amherstburg; to move against the forts on the Niagara frontier, Erie, Chippewa and George; to capture Kingston and York; and, lastly, to move against Montreal by way of Lake Champlain. The respective forces of the two armies at this time were: That of General Dearborn over 13,000 men of all arms; to oppose this Sir George Prevost had not more

than 3,000 regulars and militia. At Sackett's Harbour there were 200 regulars and 2,000 militia. At Lake Champlain 3,000 regulars and 2,000 militia. To oppose this force there were scattered at Kingston, Prescott and other posts on the line 1,500 men. On the Niagara frontier the enemy had 3,300 regulars and 2,000 militia. To oppose these were 1,700 men in Fort George and 600 men on the rest of the frontier, 36 miles in length. On the western frontier General Harrison had about 2,000 men, Proctor's force being about 1,000 troops and 1,200 Indians and militiamen.

THE OVERHEAD SYSTEM OF ELECTRICAL TRAMWAYS.

It is being proposed to adopt in England a modification of the system of electrical tramways which is now largely in use in America. By this system the motive power is obtained from a "naked conductor" of electricity carried overhead and supported at intervals along the street on telegraph poles. This method is well suited to suburban traffic; and Mr. Wynne, of 5 Westminister Chambers, has devised a modification of it for use in crowded streets where overhead wires are undesirable. Mr. Wynne's method consists in the use of an insulated underground conductor communicating with the moving car. All openings in the street pavement are dispensed with; there is no hole or place into which road grit and sludge can get, where it would abrade the conductors and require drainage or catchpits for its removal or collection. The cost of the alteration, as stated in a report on the system made by the engineers of the Brush Engineering Company, is declared to be no more than the capital cost of the horses and horse-cars, which are dispensed with.

ADVICE TO A LITERARY ASPIRANT.

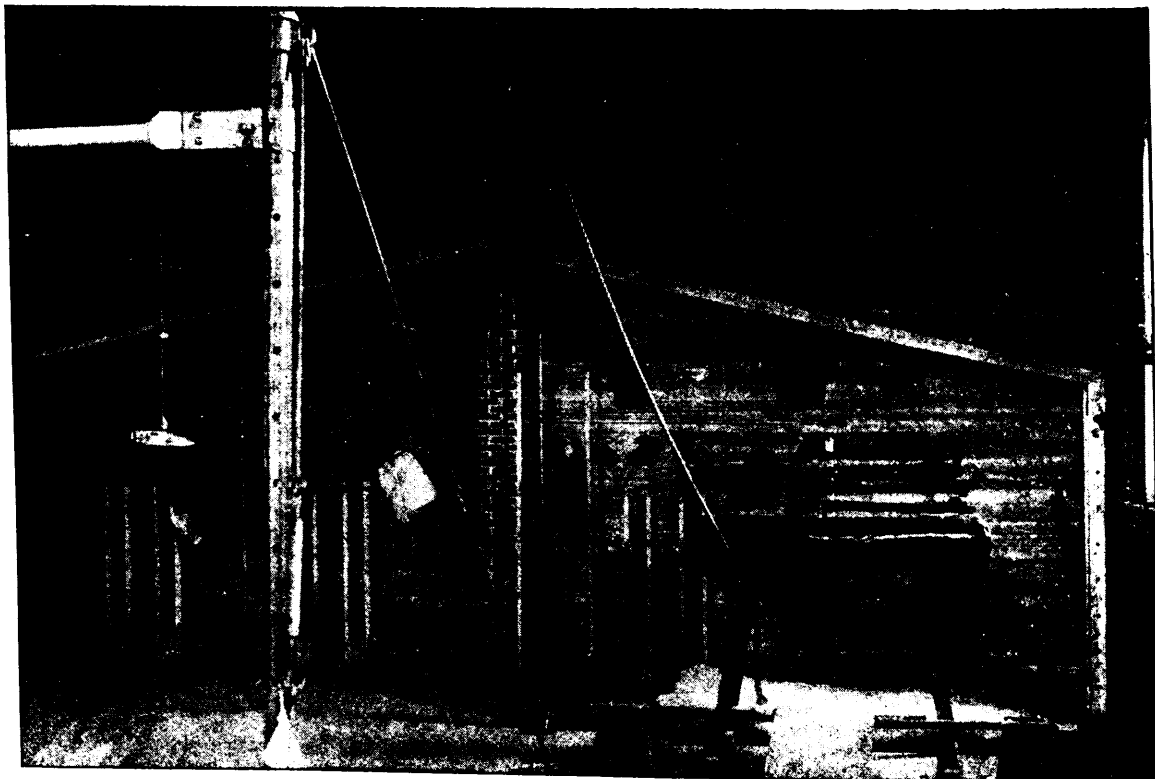
"If your story or poem makes a successful sensation, it may cause the papers to talk of you, and that you cannot help; but if you cause the papers to talk, it will never make your story or poem a success, and can only cast a reflection on your good sense and good breeding." If the "literary aspirant" would only remember this and act upon it, it would be a good thing for him or her. A newspaper success is not a real success. If you happen to belong to the Pegasus Club, which is largely composed of journalists, and if you are a pretty good fellow and—like Colonel Sellers—"love the newspaper boys," you will find your name constantly appearing in print. Indeed, you will read so much about your genius that you will wonder why the publishers are so slow to accept your manuscripts, and why the public which has seen so much in the papers about your "cosy little flat," your "bric-à-brac," and your manner of working, is so slow to buy your books. The reason for this apparent want of appreciation on the part of the publisher and the public, is that your success is only that of "puffing." Your work has no real merit, and your name would never be seen in print if you were not on such good terms with the amiable but indiscriminating young men who fill the columns of the daily papers.—*Writer.*

THE NAMING OF NOVELS.

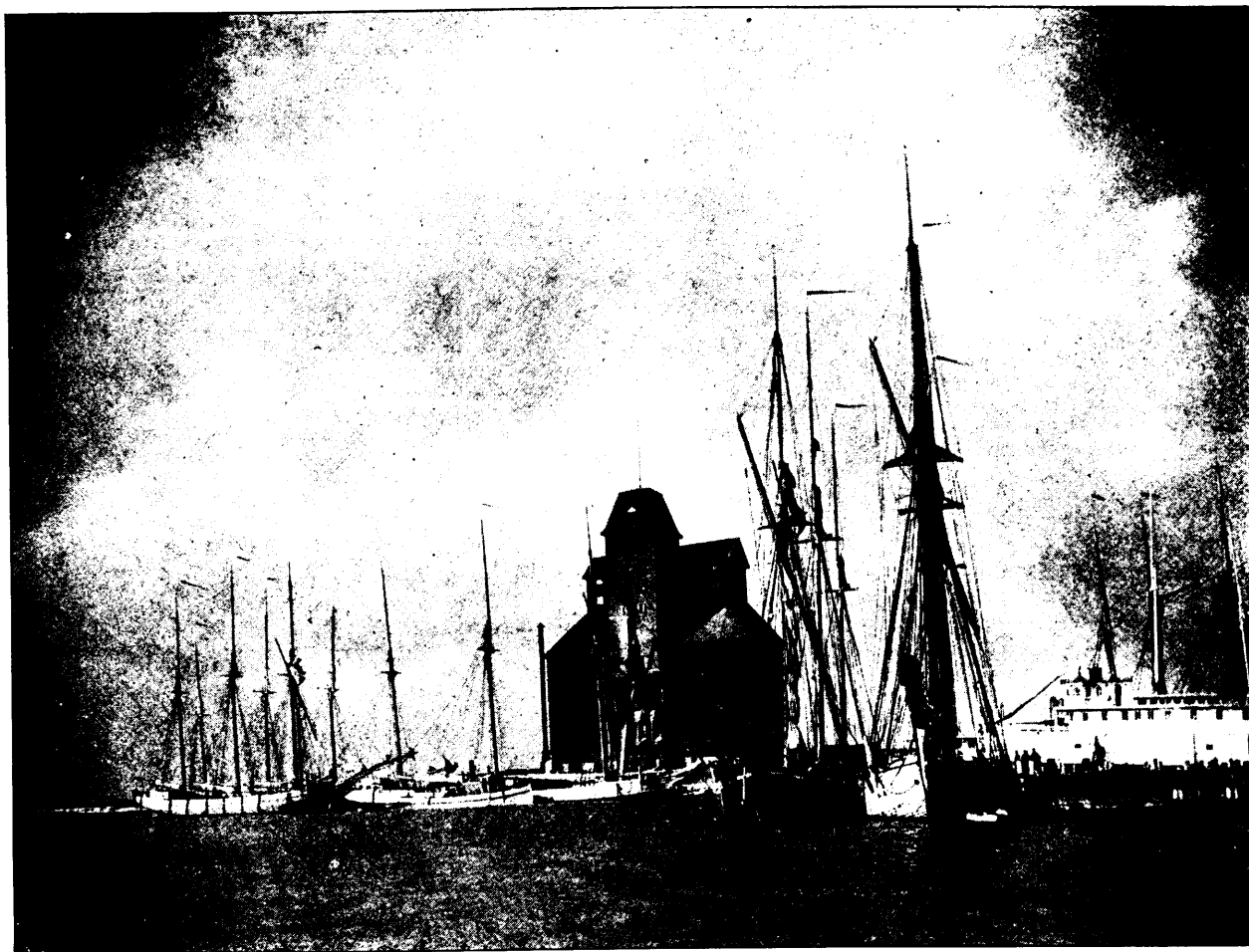
Even the undaunted Dumas, who tackles history more directly and more at large than Scott ever chose to do, calls his famous book, not after Richelieu, Mazarin, or Louis XIV., but after the "Three Musketeers." That is an admirable title by the way, so mysterious and suggestive. There is always something fascinating about numbers in titles, and here the title is none the less admirable that the musketeers were in fact not three but four, and that the fourth was the best of the bunch, the immortal d'Artagnan. If Constable did Scott a bad turn over "Kenilworth," he made amends by getting "Herries" changed to the high-sounding romantic name "Redgauntlet." "Herries" would have served, but it is not the pleasant mouthful that "Redgauntlet" is. Indeed as the Waverley Novels are the best of all romances, so their names are the best of all names. "Waverley," "Old Mortality," "The Heart of Midlothian"—they are perfect. Scott's answer to Constable put the wisdom of the thing in a nutshell. His titles arouse curiosity without discounting it; they are distinctive and appropriate, come trippingly off the tongue and satisfy the ear, and have withal a twang of romance about them. Scott, of course, besides his genius, had the advantage of coming early in the day, and had no need to shout to make himself heard amid the din of a crowd. Miss Austen died only a very few years after Scott turned from poetry to prose romance, and Lytton was only beginning to write as the wonderful Waverley series were drawing to a close in stress and difficulty. Most novels naturally derive their point and principle of unity from the character or career, the action or passion, of some one among the personages. And the name of that person, as Constable urged rightly enough, supplies the natural name for the book. Accordingly among the myriads of works of fiction this form of title is out and away the most common. With the exception of Jane Austen's double-barrelled alliterative titles "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," which also have not been without their influence, up to Scott's time the chief novels were named after the hero or heroine.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*



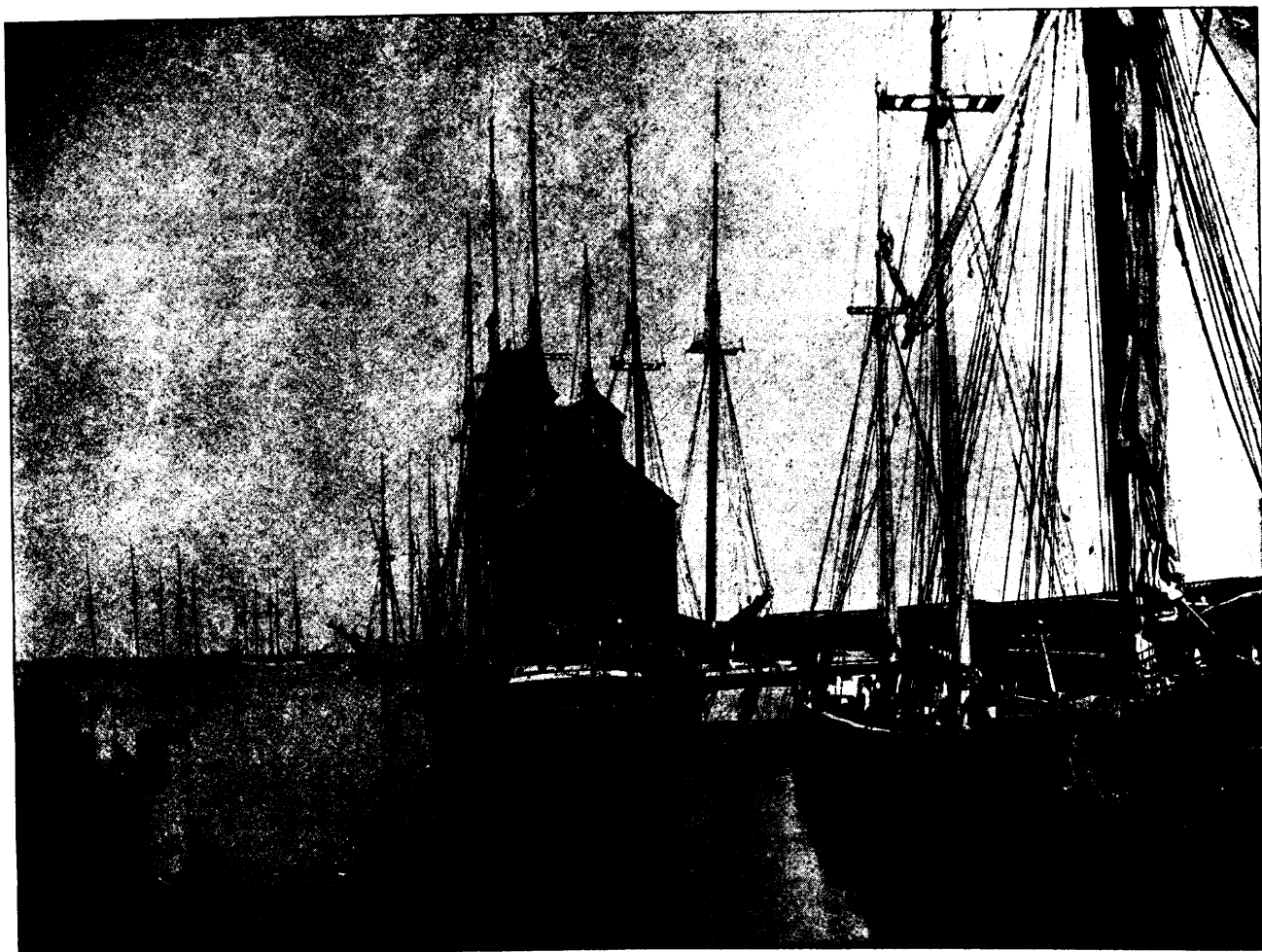
THE KING'S COLLEGE CENTENARY.—HENSLEY MEMORIAL CHAPEL.



THE KING'S COLLEGE CENTENARY.—A CORNER OF THE GYMNASIUM.



FLEET OF GRAIN LADEN VESSELS AT COLLINGWOOD, GEORGIAN BAY, ONT.
(Fanjoy, photo.)



COLLINGWOOD HARBOUR, LOOKING WEST, SHOWING THE G. T. R.V. ELEVATORS.
(Fanjoy, photo.)

TWO PICTURES.

BY HELEN FAIRHAIRN.

Once more the door opened, and this time Dr. Clarendon entered, bringing, as all the others had done, a sample of the outside atmosphere into the hall with him. He glanced at the girl as he was about to pass on. She arose.

"I have been waiting for you, doctor."

"Oh! I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, "come into the study. Have you waited long?"

"About twenty minutes."

"How came the maid to leave you in the hall? She should have brought you into the drawing-room. A new servant, I suppose. I must give her to understand that my patients are not to be treated in that way."

Requesting her to be seated, he left the room, and returned presently minus overcoat and cap. "Now, let me have a look at the poor forehead," he said, smiling genially and approaching his patient's chair. She removed her hat and he deftly loosened the bandage. "Oh, very well; that's doing very well indeed," he said, holding her head with that firm, professional touch, that has a sort of mesmerically calming influence upon our nerves, and often keeps us still, when, under other hands, we should be struggling and screaming.

He gently applied to the still slightly inflamed spot some cooling lotion, noting, meanwhile, lines and shadows on the quiet face that told of pain and weariness.

"Did you enjoy your holidays?" she inquired presently, half-timidly. His mention of his trip home for Christmas had interested her strangely. It must be so rarely comforting to have a home to go to for one's holidays; some place to be welcomed and loved. She had thought of it so often that her question was almost involuntary.

"I did, indeed!" rejoined the doctor heartily, leaning back against the mantel-shelf and looking down at his patient's wistful grey eyes. "I was only sorry that I had so few days to spare. Did you? Have you been away at all, or is your home here?" he added, regretting the question immediately.

"No," the girl replied, the lines and shadows deepening and the grey eyes growing more wistful. "No, I have not been away and my home isn't here. It isn't anywhere. I board near Bleury street. I am an orphan and have no home in reality."

"That's a hard case!" ejaculated Clarendon, with so much of sympathy in his tone that his patient's eyelids drooped and her lip quivered. "But you know," he added quickly, "that sometimes, when things seem very hard, they are only working towards a vastly improved condition. We often give up hope too soon, I think. A new and beautiful brightness may come suddenly, and drive away the gloom."

"Such is the life of man—a shifting of scenes—with the ranges from one extreme to the next—the rise and ebb of the soul; and what is our bliss mid it all? Why, always to change with the changes,

Though our single purpose is fixed on the one immutable goal,"

he quoted thoughtfully. It was certainly the poet who was speaking now. He was about to begin the next verse, when the girl, with a swift, upward glance, interpolated:

"He made a mistake there."

"A mistake!" repeated Clarendon, curiously.

"Yes. He says, 'And what is our bliss mid it all.' He should have known that there is no 'bliss mid it all.'"

For a few moments the doctor regarded her silently. Then he spoke. "You have troubles," half interrogatively. A flash of the grey eyes and a compression of the sad lips answered him. He continued: "The man who wrote the lines I have just quoted was no stranger to trouble.* He 'had known sorrow,' and yet he took heart of grace and added to the wail of his threnody this last verse:

"Then, to-night, I will chase my sorrow with that wild gust of December;
The gloom where I sit is gone, and the gleams of the morning appear;
The past shall be buried anew in the dust of the smouldering ember,
For the future rises before me in the flush of the dawning year."

With parted lips and eager eyes she listened, a slight flush rising to her face meanwhile. When Clarendon paused there was silence, broken only by the ticking of his brass clock on the mantel. Presently the flush died away, and the eager interest was replaced by an intensely pathetic expression, as clasping her slender fingers, she said earnestly:

"If one could—if one only could feel like that! A new strength to go out into the future with. An ability to take hold of circumstances and work some good and happiness out of them, instead of being tied down by them to their own treadmill."

"That," responded Dr. Clarendon quickly, "is the inevitable consequence of not taking hold of them. I know," he continued, "it is easy for those who are not tried to talk of what others should do; but I think it well to remember that most people are hard-pressed in one way or another, and if we knew through what difficulties some brave hearts have fought their way, our own course would seem much smoother. At the worst, we have still cause for thankfulness. To-night food, shelter and clothing would make some poor souls in this very city supremely happy."

"I should not complain, I know," she assented; "but even sheltered, clothed and fed we may still feel pain. Don't you think so?"

"I know it, indeed; and I do not mean to make light

of your troubles, but I would, if I could, persuade you to look away from them. I wish I could help you in some way, but not knowing what—" He broke off, uncertain how to proceed. To say that he didn't know what her troubles were would be almost equivalent to asking their nature. She looked up—half surprised, half pleased.

"It is kind of you to say that, but you couldn't help me. Nobody can."

"Oh, yes, somebody can," interjected the doctor hopefully.

She smiled; then resumed: "I am an orphan. I have not a friend in the world. I am obliged to do wearisome work during the greater part of the day for a plain maintenance. After all, there are hundreds of others no better off than I who go along bravely, and seem even to get some happiness out of it all, but I have never learned their secret."

There was such utter, helpless sadness in her demeanour as she made this simple statement, that Keith Clarendon involuntarily exclaimed:

"My poor child! You are suffering from the absence of pleasure as much as from the presence of pain. You need something to be interested in; someone to be friendly with."

He made an abrupt pause. All at once he saw the hollowness of recommending to her the pleasures of friendship while withholding the offer of his own, as evidence of a practical interest in her acceptance of his advice. A train of argumentative thoughts flashed through his mind as he stood there. There was the possibility of her being able to form other friendships.

Then there was the almost certainty that any congenial and beneficial to her were beyond her reach. There was the endless "unwisdom" of his making any attempt to be her friend. Again, there was the possibility that she had never been able to confide to anyone else the simple tale of her lonely life, and that confidence, of itself, entailed an obligation.

Presently an idea struck him. "Are you fond of reading?" he inquired with a degree of abrupt irrelevance that almost startled his auditor. She replied without hesitation in the affirmative. "Then you must let me give you a couple of books." He strode over to his book shelves and pulled out a volume of Phillips Brooks' sermons.

"That will do for one," was his mental comment. "That's both tonic and nourishment. Now for a sedative. I want an easy going, old-fashioned story, not tragical, but thoroughly interesting. A soothing book that will give her mind a rest. 'Thornycroft Hall.' The very thing!"

Seating himself at the table and lifting a pen from the stand, he dipped it into his heavy, flat ink bottle, and upon the fly leaf of the sermons wrote:

"Take short views: hope for the best, and trust in God."
—*Sydney Smith.*

Then taking the story, he dipped his pen again, thought until the ink had dried, dipped it once more and wrote:

"Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn and ask
Of Him to be our friend."

—*Wordsworth.*

Just as he placed them in her hands, the loud clanging of the dinner-bell resounded through the house. The girl arose quickly, and was about to put on her hat when the doctor interposed:

"Allow me to replace the bandage. You must wear it until the inflammation is quite gone for fear of cold."

This done, she hesitated, as though wishing to say something, and yet undecided as to how to begin. Finally, she spoke.

"To what extent am I indebted to you, doctor?"

"Oh! not at all," replied Clarendon coolly.

"Oh! yes; I am. I must be. I mean, what do I owe you for your professional services?"

"Nothing, I assure you," repeated the doctor. He had resolved not to charge her anything, and yet feared that his consideration might, in her eyes, assume the form of charity. "Really," he continued, "I could not charge any fee for so small a service. Surely you would let any friend bathe a cut on your forehead, and tie it up, without calling him to account for it afterward!"

He laughed at the little play upon the words in the last phrase. His patient laughed too, and her protest ended there. She extended her hand and thanked him sincerely for his kindness. The doctor grasped her hand cordially and waived her thanks. They left the room and walked towards the door, meeting the other boarders hurrying downstairs in response to the noisy summons of the bell. Clarendon opened the door, and then with a sudden impulse stepped forward and resting his hand lightly on her arm, said: "Take courage. I trust there is a happy life before you. Good night." And once more the sad-eyed girl passed out into the darkness.

III.

March came in with all its traditional leonine severity and went out like a nice little orthodox lamb. April was equally up to the mark in presenting a typical succession of smiles and tears. (Some of us always see more tears than smiles on her fickle face.) Streams of water from the melting ice stole along, and meeting one another, gurgled down the mountain side. In one place a literal torrent tore its way past rocks and trees, carrying with it last year's dead leaves and broken twigs.

Out in the grand St. Lawrence great blocks of ice from Lake St. Louis floated down midstream—coldly white against the coldly dark current. Along the shores and for

some distance out ice still covered the water. There were great irregular heaps and blocks driven up and in by the recent "shove" all along the river front. One could hardly believe, in looking at the piled-up harbour, that a few short weeks only would elapse before a whole fleet of barques, steamboats, tugs, barges, yachts and ocean steamships would there find their moorings.

The city streets were eminently unsatisfactory. Mud and slush predominated. When the sun was high thin clouds of vapour arose from the damp footpaths. Very disreputable remnants of snow and ice still lingered at the sides of the streets, slowly lessening under the influence of April's watery sunshine. Towards evening even this withdrew, and grey dullness prevailed. Keith Clarendon, walking with his accustomed rapid strides along St. Catherine street at five o'clock in the afternoon, shivered in his light, drab overcoat.

"How are you, doctor?" called a voice from a hansom standing at the Queen's Hall block.

Clarendon paused beside the hansom to exchange a few words with its occupant—a portly, prosperous merchant.

"Going home, Mr. Hadleigh?"

"Yes, yes. Going home early to-night. Got to have time to get on my claw-hammer and my company to-dinner-face, you know. Ha! ha!"

"You're entertaining to-night, eh?" asked the doctor carelessly.

"Oh, yes; regular shindy, dinner party. Edisons, Grants, Williams, Gordons, etc., etc."

Clarendon looked up quickly at the last name.

"Cold evening, isn't it?" continued the merchant.

"Very," responded Clarendon, "and April cold makes one bluer than the depths of winter. Good evening, Mr. Hadleigh. I must be off."

"Good evening, doctor. What's the matter with him now?" he muttered to himself as Clarendon hurried off. "He was coming up at a fiendish pace when I hailed him, and now, instead of going on up town, he's turned down again."

Such was indeed the case. The doctor's long swinging steps were taking him eastward as fast as possible. At Phillips Square he turned, and, proceeding down Beaver Hall Hill, presently reached the florist's where he had purchased a rose at Christmas time. After a survey of the contents of the window, he entered and promptly selected a pair of beautiful Jacqueminot roses. "They will do as they are," he said to the girl behind the counter, "their own leaves are quite enough."

Leaving the shop, he hailed a passing cab and stepping in, directed the driver to the Bell Telephone office on St. Catherine street. On the way there, he busied himself with his parcel. Taking from his pocket-book a little envelope addressed to Miss Gordon, — Sherbrooke street, he extracted from it a card, inscribed on the face as before, and bearing on the reverse the following lines:

Edna, thine be fairest flowers!
Even though thorns be mine.
Sunshine fill thy summer hours,
Edna, thine be fairest flowers,
Roses culled from rarest bowers,
Happy to be thine.
Edna, thine be fairest flowers,
Even though thorns be mine!

"Good thing I happened to have it ready for this emergency," he soliloquized, slipping the card into the tiny envelope, which he sealed and pinned to the parcel containing the Jacqueminots. Just as this operation was completed, the cab pulled up at the Telephone Company's District Messenger Service. Dr. Clarendon sent the carter in with the parcel, ten cents, and directions to secure a messenger to take the first mentioned to the address indicated on the envelope. This done, he settled himself in the corner of the cab, and was driven to his boarding house on McGill College Avenue. "I wonder if I'm a fool!" he soliloquized *en route*, with a half smile, half frown.

Could he have seen Edna Gordon an hour later, dressed for the Hadleighs' dinner, he would have felt well repaid for his folly, if folly it was. Fastened in the bodice of her pale pink dinner-gown—as exquisitely simple as it was simply exquisite—were the half opened crimson roses.

"A dream of loveliness!" Mr. Hadleigh's young son called her, and he was only voicing the verdict of all who looked upon her that evening.

One week later Dr. Clarendon received an invitation to a tea at Dr. Bertram's, and after a few moments of deliberation, decided to accept it.

Dr. Bertram was prominent amongst medical men on account of his marked ability and wide experience. He was equally prominent in social circles, on account of his personal qualities and worldly possessions. His wife was a handsome, gracious matron, with a weakness for black lace dresses and afternoon teas. She gave no other large entertainments, but her "teas" were always crowded and successful. From the time when she had kindly welcomed Keith Clarendon, the McGill "medical," to her luxuriously beautiful rooms, the young man had looked upon her with an enthusiastic and friendly admiration, only distanced by his regard for his own mother. Sometimes pressure of work forced him to be absent from Maplehurst when Mrs. Bertram was "at home," but on all occasions when it was possible he had made a point of accepting. Consequently, the afternoon of the first of May, towards five o'clock, found him seeking admittance at Dr. Bertram's residence. After greeting his hostess, he took a survey of the room, and with a new, delicious thrill, observed that Edna Gordon was there.

(To be continued.)

ROMAN SONNETS.

The name of no other place in the world conjures up in its single utterance such panoramic visions of the past or sends swift thought retrieving along the highways and byways of history to such a purpose as that of Rome. It is a talisman revealing the old western civilization and modern eastern decay of Europe. "Civis Romanus Sum" was the proud charter of the old Roman people, beyond whom all men were reckoned more or less barbaric; but the Roman citizen of to-day has nothing to boast of but ruin—physical, moral and spiritual. That Rome was not built in a day is amply proven by the *debris* yet remaining, for we speak only of ancient Rome. They form a weird and wonderful record, these fallen bricks of history that can never be builded again. Like the fossil remains of an extinct species of civilization, temples, amphitheatres, fora, mausolea, arches, aqueducts, basilicas, baths, villas, mosaics and frescos lie the exposed bones of an old-time gigantic structure, wonderful and awe-inspiring to the most illiterate traveller; but full of hidden meanings and profound lessons for the learned philosopher and the enlightened poet. It is not strange, therefore, that to old Rome a few sonnet-writers have turned their attention at odd times and, as will be seen, in odd humours.

Rome! the very word itself is ominous and pregnant with force. It falls from the lips like a clap of thunder—subdued, if we speak it softly, like the echo of a far-off storm; but mighty and vengeful if we utter it with full power of lung. It begins with the incipient crushing roll—it ends with the muted reverberation. No Saxon monosyllable, mimetic of natural force, is more significant in sound than the name of the old centre and spreader of civilization. It conveys grand but terrible associations, mighty but mysterious meanings. The position of Rome in the Italy of to-day in no way dispels these ideas. Compared with other glad Italian cities, Rome is gloomy; it seems crushed beneath the weight of historical crimes and attended by a burdensome and remorseless conscience.

Lamartine writes in his record of travel "Rome is a monastery; Naples the garden of Italy," and the same thought was with Prosper Merimée when he said "Naples after Rome is like comedy after tragedy." The ruins of Rome are the stage remains of a vast human tragedy—the longest ever acted in this world's history.

But Rome was not gloomy in its olden days, when her great builders borrowed much from the Greek and a little from the Egyptian and invented the arch, to which the Greek never attained and the Egyptian merely approached, when they put up their fine solid brick buildings in preference to the costly marble, though occasional marble pillars and facings are yet to be found where temples and palaces stood. Though stone, chiefly travertine, was used for some large erections, as the Colosseum, Adrian's Tomb, Fortune's Temple, etc., solid and sensible brick was the chief material of ancient Rome—good brick and good cement, much of which will last longer even now than the bad brick, worse cement and worse iron fixed up in America.

Canadians have chosen the maple leaf as an emblem, and it is occasionally to be found in decoration, though not so often as it might be, being so delicately beautiful in form and mass; but the leaf the Romans loved was the acanthus, and it formed their chief external decorative ornament, being occasionally supplanted by the honeysuckle turning its tendrils towards Greece and the lotos bending over to Egypt. Rome suggests war with its legion of horrors, and work with its blessings of peace. The wonderfully disciplined and well drilled armies, inexhaustible and invincible, of whose soldiers Josephus said truly they would never meet their equals; the triumphs, sacrifices, gladiatorial exhibitions, wild beast fights, water combats and other symbols of Rome's perpetual strife contrast strangely with that other and quiet phase of ancient life, whereof—the civic functions, peaceful business, profitable commerce and calm agricultural pursuits—the people were so fond—especially agriculture, for which the Roman had an innate affection. The two great pleasures of the old Roman seem to have been a good farm and a good fight—Cincinnatus was a typical example. The law and polity of to-day's civilization are the results.

Food for the philosopher, study for the politician, authority for the statesman, field for the antiquarian, lesson for the warrior, subject for the historian have been supplied by Rome, and why not a theme for the sonneteer?

In the course of much sonnet-reading we have not found many sonnets dealing either directly or indirectly with Rome, and this has been a source of some surprise. The older sonnet writers never ventured much abroad, preferring to love, languish, live and die at home, and seldom touching historical ground except to find a simile or dig up a conceit; whilst the more modern turners of the octave and sextet have had, perhaps, so wide a margin and such a multitude of subjects for choice that only a few—very few—have elected to "see Rome and die" in a sonnet. Wordsworth and Charles Tennyson Turner one would certainly expect to air their philosophical and poetical meditations over the ruins of departed glory, and in these instances expectation will be realized; but there were and are other minds capable of concealing beautiful thought in fourteen lines, and from whom we might also expect a sonnet smacking something of the Roman—Shelley, Cary, Russell, Keats, for instance—but they have silently passed Rome and landed in Greece and Egypt, to our present disappointment. However, for what we have received let us be truly thankful; for the quality is great if the quantity is small, and to a sonnet-lover that is the main feature of the poetic repast.

Charles Tennyson Turner has a sonnet on Rome, dealing with his subject from the reflective side of two incidents—one ancient and the other modern. It is altogether unworthy of the title ("Great Localities: Rome") which was given to it; but is, nevertheless, quite Tennyson-Turneresque in its quiet treatment. Out of the three or four hundred sonnets which the Laureate's brother wrote, we cannot recall one that steps out into the very front rank. Manzini said that "the sonnet is the touchstone of great genius," which is true; but it is no less a fact that the sonnet is the lodestar of lesser talent. Charles Tennyson Turner used the sonnet as a channel for his reflections on all subjects; but he never rose above the quiet dignity of the poet philosopher in contemplation of the phases of Nature and the incidents of life. A stirring passion never roused him to a burst of sublime eloquence; but he breathed forth gentle lessons and good morals. There is none of the volcanic outbreak of inspired utterance; but the calm fire of altar and home are reflected in his verse. Thoughts came to him like sweet zephyrs, perfumed by the honey beds of life; not like the hurricanes that blew poor Alexander Smith off his feet in ecstasies of verbal passion.

Turner's style is placidly Wordsworthian and never Miltonic; but it is always chaste, moral and refined. It is always regular and beautiful crystal; but the flash of the diamond is never seen. His sonnet on Rome reads thus:

Keen was the vision which Ambition lent
To Rome's great captains, when the vacant realm
Was waiting for a chief to seize the helm,
And their stern martial looks were southward bent
From Gaul or Britain, like a wizard's gaze
Constraining some weak victim to his harm,
While yet the nations had no counter charm
Against a despot's eye, in those fierce days:
The city of their greed seem'd well-nigh theirs,
Half in their grasp, full clearly bodied forth:
My Rome should softly float into the north
At my fond wish convey'd by gentle airs—
Rapt into Freedom's land a little while
From Pio's grief and Antonelli's guile!

The finest sonnet written directly on Rome has been composed by the Rev. F. G. Scott, a young Canadian poet of great promise, to whom we have previously referred as the author of one of the three best sonnets on Shakespeare. It has well been said that those sonnets are most successful which give the salient points of their subject rather by a series of touches than by a finished elaboration of details. This is precisely the feature which distinguishes the best sonnets of Lampman, Scott and Roberts from their own inferior work and from the mass of other contemporary sonnets produced in Canada. Mr. Scott's sonnet on "Shakespeare," as we pointed out when dealing with it, is marred in structure by non-conformity with the recognized rules laid down for this special form of verse, though the harmony of the whole is in no way impaired by the irregularity of the parts. In his sonnet on "Rome" we have a sonnet built on the best and most beautiful Italian type—the octave of Fra Guittone and the sextet of Piero delle Vigne, embraced in the formula *a.b.b.a., a.b.b.a., c.d.e., c.d.e.*

The sonnet referred to reads thus:

ROME.

Imperial city, slumbering on the throne
Of vanished empire, once thy voice and hands
Rocked the wide world; thy fingers wove the lands
Into thy girdle; who for crown alone
Didst wear the stars. Yet still in undertone
Man hears thy deathless utterance, tho' Time's sands
Roll centuries; thou clasp'st the earth with bands
Of speech, art, law, and subtle powers unknown.
Thou wast not meant to die; thy mighty heart
Pulsed with the universe. Thy deeds of old
Flame like the sunset skies thro' clouds which throng;
They blazon on thy throne a name apart
In red of mighty victories, in gold
Of all things valorous and great and strong.

The rapid uncertainty of petty rhymesters is missed in this sonnet; there is no photographic nicety giving the ornament and leaving out the solidity; but there is a breadth of tone and feeling and a breathing of deep thought and poetic instinct which place it in the front rank of topical sonnets, and make it a simple and splendid creation, worthy to rank with the best of English sonnets. The whole conception is grand, and every image adds to its grandeur. It is an imperial pageant of fourteen stirring and striking lines.

Speaking of Rome in 1848, Sir Francis Doyle in his "Reminiscences and Opinions," says: "I must confess that with Rome, taken as a whole, I was somewhat disappointed. The Rome of Cicero, of Horace, of Virgil, of Livy, the only Rome with which we are familiar, has so entirely disappeared that we feel as if we were in an unknown place when we find ourselves among the late emperors predominating there. This, of course, does not apply to the art galleries, nor yet to the inside of St. Peter's, where you discover what is left of the real ancient Rome to a much greater extent than among her nominal ruins."

Not only the galleries of Rome, but the museums of Europe are full of the small relics of ancient Rome, and it is from these common and everyday mementos that the real life of the old Roman may be reconstructed. England holds many precious relics, and scarcely a week passes but something is added to the collection.

The contemplation of certain antiquities found at old Penrith aroused Wordsworth to write a sonnet upon the higher lessons to be sought from these precious materials of the past, which Time has kindly preserved unto us. Old Penrith was the old Roman encampment, Bremeternacum, and lies a few miles from Ullswater in Cumberland.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

How profitless the relics that we cull,
Trouting the last holds of ambitious Rome,
Unless they chasten fancies that presume
Too high,—or idle agitations lull!
Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full
To have no seat for thought were better doom,
Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.
Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they?
Our fond regrets tenacious in their grasp?
The sage's theory? The poet's lay?
Mere fibulæ without a robe to clasp;
Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls;
Urns without ashes, tearless lachrymals.

Bishopstone, a village in Herefordshire, has added a few treasures to the relics of Roman England, and a mosaic pavement unearthed there called forth another sonnet from the master:

While poring antiquarians search the ground
Upturned with curious pains, the bard, a seer,
Takes fire. The men that have been reappear;
Romans for travel girt—for business gown'd,
And some recline on couches, myrtle-crown'd,
In festal glee. Why not? For fresh and clear,
As if its hues were of the passing year,
Dawns this time-buried pavement. From that mound
Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maximins,
Shrunk into coins with all their warlike toil;
Or a fierce impress issues with its foiling
Of tenderness—the wolf whose suckling twins
The unlettered ploughboy pities when he wins
The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

There are two eminently Wordsworthian touches in this sonnet. The sharp "Why not?" in the middle of the sixth line breaks in almost grotesquely in its swift alteration of the thoughts consequent to the last image, while the feelings of the unlettered plough-boy when he gazes at the wolf and the babes could not have been suggested as a possibility to any other mind than that of Wordsworth. It is simply beautiful and beautifully simple. Out of the slime of the Thames have been dragged Roman curiosities, some of which may be seen in the Guildhall collection. Charles Tennyson Turner has a pair of sonnets on "An Old Roman Shield," which are well worth placing before our readers:

I.

Drown'd for long ages, lost to human reach,
At last the Roman buckler reappears
And makes an old-world clang upon the beach
Its first faint voice for many a hundred years;
Not the weird noises on the battle field
Of Marathon, as thrilling legends tell,
Could speak more sadly than this ancient shield,
As ringing at the fisher's feet it fell.
How canst thou to be grappled thus, and hauled
To shore, when other prey was sought, not thou?
How strangely was thy long-lost chime recalled,
As when the arrows struck thee! Then, as now,
The tented plain was thronged with armed men;
Our weapons change, we quarrel now as then.

II.

He drew it home,—he hurled it to the bank—
No modern waif, but an old Roman target;
The wild familiar swan in terror shrank
From the rude splash, and left the weltering marge.
Low rang the iron boss; the fisher stared
At his new capture, while, in mystic tones
The lost shield called its legion, whose death-groans
And clash of onset it had seen and heard.
Oh! when shall better thoughts be dear to man
Than rapine and ambition, fraud and hate!
Oh! when shall war, like this old buckler, fall
Into disuse, drowned by its own dead-weight?
And commerce, buoyant as the living swan,
Push boldly to the shore, the friend of all?

The above reflections on a venerable piece of martial equipment must please all lovers of peace and progress, for they are the opinions of the philosopher and poet as opposed to the bluster of the buckram politician; but to the questions propounded by this gentle and genial soul Echo answers: When? and nothing seems able to answer Echo.

SAREPTA.

THE USE OF PYRETHRUM FLOWERS.

The flowers of the pyrethrum (*Pyrethrum roseum*) are used in making the powder which is sold under various names—"insect powder," "Persian powder," "death to insects," etc. In Europe these flowers are only found in Dalmatia, but these are white, and not rose-violet, like those of the Caucasus. The Dalmatian pyrethrum is greatly appreciated, and when its crop is scarce the Caucasian flowers are eagerly sought for, and their price increases by from 200 to 300 per cent.; this was the case in 1887 and 1888. Prices, which had varied between three and seven roubles for the previous ten years, reached all at once, in 1887, fifteen and sixteen roubles at Tiflis. Formerly a certain quantity of pyrethrum in powder was exported from the Caucasus, but Europeans were not satisfied with receiving this delicate article in this form, because it was not discovered to be mixed with foreign substances, and growers in the Caucasus could not reduce it to the impalpable state requisite to preserve its efficacy. At the present time the flowers only are exported. It is necessary they should be cut as short as possible at the stalk, gathered when ripe, dried in the shade and in a current of air, because in the sun the bloom and rose colour are lost, and lastly, that they should be mixed with other herbs when being gathered. Recently a fraud has been noticed in the packages of Caucasian flowers, other flowers resembling the pyrethrum and dyed the same colour being found. The exports amounted to between 176,000 and 200,000 kilogrammes last year; of those three-fourths were badly prepared, the season having been a very rainy one."



COLLINGWOOD "LONGSHOREMEN," READY TO UNLOAD A GRAIN VESSEL.
(Fanjoy, photo.)



CRICKET.—BISHOP'S vs. MCGILL, ON MCGILL COLLEGE LAWN, THURSDAY, 29th MAY.
(Holbrook, photo.)



THE BISHOP'S COLLEGE AND MCGILL CRICKET TEAMS.
(Holbrook, photo.)



CHERRYFIELD, May 30, 1890.

MY DEAR BRO. EDITOR,—Somehow I feel like greeting you personally—not as editor, but as friend. Surely we are kindred, by so much as likeness of heart and mind makes us such, if blood be lacking. I look fondly for larger results of your pen,—for other traces of you, literary and poetical, in the DOMINION. You give us excellent things of others. That was a noble poem of Duvar's; those are charming papers of Lemoine. Give us your choicest self. My brother's poem was very well and correctly printed; and though it was written some years ago, and while he was yet at college, I thought it would interest your readers. I have just come from Decoration services. The ceremonial is impressive to a thoughtful spirit, and the custom one most beautiful. An oration was delivered by a capable speaker, and martial music was furnished by the band and a choir of singers. The day has come to greater prominence, and is more ardently observed, than even Independence Day. . . . I ought to give you a smiling good-morrow, as does the sun after the drench of another night; for this is the anniversary—moving as that once so exquisitely greeted:

"Tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire."

For, with the renewal of the year, the liberation of streams, the return of birds, and the birth of flowers, comes ever this festival of sorrow and of memory, the visitation and decoration of myriad graves wherein lie the defenders of the Great Republic, whose lives went up a sacrifice within the cloudy shrine and upon the streaming altar of war. But, ugh! there is a polar breathing, and the prospect of traipsing the chilly grass is not heartening to our patriotism. Still when I see the broken remnant go forth, to the wail of fife and tap of drum, laden with flowers to scatter where their brothers sleep; I, who, when the events they commemorate were transpiring, was far from them—a child in an Acadian valley—bearing no part in that most important contest of the century—I will remember the worth of true soldiery, of courage and self-devotion under any banner that has a particle of right to consecrate it; that—

"Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore,
Justice after as before,—
And he who battles on our side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Counts him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain."

How we pause to listen for the recurrence of a sweet voice that has charmed us! And when we are told that the singer lives on, with the longing soul shut in and the musical impulse restrained, we long for the unnatural spell to be broken. Has any one asked, Where is VIVIEN? By the shores of Isle Madame, where the eloquent waters were forever whispering in her ears, and where, to quote her own words,—

"From the west, where the loyal clouds had spread
A gorgeous path for the sinking sun,
Came a voice like the glad voice of one
Who had never wept,"

her harp gathered no rust; but, amid other scenes, and, perchance, foreign cares, it has fallen into silence. Here are some lines that indicate the fondness with which, poet-like, she turns to the home of her childhood:

LILAC MEMORIES.

The red sun sinks adown the heights,
The city noises cease,
And slowly through the quiet room
Floats twilight's balm, and peace.

While somehow all my womanhood
Slips from me in the gloam;
I am a thoughtless child again
Within my village home.

Once more I hear my father's voice,
I see my mother's smile;

Your footsteps have not wandered, Fred,
From that low, wave-kissed isle.

But, stretch'd below the dear old boughs,
In happy, boyish ease,
You picture all the wonderments
That lie beyond the seas.

Ah! how the fairy-castles rise
'Neath fancy's subtle spell,
When all our wealth's the tansy gold
That grows about the well.

And I, half-joining in your dreams,
Stand tip-toed on the grass
To grasp the purple blooms that bend
To greet me as I pass.

While toddling up the garden path
Two tiny pilgrims haste—

Whence come these fancies!—from this spray
Of lilacs at my waist?

The flower around the old home, Fred,
Of our first smiles and tears!
Methinks there's never one as sweet
In all the after years.

And yet, old fellow! these same years
Have brought us wondrous calm;
Large-eyed Experience hold our hands
Within her wiser palm.

We build no more our fairy walls
In summer's pleasant hours;
The fragrant lilacs bloom afar
For other eyes than ours.

We know that youth, and youth's desires,
Once holding kingly sway,
Are fragile as the scented buds
Which wither in a day.

Vain hopes and idols, falling fast
'Neath Time's unerring wand,
While we, with tranquil hearts fare on
Toward the twilight land.

Not wishing now; not sorrowing,
Or joying overmuch;
Glad only that sometimes, old boy,
Our friendly fingers touch.

Well, yes, there is here the indefinable aroma of poetry and of old times; so there is in this sweet-briar-bush growing on the bank outside my window, which is just putting forth its tender-scented leaves. Easily as that of the lilac, it creeps into the heart and mingles with the memory. Laurel, fern, wild-briar—these were the frequent wildings of my boyhood! And who, missing something out of his life that once "put splendour in the grass" and "glory in the flower," will not wish to join in the search of VIVIEN for

THE LOST COMRADE.

By a bustling, crowded highway,
Where the autumn sun declining
Showed a space his rosy visage
Through the interlacing boughs,
Slowly passed a weary pilgrim.
Thick the dust lay on his garments,
And the snows of many winters
Lay above his wrinkled brows,
Asking always "Tell me, neighbours,
"Have ye seen a comely stripling
"Hurry by with joyous footsteps,
"And with bonny locks of gold?
"We were comrades many seasons
"In a fair, and fruitful valley
"Girt about by lofty mountains,
"Stately mountains, grand and cold.

"Glad his laughter in their shadows;
"And he fain would linger ever
"Mid the simple joys of nature
"Strewn about our tranquil way,
"Joys of crimson sunsets stealing
"Far adown the purple summits,
"Ere the white moon threw her mantle
"Where the silent waters lay.
"But, my eager eyes grew tired
"Of the valley's quiet beauties,
"And I longed to seek that city
"Way beyond the mountain height;
"Longed to mingle with the voices
"That fell softly down the twilight
"Bidding me gird on my armour
"Forth! And mingle in the fight.

"When at last with road-worn footstep
"We attained that distant country,
"Lo! I half forgot the comrade
"Who had climbed the heights with me;
"Till he loosed from mine his hand-clasp,
"Loosed his gentle, clinging fingers
"And with tender eyes averted
"Left my presence silently.
"Then, learned I his face was fairer
"Than a hollow world's ambition;

"Tinkling gold, and fading laurel,
"Fairer far his grace, and truth.
"So I wander, vainly wander;
"Seeking for that pleasant valley,
"Seeking for my lost companion;—
"Neighbours! have you seen my youth?"

Will you never come to the bottom of your treasure-box, O Pandora; or is it forever replenished with picture, essay and poem? Multitudinous are the beauty-spots on the face of this, Our Canada, and the panorama moved before us once a week without staling its variety, and bringing delight to many eyes. Still exalt the pencil of the painter, and pour the wine of the muses, and I will be counting my pennies to make sure I have enough. Boys can always find money for the show.

An old proverb runs to the effect that "A cat can look at a king." The rule works both ways, and so it follows "A king can look at a cat." But if, indeed, His Royal Highness shall do this it will add to pussy's importance for all the remaining days of her life. Thus, when the sovereign lady, Victoria, stops her carriage to amuse herself with dancing Bruin, as she did lately, Bruin's antics suddenly acquire celebrity and dignity, and he steps up to the London Royal Aquarium to dance to the tune of \$225 per week. And now some other bear, just as good as he, eats humble pie, when he can get it, but must continue to sigh: "Oh, for a peep from royal eyes!"

But I see the veterans are moving, and our village is astir from this hill-nook to where the covered bridge spans the stream that lurks below among its willows. The day mellows as it grows, and is becoming more soothing and propitious; while a milder wind is running its fingers through the long shining grasses of yonder ridge, and just beyond, the ranks of dandelions smile at them and laugh with their laughter. The flowers that fall to-day from the hands of children will not easily wilt, more than the "memorial blooms" of a loving recollection. So let me find no fault with summer's tardy approach, nor with these softening skies; but, though I be deemed an alien, let me give praise,—let me bestow sympathy here, and admit that,—

"One morn is in the mighty heaven
And one in our desire."

Then I greet you, my brother of pen and lyre. The Narragauquas, in its somewhat hurried flow, flings a handful of its friendly spray toward the St. Lawrence, and with it the fraternal hail and adieu of

PASTOR FELIX.

SONNETS.

I.

EMERSON.

If nought, amiss in this wide breathing world,
That thou, calm soul, wand'rst no more abroad
In dim wood-paths, thy mild foot softly trod;
Looking, when sunset's quivering valves were fur'd,
On Assabet's gleaming bosom? Now, unpearl'd,
Shall Thought sink back into some tamer way?
Shall wave and breeze have something less to say
Where the rich vine its tendrils green have curl'd,
And 'mid the fresh-blown tresses of old pines?
Who shall the mystic legends longer give
Of cowslip and of violet, or who
Unfold the shy rhodora? Who Earth's shrines
Upbuild for poet-worship? Who shall live
Like thee,—so simple, abstinent and true?

II.

MAYTIME RAINS.

Sodden the fields, with hollows rankly green;
Great drops still linger on the dark'ning pane;
And strenuous robins, prophesying rain,
Pipe 'mid the trees that toward my window lean.
Hoarse rolls the swollen river, dimly seen.
Mottled with frothy patches, while its breast,
Filled like my own with musical unrest,
Is thinly covered with a misty screen.
Crouch'd 'neath umbrellas go the passers-by,
In gloom lone-vanishing; a wheelman flies
Swift as a shadow of approaching Fate;
Low swamps are vocal with a carping cry,
And various notes of Spring-tide minstrelsy;
Lambs bleat aloof; the village clock strikes eight.

III.

MY SYLVAN STUDY.

This is my oratory; studious, oft
I come, at morn, at eve, to this retreat;
Wild is the bower, and ancient is the seat,—
My chair a rock, with grass and mosses soft

Fring'd and enamell'd. In a neighbouring croft
My children sport, not far from my own door;
Or come with leaves and flowers—a beauteous store:
The blackbirds chatter sociably aloft.
Round me the silvery birch, the thorn, full flush'd
With milky blossoms; on my open page
Leaf-shadows lie, jewel'd in golden light;
And, lo! a voice, whose music straight is hush'd;
Quick-pattering steps my partial ear engage,
And tiny golden-hair has come in sight.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

A GIFTED YOUNG CANADIAN POET.

One of the most promising of the younger choir of Canadian singers is Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph.D., whose pen is as busy as his genius is brilliant and graceful. Since the publication of Dr. O'Hagan's volume of verse, "A Gate of Flowers," some three years ago, his fame has been steadily growing, which is good evidence that it is based on real merit and will widen and brighten with the increase of his years and labours. We have known many young writers in verse who have bloomed like a spring flower and then withered at a time they should have been enjoying the strength of literary manhood. There is little fear of such a fate overtaking the gifted young writer who forms the subject of this sketch. It is true that Dr. O'Hagan has written some verse of an indifferent character—verse in which the idea is too much weakened for the sake of a melodious phrase or rhyme. But the general excellence of his workmanship outweighs the minor defects of his poems while the sincerity and high purpose which ring through his lines tell you that he is as honest and manly in personal as in literary character. To estimate justly the poems of Dr. O'Hagan one must keep in mind the fact that he has a Celtic heart largely attuned to the minor chord, and that while never forgetting his native land, his beloved Canada, his heart goes out in affection and sympathy to the land of his forefathers, whose past glories and sorrows oft bind him in poetic dreams. But in all his writings he never forgets to say a good word for the land of the maple leaf, and his generous estimate of Canadian poets is but another proof that his are true poetic gifts, for warmth of tribute is the mark of a real poetic soul. Perhaps the most finished lyric in Dr. O'Hagan's volume of poems is "Ripened Fruit." To illustrate the character of his work we give it here:

I know not what my heart hath lost,
I cannot strike the chords of old:
The breath that charmed my morning life
Hath chilled each leaf within the world.

The swallows twitter in the sky,
But leave the nest beneath the eaves;
The fledglings of my care are gone,
And left me but the rustling leaves.

And yet I know my life hath strength,
And firmer hope and sweeter prayer,
For leaves that murmur on the ground
Have now for me a double care.

I see in them the hope of spring,
That erst did plan the autumn day;
I see in them each gift of man
Grow strong in years, then turn to clay.

Not all is lost—the fruit remains
That ripen'd through the summer's ray;
The nurslings of the nest are gone,
Yet hear we still their warbling lay.

The glory of the summer sky
May change to tints of autumn hue;
But faith, that sheds its amber light,
Will lend our heaven a tender blue.

O, altar of eternal youth!
O, faith that beckons from afar!
Give to our lives a blossomed fruit—
Give to our morns an evening star!

Some of the most dignified poems in "A Gate of Flowers" are the poems on different occasions, such as those read at Moore's centenary and the college commemorations. One of the best of these is "Memor et Fidelis." Here is a stanza which is warm with the affection and friendship of college comradeship, and does honour to the heart of its author:

What care we for the rugged verse,
If but the heart speaks in each line:
'Tis not the sunbeams on the grape
But friendship's smile that warms the wine.
Bring me the lyre with tuneful strings,
For I would sing of college days,
And fling each number from my heart
Flecked with a star of tender rays.

It is needless to say that the poems of Dr. O'Hagan have elicited warm tributes from both the press and literary workers. The *Dublin Nation*, *Boston Pilot*, *New York Catholic Review* and the *Catholic World* have highly commended his literary workmanship, while such well known poets as Whittier, Holmes, Roberts, Mair and Fréchette, and the poetesses Katharine Tynan, Eliza Allan Starr, Katherine E. Conway and Louise Imogen Guiney have spoken of his poetic genius in terms of praise. Canadians will watch with interest the literary career of Dr. O'Hagan, feeling that each success which awaits him is a triumph for the future of Canadian literature.

Toronto.

SPERANZA.



All warm bread should be torn apart or broken, and never cut.

Don't allow your servant to put meat and vegetables into the same compartment of the refrigerator.

Every human being ought to have an hour or two of sunshine at noon in winter, and in the early forenoon in summer.

To take ink stains out of a mahogany table, dip a feather in a spoonful of water mixed with eight drops of nitre and apply to the stain. Rub with a wet cloth immediately. Very deep stains require a stronger solution.

Shirts, collars, cuffs, curtains—in short, everything that is intended to be stiffened—ought never to be dried, but should be starched immediately on being taken out of the rinsing water. This plan will be found cleaner, quicker and more satisfactory in every way.

EARACHE.—Little children often suffer painfully with earache. A drop of warm olive oil, mixed with an equal quantity of laudanum, will generally relieve this if dropped in the ear. Or, place a little cotton, well saturated with chloroform, in the bowl of a new, clay pipe, insert the stem into the ear of the sufferer and blow gently. The evaporating chloroform will relieve the pain immediately.

Dr. G. Leslie, of Falkirk, has found that the application of common salt in neuralgia and kindred ailments affecting the head and face have been in the great majority of cases efficacious in curing it. His method is to apply the salt in the form of a powder (that is, common table salt) to the nasal mucous membrane. The salt is used as a snuff, a pinch being taken into the nostril of the affected side. It is stated that the application of the salt gives almost instant relief.

HAM SALAD FOR LUNCH.—This is a good dish to utilize the small scraps remaining of boiled or baked ham that cannot be nicely sliced. Chop fine one pint of ham with one pint of bread crumbs (white bread), moisten with milk (about a teacupful, possibly a little more), add a teaspoonful of dry mustard and a little pepper, put into a saucepan and thoroughly heat. Just before sending to the table, turn onto a small platter and slice one or two hard boiled eggs as a garnish over it. Serve hot for lunch or tea.

The common senna is obtained from a plant called cassia senna, a native of Egypt and Barbary. Another, *C. Fistula*, is a native of the West Indies, where it is much cultivated for its pulp, which is a mild and pleasant laxative. The East Indian variety, however, is of very old repute, and, in time of Avicenna, the Arabian physician, was known by the name of cassia solutiva. These plants are totally different from laurus cassia, or bastard cinnamon, the bark of which was, as a spice or perfume, so much in favour with the ancients.

A DELICIOUS CREAM PIE.—Cover plate with crust, and bake, watching carefully to press down the blisters. Cream—One cup of milk heated to scalding, add half teaspoonful of corn-starch mixed with a little cold milk, half a teaspoonful of vanilla, one and a half teaspoonfuls of sugar, yolks of two eggs. When cooked to proper consistency pour onto the crust. Beat the whites with a little sugar, spread over the top and brown slightly in the oven. Another and most delicious way of making a cream pie, is to beat with a fork or Dover egg-beater, one cup of sweet cream to a stiff froth, add half a teaspoonful of vanilla or other flavouring, one heaping tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Pour over the cold, baked crust, and dot the top with small pieces of apple, quince or peach jelly.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

At the recent exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, we noticed among the paintings by lady artists one called "The Sick Child." It represented a mother holding a sick child on her arm and trying to make her take a spoonful of food from a dish which a little sister kneeling beside her is holding up. The look of tender anxiety on the mother's face and of loving helpfulness on that of the little sister, as they gaze on the sick baby, is powerfully brought out. The artist, Miss Bell, is to be congratulated on her great power of delineating expressions. Among those sold was one called "Only a Rose," it might have been named *Multum in Parvo*. Among the pictures in the Paris Salon are two by Canadian ladies. Miss Harriet Ford has a portrait and Miss Margaret Houghton, of Montreal has one called "The Eve of Life."

It shows that Canadian women are slowly, but surely, making a mark for themselves. No one after witnessing the scene at the Windsor Hall on Convocation Day, could but readily admit the fact. Thanks to the liberality of Sir Donald Smith, the Donalda course is every year extending its influence. Nor are medicine and surgery wanting in their fair practitioners, as is shown by the Woman's Medical College in Kingston, when at the recent closing several ladies took their degree of M.D. The three scholarships were won by Miss Gertie Hulet, of Norwich, Miss Mabel Henderson, of Brockville, and Miss Grace Ritchie, of Montreal. Toronto has lately opened a new medical college for women and there are in attendance for the summer term

twenty-eight students. There is certainly a vast field for women physicians in Oriental countries, and letters are constantly coming from missionaries asking for such to be sent out. We are glad to hear that several of the graduates of Kingston College intend making India their field of labour. There, according to the laws of the country, women are debarred from medical treatment and are hastened to an untimely grave by neglect, this will in a few years be remedied if the women physicians will heed the earnest call for help. And so, in a quiet way are Canadian women winning recognition. They are not great advocates of women's rights, nor, have they as yet aspired to the office of mayor and councillor, like some of our American cousins have been doing and who were actually elected as such, though, after a short trial they were glad enough to resign. Well the council chamber hears curious things sometimes—but what if the women were there?

THE UNITED STATES CENSUS.

The taking of the census of 1890 was begun on the 2nd inst. throughout the United States. It is intended that it shall be the most complete enumeration ever made. Every possible grain of information concerning the country, the population, its industries, debt, nationalities of the people, their employment, hours of labour, pay, etc., will be gathered. It is anticipated that considerable trouble will be met in endeavouring to obtain answers to certain questions to be asked by enumerators, such as one's income, one's physical deformities, diseases, the amount one's home or farm is mortgaged for, etc. The law under which the census is taken provides heavy penalties for refusal to answer the questions given the enumerators to ask. The questions are as follows:

1. Christian name in full, initial of middle name and surname.
2. Whether a soldier, sailor or marine during the Civil War (United States or Confederation), or widow of such person.
3. Relationship to head of family.
4. Whether white, black, mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, Chinese, Japanese or Indian.
5. Sex.
6. Age at nearest birthday. If under one year give age in months.
7. Whether single, married, widowed or divorced.
8. Whether married during the census year (June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890.)
9. Mother of how many children and number of these children living.
10. Place of birth.
11. Place of birth of father.
12. Place of birth of mother.
13. Number of years in the United States.
14. Whether naturalized.
15. Whether naturalization papers have been taken out.
16. Profession, trade or occupation.
17. Months unemployed during the census year (June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890).
18. Attendance at school (in months) during the census year (June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890).
19. Able to read.
20. Able to write.
21. Able to speak English. If not, the language or dialect spoken.
22. Whether suffering from acute or chronic disease, with name of disease and length of time afflicted.
23. Whether defective in mind, sight, hearing or speech, or whether crippled, maimed or deformed, with name of defect.
24. Whether a prisoner, convict, homeless child or pauper.
25. Supplemental schedule and page.
26. Is the home you live in hired or is it owned by the head or by a member of the family?
27. If owned by head or member of family, is the home free from mortgage or incumbrance?
28. If the head of the family is a farmer, is the farm which he cultivates hired or is it owned by him or by a member of his family?
29. If owned by head or member of family, is the farm free from mortgage or incumbrance?
30. If the home or farm is owned by head or member of family and mortgaged, give the Post Office address of owner.

DOUGLAS SLADEN IN JAPAN.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, whom our readers have not forgotten, has been prosecuting his tour of inquiry through Japan. He has recently visited Kobe, Kyoto, Nara, Nagoya, Yokohama, Tokyo and Nikko. It is probable that by this time he is on his way back to Vancouver in the Parthia. It is his purpose to pay a visit to Alaska and the Sound cities, and then wend his way eastward, spending the last of the summer in exploring the many points of interest along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. About October, he expects to go to New York for a time, returning to Canada in February, so as to spend a while in Ottawa, before starting for London in the following May. We understand that Mr. Sladen has collected enough material in Japan for an interesting book. He has also busied himself in inquiring as to the opportunities for closer commercial relations between Canada and the Far East.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Deloraine and return \$28
 Moosomin " \$28
 Glenboro' " \$28

FARMERS' EXCURSIONS
 JUNE 17, 24, JULY 8, 1890.

Saltecoats and return \$28
 Moosejaw " \$30
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Special Colonist Excursions

Will leave all Stations in Ontario and Quebec on

JUNE 17th
 Return until July 27th, 1890.

JUNE 24th
 Return until August 4th, 1890.

JULY 8th
 Return until August 18th, 1890.

For full particulars apply to nearest Station or Ticket Agent.



A WISE ANIMAL; from a drawing by Heming.

MISS TRAVILLAR: At Lucerne, the day we were doing Mount Pilatus, I mounted a donkey for the first time in my life; and only imagine, the donkey ran away with me!
 MR. APROPOS: Excuse me, Miss Travillar, it could not have been a donkey. The very fact of his running away with you proves he was no donkey!



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 else 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 western 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.

THE FRENCHMAN'S WIFE.

On the women of all countries Max O'Rell is a recognised authority, and he has expounded some of his views in an article contributed to *East and West* (a magazine which has made a new start with its present number and provides a great variety of good light reading.) We cannot follow Mr. Max O'Rell in all his observations and moralisings, but we extract his summary:—"Club life is unknown in France, except among the very upper classes. Man and wife are constantly together, and France is a nation of Darbys and Joans. There is, I believe, no country where men and women go through life on such equal terms as France. In England (and here again I speak of the masses only) the man thinks himself a much superior being to the woman. It is the same in Germany. In America, I should feel inclined to believe that a woman looks down upon a man with a certain amount of contempt. She receives at his hands attentions of all sorts; but I cannot say that I have ever discovered in her the slightest trace of gratitude to man. Will you have a fair illustration of the position of woman in France, in England, in America? Go to an hotel and watch the arrival of couples in the dining-room. In France you will see them arrive together, walk abreast towards the seat assigned to them very often arm-in-arm. In England you will see John Bull leading the way, followed by his meek wife with her eyes cast down. In America, behold the dignified, nay, majestic, entry of Mrs. Jonathan, a queen going towards her throne—and Jonathan behind!"

THE GRAMMOPHON.

A recent number of *Ueber Land und Meer*, contains an interesting article on a new kind of sound-repeating instrument called "The Grammophon." It is claimed for it that it solves the problem of fixing sounds of every description in a durable form, so that they may be heard again at any time. It consists of a "girder," or funnel-shaped tube, in connection with which is a disc of mica, the vibrations of which are recorded by a pen with a steel or iridium point upon a polished zinc plate, which has been covered with a thin film of beeswax dissolved in benzine. This film is as delicate as the collodion coating of a glass plate intended for the reception of the negative of a photograph. The zinc plate thus prepared is laid upon a disc covered with felt and slowly revolved by means of clockwork so as to make fifty rotations every minute. The pen in the meantime exercises a gentle pressure on the plate, and travels by

a spiral movement around the disc towards the centre. Whilst the pen is at work the surface of the plate is moistened with alcohol, to prevent particles of dust from adhering to the pen, and to reduce to the utmost the trifling resistance of the wax film. When the pen has performed its work, the palpitations of the mica membrane have been transferred as sound lines to the plate, which is then immersed in a bath of chromic acid, by which those portions of the plate from which the pen has removed the wax film are attacked by the acid, and in about twenty minutes the sound lines have become minute furrows. The sounds presented to the instrument, whether of the human voice, of musical instruments, or of any other denomination, are thus etched and embodied, and can be reproduced at any moment.

HERE AND THERE.

The *St. Louis Republic* has the following, which may be of interest:—"Here is a curious little fact, and one not generally known, even if calendars of some sort have been in use for centuries. If May day comes on a certain day of the week (it is on Thursday this year) Christmas is sure to fall on the same day."

The names of the principal mountains in the world are nearly all suggestive or descriptive of their snow covered summits. The names of Snowdon, Ben Nevis, Mont Blanc, the Sierra Nevada, Snafell in Iceland and in the Isle of Man, the Sneeuw Bergen at the Cape of Good Hope, the Sneebattan in Norway, and the Weisshorn, the Weissmiss and the Tête Blanche in Switzerland, White Mountains in New Hampshire, as well as the more archaic or more obscure names of Lebanon, of Caucasus, and of the Himalayas, are appellations descriptive, in various languages, of the characteristic snowy covering of their lofty summits.

The observatory at Pekin is the oldest in the world, having been founded in 1279 by Kubla Khan, the first emperor of the Mongul dynasty. There are still in it three of the first instruments of observation. These were used for the observation of Halley's comet in 1738, and may also be used when, twenty-two years hence, this comet again appears. The oldest observatory in Europe is that founded by King Frederick III. of Denmark, on the Island of Hveen, in the Sound, and where the famous astronomer Tycho Brahe carried out his celebrated observations,—among others, that of the "bright star in Cassiopeia. The Paris Observatory was established in 1671, and that of Greenwich three years later.

HUMOUROUS.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.—Young Lady: You keep all articles of the toilet, I suppose. Drug Clerk: Yes, ma'am. Young Lady: Well, you may show me some of that rouge et noir that I've read so much about.

A NEW JERSEY FACT.—Country School Trustee (to young lady applicant): Have you ever taught? Young Lady: No, sir, but I think I am qualified. C. S. T.: 'Twon't do; 'twon't do. We want some one here with a pedigree.

WHY SHE GIVES NOTICE.—Mistress: Well, Mary, what have you to complain about? New Parlor Maid: Really, mam, it is too much. I can't stand the everlasting fault-finding of the coachman. He says now I have a worse temper ever than you.

"It's a wonnerfu' place is Australia," said a Scotchman to a friend; "It's thirteen times as big as Europe." "How can that be, man, asked the other, "since Europe's one of the quarters of the globe?" "I'll tell ye hoo it is; it wasna discovered till after the globe was quartered, and so it's made a fifth quarter."

FIRST OLD WOMAN: Gran' day, freen. Second do: Ay, ay; er' ye a' weel enough? First do.: Weel, we're jist haudin' on wi' the help o' oor duds; we've no muckle tae compleen o'. Second do.: Hoo's yer dochter gettin' on since she was merriit. First do.: Oh, vera weel; she canne bide the man, but there maun aye be something.

THE Sunday School teacher had just given a Bible lesson on "The Earth and its Creation," and, as usual, at the close had a short diet of catechising. "Tell me now, Johnnie," he said, "who made those beautiful hills and mountains all around us?" "Please, sir, I dinna ken," was the reply; we only cam t' Lochgilphead on Friday."

ONE ON THE DOCTOR.—Physician (who thinks his patient, a college professor, more in need of recreation than drugs, but has written a prescription for a mild tonic): Here is a prescription, professor, but what you need is a good hearty laugh. College Professor (glancing at the paper): Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! "Eh, what are you laughing at?" "Your Latin."

A FEMALE DOCTOR IN A HURRY.—Excited Messenger: "Mrs. Sawbones, come quick! A man has fallen from the roof of his house and is bleeding to death." "All right, I'll be there as soon as I've got on my new dress and have done up my hair. Let me see; hadn't I better wear my dark blue dress, or the light violet-coloured one? The blue dress is more becoming to my complexion; but the other is so stylish."