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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, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 12th DECEMBER, 1891.

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THE DEATH OF MOZART.
(From the statuary by Carnich.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

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THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO

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12th DECEMBER, 1891.



Newfoundland.

It is difficult to see how the Canadian Government could have honourably adopted any other course than that which led to the prompt attack by Newfoundland on our trade. Her conduct towards us, and, indeed, towards England herself, has of late been marked by an acerbity that cannot possibly aid the Islanders in the attainment of their plans; much of this, as far as Canada is concerned, is due, we think, to a misconception of the sentiments of our people on the question of French treaty rights. From the tones of various press utterances, one can gather that the writers consider the Government of this Dominion to be so influenced by the French-speaking members of the Cabinet, or so dependent on the representatives from Québec, as to fear to express sympathy with Newfoundland in her "French Shore" incubus. This idea is incorrect. It was almost universally felt here that the foreign foothold on the island is, in one sense, a grave injustice; on the other hand, the intrusion—it can be so called—has such legal and acknowledged authority as to make any official pronouncement on the subject a mere waste of words. There is the strongest wish on the part of Canadians to act in the most friendly manner towards Newfoundland; the present estrangement is not of our making, and will, we sincerely trust, soon terminate. No nation, with any sense of dignity, could have acted otherwise than has Canada in this matter; had the case been reversed, and had our government deliberately ordered that the people of a sister colony be debarred from purchasing from us a line of produce, of which they stood in need, while foreigners—and hostile ones at that—were allowed free access to our markets, we would have acted in a manner totally unworthy of a British people. Both countries acknowledge one flag and one Sovereign; a little courtesy from one to the other is only seemly. Ours has already been shown, in allowing so much time to elapse since our eastern brethren took us by the throat; it is safe to say that had a similar

enactment been put in force against the United States, or any other country, not one week would have gone by without the enforcement of the most severe form of commercial retaliation.

Brazil.

With the death of DOM PEDRO the curtain drops for a time at least on a sorry chapter in South American history. Foreigners had always given the Brazilians credit for being less prone to revolution and disorder than most of her sister states; but the feverish taint of love of change, and of that wild madness of self-sufficiency in government, which seems inherent in southern races, has brought about a state of things which has thrown the nation back many years. Under a wise and constitutional monarch like the deceased emperor, the country flourished in every line; he was a man of honour, of high social standing, a patron of the arts and sciences, and with an intense interest in the progress of Brazil. The country was prosperous, the condition of the people was improving year by year. But the craze of republicanism took root, and became stronger year after year, carefully fostered by a small army of clever, but unscrupulous adventurers, who believed in republicanism as a system in which they hoped to reap handsomely the spoils of office. The army and navy were seduced from their allegiance, and then the Brazilians gave to the world the spectacle of an honourable and capable ruler driven from the country to whose interests he had devoted his life. What has since been that country's record? Dissension, martial law, loss of personal liberty, wholesale shooting of citizens, followed recently by an almost general anarchy and outbreak of civil war. The sovereign people are reaping what they sowed, and are, therefore, not deserving a single jot of sympathy for their troubles, past and to come. Off has gone the official head of the first president, and there is every probability that the reign of the unfortunate who has succeeded him will be equally brief. Admirers of republican institutions must be proud of the recent exhibitions of the practical working of their system in Chili and Brazil.

A New Canadian Magazine.

It has been decided by the publishers of this journal to change it into a monthly magazine of sixty-four pages, to appear under the name of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY. The first number will appear in January, and we ask the assistance of our subscribers and friends to make the new venture a success. No pains will be spared to make the magazine bright and attractive from a literary and artistic standpoint, and representative of the best class of Canadian literary work. The price has been made as moderate as possible, viz., \$1.50 yearly, or fifteen cents for single copies. Those of our subscribers who have paid in advance for the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will receive proportionate credit for the MONTHLY on basis of \$1.50 per annum; or if preferred, the money will be refunded.

The first edition of Mr. J. M. Barrie's new novel, "The Little Minister," has already been exhausted, and a second edition is now in preparation, which will be ready next week.

Literary and Personal Notes.

Mrs. Grimwood's narrative of her escape from Manipur has already reached a third edition.

The many readers of the *Century* will regret to notice the untimely death of Mr. Wolcott Balestier, the joint author of a serial story "The Naulahka," now running through that magazine.

The rage for Rudyard Kipling's new works shows no sign of diminution. His latest book "Life's Handicap," has had a remarkable sale, two large editions having been disposed of in less than three weeks.

The fishing lodge of Lord Mount-Stephen at Causapsca, P.Q., together with his lands and fishing rights on the Metapedia and Causapsca Rivers have been purchased by Mr. John S. Kennedy of New York.

A feature in Lord Roseberry's "Life of William Pitt" is his definite proof of the great statesman's pacific policy; that his only resort to arms was when treaties had been flagrantly broken, and the honour of England seriously impugned.

The beautiful poem, by William Wilfrid Campbell, in our Christmas Number, entitled "The Children of the Foam," was unfortunately marred by one or two blunders in copying; one of these, in the stanza, was the rendering of the word "house" for "home." We much regret these errors.

We welcome a new Toronto weekly *The English Canadian*, and wish it every success. The first number contains 12 large quarto pages of bright literary work, with a strong vein of sound national sentiment running through it. The editor is Mr. H. K. Cockin, author of "Gentleman Dick o' the Greys," "Sparks from the Anvil," etc.; a couple of short poems from his pen appear in the number before us.

The elder Lord Lytton was a notable dandy in his day, fond of clothing himself in costly attire. Macaulay says, in one of his letters, that a coat worn by Bulwer on one occasion cost more than the coats worn by any other five members of Parliament. His son, the late Owen Meredith, inherited none of this taste for extravagance in dress, but, on the contrary, inclined to the other extreme.—*Harper's Weekly*.

At Arcevia, in Italy, an extensive prehistoric village has been discovered, and numerous foundations of circular huts have been laid bare, having a diameter of four metres. Excavation revealed stone arms, some of them of very elaborate workmanship, stone hammers, implements made of staghorn, and vessels of various forms possessing handles like those to be seen in the vases of the *terremare*. It would appear from the character of what has now been found that the population of these two kinds of ancient settlements must have been ethnically connected.

Of unique interest to the admirers of Robert Burns will be "The Annual Burns Chronicle," a forthcoming volume of papers on the works and life of the great Scottish poet. The following are among the contributions to the work:—"Bonnie Jean," by Mr. Burns-Begg; "The Influence of Burns on American Literature," by Mr. Wallace Bruce; "The Homes and Haunts of Burns in Kilmarnock," by Mr. D. McNaught; "The Nasmyth and Skirving portraits of Burns," by Mr. D. W. Stevenson; "An historical summary of Burns and Burns Worship," by Mr. Rae-Brown and Dr. Findlay; "A Bibliography," by Mr. J. P. Anderson; and "A Directory of Burns' Clubs and Scottish Societies throughout the world." No expense or trouble will be spared to make the volume a magnificent monument to the poet's memory.



THE OLD BOYS OF UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

An event of historic interest in the educational, as well as the sporting, world of Toronto was the meeting of the old boys of Upper Canada College for a final game of cricket on the famous old grounds of the college, now abandoned. The meeting took place on Saturday, August 29th, last, and from forenoon till evening the gay old boys disported themselves as though from a quarter to half a century or more of years had suddenly fallen away from them. The band of the Q. O. R. was in attendance, the field was gay with banners, and the day was fine. Quite a number of ladies were in attendance. At noon, dinner was served in the college, and after it play was resumed. There were not quite enough old boys available to make up two cricket teams, and some young collegians were called upon to fill the gap. The engravings shown on page 563 are from photographs taken during the day. It was a great game of cricket, and though most of the old boys had not wielded a bat for a score of years there was no lack of life, or even of good play, in the game. The rival teams were captained by Rev. T. D. Phillips and Mr. E. Benjamin, and were composed as follows: Capt. Phillips' team,—T. D. Phillips, Nicol Kingsmill, J. E. O'Reilly, R. Newbigging, E. Morris, J. Jackes, J. Street, L. Cosby, R. H. Bowes, E. McMaster, C. Moss. Capt. Benjamin's team,—Pedro Alma, J. C. Rykert, W. T. Boyd, H. W. Peterson, Judge Kingsmill, D. B. Read, W. J. McMaster, N. Cosby, T. G. McMaster, J. Counsell and W. Moss. Capt. Phillips' team won by a score of 111 to 64. As already stated, dinner was served at noon in the old college dining hall, and the *Empire* gives the following list of old boys who sat down, showing also the dates of their terms at the college:

Col. George T. Denison, 1846 to 1855; J. E. O'Reilly, October, 1850; Rev. Thomas D. Phillips, March, 1846 to 1849; W. H. Beatty, 1844 to 1849; Isaac M. Chafee, 1833 to 1838; Pedro Alma, 1852 to 1854; D. F. Jessopp, 1840 to 1841; William Jackes, 1839 to 1844; Stephen M. Jarvis, 1834 to 1839; W. T. Boyd, 1843 to 1849; F. A. Barrett, 1863 to 1867; J. Lyons Biggar, 1872 to 1875; J. C. Harstone, 1872 to 1873; C. Egerton Ryerson, 1862 to 1866; R. H. Bowes, 1860 to 1867; W. J. Baines, 1846 to 1853; James H. Doyle, 1842; Joseph Jackes, 1847; Emilious Irving, Q. C., 1835; Dr. Henry Scadding, 1829; D. B. Read, Q. C., 1836 to 1839; J. Daintry, 1845 to 1846; Huson Murray, 1849; William Wakefield, 1842 to 1846; John Dingtree, Cobourg; Col. Newbigging; W. S. Macdonald, 1830; Edmund Morris, 1848 to 1850; C. Ridout, 1855; Nicol Kingsmill, 1846 to 1852; J. M. Hirschfelder, 1843; William Wedd, pupil 1837 to 1843, master 1849 to 1891; A. H. Stuart, 1853 to 1856; George B. Nicol, 1851 to 1858; G. H. Muntz, 1880 to 1884; L. Cosby, 1887; John Martland, headmaster in boarding house for 25 years; Principal Dickson, Henry Brock, master for 12 years; C. B. Gossett, W. R. Harris, J. C. Rykert, 1845; W. H. Thorne, 1841; E. H. Jackes, 1875; E. H. Benjamin, 1846; E. McMaster, 1890; F. Street, 1890; W. Moss, 1885; N. Cosby, 1887; T. McMaster, 1890; Judge Kingsmill, 1840 to 1847; William McMaster, 1846 to 1850; Rev. C. E. Thomson, 1846 to 1849; Frank J. Snetsinger, 1881 to 1885.

An interesting feature of the day was the presence of the first and last boy whose names were entered on the old college register. The former was the venerable Dr. Scadding, who entered as a pupil in 1829; the latter was W. E. Alma, a lad of 12 years, who entered in June last, just before the closing of the old college buildings. A period of sixty-one years is thus embraced between the two signatures. In the lower engraving on page 563 the first and last boy are seen side by side in the centre of the group.

Another interesting feature of the day was the exhibition of relics of the old days, such as the old register with Dr. Scadding's name heading the list, the two cricket balls used in matches against the province in 1847 and 1848, and a volume of prize poems, containing contributions from Adam Crooks, late Minister of Education, the late E. Stinson, the late S. A. Marling, Archdeacon Palmer, A. M. Clark, the late T. M. Cronyn and others. The *Mail*, in its account of the affair, quotes three of these poems, written on the occasion of the erection of the old U. C. College flagstaff in the old playground on St. George's Day, 1846. The same old flag was given to the breeze on the day of which we write.

The cricket balls of the games of 1847 and 1848 with the province, are inscribed with the scores made, and that of the old boys' game will be similarly treated and preserved with them by Principal Dickson.

The old boys' celebration concluded with a supper and happy speeches at Webb's, where 75 of them sat down, W. J. McMaster presiding. One of the results of the day was the resolution, adopted at this meeting, to form an association of the ex-students of the U. C. C.

PRESCOTT, ONT.

The town of Prescott owes its origin to a distinguished United Empire loyalist, Major Edward Jessup of the Loyal American Regiment. He was a native of the State of Connecticut, having been born in the parish of Stamford about the year 1735. His father, Joseph Jessup, died in Montreal in 1779; the family had been in America for over three-quarters of a century, his ancestor, Edward Jessup, having come over from England towards the close of the 17th century. Major Jessup and his family had removed to the city of Albany, New York State, and was engaged in business there; he was a wealthy land owner, having a grant of five hundred thousand acres of land in that State. Immediately on the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, he joined the King's forces and entered actively on military duty; he took part in the unfortunate campaign under General Burgoyne and in other engagements of note. Some time before the conclusion of the war his corps was sent to Canada to strengthen the garrison, which the despatch of the loyal forces to the south had rendered weak; the corps thereafter became known as "Jessup's Rangers." They were stationed almost exclusively in the Richelieu district—Isle-aux-Noix, Sorel, and other places in the vicinity. After the peace of 1783 large grants of land were made to the members of the corps, the locality designated for them being that on the St. Lawrence front, in the counties of Leeds, Grenville and Addington. Major Jessup went to England for several years, and on his return took up his Crown grant in the Township of Augusta, County of Grenville, and in 1810 laid out the town of Prescott in the front of his property; the name was given in honor of Major Prescott, a distinguished officer. Two years after the laying out of the place, Fort Wellington was built by the Imperial Government and added considerably to the importance of the adjacent village; during the war of 1812 it was of much use as a basis of operations against Ogdensburg and the American frontier, and as a fortified garrison for the troops on their way from Montreal to the west. The founder of the town lived through the war, but died shortly afterwards, in February, 1816, aged 81 years. Prescott grew rapidly, as a half-way house between Montreal and Kingston, and being situated at the head of the rapids. For many years a steady growth in the population took place, but on the improvement and enlargement of the canals it became of somewhat less importance than formerly. The most marked change is that while the buildings on the river front seem somewhat dilapidated the town has grown more inland, and quite a number of important industries centre there. In 1834 Prescott was incorporated. The following gentlemen comprised the first Board of Police and managed all public affairs:—Messrs. Alex. McMillan, Thos. Fraser, William Holden, Moses Murphey, and Timothy Buckley, with Mr. R. Headlam, clerk. Thirteen years later the more orthodox Town Council took the place of the Board of Police; Major B. White was the first Mayor. The population at present is about 4,000; the place contains five churches, about 50 stores, two breweries, a distillery and an iron foundry, besides other branches of business. Two weekly papers supply news to the district, and the town is, in all, one of the most important in Eastern Ontario.

ST. JOHN'S (CHURCH OF ENGLAND).—This handsome edifice was erected in 1862, and cost about \$22,000. It will comfortably seat 500 persons; its beauty is heightened by two memorial windows, one in memory of Mrs. Ellis, the other of Mr. Henry Simms.

METHODIST CHURCH.—The building shown in our engraving was erected about 1856, replacing the first church used by this denomination, which had been erected in 1821. The present building is a commodious and handsome one, costing about \$12,000.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Presbyterianism in Prescott dates back to 1819, when Rev. Dr. Boyd—then plain Mr.—took charge of the mission; a church soon followed and was dedicated on 12th January, 1822. In 1850 the present structure replaced the first building. The church was greatly enlarged and improved in 1878.

THE OLD GATES OF QUEBEC.

The letter-press description of these most interesting relics of old Quebec is crowded out of this issue, but will appear next week.

"Dominion Illustrated" Prize Question Competition, 1891.

LIST OF PRIZEWINNERS:

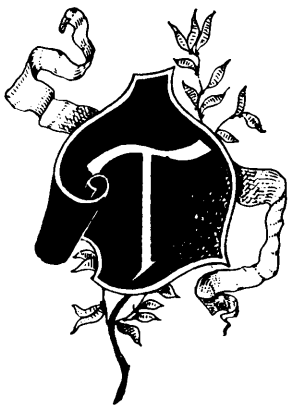
	NAME.	ADDRESS.
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3	Mrs. Patterson.	Montreal.
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5	I. B. Lewis.	Ottawa.
6	Earnest Wurtele.	Quebec.
7	Walter Hunter.	Nanaimo, B.C.
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13	Miss B. M. Williams.	Port Colborne, Ont.
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17	Miss L. Thomas.	St. John, N.B.
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44	Geo. A. Dewar.	Seaforth, Ont.
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47	Miss S. M. Biggar.	Brant Co., Ont.
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86	J. F. Herbin.	Wolfville, N.S.
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91	Eliza Magowen.	St. George, N.B.
92	Jan B. Steele.	Edmonton, N.W.T.
93	F. Blake Crofton.	Halifax, N.S.
94	Miss Minnie Sang.	Owen Sound, Ont.
95	John McKerche.	Montreal.
96	Emma J. Bacon.	Digby, N.S.
97	D. Steel.	Montreal.
98	Miss E. Estey.	St. John, N.B.
99	Chas. Nelson.	Vancouver, B.C.
100	Mrs. John A. Vibert.	Montreal.

As soon as the above parties send us shipping instructions, their prizes will be forwarded to them.



THE FORTUNES OF A MANITOBIAN

CHAPTER I.



HE blazing August sun beat from a cloudless sky, and the fields of grain sweeping from the railway track away over the rolling prairie to the hazy horizon seemed, to the spectators at the car window, to momentarily grow yellower in the fierce light. The South-western express was late, and the telegraph poles flew by with a rapidity that showed that the usual running speed of the train had been greatly increased. The first-class

passenger coach was well filled. A group of chattering school-marks returning from a teachers' convention; dressy drummers, who frequently departed for the second-class car, where smoking, card-playing and the telling of travellers' tales relieved the tedium of the journey; the Lord Bishop of the diocese, gray and worn with shepherding his sheep on the wide plains; the broad-shouldered, heavily built premier of the province going home to spend Sunday with his family; sportsmen, with their guns and jeggings, bound for the duck-shooting grounds, in anticipation of the season to open the following Monday,—these, with a few farmers and a machine agent or two, made up the passengers flying south-westwards.

Major Carruthers sat at an open window, listening idly to the chatter about crops and the harvest, that filled the car, and watching the shifting landscape flying from west to east. Far off he could see the white cottages of the Mennonite communities; near at hand the binders were cutting their way through the heavy wheat fields; now and then the express stopped for a moment at some hamlet, which, with its ungraded streets and houses of unpainted boards, looked as though it had but yesterday sprung up from the prairie sward. To Major Carruthers the whole scene was a most striking one. Here he was at the beginning of things. But yesterday the country had been a wilderness; he could see leagues of prairie untouched by the plow, lying bare and beautiful, and the faces of those about him were those of pioneers. It was a vivid contrast to India, which he had left scarcely six weeks before, on a furlough home for the first time in ten years.

"B—," cried the brakeman, and the Major, gathering his personal belongings together, passed out on the narrow platform that stretched beside the small frame station. But two or three were there to meet the train; one of them, a ruddy-faced young man of medium height, stepped forward and met the Major. They shook hands heartily and said the commonplace words of greeting,—the curiously impassive and undemonstrative meeting of Britons after years of absence. The Major's valise was taken from his hand, and the two passed through the station to where a broncho, attached to a democrat, was enjoying the grateful shade of the building.

A moment later they were speeding down the one street, along which the hamlet sprawled. A few small boys, playing at harvesting in the sand, and two or three men, in duck overalls, working beside the roaring smithy, were the only signs of animation.

"It's harvesting time, you see," said the Major's companion, "and no one comes into the village unless he has to, to have his machinery fixed, or to get binding twine. Wait until we get into the country and you will find a livelier state of things."

"How are Helen and the children?"

"Very well, indeed. Helen is very anxious to meet you again."

"It has been a long time since we last met. As nearly as I can remember the last time I saw her was at the Epsom races, when I introduced you to her; that was the year before I got my commission. When I went abroad I lost track of many of my old friends; a soldier campaigning from Zululand to Burmah has little time for correspondence. However, when, a few months ago, I wrote to Tom that I intended going home for a visit, by way of Japan and the Canadian Pacific steamers, he wrote me that cousin Helen was married to you, and that you were living in Manitoba. It was the first I had heard of you for a long time. Eight or nine years ago I heard from some source—read it in a stray newspaper, I think—that you had become immensely wealthy and owned a city, or something of that sort, out here."

"Yes," answered his companion, grimly, "I owned several cities,—that is, the site of them. We'll go duck-shooting over the ruins of some of them next week."

"'Boom-king,' I think they called you."

"Yes, that was the title I wore. The crown was only a tinsel one though, and has long since gone to rust. I have been an ordinary farmer for the past nine years."

"In the old days at Eton you would have been the last member of our 'set' that I would have picked out as likely to become a pioneer tiller of the soil. How did it come about?"

"It is somewhat of a long story, and later on, when I have you comfortably situated at home, I'll tell you how I became a farmer, and how the daughter of your proud old knightly uncle became a farmer's wife. Meanwhile, look at that,—a sight which cannot be seen outside of Manitoba."

They had turned the summit of a ridge, and before them lay the Pembina valley. The land sloped gently down for three or four miles to the river; beyond the stream it rose more precipitously into tree-crowned bluffs. The valley ran east and west; the sun was dipping toward the horizon, and the river wound, like a band of molten gold, through the groves of oak and elm that marked its course. Wheat fields lay yellow in the sun as far as the eye could see, and as the pony whisked them rapidly along the smooth prairie trail they could hear, on every farm, the garrulous reapers at work. Men were following the machines, building heavy sheaves into stooks. Comfortable looking farm-houses overlooked the valley from the uplands or nestled in the woods, near the stream.

"All that," said the farmer, sweeping his hand east and west toward both extremities of the valley, "was a wilderness nine years ago. There was but a handful of us then. Here we are at my farm. This is my best field of wheat."

The Major saw a vast field of grain stretching away until it was lost over a swell in the prairie. The yellow heads were of so uniform a height that the field gave the impression of a floor that could be walked over. As they stopped to survey it the whirr of binders was heard, and looking across the corner they could just see the horses' heads above the grain. They halted, and the Major saw binder after binder,

until he had counted eight, slowly round the corner, and going down the other side, catching the grain with a roar and spitting it out again in the form of sheaves.

"That field," said the farmer, proudly, "is just four miles around, and it will take those reapers ten days to cut it. As it stands the grain is worth \$15,000."

A mile farther on another huge field was reached; here the binders had done their work, and the yellow stubble was dotted with stooks. Beyond a broad green belt stretched down the slope and across the peat almost to the river.

"That," said the farmer, "is the only cloud in my sky. It is late grain, and I expect it will be frosted before it matures."

"And what if it is frosted?"

"It is clear that you haven't been in Manitoba over forty-eight hours or you wouldn't ask me that question. A frost means anywhere from ten to thirty cents a bushel less for the wheat so damaged."

The pony had been whirling them down the slope at a rapid rate, and soon drew up before a collection of buildings on a low bluff, beneath which the Pembina ran. To the left lay neat and commodious stables; across the trail, and almost on the edge of the bluff, stood the house. It was a low, two-story structure, with flanking wings that had evidently been built recently; a broad verandah ran along its east side, and up its posts clambered wild cucumber and morning glory vines. Many gables, some of them with quaint fretwork, gave the house a sort of Swiss chalet appearance, while with its low roof, broad expanse, deep windows and general air of solidity, it resembled the colonial mansions of the older states. A lawn, too new to be velvety, and broken here and there by beds of flowers, stretched in front of the house to a rustic fence, along which a double row of soft maples were making a brave attempt to grow. To the right of the lawn lay the garden, and an aermotor, its arms lazily flopping in the light breeze, was pumping water, which was finding its way to the lawn through three sprays.

The pony had not stopped before a young woman opened the door and came down the walk, preceded by a sunny-haired little toddler, who shouted her welcome to her papa.

The Major jumped from the carriage, greeted the young woman warmly, and picking up the little girl, who seemed rather inclined to resent the familiarity, passed into the house while the host was turning the pony loose.

Two hours later these two men were sitting, comfortably smoking their pipes, in a little room, which served as an office and a library; a window looked west along the pleasant valley, on which the deep shadows of the twilight were falling, mingling the water-stretches, the yellow grain-fields, the marsh hay-lands and the scrubby bluff into a vague and momentarily darkening landscape.

"Well, Barton," said the Major, "you are very comfortable here. You have been spending the last few years much more profitably than I have been. I can only show a few honourable scars and a well-developed weakness for malarial fevers. But, then, had I turned farmer I would have lacked the 'start' you got, and there is a good deal in that, you know."

"I began here with scarcely a shilling. But I promised that I would tell you the story of my turning farmer and becoming a benedict, and while Helen is getting the babies to sleep I can tell it to you. There is a touch of romance in it. Here it is:—

CHAPTER II.

The spring of 1881 found me on board of an "immigrant" train from Toronto to Winnipeg. Parties were made up in the former city from time to time by the railways; and after hundreds were wedged and jammed into cars they were sent off to the Canadian Northwest by way of Chicago,—the C. P. R. line being then only in the process of construction.

I came to be a Manitoba immigrant on very short notice. My father died suddenly during the winter of 1881, and I found myself the possessor of £4,000, a very snug sum, as fortunes go in this country, but scarcely a flash in the pan in the company I was keeping while ostensibly studying law in London. I was too grieved at the loss of the dear old pater to feel disappointment at finding him a much poorer man than I thought, but I made up my mind in an instant that I must change my plans for life. I had neither sufficient confidence in myself, or love enough for the law, to satisfy myself that I could make even a decent showing at the bar on my merits; and I decided that I must turn my talents in some direction in which my patrimony would enable me to get a foothold before it was exhausted. Naturally my mind turned to the colonies. Every young Englishman thinks the colonial world an easy one to conquer.

The journals were filled with references to Winnipeg—the city which had sprung up in a year in the Canadian Northwest; and Winnipeg, I said to myself, was the place for me. I made no plans as to what I would do when I got there, but contented myself with the delightful belief that a dozen avenues to wealth and distinction would open before me. In a year or so I expected to be about the biggest man in Winnipeg. I did not figure it out so exactly as this, but my ambitions and hopes were high, as they usually are when a young man has just turned the corner of 21.

Such were the causes which led to my being a member of an immigrant party that was being run through from Toronto under the generalship of a railroader and a politician. Most of its members were Canadians—a sanguine, nervous, energetic people, to whom I was instantly drawn. They were, with scarcely an exception, poor people, but they were very cheery and optimistic over the good fortune that waited them in the west. They were all prospective millionaires. Strangers to one another when we left the Union station in Toronto, they were exchanging confidences before we reached Chicago. I found myself shaken out of my insularity, and before the journey was over I had made some friendships that will last as long as I will.

One member of the party was a tall, good-looking, full-bearded man, who was a resident of Winnipeg, and was returning there from a business trip throughout Ontario. His business had been to put a Manitoba town site on the market, and he had been very successful.

"Yes," he said, talking to a group of us one day, "Valley City lots went with a rush. The night they were put up for sale in Toronto I could not take the money in fast enough. Everybody was wild to secure a lot. It was quite right, too, for Valley City property is going to be very valuable,—I expect it to run Winnipeg very close within five years."

"I never heard of Valley City," remarked a listener.

"No, sir, probably you have not. Nobody ever heard about Valley City until three months ago. But, sir, we rush things in the Northwest. A syndicate of my young fellows discovered that town-site, and it is going to make the fortunes of every one of us."

"How did you discover it?" I asked him.

"By having a little business snap. The profile plans of the railway showed that it would cross the Assiniboine at a certain point. We saw there would be a city there, so we got the land at that point, subdivided it, and put the town-site on the market. We boomed it for all we were worth. Lots have gone like hot-cakes, and only one-third of the site remained in our hands."

"What size is the place?" was my next question, for I thought such a promising locality would be a good place for me to locate. I already had in my mind's eye a low office with my name over the door and a private bank attached.

The answer to the question came a little slowly. "There may be one or two houses there now; some people were talking of going up there when I left Winnipeg. But there's room for 30,000 people."

This was my first acquaintance with a Manitoba boomster, by occasional conversations with him I learned much of the methods by which real estate in Winnipeg was being "boomed." That was the word everyone used. It looked a good deal like a gambling swindle to me; but to this view of the case, which I bluntly stated, Stephens earnestly dissented.

"Not at all," he cried. "You have no idea how that country is developing. Property in that province is bound to quadruple itself within the next five years, and it is a sure thing to deal in whether for speculative or investment purposes. When you reach Winnipeg put your money into dirt and my name is not Dick Stephens if you don't double your pile within a year."

The monotony of our journey was broken after we had passed Chicago by the incursions at nearly every station of American land speculators, who tried to "steal" members of the party by representing Manitoba as a land of blizzards and starvation, and urging them to buy land along the American railway line. On these the promoters of the party, assisted by Stephens, made warfare, the latter in his indignation throwing one of them from the car platform into a deep pool of slush and mud.

It was night when we reached St. Boniface, the terminal point of the railway. The express ran down a siding to the banks of the Red River, which we had to ferry to reach Winnipeg. The night was pitch dark, and it was half-raining, half-snowing. A few coal-oil lamps were flickering dimly on the platform on which several hundred of us were dumped. The ferry was a primitive one; it was a big flat-bottomed scow of much surface room, hauled across by a wire cable. On it were piled men, women, children and luggage until it could hold no more; then after signalling and hallooing it set forth in the dark on its journey across the waters rushing fiercely after the spring break-up. There was no protection from the rain, and the lightning was flashing and the thunder rolling in the distance. We got safely across, however, and my first experience in Winnipeg was to walk off the ferry platform waist-deep into such mud as I had never dreamed of before. There was a motley collection of vehicles, from Red River carts to cabs, awaiting us. Stephens and I piled into a carriage, and the straining horses strove to haul us through the sea of mud. There was Babel all around us in the dark; Jehus cursing the weather, their horses and one another; children crying piteously; across the black prairie from the city came the voices of drunken men screaming a ribald song.

After pitching and jolting along the streets for half an hour we reached the Queen's Hotel. There I found every room occupied; men were sleeping on the floors and in the chairs. I was told that every other hotel in the city was in the same condition and, dead tired, I decided to stay there if I had to sleep on the counter. The clerk took pity on me and, as a great favour, unlocked the billiard room, and I made up a lounge on the pool tables with my wraps, and slept like a log until next morning, when I was awakened by the scrambling of the Winnipeggers in the adjoining bar for their morning drinks. Before I had the sleep out of my eyes half-a-dozen real estate agents were swarming about me with what they called "snaps." I shook them off, fought my way into the dining-room and had my breakfast, after which I set off to do the town. I found it scattered mainly along Main street, which was one wide river of mud, in which teams were continually getting mired.

This was my introduction to Winnipeg, and for the next few months I was an amused spectator of the scramble for wealth. I went into a law office, but I found the real estate fever strong there, and the conversation was all about "margins," "options," "sure things." One of the first incidents of the boom that attracted my attention was the utter collapse of Valley City. The railroad located a town site of its own a mile or so farther on, and to this day that portion of Valley City which is not under water is but prairie land. Stephens did not seem the least perturbed over this turn of affairs. "Oh I got out of it before the smash came," he said to me. "Save your pity for those who own land there yet."

No man could stand by the Monte Carlo tables and see fortunes made and lost day after day without soon wanting to risk his sovereigns on the baize himself; and so, after being merely an onlooker for weeks, I was at last drawn into the real estate maelstrom. It was a corner lot on Portage Avenue that led to my abandoning law and following the *ignis fatuus* of fortune over the marshes of speculation. As prices were going, it seemed to me cheap and I bought it. I did not have it an hour when I was offered just twice what I paid for it. In one turn of the hand I had made £500. Next day I bought again; again I sold to advantage, and within a week I was a full-fledged real estate speculator. I haunted the speculators' rooms; I attended the auction sales; I bargained and schemed; I saw my wealth advancing by leaps and bounds. It was not difficult to make money, for land bought one week at a high figure

would be certain by the following week to command a yet higher price. Most of the buying was done on margin, with the expectation of turning it over before the time came for paying the balance. Frequently there were a dozen transfers in a month, each marking an increase in value. My little fortune, spread out in margins, covered a lot of territory; and I kept selling rapidly and reinvesting. In a month or so I was a leading figure on the Winnipeg streets; my opinion was received with deference on all matters relating to real estate; my name stared at me daily out of the columns of the newspapers! people made way for me at the nightly auction sales, and I was pointed out on the street to hesitating and doubtful investors as the man that had made a cool half-million. Scores of other men were passing through similar experiences, some of them in a greater degree; the streets were filled with men who ranked themselves as millionaires. It was a period of extraordinary inflation; every train-load brought in hundreds of men eager to take a hand in the great gambling game that was being played on the streets of Winnipeg; money poured in from Eastern Canada, the United States and Europe. Even bank managers, ordinarily the least enthusiastic people in the world, lost their heads, and there were few schemes so wild as to fail to get good financial backing. The city shot out east and west, north and south; streets were marked out far away on the prairie where the ducks disported themselves in the sloughs; and we bought and sold little patches of ground that were miles from Main street.

The speculative mania showed itself in private life in reckless extravagance. No young man can stand sudden prosperity, and we were nearly all young. Men spent money like water. Gambling was a universal craze. Men risked thousands on the throw of the dice. The city was honeycombed with poker dens. Vice flaunted her painted face on the streets by day and by night. The red lights of the saloons burned at every street corner. One young idiot lit his pipe with \$5 bills. But the culmination of all the foolish things done was the taking of a bath in champagne by one of the leading speculators to celebrate a particularly successful deal.

After city property had been exploded to its utmost, the town-site craze began. Every man who owned a hundred acres of land near a lake, a river or a railway proceeded to sub-divide it, after which it was placed on the market. There were at least 150 of these located in the province; and on most of these lots sold freely, and the original purchasers turned them over at a sharp advance. Into this new form of speculation I embarked with energy; and by the winter of 1882 I had very large sums of money invested in lots in country villages with names suggestive of coming importance. Many of these names have since disappeared from the map, and there are wheat fields where it was intended there should be solid blocks of business houses. I made up my mind that with the opening of the spring I would sell out all my country holdings—at an advance of course; get rid of my suburban property in Winnipeg on the same terms, and convert my assets into solid cash. I estimated that when I did so I should be worth somewhere in the neighbourhood of one hundred thousand pounds. Then, and my heart beat faster at the thought, I would go home. I was not particularly anxious to see England for its own sake; the attraction was Miss Helen Carruthers. We had for years been something more than friends, and, when little more than a youth, I had made up my mind that some day I would ask her to be my wife. But I thought I would wait until I had finished my law course; and then my father's death came and changed all my plans. My pride would not let me speak after finding that, instead of being rich, I was poor. I did not really think that it would make the slightest difference in her answer whether I was poverty-stricken or overflowing with wealth; but I could not bring myself to put myself in a position which might be misconstrued by others. So I went away to the colonies, determined to make my fortune, and then to return in triumph to woo and win the heroine of all my fancies.

CHAPTER III.

The spring came early in 1882. By the beginning of April the streets were rivers of mud. The sun blazed with almost midsummer warmth. The real estate market, which had been comparatively quiet during the winter, brightened up with the return of warm weather. To open the season one of the big speculators put the Edmonton town-site on the market. Edmonton is a small town on the Saskatchewan, a thousand miles from Winnipeg. It was then the jumping-off place of civilization, but the plausible voice of the auctioneer pictured it to a surging crowd that filled his

rooms as an embryo city that would shortly rival, it did not surpass, Winnipeg. I was there, perched on the corner of a second-hand table, but, though the auctioneer made frequent personal appeals to me, I made no attempt to buy. My new resolution was strong upon me. But I never saw a more eager crowd of purchasers; lots ran up to fancy figures, and some who had purchased early in the evening had their lots put up at the close and sold again at a sharp advance.

I went home that night to my little room in the hotel and, sitting down, wrote a letter to Helen—a plain, blunt, honest kind of letter, telling her of my love for her, asking her to marry me, and incidentally mentioning the good fortune that had come to me during the year I had been in Winnipeg. I was very brave while doing the writing but after I had sealed and addressed the envelope my courage oozed out, and though I twice arose and put on my coat to go out and post it, something made me hesitate; and finally I put it away in my secretary, deciding that to-morrow would do.

That letter was never mailed, for next day the boom burst. The catastrophe came with unexampled suddenness. There had not been a premonition of danger. In a day men fell from the pinnacle of wealth and power to the bitterest depths of despair. No one could tell exactly what caused the collapse, but, as is the case with all frauds, it must have come some time; and it was left for the little Edmonton boom to puncture the bubble. On the day following the first sale Edmonton lots were again put up; they went slowly for awhile and then the sales stopped. The speculators had suddenly become cautious. In place of buying they tried to sell; their actions gave the cue to the whole market; everyone was eager to unload, with not a purchaser in sight. In an hour cautiousness had produced a scare; in another hour there was a panic raging in the streets of Winnipeg, and the whole gigantic fabric of bogus and inflated values, impossible town-sites and worthless titles fell, burying it its ruins the fortunes of thousands. Real estate which had been selling for probably ten times its actual value, suddenly became of no marketable value whatever. The embryo cities throughout the country on which we had been counting so hopefully either disappeared absolutely from the map or became little handfuls of houses, hopelessly sunk in municipal indebtedness.

After the crash came it did not take me half an hour to make up my mind that the game was up. Some could not bring themselves to believe that the reaction was anything but temporary; and there was a slight attempt at a revival in a week or so. Just at this juncture the floods came. The Red River overspread its banks, and we navigated the streets of Winnipeg in punts. We were cut off from the outside world for a fortnight, the railroad track being under water for miles; and that put the final touch on the discouragement of the season. Everyone seemed to lose faith in the country: and when the trains began running again they carried away hundreds of people. A good many had not money enough to get out of town, and they walked the streets with blank despair written on their faces. Had the average age of those who had taken part in the craze been ten years older than it was, the crack of the suicide's pistol would have been frequently heard. But we were mostly young, and youth recovers from disasters that swamp older men.

No one was worse caught than I was. My holdings outside of Winnipeg were worthless; so was much suburban property in the city. In the heart of the city I had a number of lots that I knew were valuable, but with one or two exceptions I had payments due on them, and it was useless asking favours from banks or loan companies. They had already been heavily hit, and were trying to prevent further losses; and foreclosures were the order of the day. I had two or three unencumbered lots some distance from the centre of the city. I tried to sell them and failed; mortgage companies declined to advance a dollar on them, and I was left with only about a hundred pounds, which I had in cash.

After the first paroxysm of rage at myself and bitter disappointment, I sat down and did considerably more thinking than I ever did before in my life. First I burned my letter to Miss Carruthers; I would not ask her to marry a lunatic who had thrown away his fortune in blowing bubbles. And then I made up my mind with a savage determination that, having lost my money in Manitoba, I would not run away like a disgraced soldier, but would stay and regain my lost ground. How to do it was the problem. Only clerical work was open to me if I remained in the city, and I knew the market was overflowing with labour of that

kind. Besides I wanted to get away from the scene of my follies; so long as I stayed in Winnipeg I knew I would be morbid and depressed.

After an hour or so of thinking I reached the conclusion that I would turn farmer. I knew nothing of farm work; but within a week I had engaged myself with an Ontario farmer, Richard Smith by name, who was bound for far Southwestern Manitoba, to work a year with him; and early on the following morning the erstwhile millionaire of Winnipeg could be seen trying to drive an ox-team along the yielding trails running from the city. It took us fifteen days to reach the Pembina Valley, where Mr. Smith had homesteaded, and then we began the arduous task of developing virgin prairie into a cultivated farm. We sowed our grain, oats and wheat on the prairie and ploughed it in. The work of breaking the heavy sward, which had been toughening for centuries, was an arduous one; the toiling oxen seemed to barely move along the long furrows; the sun blazed with tropical brilliancy. We were at work almost with the dawn, which comes early in these high latitudes, and not until the twilight fell did we drag ourselves to our tent. At first I came from the fields so footsore, weary in body and brain, that I could have lain down and cried; but in a week or so I became, in a measure, used to it, and soon I came to rather enjoy the long hours in the brilliant sunlight. Smith and I "baked"; coarse bread baked by ourselves in a bake-all buried in a bed of coals, butter not much better than oleomargarine; strong tea, its murky colour unrelieved by the suspicion of milk and sweetened by muscovado sugar,—these were the staples of our commissariat department. In Winnipeg, as in my college days, I had been regarded as something of a dandy; now I went from week's end to week's end in the coarsest of clothes. My big trunk, in which reposed the garments of my prosperous days, remained locked in the corner of the tent. We lived, in almost complete isolation, forty-five miles from a post-office and five miles from the nearest neighbour. When the crop was in we went at the breaking for the following year. Then in the midsummer there was hay to cut, with old-fashioned scythes, from about the sloughs; and after that the harvest. We had no improved machinery, and had to utilize the cradle and the sickle. Then we began hauling logs to build a house; and by filling in the interstices with mud and then surrounding the walls outside with a layer of prairie sod, we had a large and warm building, with deep windows, that looked like the embrasures of a fortress, before winter set in with stern intensity. We threshed our grain in a primitive manner, by marching a span of horses, which Smith had purchased, back and forth over it, the frozen earth serving as a floor. Early in December Smith left for Ontario, intending to return with his family in the spring, and I was left to my lonely task of looking after the place during the long winter. Looking up and down the valley not a house could be seen breaking the desolate waste of whiteness; days went by without my seeing a human face. Yet I was not unhappy. I had with me Shakespeare, a set of the Waverley novels, and a volume of Homer, well-thumbed in Eton days, and with these I peopled the wilderness about me with the heroes who move with immortal youth and beauty through these pages of romance. It seemed good to me to have left the madding world, with its lusts for power, position and fortune, to breathe the pure air of the prairie and live the sane life of the husbandman. On Christmas I drove over to the nearest neighbour to give them the greetings of the season, and was heartily welcomed by a party of young Ontario bachelors. In January, when the snow on the prairie made the sleighing good, I began hauling the little crop we had to Brandon, which was distant about 75 miles. It took me four days to go and come, and I got but a pittance for the wheat.

Smith returned with his family in March, and having located an adjoining homestead I set up as a farmer on my own account, my outfit consisting of a pair of oxen, a plough and a harrow. I put up a small shack on the prairie, and the one room served me for all purposes. The summer of 1883 was like to that of 1882, excepting that I was working for myself in place of for others; and by hard work I got some fifty or sixty acres broken for the following year. In the fall of 1883 what little crop I had was almost completely ruined by the frost, which visited the province that year for the first time. Poor Smith, who had been counting on a big crop, was bitterly disappointed when he saw his grain all but destroyed in a night. During the following winter I crossed the line into Dakota, and worked behind a thresher; with the money thus earned I bought a team of horses, and with the opening of spring started in to farm in earnest. I had a fairly good crop that year, but it was almost ruined by

heavy rains falling in the harvest time. I did not attempt to sell it, but went into the eastern part of the province and buying up cattle that were running loose, proceeded to fatten them on my grain. In this way I saved myself from loss, but I made nothing. Next spring I figured it out that I was not a dollar ahead after my three years work. My farm was worth something, but I had bought a lot of machinery the year before, and it was unpaid. I decided upon looking over the ground that if I was to make money quickly—and nothing else would satisfy me—I must go at it on a large scale and risk much. So I bought a whole section of railway land on credit, and with my little store of ready money, which I had kept from my days of affluence, I got a couple of teams, and as soon as the crop was in I started three teams to work breaking the new land for next season. I had about 100 acres in wheat that year; and again it was frosted by an early dip in the temperature in August. Smith, completely discouraged, offered to sell me his farm, and I raised enough on my horses to buy him out. This raised my land holdings to over a thousand acres, of which about seven hundred were ready for the next season. During the winter the railway was extended to within seven miles from me, and I sold my grain for enough to just keep me afloat, and early in the spring started in with four men to put in the biggest crop in the valley, which by this time was dotted with the little houses of settlers. It was a case of make or break with me; if my crop again failed me I was a ruined man.

I watched that wheat as though my life depended upon it. The spring opened favourably, the grain grew apace and my hopes ran high. Then the sun began to beat down day after day with ever increasing heat. Not a drop of rain fell; morning after morning we looked eagerly out for a cloud only to see the red face of the sun come up out of the eastern prairie and begin once more his scorching passage over the yellowing fields. I saw my beautiful wheat begin to shrivel and droop, and I felt my hopes and ambitions fading with it. One night near the end of June I went to bed weary at heart. I felt like giving up the fight; I had done my best and I had been beaten. The day had been an intensely hot one and the sky at night was cloudlessly blue, giving promise of another scorcher on the morrow. After tossing about on my bed for an hour I fell into a troubled sleep.

Suddenly there seemed to come to me in my dreams a crashing peal of thunder. I awoke to find that I had leaped from my bed, and was standing in the centre of the room. Then through the window I saw a jagged streak of lightning cleave through the sky from horizon to zenith: the hut rocked beneath the reverberations of the thunder peal; and then I heard the deluge breaking on the roof. I opened the door and saw that the rain was falling in torrents, and I fell on my bed and laughed and cried like a little child. I lay there the rest of the night watching the vivid lightning chase the shadows from every nook in my room, and listening to the thunder which I thought the sweetest music I had ever heard.

The rain saved the crop. The harvest did not come up to what I had, in the spring, hoped it would be, but the quality was excellent and commanded high prices. I made enough that year to lift all my indebtedness, and to put up a fine group of farm buildings, though I still continued to live in the shack I had put up at the outset of my career as a farmer. Then I bought another section of land: and in 1887 I had over 1,100 acres in wheat. Probably Manitoba will never again see a year so favourable as that one; everything conspired to give the farmers a magnificent harvest. The spring was early and warm; the rains came in due season; the harvest matured early; frost kept away; there was perfect harvesting weather. That year lifted thousands of farmers from penury to comfort or affluence; and I was one of them. In the middle of September, when I rode over my farm and counted nearly 400 stacks of wheat awaiting the thresher, I knew that I had won my patrimony back and something more. I had conquered stubborn obstacles and adverse fates; I had learned to do one thing well; and looking over the broad acres of stubble I felt much more a man than I ever did, swaggering down Main street, in Winnipeg, the spoiled favourite of fortune.

"And now for England," I said to myself.

CHAPTER IV.

During these years I had been so engrossed with my battle with the fates that I had lived almost like a hermit. I wrote occasionally to an aunt in London; with this exception I made no attempt to keep track of old associates and friends. When I made so lamentable a failure of my

life I simply disappeared; now I felt myself worthy of re-appearing in the circles that once knew me.

By the middle of December, by virtue of what we call hustling in this country, I had my grain all threshed, and the bulk of it in the elevator. I left my farm in charge of a young man in whom I had confidence; and one afternoon I found myself again nearing Winnipeg, after an absence of nearly six years. My objective point was England, and I had in my pocket a draft from a grain company on a Winnipeg bank for \$10,000. I walked down the street from the station, and though I met several whom I had once known well, none recognized in the broad-shouldered, full-bearded and plainly-attired farmer the neat, natty, slender, and elegantly moustached dandy of former years. Nor was the only change in myself. The streets were paved, and jangling horse-cars were rattling over them; the ramshackle buildings had been replaced by handsome business blocks; staring real estate signs did not stare me in the face wherever I turned myself. Looking down the side streets I could see that they had been built up for a mile back from Main street. The volatile and shifting sea of humanity that had striven for fortune on the curbstones of Winnipeg had flowed out, for, with very few exceptions, the faces were new to me. The effects of the boom had died out; Winnipeg had lived down its wild and wanton youth and had taken on the aspect of a great and solid city.

Next morning I went into the bank with my draft. I had known the manager well in former days, and appealed to him to identify me. It took him a moment to satisfy himself that I was the individual I claimed to be; then he invited me into his office and we had a chat about old times.

"I had not the slightest idea of your whereabouts," he said in the course of it. "Only the other day a man asked me where you were, and I said I thought you were in California. He wanted to buy that lot of yours on Main street."

After I left the bank I set out on a hunt for the offices of the law firms with which I had once been connected. The bank manager's remark had set me thinking. The firm had changed its name and its personnel considerably, but I found one member of it who remembered me. I said in effect to him that when I left Winnipeg I dropped all my real estate and I supposed I had lost most of it; but I wanted him to make a search of the registry and assessment offices, find out if any property remained in my name, and, if so, what incumbrances were on it. He set a clerk to work at once, and before night a list was handed me, showing that some five or six valuable properties still stood in my name. The mortgage company, knowing their risk to be fully secured by the land, had let the interest accumulate and had paid the taxes. In addition nearly a dozen lots had been sold by the city for taxes, but were still redeemable. Attached was a statement from which it appeared that the payment of some \$8,000 would restore all the property in an unblemished condition. I drew a check for this amount with alacrity, and thus found myself the possessor of Winnipeg property valued at considerably over \$50,000. This was a great windfall and put me in high good humor.

From the time I had left Winnipeg to turn farmer I had not heard a word of Helen Carruthers. I did not know whether she was living or dead, married or single. I had been so absorbed in my struggles with frosts and drouths and rains that even my passion lay quiescent. Besides, I knew that I could never bring myself to speak a word of love to her unless I first made a success of farming. I would not ask her to marry a man who had failed in everything undertaken. But now that my mind was at ease on this score, all the old feelings revived with double force; and I awaited with keenest eagerness the date of my departure for England, which I had fixed a day or so after Christmas.

It was the day before Christmas, and I was walking down Main street. I was taking no note of the crowds that were surging in and out of the stores, for I was thinking of a Christmas I had spent seven years before at Brayton Manor, when an avowal of love had trembled on my lips a score of times. Perhaps I had let an opportunity pass then that would never come again.

I stood on the curbstone, the fast falling snow beating into my face. Then almost unconsciously I started across Main street. Cabs were speeding down the street from the station, the Pacific express having just come in, and as one of them whirled by I saw through the glass door the face of Helen Carruthers. Next moment the carriage was speeding away southward, and I stood there in the centre of the street with the earth rocking under me. I heard an indignant cabman shouting at me to get out of the way, and

moved as in a dream across the street, and turned slowly southward towards the hotel.

I can remember as though it were yesterday the mental agony of that hour. Of course she was married. The same glance that had caught her face had shown me the outline of a gentleman seated beside her. How they came to be there did not interest me. It was enough that Helen Carruthers was married. I kept saying that over and over again, as I walked slowly down the street, but I could not realize the tremendous import of that fact for me. I had walked that same street years before, after my material fortunes had been lost, but then I had not been altogether wretched, for hope had been left me. But now black night seemed to have come down over my life.

I reached my hotel and looked at the register. There was a gentleman and his wife registered from a town in England near by to where the Carruthers lived, and this confirmed fears that were already a certainty. I went into the dining room when the doors were opened, and was looking aimlessly at a bill-of-fare that the waiter was holding before me when the head waiter ushered to the opposite side of the table a lady and a gentleman. One glance and I jumped to my feet with a suddenness that knocked the waiter half over the table. They were Helen Carruthers and her father!

But I hear my wife coming down stairs. How about the rest of the story? Why, you ought to be able to guess that. I spent a highly enjoyable Christmas that year, and shortly afterwards journeyed to England, having as *compagnons de voyage* Sir Arthur and Miss Carruthers, who were returning from a sight-seeing tour of the world. It was a very pleasant trip, but I did not enjoy it half so much as I did the return two months afterwards.

JOHN W. DAFOE.

Building Up a Library.

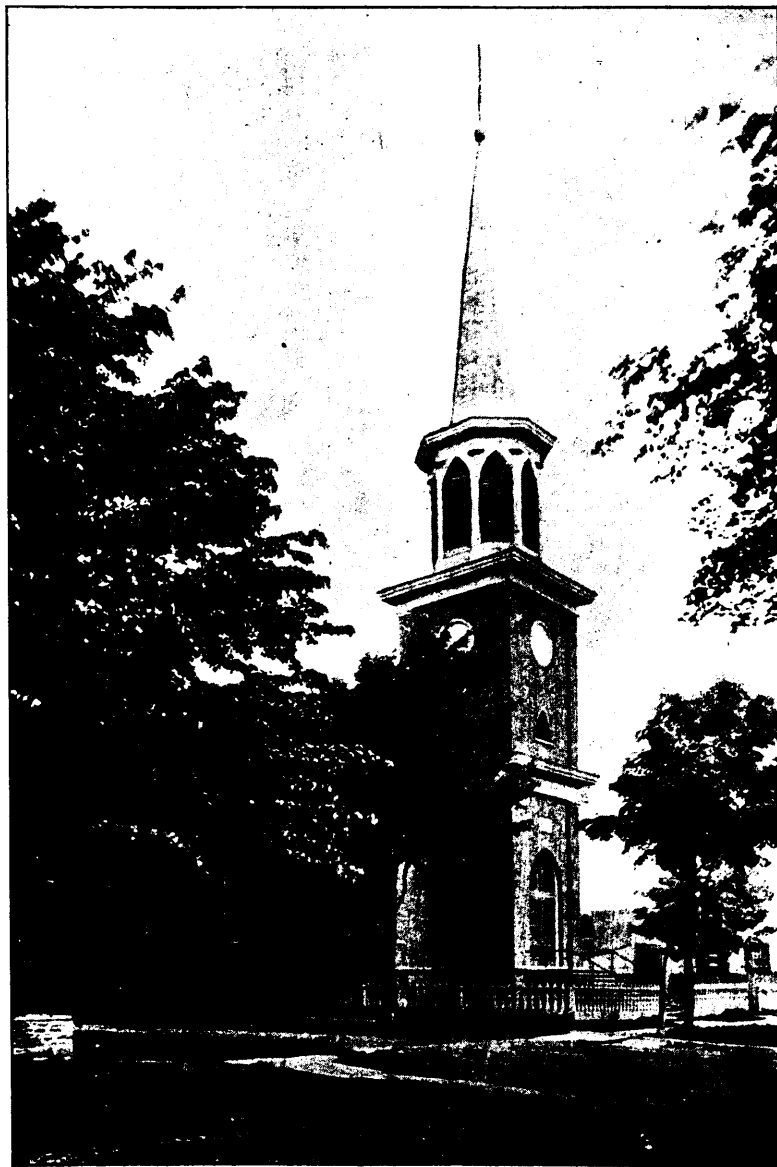
Mr. John Johnston, president of the Wisconsin Historical Society, recently presented that body with \$500 for the purpose of increasing its stock of rare and important books. The money was expended in England, and among the works purchased were three mammoth folio volumes beautifully illustrated entitled "Monuments of Mexican Art," a history and survey of the county of Kent, Stow's survey of "London and Westminster," a history of the County of Rutland, Smith's "New History of Aberdeenshire," two volumes, quarto, dated 1875, the standard work on Mr. Johnston's native county, Hulbert's "History and Antiquities of Shrewsbury," and Crostan's "County Families of Lancashire and Cheshire." The books are all peculiarly well suited for a library of an historical character, and their choice reflects credit on the secretary, who devoted the best part of his vacation to poring over bookstalls in London and other English cities in search of the required description of literary treasures.

The Clearing.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Stumps, and harsh rocks, and prostrate trunks all charred,
And gnarled roots naked to the sun and rain—
They seem in their grim stillness to complain,
And by their plaint the evening peace is jarred.
These ragged acres fire and the axe have scarred,
And many summers not assuaged their pain.
In vain the pink and saffron light, in vain
The pale dew on the hillocks stripped and marred.
But here and there the waste is touched with cheer
Where spreads the fire-weed like a crimson flood,
And ventures plumes of golden-rod appear;
And round the blackened fence the great boughs lean
With comfort; and across the solitude
The hermit's holy transport peals serene.
Windsor, N. S.

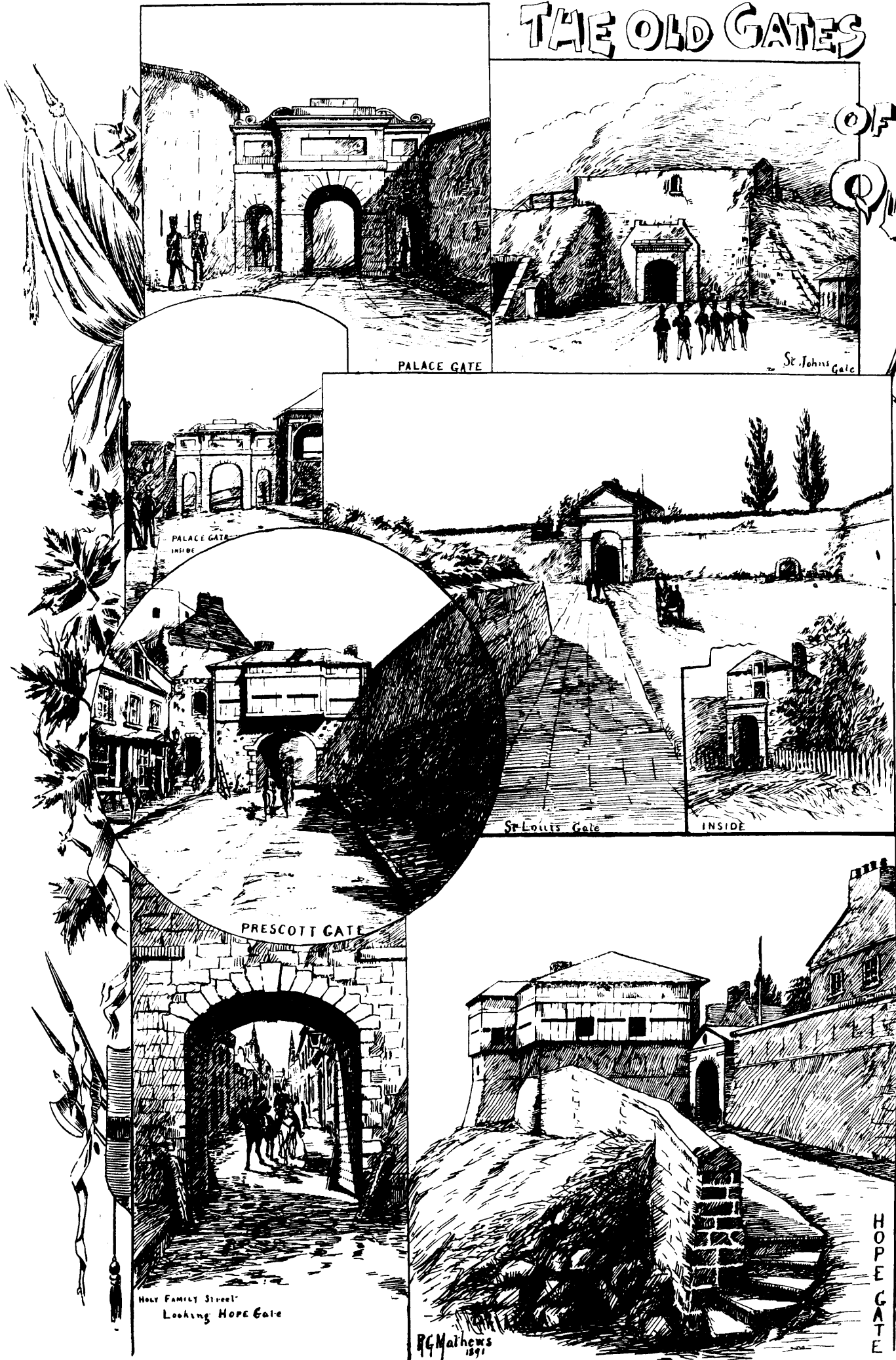
—Independent.



THE METHODIST CHURCH, PRESCOTT.

THE OLD GATES

OF QUEBEC



PALACE GATE

St. John's Gate

PALACE GATE INSIDE

St. Louis Gate

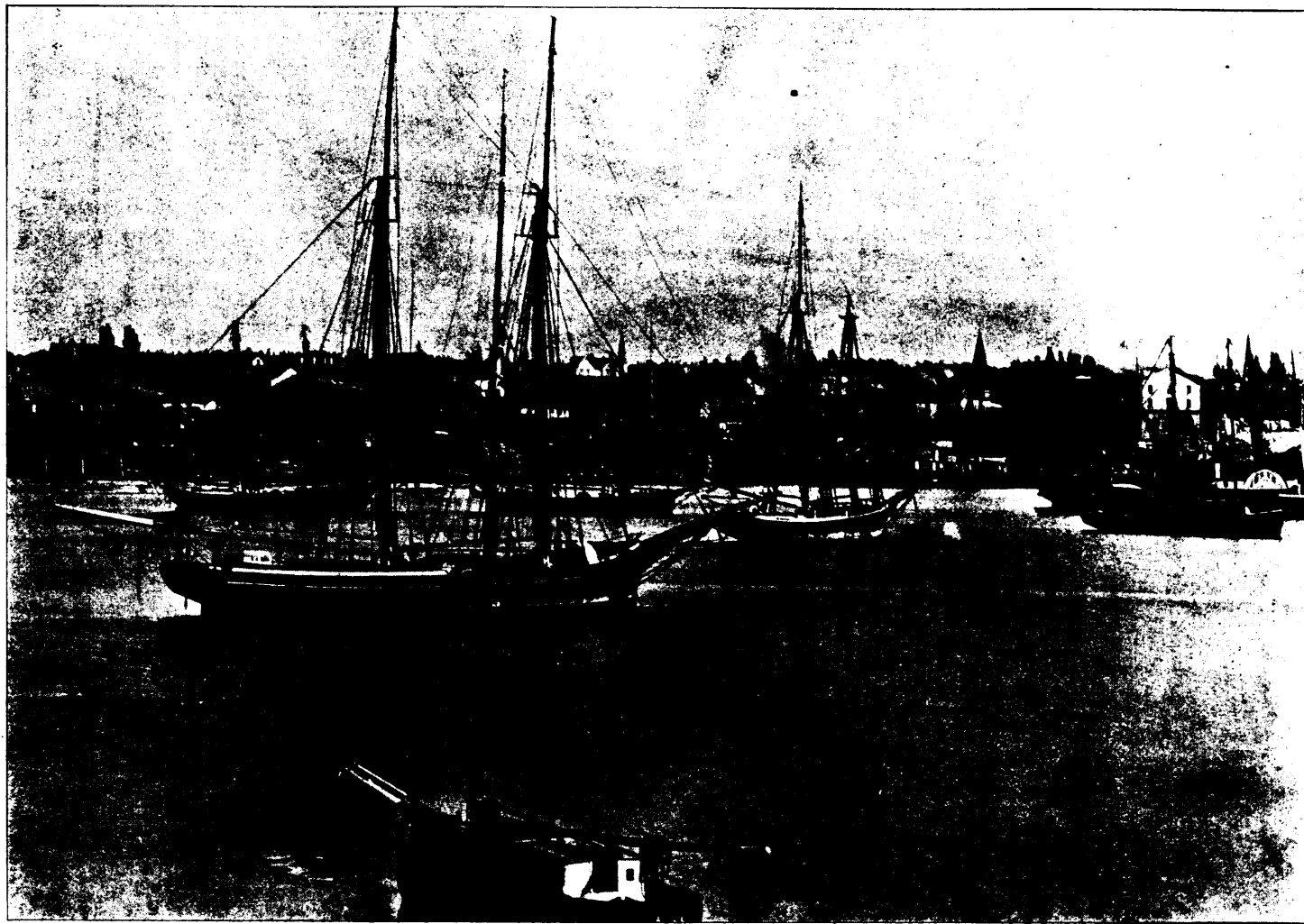
INSIDE

PRESCOTT GATE

Holy Family Street Looking HOPE Gate

HOPE GATE

R.G. Mathews 1891



A GROUP OF SEALERS IN VICTORIA, B.C., HARBOUR.



TORONTO, 5th December 1891.

ART in the form of picture sales is rather to the front this week; indeed the picture sale in Toronto has come to be the immediate forerunner of our city Christmases. This afternoon Mr. Lydon sold an excellent collection by members of the Royal Canadian Academy; among others were pictures by O. R. Jacobi, President R. C. A. A.; Paul Peel, G. A. Reid, W. A. Sherwood, T. M. Martin, M. Matthews and F. A. Verner. There were also several by the late Mr. Perré.

Mr. Matthews has also placed a number of paintings on exhibition with our well-known art dealers, Messrs. Roberts & Son.

Most of the canvases are Rocky Mountain subjects, recently painted from sketches taken in 1887 and 1889, when the artist travelled through the mountainous region of the west. Rogers Pass in the Selkirks, or, as Mr. Matthews has picturesquely named it, "The Conquered Portal of the West," attracts much attention for

its bold and telling effects of light and shade, the rugged grandeur of the scenery in the foreground, and the solemn beauty of the snow-capped peaks in the distance. The line of the C. P. R., which winds through the deep valley, gives the picture the verisimilitude of life and energy which should mark all landscape.

The collection will be sent on view to Ottawa and Montreal in a few days.

* * *

The special exhibition at Messrs. Matthews Bros. of recent work by the Reids, husband and wife, was very excellent. The large picture, "Lullaby," by Mr. Reid, painted for the Paris salon of next year, was first in point of importance, both for its size, excellence and distinction. A mother in a loose, simple garment, that well displays her beautiful neck and arms, leans over a carved wooden cradle to soothe or caress an infant, of whom we see nothing except a little of the top of the head. The expression of love and solicitude that characterizes the expression of the whole figure, not less than the countenance, is very charming, and the entire absence of colour in the picture is more remarkable, since it is not missed,—high and low tones foiling each other very beautifully.

* * *

Of the other pictures the larger number are landscapes, and among them may be mentioned "Ploughing," "A Glimpse of the Catskills," "A Sheep Pasture," "Near the Edge of the Wood," and "A Velvety Pasture." There is a restfulness and softness in Mr. Reid's landscapes that becomes characteristic.

Two "Bits of Colour," one by each painter, are most attractive little pictures.

* * *

Mrs. Reid's flower pieces are always beautiful. "Chrysanthemus," No. 31, "Daisies and Wild Carrot," No. 38, and "Lady Slippers," No. 39, deserve particular mention. A landscape by this lady—"In the Pine Woods"—is only one of several that fairly rank by the side of her husband's work; indeed had they been uncatalogued it would have been hard to distinguish the work of these two gifted artists apart. Quite a number of the pictures were marked "sold."

Mr. Reid is strong in his boy pictures, and one not in the catalogue—"A Deputation"—is worthy of his reputation. Three lads have been deputed by their comrades, who are watching them in the distance, to make some request to a schoolmaster or other superior. They have reached the entrance, but there they stand shamefaced and undecided; one of them is so evidently on the point of backing out that one wonders he does not run off under our very eyes.

* * *

I hear that a new paper, to be named *Canada*, is about to be launched, and that Mr. Cockin, the writer of "Gentleman Dick of the Greys," and much other verse, is to be the editor, but at present I know no more of the venture. Another name for the new-comer would, perhaps, be wiser, since Matthew Richey Knight has already made *Canada* familiar through his excellent monthly of that name.

* * *

An "appeal" from some quarter in England, that is not given, has reached my hand through a friend, asking a very pertinent question: "Why should it cost six times as much to send a few shillings to Canada or Australia as what it does to send the same amount to Malta, Gibraltar or Constantinople?" It appears that emigrants and others anxious to help, or receive help from, their friends in Australia or Canada have to pay sixpence for sending ten shillings to those two places, but to Malta or Gibraltar the same sum can be sent at a cost of one penny.

The extension of the Postal order system for small sums is asked for, and should certainly be granted in the interests of the thrifty and industrious who come to make a home in the colonies.

* * *

A further excellent movement for the encouragement of thrift among school children is again being pressed by the House of Lords upon the attention of school managers. In Ontario we should say "trustees."

It is the establishment of school savings' banks upon lines leading up to the Post Office Savings Bank system, but making it both easy and desirable to the children to deposit their small savings in the School Savings Bank.



THE COUNTESS OF ELGIN RECEIVING THE BOUQUETS AND CREST OF THE UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, 20th OCTOBER, 1847.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, TORONTO.
(From a contemporary engraving—J. Bruce, photo.)

One of the pregnant statements of this "circular to school managers," issued by the House of Lords, dated Education Department, 12th October, 1891, will bear considering by ourselves.

"To learn how to economise slender resources, how to resist temptation to heedless expense, and how to make reasonable provision for future contingencies," is an important part of education. Such knowledge is calculated to protect its possessor from much trouble and humiliation, and to help him greatly in leading an honourable and independent life."

Golden words these, and quite as applicable to us in the newer as to them in the older country. Our children are surrounded by constant temptation to spend money unnecessarily. Prize candies, "nickel-in-the-slot," cigarette smoking, and a host of other temptations of the same kind, all lead to the formation of innumerable bad habits that bear their bitter fruit in after life, while to the practice of self-denial, economy, and provision for the future, there is absolutely no incentive. It would be well if the authorities of our education departments were to take up the idea of school savings banks and inform themselves upon it with a view to action. The circular (No. 308) is one which will bear examination, and is full of information of the most practical kind with regard to the working out of the suggestion.

As showing what has already been done in this direction, France is cited favourably, and also Belgium, where, "out of a total number of 622,929 scholars in the primary schools, 171,589 have banking accounts," and "the sum standing to their credit amounts to 2,930,359 francs, or £117,214, the average deposit rather exceeding sixteen francs per head," and that "during the months of an exceptional crisis seriously affecting the industry and agriculture of the country."

Referring to what has been done in England for many years by penny banks and provident clubs, founded in numbers of schools taking the parliamentary grant (for a

certain degree of attainment) and also by shoe clubs, clothing clubs, &c., "My Lords" submit that "devices which merely aim at supplying a particular want have the disadvantage that they do not last after that want is once satisfied, and are of little service in the formation of a permanent habit. What is to be desired is that the scholars should become early familiar with the practice of saving, in view of any possible future need." All of which is certainly worthy of careful consideration, although it is to be confessed that the fleeting nature of boots and clothing and the therefore constant renewal of the need seems to have escaped "My Lords" attention. However, their contention is in the main a correct one.

I was glad to see the paragraph from the *Hamilton Spectator* in the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, recent issue, relating the heroism of Mrs. John Winer when a child in the war of 1812. It will be mournful news that the aged lady fell ill within a day or two of her birthday and died very shortly afterwards. In a private letter one of her daughters says: "Her father was at a loss how to get the news (of an invasion) to the officer beyond, but bethought him that his little daughter Sarah had a bad hand which would be the better of doctor's advice, so mounting her upon her horse, she no ways unwilling, he sent her through the enemy's lines to see the regimental surgeon—and carry a message." Brave child and brave father!

A very attractive programme has reached me of the "Third Annual Series of Shakespearian Readings and Popular Lectures" issued by the Presbyterian Ladies College in this city.

"A Talk on Elocution," by Miss Martha Smith, forms one of the series. Miss Smith is a daughter of the late Rev. John Smith, of Erskine Church in this city, an able and respected divine.

S. A. CURZON.

Jack: "There seems to be an air of distrust about Ethel."

Maud: "Yes. Her father was a tailor, you know."

The Autocrat of Bath.

In the last century English persons of fashion went to Bath at the close of the London season. And in Bath, Beau Nash, reformer of manners and social customs, ruled autocratically as master of the ceremonies. In general his principles of government were excellent, as is indicated by the "Rules to be Observed in Bath," which he had hung up for the instruction of visitors. Among these were "That no person take it that any one goes to another's play or breakfast, and not theirs, except captious by nature. That all repeaters of lies and scandals be shunned by all company except such as have been guilty of the same crime." He was a brave man who appeared at the assemblies booted and spurred. Nash would survey him from head to foot, and tell him to go back, as he had forgotten to bring his horse. Although the wearing of white aprons was a bygone fashion, and was at this time contrary to etiquette, the Duchess of Queensberry, rather than part with her white apron, had refused to pay homage to her sovereign at court; and she attended a Bath ball wearing the garment which had been condemned by the master of the ceremonies. Mr. Nash courteously deplored his inability to make an exception in her favour. He reminded her that only domestics now wore aprons, and that he had no alternatives to offer her but to abandon her apron or the ball. The duchess hesitated. This was Nash's court. Anyone seeking admittance to it must conform to his laws. Finally she yielded. "It was only Nash! She would humour him." So she untied her apron and gave it to her attendant. "One more dance, Mr. Nash; remember I am a princess," once entertained the Princess Amelia, then a lady of twenty-five. The hour of eleven, when Nash had ruled that the ball should cease, had struck. He was inexorable. "Yes, madam," he replied, "but I reign here, and my laws must be kept." Nash was again triumphant.—*Churchman*.



CRICKET MATCH BY OLD BOYS AT THE CLOSING OF THE OLD BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS, AUGUST 29th, 1891.



MEETING OF THE OLD BOYS AT THE CLOSING OF THE OLD BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS, AUGUST 29th, 1891.

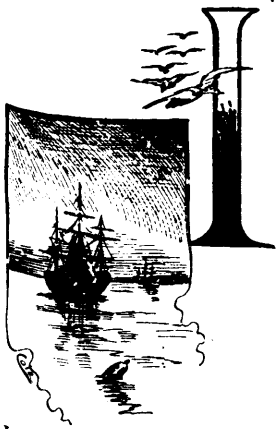
UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, TORONTO

(J. Bruce, photo)



“She fixed me with her judicial eye and inquired whether I had ever tried a remedy for my baldness.”

A THORN IN THE FLESH — (See next page.)



I AM a clergyman by profession. My congregation adore me, my salary is good, I receive presents innumerable of smoking-caps and slippers and surplices from my lady parishioners, and I am engaged to the most estimable girl in the world; yet there is a crumpled rose-leaf in my couch. The truth is I am a bald-headed man.

I was bald even as an infant. This deplorable tendency so early manifested,

I inherited from my father, along with a retiring and conciliatory disposition. I have heard it said that when he used to pace up and down with me in his arms at midnight, both of us in dressing-gowns, both toothless, both bald-headed, we formed a picture to be seen rather than described. My lack of hair, at this period of my existence, did not cause me serious anxiety. I ate, slept and pursued the even tenor of my way, quite undisturbed by the disadvantage under which I had been born. It was well; for, as I grew older time overcame this defect to a limited extent. When I left home for college my prospects, capillarially considered, were favourable. "Anthony, take care of your hair," my mother said, while she put her hand in my pocket to see if I had a clean pocket-handkerchief; "say your prayers and use Hair Vigor regularly."

Needless to say I obeyed implicitly this parting injunction of my esteemed parent. But in spite of every precaution my hair and my knowledge grew in inverse ratio. It was a four years' race, with baldness in first at the winning post. I graduated with a medal, and a narrow fringe of hair around the back of my head.

I pass over in silence all the pangs my personal appearance caused me during those years. Not only did I shrink from looking into a mirror or even a shop window where my image might be reflected, but I became the defenceless victim of my fellow-students' cruel jests. "Father Robinson" they called me because of my tonsure, and some even went so far as to suggest that my head was as bald inside as out. Even after I had gone to my parish their malice pursued me. They advertised several bottles of hair restorer found in the room of which I had lately been the occupant, and it became no unusual thing for me to receive letters addressed to "Rev. Anthony Wycliffe Robinson, B.-A.-L.-D." I groaned in spirit. The man who had no shadow was an enviable individual compared with me.

It was about this time that I fell in love with Miss Amanda Walling. We had always been acquainted and I had long admired (at a respectful distance) her strength of character. She seemed a tower of strength morally and physically. She was large and tall, her opinions were always more decided than those of anybody else, and to enhance the effect she wore her hair like a black pyramid firmly founded on the top of her head. I admired her; more, I stood in awe of her. Before we were engaged I used to converse with her through the telephone, that being less embarrassing than a personal interview. I knew I was in-

ferior to her, I never pretended to be anything else; but she accepted me unconditionally and without a moment's delay. There was not a break in our felicity from that hour till the evening when she fixed me with her judicial eye and inquired whether I had ever tried a remedy for my baldness.

"Never an effectual one, as you see, my dear Amanda," I said. I spoke cheerfully but my heart sank. The serpent had entered my Eden.

"It is very objectionable," she said.

"Pray do not say so," I replied. "If you knew what I have suffered on account of it, both in anticipation and realization, you would pity me. My childhood has been blighted, my youth full of dejection, and resigned grief is the portion of my maturer years. Hitherto you have been the only person magnanimous enough to overlook ----"

She coldly interrupted me. "What you have suffered and whether your complaint is of long standing is of no consequence. There are remedies you have not tried. You must try them. If they fail, you must wear a wig."

"Never!" I replied firmly. "I may be a martyr, but I am not and never will be an impostor."

"Very well," she said, "if you reject the wig you lose me. We go together."

"Why did you not say so before," I found courage to say.

"I did not realize the serious nature of the defect at first. It must be overcome. I cannot marry a man whose head the girls compare to a mushroom, and the boys to a billiard ball."

"Amanda," I said, in deep grief, "it *cannot* be overcome. Do you suppose I would have offered myself to you bald-headed, if I had known any way to secure a more presentable appearance? Do not, I entreat you, persist in this unreasonable demand."

"Enough?" she said. "I give you three months. If at the end of that time your appearance remains unchanged, you buy a wig, or ----" She waved her hand as if the thought were too horrible for words, and unfixing her stony stare stalked from the room.

I went away meek and very miserable. Many a time I had pictured to myself what the future had in store for me—but never in the hour of deepest dejection had I dreamed that it had a wig in store. Now Probability pointed the way. But I was roused at last. I defied Probability to her face. I recognized that the hour for decisive action had come. Hitherto my abortive efforts had been also weak. Now, I determined to resort to heroic measures.

My first act towards the furtherance of this design was to get leave of absence from my parish on the ground of ill-health, go to the city and secure a lodging where I was unknown. I was then prepared to study in all its bearings the work before me. I collected and read all the literature extant on the subject. My hair library must have rivalled the famous collection of Mr. Boffin on misers. I consulted several professors of the art of making hair grow, and secured a prescription from each. These I resolved to try successively. The first was a yellow unguent in a small red pill box. I applied it indefatigably for a week, without result. I then passed on to the second. The second was a black liquid in a little phial, to be applied with a camel's hair brush at night. The first application was enough for me. It resulted in my being obliged to remain in bed for a

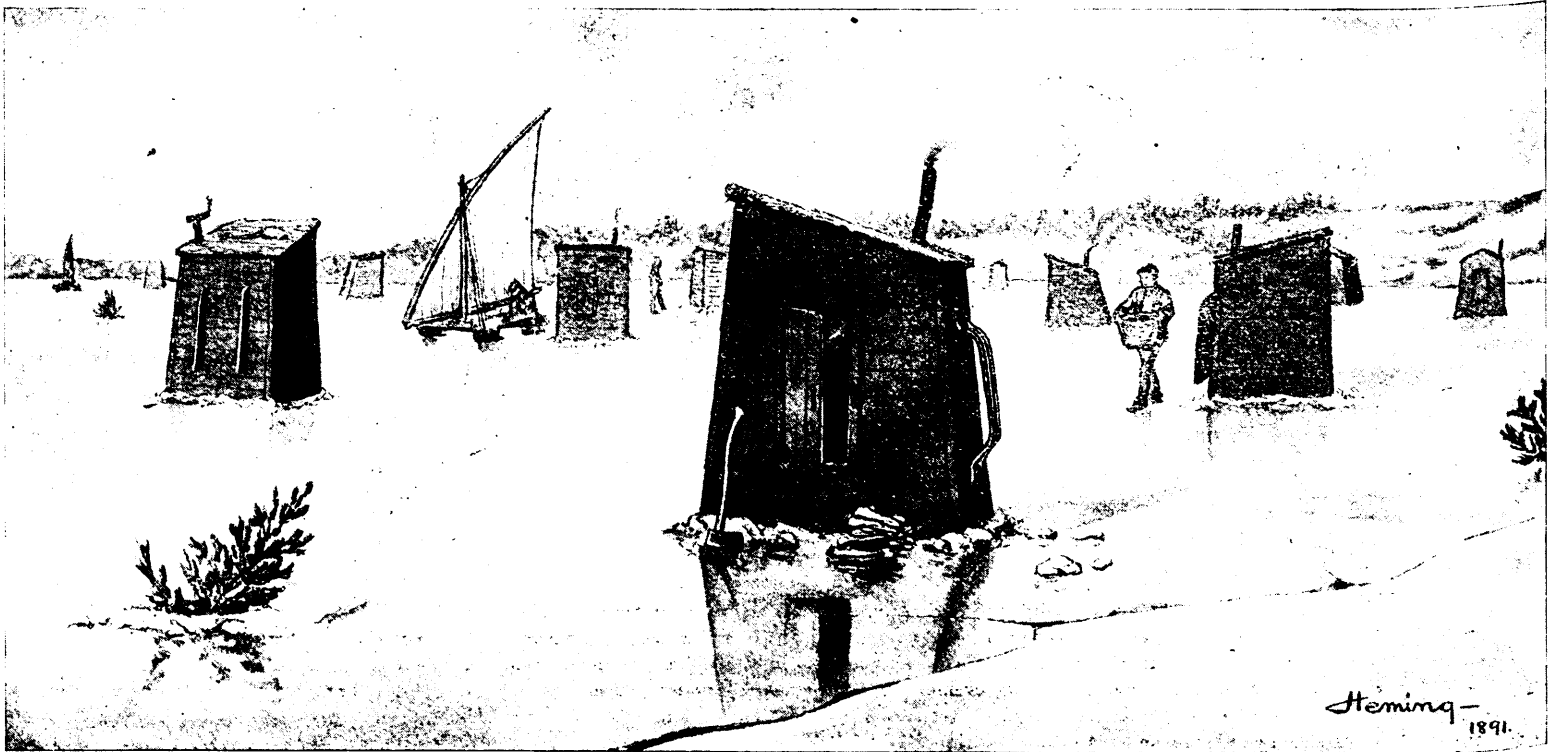
week with my head in a towel, under pretence of suffering from nervous headache, when in reality the whole top of my cranium was a blister and as black as an Ethiopian's. Still no hair! I threw what remained of the washes and ointments into the fire and paid a visit to the hair manufacturer. The day before yesterday he sent in half his stock for me to choose from. For two days I have been standing before my mirror disguising myself in toupees, wigs, waves, ringlets,—everything, everything that ever was made in the hair line for the deception of mankind. I have beheld in my own person the metamorphosis of the "Before Taking" of the almanacs into the "After Taking." I have put on black ringlets and become a hero of romance; a red wig and become a bloodthirsty anarchist. I even believe it possible with the assistance of a golden toupee to represent a nineteenth century Beau Nash.

I ask myself what is the result of this? Am I elated at the prospect, or am I not? Is it well for sober me to inquire these curious things of men? What will my congregation think if I do? These are burning questions. I have given one whole night to the consideration of them and am now prepared to make a calm decision.

Strange as it may appear, in the hot pursuit of the chase my thoughts have been so occupied by the means that I have ceased to look forward with the old interest to the object. To my own great surprise, I find Miss Amanda Walling is no longer essential to my happiness. I can live without her and I can hold up my bald head among men, as I never have done before. I, the shepherd, will never warn my sheep against innocently attired wolves, and be myself the greatest wolf of all. I am resigned—I am content as I am.

But I cannot, without deep sorrow and apprehension, look back on my former state of mind; sorrow and apprehension for many others who may be suffering what I am suffering. I shudder to think that youth and self-respect and brotherly love would soon have been blotted out in me forever. I was wicked enough to have called down bears from the woods to devour the people who made game of me. What difference did it make to me to read that the coming race would be a toothless and hairless race? I was living before my time and suffered accordingly. Now the time spirit has swept away those fallacies, but I am persuaded there are many men who are being goaded to the verge of desperation as I was, and by the same cause. Will nobody say a word in their behalf? Will no philanthropist devise a means of making their lot more endurable? Have their claims to sympathy been wilfully neglected, or have they never been recognized? In these days when drunkards and murderers and even old maids are getting countenance and assistance, surely something might be said for the Bald Headed Man.



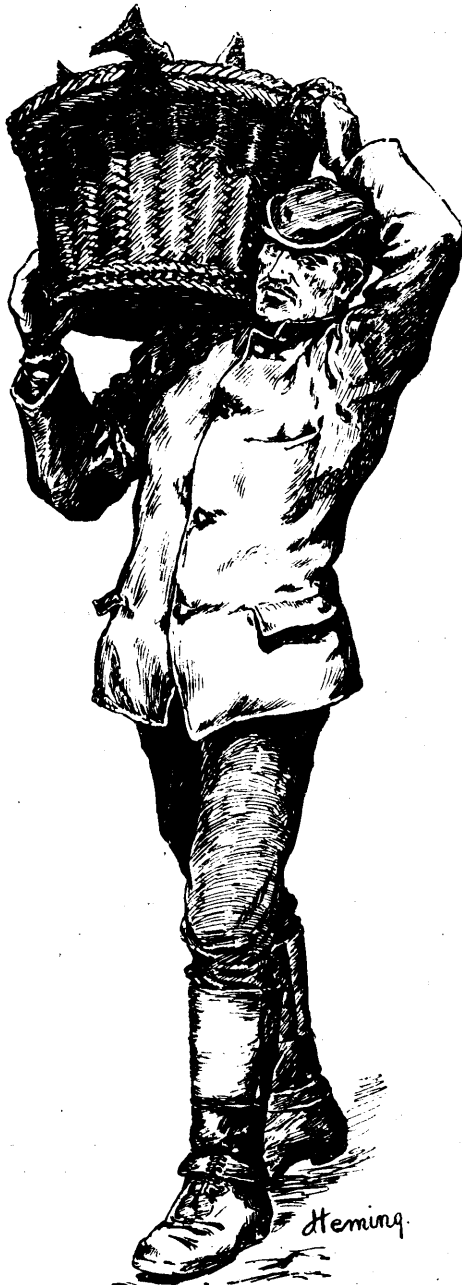


THE HUTS OF THE SPEARSMEN.
PIKE SPEARING ON HAMILTON BAY.

Pike-Spearing on Hamilton Bay

Pike-spearing is a recognized industry on the shores of Hamilton Bay, the harbor of the beautiful city of Hamilton, during the winter season. The first intimation the citizens have that the ice is formed thick enough to bear, is when they see some fine morning the little square huts of the adventurous spearsmen shoved out on the glistening surface of the frozen waters. The huts in which the spearsmen shelter themselves from the cold are small wooden structures about five feet square by six feet high, with a small door in the side and sometimes a window. They are easily fitted on sleds so that their owners can draw them over the ice from place to place in search of an advantageous location. When the spearsman has departed his hut to the proper point, he proceeds to cut a hole in the ice about eighteen inches in diameter, and over this he sets the hut, having taken it off the sled. The outer edges are banked up with snow, and water poured over it until it freezes solid, and the cold is effectually excluded. The interior furniture is very simple and usually consists of a piece of board nailed across one corner for a seat, and another shelf on which stands a small cast-iron stove, the pipe of which goes through the roof. A village of these miniature houses makes quite a picturesque appearance on a bright winter morning. The spears, hand-nets, poles, etc., piled against the sides; the little heaps of fire wood beside each door, the spiral wreaths of delicate blue smoke ascending almost perpendicularly up into the clear, crisp, frosty air, and the long shadows cast by the rising sun along the shining surface of the snow covered lake make up a picture against the back ground of sombre evergreen covered bluffs that is not easily forgotten.

The spearsmen usually select portions of the bay where the water shoals and has a smooth, sandy bottom. They do not, as a rule, venture into deep water, but prefer the shallow eddies where the bottom is plainly visible. The hut is kept carefully closed, and the only light to the interior comes up through the ice beneath. It needs great patience as well as endurance, to make a successful spearsman. There he sits hour after hour on his little ledge with his six pronged spear poised above the hole in the ice, watching for the curious pike coming up to investigate the shining minnow bait at the entrance of the hole, or to get a breath of air. When sport is good the occupation is fascinating enough as a pastime, but it often hap-



A FISHERMAN'S LUCK

pens that the spearsman may sit in the bitter cold for an hour at a time, not daring to move, and yet never see the slim, graceful outlines of a fish in the translucent waters below. When a pike does appear, the spearsman waits until it is well under the hole, and then before it has time to be alarmed, darts down his six pronged spear like a flash. The spear resembles lightning, according to the small boy's definition, in that it never needs to strike twice in the same place. It is seldom the fish can dodge it. Sometimes the houses are larger and more pretentious than those above described, and the spearsman is occasionally accompanied by a boy to feed the stove, bring in wood and generally look after his comfort. But at the best it is rather a lonely and arduous way of making a living. Hamilton Bay is particularly well adapted to this mode of fishing, as when the ice is once formed it seldom breaks up until the winter is over, on account of the enclosed nature of that body of water. Frequently as many as two or three hundred of these huts can be counted on the surface of the bay and among the many coves that mark its beautiful shores. The illustrations this week by Mr. Heming provide an excellent idea of the appearance and habits of this interesting class of fish hunters.

Sport in Nova Scotia 60 Years Ago.

Robert, Viscount Jocelyn, was a Second-Lieutenant in the First Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, then stationed at Halifax, and, like most of the officers of that period, was a manly, dashing fellow, a mere lad of eighteen, but as fine a horseman as ever threw leg over a saddle. A notice, dated at Halifax, 23rd October, 1834, announced that the young Viscount had undertaken a match against time for seventy-five guineas, and on or before Thursday, October 30th, 1834, would ride from Halifax to Windsor and back, in seven hours, on two horses, and it was further arranged (a bye bet) that he should walk eight miles, both feats to be accomplished within ten hours. Lieut. R. H. FitzHerbert and Capt. J. Alex. Henderson, both of the Rifles, were umpires; and Hon. C. Norton, referee and time-keeper. The conditions were unfavorable, for he had to obtain his horses for the purpose and ride them without preliminary training; and besides, for nearly three days previous to the match, rain had fallen continuously, and the Windsor Road, at best but of a very poor condition in those days, was in



WAITING FOR A VICTIM.
PIKE-SPEARING ON HAMILTON BAY.—(See preceding page.)

an exceedingly bad state. His Lordship rode fourteen stone, and was tall but not heavily built. The horses he chose for this purpose were *Naughty Tommy* and *Swap*. On the morning of October 30th, a fine mild autumn day, the last allowed him, Jocelyn easily accomplished seven miles on foot in an hour and thirty-two minutes; then, having mounted *Naughty Tommy*, at the word "off," he started from the north corner of the Pavilion Barracks, at the gate-post, at the entrance of the road leading to the old military hospital. He proceeded along the road across the Common and at last turned in at Mrs. Pence's inn—about twenty-five miles from Halifax—at the end of an hour and thirty-seven minutes. It was here that he had arranged to change horses, and where *Swap* had been previously sent to await him. Jocelyn remained three minutes while he washed his mouth with a little brandy and water, and then throwing himself on *Swap*, who was to bear the most arduous part of the undertaking, he set out at a slapping pace for Windsor. Lieut. FitzHerbert, one of the umpires, with relays of horses, accompanied him to Mrs. Wilcox's inn, which was the

turning point at Windsor. Here FitzHerbert was relieved by a Mr. Mellish, doubtless Lieut. W. L. Mellish of the Rifles, with fresh horses. Jocelyn had well known the stuff that *Swap* was made of, and the horse accomplished his portion of the work (forty miles) in three hours and three minutes. When once more at Pence's, his Lordship found that *Naughty Tommy* was not ready, and so he was forced to wait six minutes, during which he took a glass somewhat stiffer than the last. When his horse was ready he went on to Halifax. Between the old Rockingham Inn and Halifax (five and a half miles) it is said he had an hour and five minutes to spare, but towards the end the whip and Latchfords were freely used. His Lordship came in by the Kempt Road, and when seen on what is now Cunard street, near the corner of that street and Kempt Road, he was on foot leading his horse. The winning-post was reached at nineteen minutes to four o'clock in the afternoon. The riding part of the match was thus won by four minutes, and the whole feat was accomplished in nine hours. But for the heaviness of the roads, the undertaking would have been comparatively easy. *Swap* of course deserves far

more praise for his hardiness than *Naughty Tommy*. Viscount Jocelyn was the eldest son of Robert, 3rd Earl of Roden. He was born on February 20, 1816, and therefore was but eighteen years of age when he accomplished the extraordinary feat which has just been related. He purchased his rank of Cornet in May, 1833, and after leaving the Rifles was in the 15th Light Dragoons. He was at one time a member of parliament and also Sheriff of Louth County. In 1841 he married Lady Frances Elizabeth Cowper, and the fourth Earl of Roden was their son. Viscount Jocelyn would himself have succeeded to the title but that his death occurred in 1854, before that of his father.—*Halifax Critic*.

Pocketed the Insult.

Contractor: Did you offer that alderman \$500 as I directed? Secretary: Yes, sir. Con.: How did he act? Sec.: He looked insulted. Con.: What did he say? Sec.: He said I ought to be in the penitentiary. Con.: What did he do? Sec.: He took the money.



CHERRYFIELD, November 25th, 1891.

MY DEAR DOMINION,—

HAND us another programme! The scene and the actors are changed.

"Biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
When Phoebus gies a short-lived glow'r,
Far South the lift."

We thought we were to dwell on the border of perpetual Summer; but the myrmidons have swarmed, like the braves of former forests, armed with white needles, from the frost-fort lying somewhere to the north of Montreal, and have invested our hitherto comfortable village. In the phrase of the old farmer, more ambitious than literate, who was warming his hands over the stove at "town-meetin'" the "thermonster" has gone suddenly down to "Zeno"—or Cicero. The day also has gone down,

"Dim-darkening thro' the flaky show'r;"

and the few lingering, discouraged grasses, so late reserved for the browsers of our household, are laid under till next year. We are amid the lamentable discords of "pig-killin' time." The sound of the coal-scuttle is in the land, and the clatter of black diamonds; but, while the winds rattle the windows,—

"the good logs of Alaidus
Roar louder yet within."

I approached a gap in the hedge, and caught sight of the shattered walls of an old building, laid open to the weather at one end,—a building now disused, and fast falling to decay. But about no other object in the land are there so many ghosts to gather; which is the reason of my long musing on the afternoon of this genial October day. It is a queer thing, one would say, to magnetize a heart, or to evoke a history; yet such it then did. Will it have lost its charm, reader, when, for your sake, I try to relate it? Maybe not wholly.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

"There's a small school'us... where four roads meet,
The doorsteps hollered out by little feet,
An' side-posts carved with names whose owners grew
To gre't men, some on 'em, an' deacons tu:
'Taint used no longer, coz the town hez gut
A high-school where they teach the Lord knows wut:
Three-storey larnin' 's pop'lar now; I guess
We thriv ez wal on jes' two storeys less,
For it strikes me there's sech a thing ez sinnin'
By overloadin' children's underpinnin':
Wall, here it wus I learned my A B C,
An' it's a kind o' favourite spot with me.

Now, gittin' gray, there's nothin' I enjoy
Like dreamin' back along into a boy:
So the ole school'us is the place I choosé
Afore all others, ef I want to muse;
I sit down where I used to sit and git
My boyhood back, an' better things with it."
—Lowell. *The Biglow Papers.*

I.

Who remembers the little ochre-coloured school house that stood on one corner of the teacher's lot? As for me, I shall never forget the exact corner, nor one dun-yellow feature of the building; for no spot on earth has been so intimately associated with the good and evil of my life. Ah, old school-fellows! Come, stand with me in this sunlit space of memory, and tell me if now you despise the old landmark; even though, like many a temple dedicated to worship or learning, it may have suffered desecration and been reduced to base and unwonted uses. What though its respectability be questionable, and we are divorced from our former habitude; what though hens roost and horned cattle hook and low, chewing the cud within its classic precinct, and many rural sounds reach, where once the hum of studious boys and girls, and the noisy glee of liberated sportiveness breaking from its door at recess, were heard on the public way,—memory shall redeem it from all indignity. Must not destiny be so fulfilled? You say it is gone now from the corner where it stood since our earliest recollection, for were not our fathers housed there before us?—and that the unpicturesque mart of the country trader stands stiffly in its stead. Well, that prosaic object wins little reverence or respect of mine in its commercial languishment,—no, not for all the melan-

choly-seeming shutter-goggles on those speculative eyes, its front windows. But for that worshipful school-house my feeling must be different. We all remember the wide rent that yawned in the painted plaster of the wall, upon which sable surface we used to cypher, and where, when last seen, faint chalk-marks were still discernible; with ink-blotches and names scratched or rudely cut on the unpainted wooden desks. You turned away, perhaps, and vowed never to return, finding it nearer the barn-yard than the play-ground; and so, since you know all, I forbear dwelling on its vulgar uses. Sympathy catches the hand of memory and hurries back to its primal and honourable day. We must see things as they were, seeking a landscape beyond the mire of our disenchantments. We are not obliged to keep our eyes on a cheap and dusty foreground, when the distance holds a star, and hangs the heavens with tinted fire. Yes, we must put up with abuses, too. The school-house was the master's unquestionable property; he could do with it what he pleased, and this is what he pleased to do. And I grant you there were reasons in extenuation, if he did degrade our temple. Was not the pedagogue of the past driven out by the requisitions of a modern system? Must not human nature have its revenges? And could any more appropriate or suggestive have been devised? Lo! these human flocks are but a silly herd, and why should they ask a fitter teacher! So the teacher relapsed into the farmer. Did his ox bellow for a stall, or his cock crow for a shelter, he turned his back on birch and blackboard to give them their desire. But we are to see it as it was. Here, in its place it stood, at the intersection of the roads, during all the days sacred to childhood and its star,—days buoyant with fun, frolicsome, jubilant, bordering nigh on fairyland!—and here, in my fancy, at least, it shall stand forever, shaded on one side by the teacher's maple and apple trees, and with two of its homely walls fronting the public way.

II.

"Be it weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days;
The scene is touching."

Step lightly, then, schoolmates, on this scanty turf, skirting the wheel-tracks. Fays, in moon-lit circles could move never so featly as once did ye. Here stands this cynosure of youthful delight, and now of reminiscence and dream. Slightly raised on its bank of earth it stands, till memory's lamp is put out,—that slope from which all lingering grassy traces are being trodden by sportive feet. Here it stands, with its small, square windows, too near the eaves for the satisfaction of a vacant idler, whose eye and mind are wandering. Yet something of heaven creeps in at the dull-est window, and so the sun would send a shaft at a venture even through these grimy shields. Now and then we see some boy on tip-toe, and a longing eye peers out. Some curious lad upstretches to look after the retreating figure of the master, if, perchance, he may have stepped out; always cautious to elude the eye of Argus, and to drop into his seat before the door should reopen,—as it sometimes did with an unexpectedness dismaying to busy-bodies. He went out and came in at the single door in the east corner, overlooking his own green plot. It opened outward upon a little recess rounded into the closely-clipped thorn-hedge, which with small leaves, soft as infant's fingers, seemed touching the old school-house caressingly. At the back of the building the adjoining hedge, where it abutted on the opposite corner, had by neglect flourished into a thicket, musical with its small feathered tenantry; white, when spring came, with its profusion of blossoms, and red with haws in the fall of the year, even after the frosty rime, and when the crisp leaves were fallen away.

III.

"The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed."

Enter once more the accustomed precinct. Is it the same we knew? Just within the door is a rude bench, supporting a sodden, battered waterpail, that sometimes got as dry as the thirstiest scholar. Perhaps it drank itself so full this morning that its revulsion has turned this tepid remnant sick of a summer afternoon. The rusty tin dish lies at the bottom, with scarcely enough of what one disappointed boy under his cotton-flannel shirt and woollen braces longs and looks for, to serve as a gargle. Perhaps this is partly because three little victims of what our merry master, Lowell, calls the "Scriptur'l cuss o' Shem," are seated near it, on the same bench, bobbing about their woolly pates and ebony faces, grinning their ivories forth, mingling their smiles in red and black and white, smirking behind their ragged spelling-books, much abridged and deflowered by too industrious

fingers. Drinking superfluous draughts of water seems in their vacuity the amusement nearest at hand. They attract, with their amusing gestures, much of the school's attention; uttering and provoking an occasional snicker,—costly indulgence, quick as it falls on the master's sensitive ear! And close beside the door, too, is the seat of authority—the master's desk,—

"Deep-scarred by raps official."

We pass this as we enter, and the rude chair elevated on a rough deal platform, with one loose plank always rattling to the tread. As befits the block of an executioner, sable-robed for the necks of luckless kings and queens, this desk is as black as the wall behind our man of awe, whereon he demonstrated mysterious problems,—ever turning to look, with kindly or terrible eyes, over his narrow dominion. And notice, to be sure if, adjoining this, and just below it, still stands the table,—a general depository for dinner-baskets, and the superincumbent pyramid of hats and caps. I see the rush to deposit or recover them! What lifted hand shall bid the phantoms down? I adjure you, fellow-learners and kindred sufferers in this rustic academy, did never one of you, at an unlucky risk, play what you were pleased to term "an artful dodge" on him who was set to guide your verdant youth? Having a certain abhorred numerical monitor, written by the master, and pasted on a tablet whittled from a shingle, instead of secreting it in that home of evanescence, your memory, did you not contrive to hide it among the caps and baskets, presumably secure from all vision but your own, just before you were called up to say "Nine-times?" Of course you studied, when you were so obliging, for the edification of the master, and recited for his amusement; he piped, and you danced betimes, and it was a mere question of acuteness, or adroitness, as to where the palm should be awarded, or who should have the merit of wit; and it was deliciously perilous to note how often we could touch the wire in the cloud, yet dodge the thunderbolt. Do I refer this very wise procedure to you, schoolmates? Let me open the door of my inmost consciousness, and, looking in, come forth again, my face covered with blushes. I, too, was of that foolish kind who dabble in folly to their own hurt, get a modicum of wisdom out of the fire together with burnt fingers. This is that experience which, in the last analysis, may be sweet. For, when that fiercely-fated eye, that in the end never failed to outwit the sharpest delinquent, had darted into the recess and discovered the lurking evidence of deceit; and when the promptly-disclosing hand had drawn it forth, did we not inwardly protest, amid the smarting of our extended palms, full of what was officially designated a "fist-full of hot coals,"—yea, verily, did we not from the bottom of our hearts affirm, as if it were our final and most settled opinion on the subject, that detestable square of numerals of perdition itself,—believing with little Mistress Marjorie Fleming, that "the most devilish thing is eight times eight, and seven times seven is what nature itself can't endure."

Do they not tell us that in an instant of peril, when the wheels of life's van are run close, and are gliding down over the brink of some precipitous horror, the soul in startled momentary vision sees all it ever knew? What a wonderful panorama is that which is set in motion by a sudden fear, and managed by despair! What electrical wizardry is this; at the summons of which the shapes of a life-time hurry by; by which a myriad faces show themselves clear as crystal in the innumerable facets of memory's mirror. Life's thought and experience concentrated in a single heart-throb! So, school-fellows, might it have been, when the foreboded discovery took place, and the miniature spade cut out of a shingle was held up for all the school to see. Whatever becomes of the aforesaid speculations, doubtless our inner and outer eyes were opened as we confronted the frowning face of the master. We had a rapid, unpoetical "vision of sin." The unpunished transgressions of many days returned upon us with interest; while under the uplifted rod, with a sort of dismayed preternatural observation, we took in our whole surrounding, to the minutest detail,—unpainted desks, blotched and scarred, cracked black board, oblong cast-iron stove, forms against the walls, slab benches, maps of the hemispheres, wads of chewed paper hardened on the ceiling's dingy plaster, boys and girls, the half-amused and half-alarmed spectators of our guilt and punishment—all these, and clearer than all, with petrifying distinctness, that centre of gravity toward which we tended—the master!

* Dr. John Brown's delightful sketch of Walter Scott's dear little playfellow: "I am now going to tell you the horrible and wretched plaeg (p ague) that my multiplication gives me: you can't conceive it etc."

Anna Boynton Averill, in her retired Piscataquis valley, has doubtless seen the modern edition of Irving's hero, and her hand has drawn his portrait. We wonder if he has ever been found elsewhere? He forms our number three in this select gallery of rural peoples:

THE VILLAGE NE'ER-DO-WELL.

Once when the woods and sods of spring were brown,
A Rip Van Winkle came to our town
And took up his abode:
Not in the Kaatskill's fairy-haunted deep,
Among enchanted dells, has been his sleep,
But on the common road

Of daily life, haunted by bu-y men,
The hum of happy toil within his ken.
With lazy open eyes
He has looked on asleep, and watched men go
To win their meeds, while he was chuckling low
Over his mellow lies.

Falstaffian in his humour, with a spice
Of droll Sam Lawson's shrewdness and device;
And by the kitchen fires
Most marvellous long tales he will unfold
In which he always figures, famous, bold,
The Prince of Gadshill squires.

Quaint ballads he can troll, and tell of wars
Wherein he claims to have inflicted scars
On many a rebel gray;—
And ye', 'tis said, to many a sufferer's bed,
And into children's hearts, by kindness led,
He finds an easy way.

His ire is seldom raised, he will declare,
Except by doubting souls who sometimes dare
Question his deeds sublime;
These he is wont most wofully to use
When he invokes his dark satiric muse
And vents himself in rhyme.

Unconscious all alike of loss or lack,
His rusty rags loose-hung upon his back,
And yellow dog at heels,
He swings along, content, quite free from all
Society's restraints that fret and gall,
Prompt—only at his meals.

Sometime he shall be rich,—this is his dream,
Slow-moving down time's steady-rolling stream;
And while we mildly scorn
The happy sluggard drifting aimlessly,
But, with us, tending toward the unknown sea,
He may awake, some morn.

* * *

As I climbed the brown stubble of the uplands, this evening, and overlooked the river, brightly solitary amid its bowers of naked trees, or trod on the rustling carpet that underlies the monarchs of the groves, I learned the cheerful lesson of this sober season. O rich and precious decays of life, by which the soul's chief treasure is amassed, how can we prosper without you! And why will we bemoan the pains and losses by which we are to be endowed, as from the growth of the myriad seeds? Do we not grow, even as the forest giants, increasing our bulk and substance from the ripe results of all fallings from us; even by having counted many loves and hopes and longings and aspirings,—yea, even the most cherished product of our souls, as dead and vain? And may not loss, or the shadow of it, be in the end the surest test of true possession, the best harbinger of continuance? Do you feel yourself in the grip of a power that is pulling you down, and are you challenged thereby?

"Guess now who holds thee?"—"Death!" I said. But there
The silver answer rang—"Not Death, but Love."

So to thee, O friend! may these that seem so diverse be blended. Whether with him who sang of June, with so plaintive a closing, * thy exit may be made in the rising season, or when summer is at its noon; or whether thou abide the falling leaf or the drifting snow, do thou be clear in thy aims and true in thy heart, delivering the musical message that is in thee most lovingly. Then, some morning, when the stars are failing in the white dawn, as the poet has predicted, † an angel shall stand beside thee, to whom thou mayest idly complain of a destroyer, of whom he must beware. And he shall take thy hand, and smile gravely upon thee, saying, gently,—“I am that reputed destroyer. Come with me, and know if I have been belied. Mine is the face of Love, and yet my name is Death.”

* Bryant.

† Roland Hill.



SIR HENRY ARTHUR BLAKE, K.C.M.G., GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA.

SIR HENRY ARTHUR BLAKE, K.C.M.G.

The Captain-General and Governor of the picturesque and historic Island of Jamaica, Sir Henry Arthur Blake, K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S., etc., is the descendant of an old and distinguished family in the peerage of Ireland.

Omitting much of a highly interesting and historic nature regarding his ancestors, we shall briefly consider the subject of our sketch.

Mr. Henry Arthur Blake passed the examination for the Royal Irish Constabulary at the early age of 18. This was a concession on account of his being the son of an officer. He was appointed a cadet in February, 1859, a sub-inspector, March, 1859. He served with that force for fifteen years; was appointed a resident magistrate in February, 1876, and in January, 1882, was made a Special Magistrate for the following counties: King's, Queen's, Kildare, Carlow, Meath and Galway, a trying position, filled by him with infinite tact and skill. His great executive ability and tact were duly recognized, and led to his appointment in January, 1884, as Governor of the Bahamas. While there he was indefatigable in the interests of the islands of that group. He laid the foundation of the sisal-hemp cultivation, an industry that, thanks to his initiative, promises to be a source of great wealth to the Bahamas. He urged the islanders to new efforts and new industries, when hitherto barren lands increased in value and became highly productive. In short he gave the islands new life.

While in the Bahamas, accompanied by Lady Blake, he sailed over the course laid down in Columbus' log, and located the bay in the Island of Euanahani. Sir Henry is preparing a valuable paper on Columbus and his voyages—a peculiarly timely contribution to literature, to which he is a well known contributor—as the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the New World approaches.

In 1887 he was appointed Governor of Newfoundland, and in November, 1888, Governor of Queensland, but did not take up the appointment. He was appointed Governor of Jamaica in December, 1888.

The Jamaica Exhibition of this year was made a perfect success, and a great credit to that prosperous island. Its

existence was largely due to Sir Henry Arthur Blake, who, as is usual with him, was simply indefatigable. He visited every town in the island save one, addressed the people, dwelling on the great and lasting benefits that would accrue to the island and its people, the stimulating of cultivation, introduction of improved methods, &c. But for his unflagging zeal and energy that project would have perished at its inception. He, aided by public-spirited and wealthy citizens, made it a success. Obstacles without number met him at every turn. In the erection of the exhibition building and in getting workmen they developed, but his well-known will and energy refused to recognize them. Workmen were found in the island, they were urged to do their best, and his efforts fully demonstrated the fact that Jamaica had architects, artisans and mechanics of her own quite equal to any occasion—a lesson in itself of the highest value.

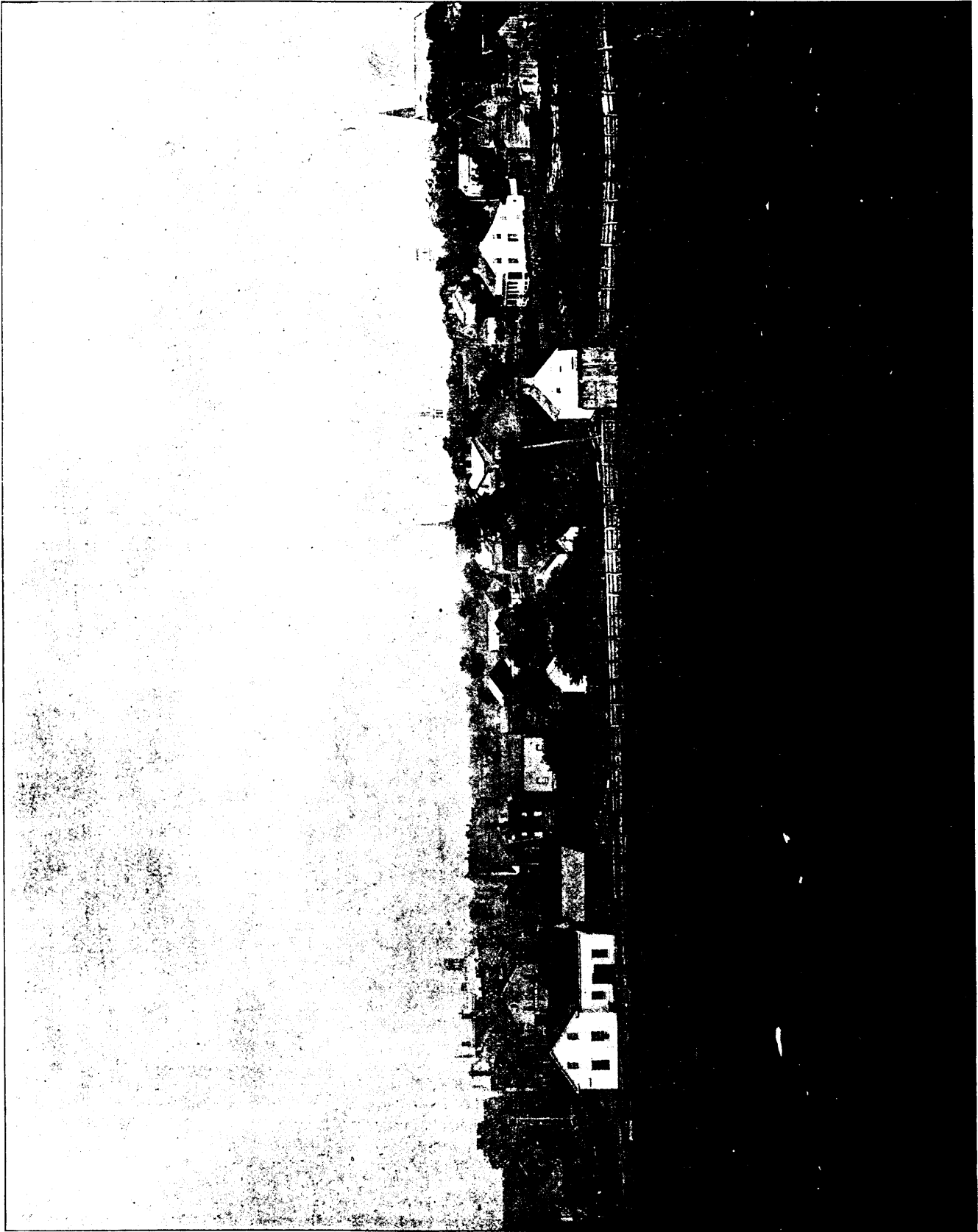
Later, when the exhibition passes into history, it will be forever linked with the name of Sir Henry Arthur Blake. The attendance at the Exposition, when considered in proportion to the population of the island, greatly exceeded that of any of the world's well-known exhibitions, a fact to be remembered and chronicled.

The members of the Legislative Assembly of Jamaica recognized the inestimable benefit conferred on the island and her population by Sir Henry Arthur Blake's zeal on their behalf, and evinced their appreciation by voting him a sum of £2,000 towards defraying the expenses incurred in entertaining, at the opening of the exhibition, H.R.H. Prince George of Wales, who opened it. He was accompanied by a distinguished party.

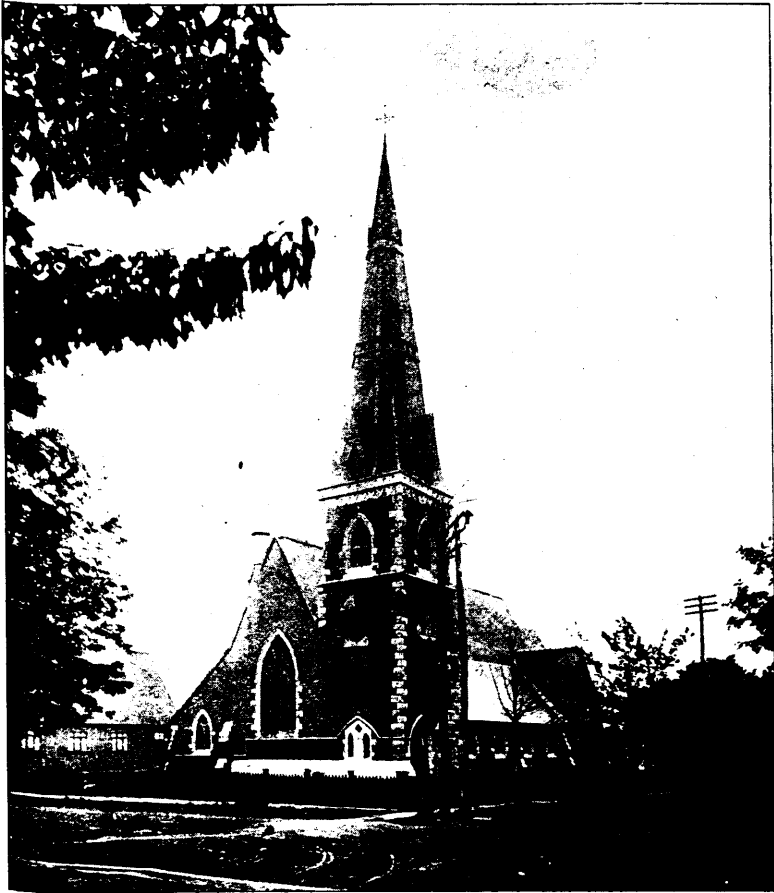
Jamaica and her people can congratulate themselves upon having a governor who has made their interests his—whose thoughts and energies are wholly concentrated on her development and advancement. A brilliant future awaits him.

His ability was freely recognized during a debate in the House of Peers, when Lord Derby spoke of Sir Henry Arthur Blake as “one of the ablest men his lordship had ever met.”

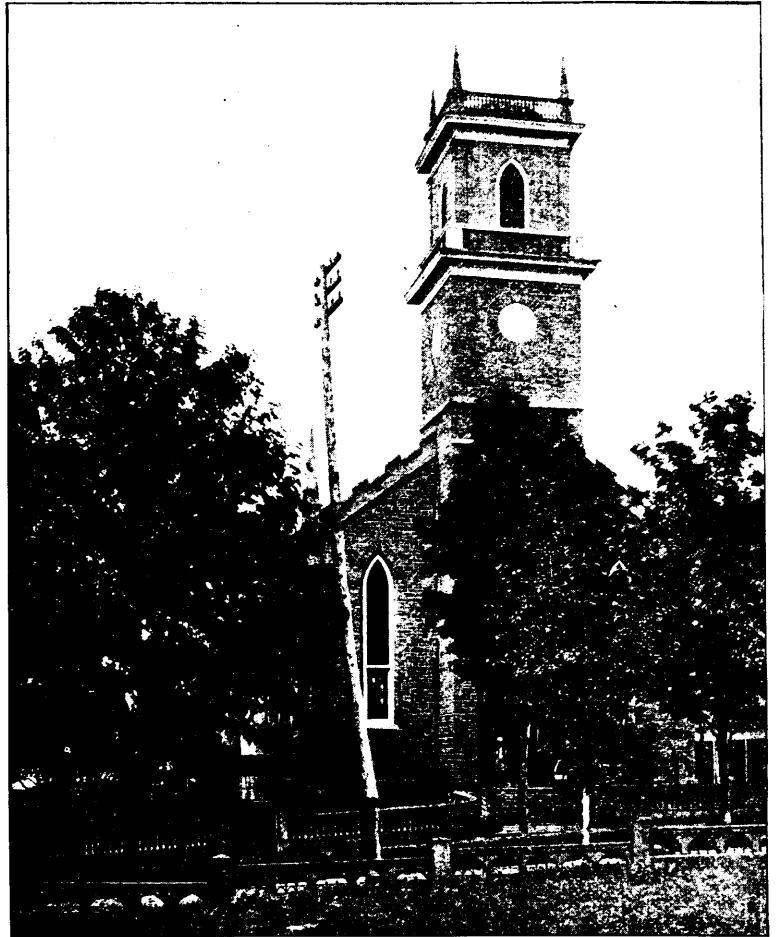
For a further account of the Jamaica Exhibition see DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of Dec. 5th.



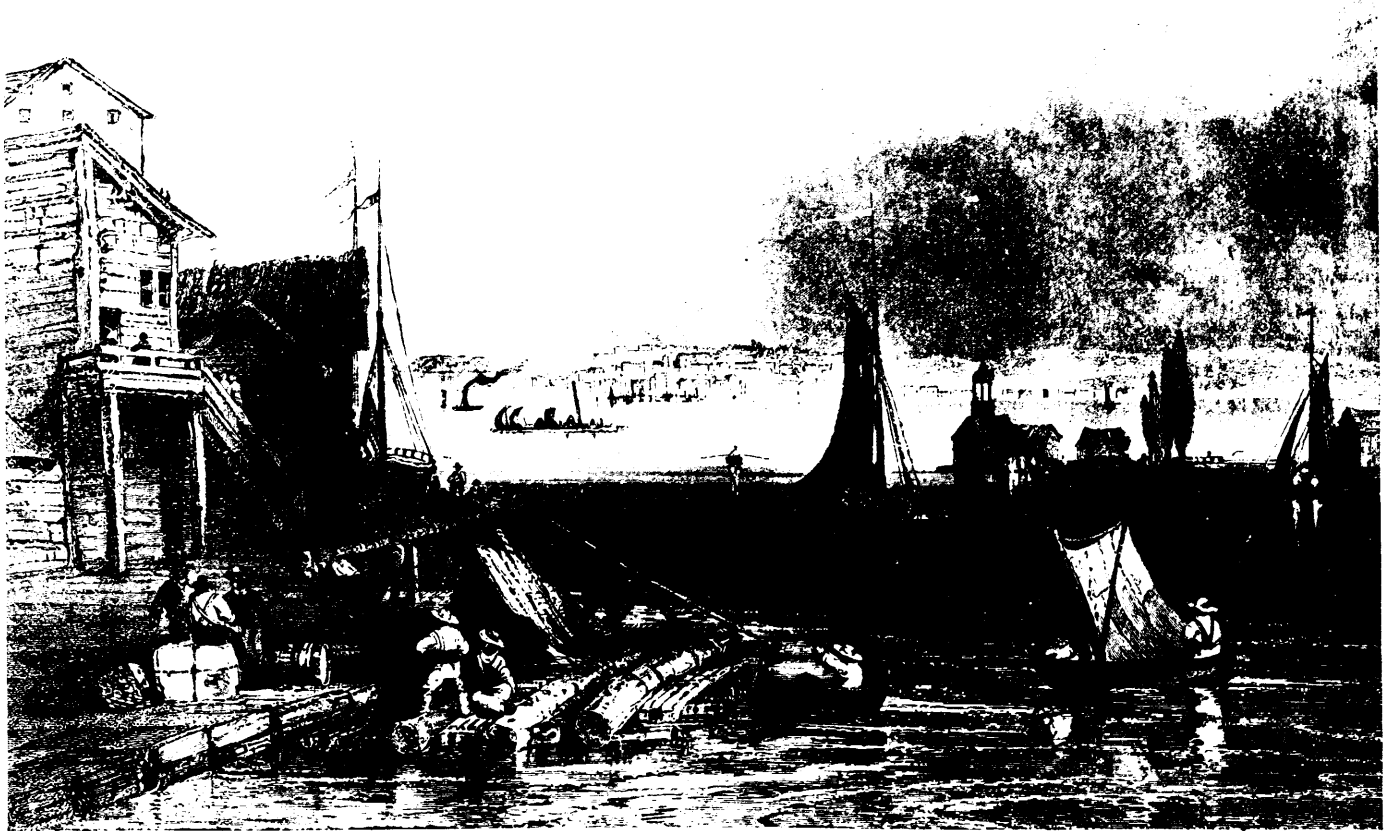
PRESCOTT FROM FORT WELLINGTON.



THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PRESCOTT.



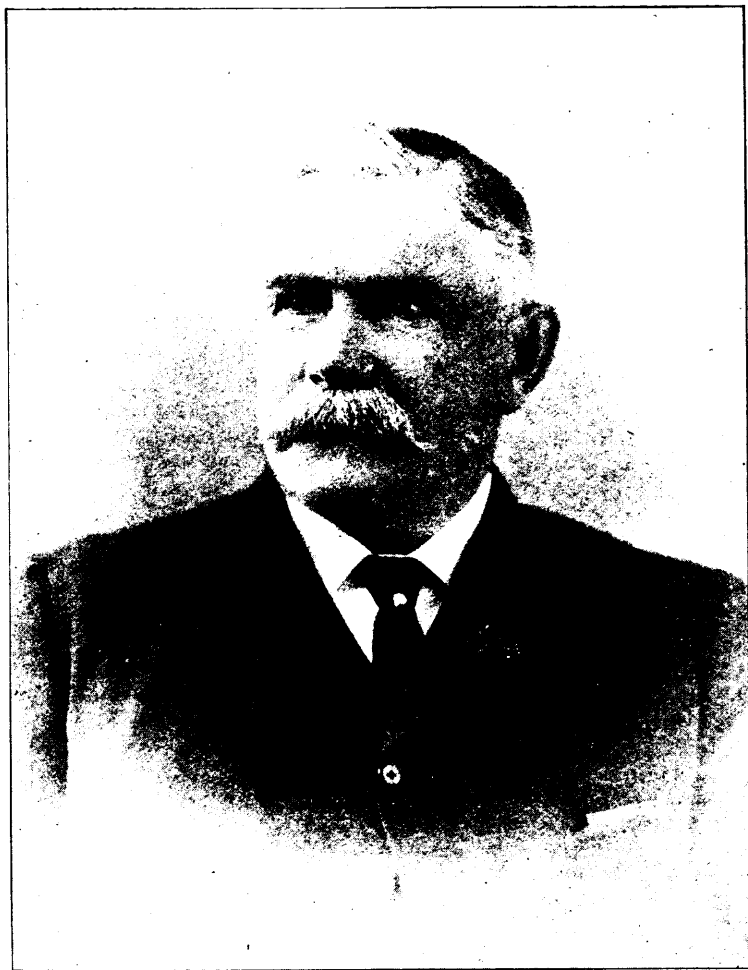
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PRESCOTT.



PRESCOTT FROM OGDENSBURG HARBOUR
(An old time view.)



SCENES AT ST. ANDREW'S BALL, MONTREAL, NOV. 30th, 1891.



DUNCAN McINTYRE, ESQ., PRESIDENT ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY, MONTREAL.

ST. ANDREW'S BALL.



NOWHERE else in Canada is a National Society celebration invested with such variety of interest as in Montreal; and nowhere else in Canada are such facilities found for the proper observance of such an affair as are afforded by the magnificent Windsor Hotel, with its capacious

and handsome Windsor Hall. Persons not living in Montreal, and who chance to read of concerts, lectures and other high class entertainments taking place in "Windsor Hall," may not be aware that this splendid new hall is the property of the hotel company, is in the hotel block, and is, in fact, a part of the hotel itself. So that now, in addition to the general equipment which has made the Windsor famous across the continent and even in Europe, as one of America's finest hostelrys, the possession of this new hall, which can easily be converted into a magnificent ball room, affords, with the hotel itself, unsurpassed facilities for the success of such a celebration as that which occurred on the evening of Nov. 30th—St. Andrew's Ball.

It has just been stated that nowhere else in Canada does such a varied interest attach to a Society meeting of this kind as in Montreal. This arises from the fact that there are so many societies representing different nationalities, and whose representatives meet in social pleasure on such occasions as the one under consideration. The modern knights of St. Andrew, St. George, St. Patrick and St. Jean Baptiste meet together, the representatives of four nationalities, and yet themselves of one nationality—Canadian—and with them, too, fellow citizens of German descent, as well as representatives of the neighbouring nation, all intent on pleasure and the genial interchange of courteous and kindly sentiments.

It was on such a gathering as this that the marble statue of St. Andrew looked down from the maroon draped niche in Windsor Hall on last St. Andrew's night. St. Andrew's ball is the event of the season in high social circles, the

preparations are on a scale of great magnificence, and the leaders of Montreal society honour it with their presence. The list of subscribers to the one of which we speak included the names of a host of the first families of the city. The invited guests on the occasion were:—

Mayor McShane and Mrs. McShane; United States Consul-General Knapp and Mrs. Knapp; Sir Joseph Hickson and Lady Hickson; Mr. S. C. Stevenson, president Caledonian Society, and Mrs. Stevenson; Mr. W. C. Munderloh, president German Society, and Mrs. Munderloh; Mr. L. O. David, president St. Jean Baptiste Society, and Madame David; Mr. Richard White, president Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, and Mrs. White; Rev. J. Edgar Hill and Mrs. Hill; Lieut.-Colonel Mattice, B.M., and Mrs. Mattice; Lieut.-Colonel Houghton, D.A.G., and Mrs. Houghton; Mr. W. C. Cook, secretary St. Andrew's Society, San Francisco, Cal.; Rev. James Barclay and Mrs. Barclay; Mr. L. J. Seargeant and Mrs. Seargeant.

The decorations of the hall and hotel were truly magnificent. At the farther end of the hall St. Andrew in marble looked down through gas jets forming the motto "Scotland Yet." Below the statue were the Royal Arms, amid Union Jacks and ensigns; spears decorated with wreaths and the thistle were at either side, while St. Andrew's crosses graced the walls at either side of this central design. Down the sides of the hall the plaids of the clans festooned the windows, each caught up with a wreath of roses. Between the windows were other flags, while the front of the gallery at the other end of the hall was a mass of bunting set off with golden lions and golden tassels, having under all a rich festoon of green. Under the balcony were plaids and flags. Midway in the hall and opposite each other were the President's dais and the dais of the band, the former covered in by St. Andrew's crosses and the thistle. Potted plants and ferns were in the windows, while the main hotel corridor was a literal conservatory in the wealth and beauty of its

flowers. The stairways leading to the rotunda were also handsomely decorated. In short everything that taste and wealth combined could accomplish was done to make the scene everywhere one of brilliant beauty.

It was after nine o'clock before the march to the ball room, headed by the pipers of the 5th Royal Scots, commenced. Eighty men of that regiment, in full dress, lined the route, Captain Lydon and Lieut. Foster in command. The set of honour was composed as follows:—

Mr. Hugh McLennan and Mrs. McShane; Lieut.-Col. Houghton and Lady Hickson; Mayor McShane and Miss L. Nicoll; Lieut.-Col. Mattice and Mrs. Clark Murray; Mr. S. C. Stevenson and Mrs. Curran; Mr. J. J. Curran and Mrs. Selater; Mr. C. P. Selater and Mrs. Kirkpatrick; Hon. Geo. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Mattice.

The scene presented in the ball room during the evening, as the host of dancers moved to the music of the orchestra in lancers, waltz, reel or other numbers of the programme, is one more easily imagined than described.

The march to supper was headed by the pipers.

Mr. Duncan McIntyre, the president, led the way with Mrs. McShane, and following were:—Mayor McShane and Mrs. McIntyre, Sir Joseph Hickson and Mrs. Edgar Hill, Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., and Mrs. C. P. Selater, Mr. C. P. Selater and Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. S. C. Stevenson and Mrs. Curran, Lieut.-Col. Mattice and Mrs. Clark Murray, Rev. Principal Clark Murray and Mrs. Mattice, Rev. J. Edgar Hill and Lady Hickson. The ladies and gentleman named occupied seats at the central table. The decorations of the dining-room were on the same sumptuous scale as in the remainder of the rooms, additional effect being given by the introduction of pretty little fairy lamps.

Of the supper itself, it need only be said that it was in every way worthy of the reputation of the Windsor, the general arrangements being such as might befit the dining hall of a palace. One hundred and twenty waiters, under Head Waiter Beatty, and directed by Steward Morey served the guests, 250 of whom dined at one time. Greetings were sent by telegraph to sister societies in Canada and the United States, and by cable to London and Manchester. Congratulatory telegrams were received from sister societies in Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Hamilton, Halifax, Quebec, London, Guelph, Kingston, St. John, N.B., Richmond, P.Q., Cornwall, Trenton, Ont., Alexandria, Ont., Philadelphia and St. Paul. Toasts were honoured, happy speeches made, and the event was rendered throughout one of the keenest pleasure to all participants.

Telegraphic Flashes.

A young lady handed in a telegram at a certain office in a very polite manner. She had the message folded up neatly, with one corner turned over, and remarked to the clerk: "You'll put it in the envelope for me, won't you?"

* * *

An Italian once after sending a telegram went out on the street and watched the wires for half an hour, when he rushed into the office again and shouted: "Why no send dispatch; not gone yet." He evidently expected to see the paper speeding along the wires.

* * *

One of our large offices employs a woman as caretaker. One morning after there had been considerable press handled during the night, she noticed a number of sheets of manifold, or tissue, paper hanging on the hooks, and asked an operator "if that was the kind of paper they put through the wires."

* * *

One of the most laughable incidents was the following, which occurred in New Brunswick: An elderly colored-woman, with a bag over her shoulder, walked into the office, and depositing her burden on the counter, said to the clerk: "Am dis de place whar yo' send tings to Sussex?" The clerk replied: "Yes; we send telegrams." "Well," said the visitor, "hyars a bag ob cranberries I want yo' to send fo' me." The clerk, thinking to have some fun out of the poor woman, sent her up four flights of stairs to the operating room, where, after the boys had had their sport, they sent her over to the opposition company, from whence she was sent to the express office, where, of course, her wants were attended to. On her way out she was heard to remark: "Dem tellygraph offices may be good tings, but I h'aint got no use fo' dem."

H. H. A.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES



It is nearly the summer of the curlers' content, and everywhere in Canada where a few of Scotia's sons gather together there will be found the besom and stone and a great deal of preliminary hustling preparatory to welcoming the ice king's permanent stay. It might seem a little strange to our friends in the West, who are under the impression that Montreal still lives in the glacial period, to hear that up to the time of writing there has been no curling so far this season in the Metropolis, while in milder Ontario and far off Manitoba the air has already resounded with such cries as "soop her up," "weel played, mon," interspersed with divers terms known only to the initiated as wicks, and ports, and ties, and outside turns, and inside turns. But it is a grand game for all that, and the technical expressions soon become familiar to the ear, and after looking at a match once or twice, nineteen out of every twenty feel their arm itching just to prove how easy it is to curl. A good many make a surreptitious attempt if there happen to be a vacant rink and they think nobody is looking at them. Sturdy young fellows who play a hard two hours' lacrosse match see venerable old men settle down and, without any apparent effort, send the stones gliding and twirling over the crackling ice and playing havoc with the other half dozen irons nestling close around the tee at the other end of the rink. "As easy as rolling off a log," he mutters, and the muscular young man stealthily slides over a stone; nobody is paying any attention to him; so he gets his foot awkwardly into the hock, grabs the handle and lifts the stone, and a strange and lengthened expression steals over his face; it is a good deal heavier than it looks, and life does not feel half so buoyant to him as it did a second before. But he is in for it now, and he makes a mighty effort. He tries to swing it, but his arm somehow or other does not get far enough back, and when he lets go the iron comes down with a crash that attracts the attention of the folks at the other rinks. He usually comes down on his hands and knees himself, too, and there is a peal of good-natured laughter when he gets up and sees to his dismay that his tremendous effort has only sent the stone twelve or fifteen feet. "Better luck next time, sonny," says a happy looking sandy complexioned man, with a North of Ireland or a South of Scotland accent. "Now, watch me," and with the least effort imaginable the stone glides gently away and settles down within a couple of feet of the other end. The muscular young man begins to think that there is something in the game after all, and when, with the aid of his voluntary instructor, he has succeeded in getting the stone over the bag line, after half a dozen attempts, he feels jubilant and inclined to shake hands with himself. A large percentage of these young men usually wind up by becoming members of some curling club—a step in life that none of them have ever regretted.

For a long time curling was looked upon as a game fit only for the older generation, or, at the best, for steady-going, middle-aged men, but the last couple of years experience, especially in Montreal, has proved the fallacy of this opinion, and now the young men are taking as great an interest in the good old game as their elders have done. Take, for instance, the Thistle Club, whose proportion of young men is perhaps greater than in any of the other city clubs, and let any visitor drop into the rink when a match is being played. There he will see the young men and the old men vieing with each other in a game that is scientific as well as exhilarating, while it is the best preventive in the world against those temptations that most beset young men in the evenings. It is matter for congratulation, too, that a new club has been started in the northeast end of the city, and before long

the atmosphere not far from the Hotel Dieu will resound to the joyous and healthy shouts of the curlers. Skips have been elected, rinks sprinkled, engagements made, friendly matches looked forward to, and the only thing now wanting is a good severe attack of frost, and all the brithers want it so severe that there will be no chance of recovery until the balmy breath of spring comes this way some time in April.

* * *

The prospects for the skating men are of the brightest this season, and the Canadian Amateur Skating Association are doing the best work done since that organization has been in existence. It has not yet been decided definitely where the regular championship meeting will be held, but that is a matter of comparatively minor importance. It was hoped last season that by having an open air track seven laps to the mile that some of the crack skaters from the other side of the line would be heard from, particular anxiety being felt in the direction of Newburgh, N.Y., but America's crack, after going over Europe and winning laurels on all sizes and shapes of tracks, could not be induced to cross the St. Lawrence and try for the Canadian championship, the flimsy excuse being that the track was not big enough for him. A better diagnosis of Mr. Joseph Donaghue's case would have been "blue funk." It is hardly to be expected that the American champion will risk his reputation this season in the only place where he would be likely to lose it, and it would not be good policy to cater any further to that very fastidious young man. An application for permission to give the championship meeting has already been made by the Montreal Toboggan-Skating Club, but the matter has been left over for further consideration. In the matter of figure skating a good deal has been already done. Previously the great difficulty has been in adopting a uniform system of listing the figures, so that the skater could have an equal opportunity under Canadian and American rules. Last year, it will be remembered, there was a council of skaters held in New York, when Canada was represented by Mr. Louis Rubenstein, and a new list drawn up, subject to the approval of the Canadian and American Skating Associations. During the past two weeks the council of the C.A.S.A. has been busy, and after a good deal of deliberation the decision was come to to adopt the list as drawn up last year, with the exception of two unimportant sections, which are covered completely in the remainder of the list. It is more than likely that these changes will meet with the approval of the National Skating Association, and the men who delight in graceful curves will have a uniform standard to guide them without their being hampered in the production of new figures and new combinations. Below will be the list as it now stands under the Canadian Association's rules. The only differences are in the first and last sections. In the American list the words "various ways" are added to section 1, but as all the edges have been provided for in the subsequent section, they are omitted in the Canadian list. Section 21 of the Canadian list combines both sections 21 and 22 of the American list and simplifies matters somewhat:—

1. Plain forward and backward skating.
2. Outside edge roll, forward.
3. Outside edge roll, backward.
4. Inside edge roll, forward.
5. Inside edge roll, backward.
6. Figure eight on one foot, forward (single and double circle.)
7. Figure eight on one foot, backward (single and double circle.)
8. Cross roll, forward, in field and eights (single and double circle.)
9. Cross roll, backward, in field and eights (single and double circle.)
10. Change of edge roll, forward, beginning either on outside or inside edge; feet must not be crossed.
11. Change of edge roll, backward, beginning either on outside or inside edge; feet must not be crossed.
12. Spread eagle, inside and outside edges.
13. Curved angles—threes, single, double, chain and flying, beginning on either inside or outside edge.
14. Curved angles—rolling turns from outside edge to outside edge, or from inside edge to inside edge, forward and backward.
15. Curved angles—cross-cut or anvils.

16. Grapevines, including "Philadelphia twist," etc.
17. Toe and heel movement, embracing pivot circling, toe spins, *pirouettes*, movements on both toes, etc.
18. Single and double flat foot spins, cross foot and two foot whirls.
19. (a) Serpentine on one foot and on both feet; (b) change of edge, single and double.
20. Loops and ringlets on outside and inside edges, single and in combination.
21. Display of complex movements, embracing original and peculiar movements.

* * *

The last day of the Montreal Hunt's season was the most successful of the year, and those who did not turn up at the meet will have occasion to regret it until next hunting season opens. The meet was at Elmwood, and there were three finds and two kills. The second run was the clinker of the season and between ten and eleven miles of good jumping country were got over. The best of it was that it was country unknown to the huntsman, and he had to take a little greater percentage of chance than usual. It was a fitting wind up to a season that has been fairly successful. As a friend of mine says: "It went like a damp squib, with a good bang."

* * *

It will be interesting to watch the measures taken by the A.A.U. in reference to the Seventh Regiment's games in New York. The rule which limits the value of prizes to be competed for by athletes may or may not be a good one, but for all that it is a rule, and until repealed should be observed even if it is hurtful to the feelings of New York's crack regimental athletes or not. If some people can afford to violate the recognized amateur laws with impunity, simply because they happen to be members of powerful aggregations, we might as well have no central athletic authority at all. The only course that seems open to the A.A.U. is to take as firm a ground as they did in the struggle with the N.A.A.A.A., assert their authority and disqualify every offending athlete. The conduct at the games in question, if overlooked, would be simply the entering wedge, and it would take very little more to sunder and render useless all the good work that has been done by the Union in the past.

* * *

There has been a marked decadence in trap shooting in Canada during the past twelve months, and nobody seems able to account for it. But a spark of life seems yet remaining in the Eastern district, and the St. Huberts, of Ottawa, are getting in shape for the winter campaign, while in Montreal the only sign of existence is at the Athletic Club House, where numerous inanimates are smashed every Saturday afternoon.

* * *

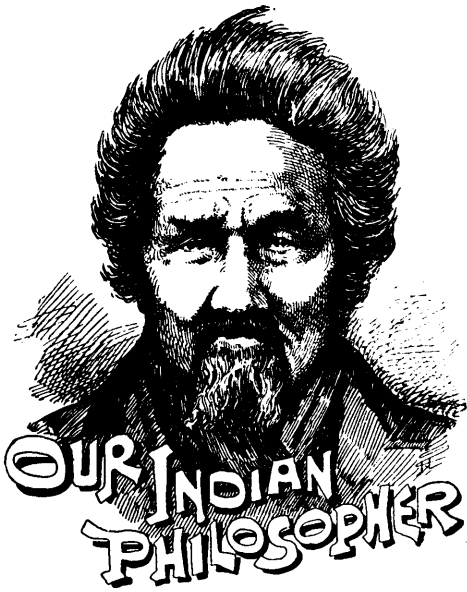
A glance at the New York Sunday papers will give some idea of the large amount of cross country work done by the athletes of that section. There was a time when Canada, and Montreal particularly, could hold her own in this line, but the sun seems to have set on it. Snowshoeing is first rate sport, but we seem sadly deficient in harrier work. A revival of the old paper chases or hare and hounds would keep the boys in trim for the snowshoe season.

* * *

The Royal Montreal Golf Club made a good move when they decided to admit lady and boy members at their annual meeting on Tuesday night last. The season has been a most enjoyable one for the golfers and the fact will be duly celebrated on January 14, when the annual dinner will be held. The officers elected for the year were: President, Rev. James Barclay; secretary, Mr. J. L. Morris, Q.C.; treasurer, Mr. E. G. Penny; committee, Messrs. Jas. Taylor, J. Hutton Balfour, Eric Mann, A. McPherson and A. Archer.

R. O. X.

He: Darling, you remind me of my bank account.
She (nestling up to him): Why? Because you think so much of me?
He: No; because you are so petite.



The Sagamore



HE sagamore's wigwam walls were hung with the carcasses of many rabbits.

"My brother," the reporter said, "your snares are deadly. How do you contrive to gather in so much game? When I used to set snares in these woods there were plenty

of rabbits,—but I never got such a haul as that. Did you pull in all those last night?"

"Ah-hah."

"How did you do it? You must have a charm of some sort."

For answer the sagamore whistled; and in rushed a dog that in colour and general appearance might easily pass for a full blooded rabbit—in fact the reporter at first thought it was one.

"You see that dog?" said Mr. Paul.

"I do, certainly—but I thought it was a rabbit—at the first glance."

"He gits my rabbits," said Mr. Paul.

"What—catches them for you?"

"Ah-hah. I make yard out in woods. Them rabbits comes there—they don't know he's a dog. They go in there to browse. He goes in too. He ketch 'um."

"You catch them with guile," said the reporter.

"No, I don't," sharply replied the old man—"I ketch 'um with my dog."

"Same thing," said the reporter.

"That's heap lie?" angrily shouted the sagamore. "You say he's same thing any more I sue you right away for libel."

"Seditious or criminal?" queried the reporter.

"Both," declared the sagamore.

"Then I'll scoot," said the reporter. "By the way, what do you call your dog?"

"Pocko," answered the warrior.

"Ah, Pocko. P-a-c-a-u-d, Pocko. Not a bad name, Count—and he ought to be a good dog to deserve it."

"He's bully dog," answered the sagamore. "He ketch heap rabbits for me. But if I hear you say I ketch 'um with what you call guile—then you git put in jail right away."

The reporter took to the woods, for Count Louis Paul is a man to be feared in his wrath.

Making the Item Right.

"Do I look a dead man?"

This question was shot at the editor of the *Bad Lands Bazaar* by a man of ferocious aspect, who entered the sanctum in a great hurry.

"My friend, I have no time to answer conundrums," replied the editor mildly.

"I want to know if I look like a dead man?" persisted the visitor in a louder tone. "It ain't no conundrum, either."

"I don't know that I'm bound to answer the question of every excited individual who happens to come in. If you'll tell me the object of your call, I'll give the subject some consideration."

"Well, sir, your paper announced me dead, and I want to know whether I look like a dead man."

"Why didn't you say so? No, you don't look like a dead man."

"Then your paper lied, didn't it?"

"The paper seems to have been misinformed, if you are the man it referred to. I allow no man to say it lied."

"Well, I'm the man it referred to, I reckon. There ain't but one Alkali Ike in these diggin's. I'm the terror of the Bad Lands. I'm a varmint from the Wicked Desert, and when I'm mad I can lick the entire press of the United States. You hear me?"

"I've never been accused of deafness."

"I could chew you up at one mouthful. See?"

"I'm not blind."

"If you don't make that paragraph right I'll jab yer into yer own press and print an impression of yer paper on yer carcass. Twig?"

The editor twigged.

"Will yer make that item right?"

"I will," replied the editor, rising slowly from his chair, with a seven-shooter in one hand and a bowie knife in the other. "Yes, I'll make the paragraph true. You'll look like a dead man in exactly five seconds. What's your choice, lead or steel?"

But Alkali Ike, the varmint from the Wicked Desert, did not remain long enough to choose, and the item hasn't been corrected yet.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Irishmen in Highland Corps.

It is an old joke in the British army that some of the most brawny and stalwart rank and file of the Highland Corps come, not from the "Land o' Cakes," but from the island of the shamrock and shillelagh, and a well-authenticated illustration of this fact is recorded (says the *Admiralty and Horse Guards Gazette*) in the annals of the 74th when stationed at Bangalore, when the Madras army was commanded by Sir Hope Grant. At a special mess dinner, given in honour of the genial and popular "chief," the regimental pipers, fine specimens of martial humanity, played, as is usual, behind the chair of the guest of the evening, and Sir Hope, delighted at the stirring strains, turned round to the tallest and broadest minstrel, and exclaimed, "It warms my hairt to listen to the bonnie lilt! What pairt of Scotland do ye come frae, my mon?" "Connemara, yer honour!" replied the bard drawing himself up with conscious pride to his full inches, while a roar of laughter, in which Sir Hope heartily joined, greeted the confession.

Afoot.

Really and truly it is well to put on one's thickest boots, take a club-like stick and stride away anywhere, without heed of weather, milestones, or compass. It doesn't matter in the least which way you go. The thing you have to do is to walk yourself into a state of bodily collapse, or something like it. Then it will be time enough to look at your watch and make for the nearest inn. No doubt, if you are a long way from a railway station (a most improbable thing!), there will be a dog-cart in the village. If not, still you may rest awhile, drink some beer, smoke a cigar, snap your fingers at black care, and then set off to try and retrace your steps. The odds are fifty to one you don't succeed without a most fatiguing amount of interrogation of rustics. By that time you will be sweetly exhausted—you will, in fact, have done precisely what your humour bade you do. And afterwards, neither the sheaf of tradesman's bills, nor Cupid, nor the fumes of indifferent claret, nor all the examiners in Christendom shall be able, for a while, to disturb your spirits.

It was in some such mental stir as this that Christopher North made his phenomenal tramp from the west end of London to Oxford one night. He got into his rooms before some of his friends were breakfasting—nor do we hear that he was remarkably tired. But then he was a very Titan of pedestrianism. He would set off for a forty-mile walk, giving but eight hours to do it, as you or I might begin a constitutional of five or six miles. Once he trusted to his legs to take him from Liverpool to his sweet lakeland home of Elleray. This is seventy or eighty miles of going, up hill and down dale; yet he did it within four-and-twenty hours. Walking Stewart himself was, no doubt, a fine friend to cobblers; but it is odd if Prof. Wilson, of Edinburgh and Elleray, was not his superior at long distances.

Yet spite of all his athletic vigour and strength, Wilson did not live to be a septuagenarian. The discreet clubman of Piccadilly, who begins to be old at 45 or 50, and ever afterwards walks like a snail, with one hand in the small of his back and the other on his stick, lives to be 90 without much of an effort; while the athlete of world-wide fame dies ere he reaches the common limit of our days.—*Cornhill*.





Walking Mantles—The Secrets of a Skirt
—Coffee—Coffee Making.



WALKING mantles nowadays are somewhat difficult to distinguish from walking dresses, and they again are fashioned in the likeness of mantles that are trimmed with fur and fit closely. This kind in our illustration is called a pelisse, and is made of any rich kind of material, such as fine cloth, silk of very thick kinds—for example, sicilienne, damask or matelassé, or in that superb texture "Velours du Nord," with revers of fur or rich-looking passementerie, and lined throughout with thickly wadded silk. I ought to explain that "Velours du Nord" is a fabric that is between velvet and plush, and in appearance is longer in its pile than one and shorter than the other. Now I want you to observe this pelisse in my sketch. It is made of blue—very dark blue cloth. It may be worn with or without the

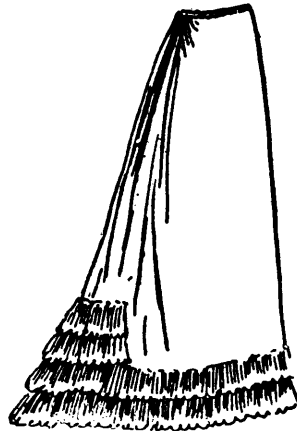


fur, and also without the capes if desired. The dress part is, as you see, made perfectly plain, fastening to a certain distance straight down the front, but gradually diverging to the left hand, where it hooks nearly invisibly down that side. The capes are made to open with plain revers of cloth or silk down the middle, and to fasten in front. The

fur is worn like a long boa that hides its commencement under itself, and crossing to the left side is fastened there by a brilliant buckle of gold, silver or jet, and then hangs straight to the hem of the skirt. Should objection be taken to its swinging about like a long end it could easily be fastened by a few little loops of fine cords to some quite small buttons, down the edge of the dress, or it might be made on to the mantle as a permanent trimming, capes and all. The fur may be anything you like; in this case it was grey like chinchilla or squirrel. The cuffs also are removable if desired, and can be buttoned on at will. I omitted to say that the back of the skirt is set on in full pleats to give a certain amplitude to it. In velvet this is a particularly becoming pelisse.

* * *

The secrets of a skirt are not always known at a glance. One may see two women, both wearing dresses of nearly the same material and cut. One will have her skirt hang so that it sets out at the sides, and the hem of its plain front coops in towards the feet, while the full breadths of the back also fall in rather than outwards. The other will have her straight plain front hung so that it keeps straight all the way down except just at the feet, where it turns a little, a very little, outwards like the rim of a bell. The sides are as even and straight as possible, and the back, without being wide, has ample material in it, and stands slightly away from the feet, so that there is not the remotest chance of its being kicked up in walking, which is so peculiarly ugly and untidy looking. You will also hear a



faint rustle or "frou frou," as it is called, as of silk, which suggests all sorts of small luxuries in the way of a silk lining. And so it is, for no well finished dress is ever made up without—formerly a silk foundation—and now a silk lining. But there is still much that goes to complete a properly turned out skirt, and this is its "balayeuse," or, very literally, its "sweeper," which is neither more nor less than the frill that you see tucked just inside the hem. In all evening and house dresses they consist of lace and muslin frills, but in gowns of cloth and thicker woollen fabrics such materials would be quite unsuitable; so I give you a rough sketch of what is put into a skirt, which, for convenience sake, I have turned inside-out in the picture. The frills are of pinked out black, or whatever coloured silk your skirt is lined with, and two rows are put round the front, and three, or more—if necessary—are set on to the lining of the skirt behind. This is what gives the pretty "throw off," as it is called, to the lower part of a skirt, which people may in vain try to imitate if they are unacquainted with the secret.

* * *

Coffee, as it is drunk in England, was the subject lately of a good article in one of our leading papers, and it is a topic on which I think there is much that may be said. My own experience of "furrin parts" leads me to say that we English do not know how to make coffee, and they, the foreigners, do not know how to make tea. But in England, and indeed the British Isles, it is the one idea that everything must be made like tea, and to show how deeply this idea is in our minds I cannot help quoting the Irish waiter when I think of the various beverages that are treated to the same process. Do you know the tale? If not I will tell you. At a large ball in Dublin, one of the guests asked his fair partner, when offering her refreshments, what she

would have; and, as she answered, "A cup of tea, please," the waiter, who was closely watching for her order, immediately burst out with, "Is it tay-tay you mane, miss, or coffee-tay, or chokolarity-tay?" There really is a tea made out of coffee leaves—though that only exists as the great beverage in Sumatra, and the Islands of the Eastern Archipelago, tea being made of a very nourishing and supporting quality from the roasted coffee leaves. It is, however, of coffee as we know it and use it that I would speak. Very few people in England, unless they are connoisseurs in the matter, care what kind of coffee they drink, but they may speedily detect the real kinds when they see them unroasted: for instance, the Mocha or Arabian you may know by its being a small dark yellowish berry, the Javan or East Indian is of a blueish or greyish green tint. There is a curious fact about coffee that just everyone does not know, which is that it greatly improves with keeping. It takes three years to properly ripen Arabian coffee, and even the worst American coffees in ten or fifteen years become nearly as good as the best Oriental kinds. There is a great deal in the way coffee is roasted, and to drink it in perfection it should be made immediately after roasting and grinding. It is always best, even if bought ready roasted, to grind it yourself, thus avoiding any chance of adulteration.

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Coffee making is a very simple thing abroad, and why should we not find it so here? I will tell you how *not* to do it. See that your coffee is ground by the grocer, which will be to his own advantage, namely very coarsely, with generally an admixture of chicory, which is an adulteration that not every one cares for, particularly when one knows that chicory itself is adulterated also with turnips, carrots and Venetian red. Put this ground coffee, say half a cupful, into one of those coffee pots that have a cotton bag at the top, and pour a lot of hot water on it that boils, but is not necessarily at over boiling point. Set it to stew on the hot plate of your kitchen range, or on the hob of your dining-room fireplace. Pour it off and you will have the decoction that we generally have supplied to us in England, whether with hot or cold milk, and either for breakfast or after late dinner, which tastes first of the grounds, and secondly, in a stale fashion, of the coffee. Now I will tell you how best to make coffee. Buy your coffee fresh roasted, if you do not do it yourself grocers will generally tell you the days they roast their coffee; keep it in a tin well closed. Grind it every morning, having your mill set to make it rather fine. Allow a good teacupful to every three persons. Have the ordinary French *cafetiere* that divides in two parts, with a large-holed drainer at the top, and a finer one half way down, and a little flat stamper. Warm your pot thoroughly, then take out your top drainer and put in the coffee and press it down hard and flat, then replace the drainer. Remember that you must not be content to have your kettle so called boiling, but it must be actually boiling over, before you attempt to pour water into your *cafetiere*. Continue pouring till coffee and water rise together through the holes of the top drainer, then stop and set the *cafetiere* close to the fire on a trivet or somewhere to keep it very hot without stewing it. Fill it up once or twice more according to the quantity of coffee required. Pour off the coffee, after letting it stand for a minute or so to become quite clear, till you have filled each of your cups about a third full. Then fill up with hot milk. Replace the *cafetiere* by the fire, and, if necessary, fill up with over-boiling water, so as to keep up a good supply for second cups. By this means you will, I think, be able to emulate the best coffee made abroad. Sugar, I think, makes a great difference to the foreign-made coffee, and you rarely see there any but the lump sugar used, never the moist brown so often employed. For evening coffee the cups should be filled, and only cream used if anything is required.

Things One Would Rather Have Expressed Differently.

Doctor: How is the patient? Nurse: Well, he has been wandering a good deal in his mind. Early this morning I heard him say, "What an old woman that doctor is!" and I think that was about the last really rational remark he made."—*Punch*.