

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
  
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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

REGISTERED

TRADE MARK  
Vol. V.—No. 124.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 15th NOVEMBER, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d.  
10 CENTS PER COPY. " " 6d. 6d.



GASPE FISHING SCENES.—“The Bouleau.”



GASPE FISHING SCENES.—Drying Codfish.

# The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO

RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT.

ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR.

The Gazette Building, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,

36 King Street East, Toronto.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,

3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

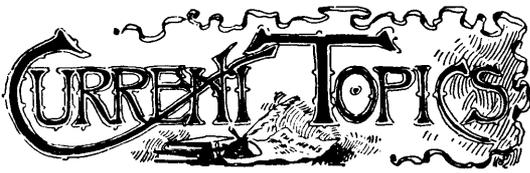
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

15th NOVEMBER, 1890.

## NOTICE.

All business communications, remittances, etc., to be addressed to "THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO., MONTREAL."

Literary communications to be addressed to "THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."



Any intrusion of political feeling into the ordinary intercourse of social life is to be deplored and deprecated. We regret to learn that the conviction still prevails in certain quarters that the slight offered to the Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, by persistently excluding him from the Halifax Club, is due to party hostility. In private life Mr. Longley is esteemed by all who know him; his character is above reproach; he is a man of unquestioned ability; a Q. C. of Dominion appointment; an student of history, letters and economic questions. Such a man, his friends think, ought not to be an unclubbable person, and they can think of nothing but political antagonism as a cause for his black-balling. If this be the case, as there seems reason to believe, we sincerely regret it. There are other precedents of old world society that Canada might follow with much greater advantage.

The forecast of improvement in the administration of hospitals for the insane indicated by several and clearly outlined by a few of our contemporaries has been repeated in the Speech from the Throne at the opening of the Quebec Legislature. As yet we have not any definite statement of the full extent of the changes contemplated, but we know the direction which they are to take. The Government will in future assume the responsibility for the management of those institutions, so far as existing contracts permit, and the intention is ultimately to take over the entire control of them. Meanwhile, in what relates to the medical treatment of this sadly afflicted class, the authority of the Government will be paramount. Another noteworthy feature is the reform to be initiated in the separation of congenital idiots from those whose minds have been deranged through disease, injury or other causes. This is an alteration in asylum management which has long, by the greatest alienists of our time, been deemed essential to the successful application of means of cure to those whose cases may admit of hope. At the same time, it facilitates the supervision of the naturally feeble-minded, and their subjection to such discipline as may improve their condition. At the Earlwood and other institutions in Great Britain much has been done by trained teachers to awaken in these unfortunates such sparks of intellect as may be susceptible of rousing to useful activity, and some of them, who would otherwise have been mere burdens on society, have been rendered capable of attaining a certain skill in employments adapted to their condition. The great benefit, however, of the new policy is that it gives a fuller opportunity of dealing effectually with that unhappy class of insane persons whose recovery (where recovery is possible) can only be assured by extreme watchfulness, rigid attention to rules of health and the constant care of thoroughly qualified alienists.

Seldom in the political history of the United States (of any great country, indeed,) has a reaction so far-reaching overtaken public opinion as that which was exemplified by the elections to the House of Representatives last week. The Democrats achieved a victory so sweeping as to surprise even their own party leaders. The 52nd Congress, that meets on the 4th of March next, will, in the respective numbers of the opposing parties, differ more materially from its predecessor than any two consecutive Congresses since the foundation of the Republic. The House elected in 1888 consisted of 176 Republicans and 153 Democrats; the House that meets in spring next will be composed of 233 Democrats and 103 Republicans. In not a single State did the party in power make any gain. In all but at most half a dozen it lost. In Massachusetts its representation fell from 10 to 5; in Illinois, from 13 to 8; in Pennsylvania, from 20 to 18; in New York, from 18 to 15; in Iowa, from 10 to 5; in Michigan, from 9 to 4; in California, from 4 to 0; in Kansas, from 7 to 1; in Ohio, from 16 to 8; in Virginia, from 4 to 0. The elections for Governors and State Legislatures were correspondingly sweeping. Mr. W. E. Russell (Democrat) is returned for Massachusetts, Mr. Pattison (Democrat) for Pennsylvania, and so on all along the line. President Cleveland expressed his "gratification as that of an American proud of his fellow-countrymen, who, though led away for a time by party prejudices and by blind confidence in cunning and selfish leaders, could not be deluded to their ruin. They have demonstrated that in dealing with them it is not safe to calculate that they are stupid or heedless of the welfare of their countrymen. The necessity," he continued, "of tariff reform, with its consequent reduction in the cost of living and the duty of the Democratic party to advocate it has been fully demonstrated by the action of the people. Their decision has been deliberately made, and it is all the more significant because they have voted upon their reason and judgment and because they have proved that corruption is powerless as against their convictions." Mr. Cleveland is naturally buoyed up with the hope of a still grander triumph—a Democratic president (himself once more, perhaps,) and a Democratic Senate. Many things may happen in two years; but, if the Democrats know how to use the vantage ground that they have gained, the hope may be fulfilled.

We devote due attention in this issue to the illustration of the visit to Canada of the delegation from the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain. The presence of those gentlemen in the Dominion is sure to give a fruitful impulse to the development of our mineral resources. Not the least notable incident in their brief sojourn amongst us was their being made eye-witnesses of Canada's wealth in a substance of the utmost importance in the manufacture of steel. They had seen, as Mr. Snelus, who has done so much to improve and advance that great industry, was delighted to confess at the Ottawa luncheon, something of whose existence in the world they little dreamed—a vast natural supply of nickel, a metal which they had been wont to regard as a rare, a unique product of nature, and which was of such inestimable service in eliciting some of the most remarkable properties of steel. The ores of this precious metal—at least some of the most valuable of them—are described in the report of the Royal Commission on the mineral resources of Ontario. All nickel ores, we are there informed, are found in veins in the primary or lower secondary formations, and the ores are rarely found except in association with cobalt ores mixed with the ores of copper, lead and other minerals. The copper-bearing rocks of the Sudbury district, the copper of which is generally associated with nickeliferous pyrrhotite (the average being from 3 to 7 per cent. of copper pyrites, 2½ to 3½ per cent. of nickel, about 63 per cent. of pyrrhotite, and 30 per cent. of rock), are of considerable extent, and the pronouncement of Mr. Snelus must add very materially to their value. Nature had been equally prodigal, the president added, in bestowing upon Canada other precious and economic metals, from gold to iron,

and her great mineral resources only awaited development to yield enormous profits. Such words coming from the recognized official king of the great mineral kingdom must have the effect of stimulating Canadian capital and enterprise to more and more fruitful exertion.

The McKinley Bill seems to have already had a quickening effect on an important portion of our industrial community, directing attention to branches of production hitherto neglected, and indicating new markets in cases where the chief outlet had previously been to the States. The *Commercial*, of Winnipeg, sees no reason, nor do we, why Canada should not do something in a branch of food-production, which has long been strangely lost sight of on this side of the line—that of raising hogs. Pork, our contemporary points out, can be produced at home for less than the cost of freight and duty on the imported article. The cost to the consumers of Western Canada for cured hog products is estimated at about \$2,000,000 a year. The imported commodity costs three cents a pound duty and about a cent a pound for freight and handling. Thus, consumers pay four cents in addition to first cost and the profits of the dealers. Yet pork might be produced at home for two or three cents a pound. When, as now, large crops of cheap grains and roots are at the disposal of our farmers, pork could, it is thought, be grown without difficulty at half the cost that is now being paid for it. The suggested saving would surely be worth making, and it is only necessary to make a beginning, and success is certain to follow the undertaking.

We had occasion to mention last year how highly the Lethbridge coal is esteemed in Montana. At that time the great difficulty was lack of means of transport, absence of railway facilities necessitating a most inconvenient and costly circuit. Some time ago the first train of "Galt coal" (as it is called, from Sir A. T. Galt's connection with the enterprise) arrived over the Montana Central to the Helena Lumber Company. The narrow-gauge trains, laden with the fuel, are, as they arrive from the mine, run on to trestles prepared for the purpose at Great Falls, and the cargoes are dumped into cars of the Montana Central on the tracks beneath without the least delay. The haul from Lethbridge to Montana is 300 miles. The price in Helena for Galt coal, delivered in lump, is \$7.25 for lump, \$5.75 for nut. It is given a fine character as a calorific, one ton for heating purposes being deemed equivalent to two cords of yellow pine wood. Lethbridge is jubilant over the completion of the line from that place to Great Falls, the event being celebrated by a special railway edition of the *Lethbridge News*.

The census returns for the last decade in the United States have not proved so satisfactory as the more enthusiastic forecasts led one to expect. According to the latest bulletin on the subject the population of the country on the 1st of June last was 62,480,540. It is thought that certain conditions still to be made will bring the total up to nearly 63,000,000. In 1880 the population was 50,155,783. The absolute increase of the population in the ten years was, therefore, 2,324,757; and the percentage of increase 24.47. In 1870 the population was stated at 38,588,371. According to these figures the absolute increase in the decade between 1870 and 1880 was 11,597,412, and the percentage of increase was 30.08. These figures show that the population was increased between 1880 and 1890 only 727,325 more than between 1870 and 1880, while the rate of increase has been apparently diminished from 30.08 to 24.57 per cent. Such a reduction in the rate of increase in the face of the enormous immigration during the past ten years would argue a great diminution in the fecundity of the population or a corresponding increase in its death rate. These figures are, however, explained by the fact that the census of 1870 was grossly deficient in the Southern States. Pennsylvania (5,248,574) has added 965,683 to its population in the ten years, and comes first in the rate of increase. New York, which for actual population (5,981,934) takes the lead, comes second as to

ratio of growth. Illinois (which has a population of 3,818,536) has added 740,665 to its numerical strength. Massachusetts is more populous by 405,332 than in 1880. Two States, Vermont and Nevada, one agricultural the other mining, show a decrease, the former (whose figure is 332,255) of 81, the latter of 17,939. This last decrease (nearly 20 per cent.) leaves Nevada the least populous State in the Union. It is difficult, where so many causes interfere with the law of natural increase to discover its actual rate. It has been suggested that if the births and deaths of the immigrants (5,246,613) that entered the country during the last ten years be accepted as counter-balancing each other, a little more than 7,000,000 would represent the natural growth of the population, so that the rate of increase would be about 1.4 per cent.

### THE FLAGS OF FRANCE.

During the preparations for the visit of the Comte de Paris to this city, the question arose whether, in his reception, the old white flag of the Bourbons or the tri-colour should be used. The *drapeau blanc*, which was formally adopted by Henry the Fourth, was the flag of New as well as of Old France, when the foundations of the colony were laid and until its transfer to the Crown of England. The origin of the national standard of France is involved in obscurity. According to one story, Clovis, after his conversion to Christianity nearly fourteen centuries ago, adopted as his banner the "chape" or cloak of St. Martin—that is, the half that remained to the soldier-saint after he had shared that garment with the beggar. Some archæologists, however, maintain that the "Chape de St. Martin" was not really a flag or a portion of dress used as such, but a relic which was carried in a box. Others, again, adopt this view with the difference that the relic was really the half-cloak, and that the oratory in which it was kept was called in Latin "capella," and that our word "chapel" is thence derived, the first *capellani* or chaplains being the priests who had charge of it. The opinion also widely prevails among antiquaries that this "chape," borne on solemn occasions with the host of Clovis, was the first flag of Western Europe. Dagobert chose an eagle for his emblem, but whether he used it on a flag does not appear to be certain. The oriflamme is ascribed to the reign of Charles the Great, which that monarch is thought to have received from Pope Leo the Third. According to the *Chanson de Roland* it was at first called "Romaine" from this circumstance, but the name was afterwards changed to "Montjoie," from Mons Gaudii, a hill near Rome. To this oriflamme succeeded the flag of St. Denis, which was adopted by Philip the First from the abbey of the same name, to which it belonged. It was first solemnly raised in the year 1124, when Philip's successor, Louis the Sixth (Le Gros) was going to war with the Emperor Henry the Fifth. Its fate is still a theme for controversy. It is comprised in an inventory of the treasures of the abbey in the year 1504, and Dom Felibien testifies to having seen it ninety years later, greatly the worse for wear. It was of red silk and was, in all probability, flame-shaped, in harmony with its name. The oriflammes, both that of Charlemagne and that of St. Denis, were associated with religion in centuries when religion and war were often closely related. In the time of Louis the Seventh another flag came into use—a blue ensign—which ultimately became the banner of the nation. This was the blue flag with the golden fleurs-de-lys, sometimes called "bannière royale," sometimes called "bannière de France." Here again we are confronted with a conflict of opinion. Its origin, its significance, even the nature of its symbols are ground for dispute. Some trace it back to Clovis, some to St. Denis, one writer to Japheth, son of Noah. By some the fleur-de-lys is claimed to represent a lance-head; others will have it to be a rude representation of a bee; others would have us believe that the original artist meant to depict a toad in reference to the marshy country from which the Franks first came. A fourth group of inquirers hold that fleur-de-lys is a corruption of *fleur-de-Lois* (flowers of Louis), the early kings so called having so spelled

their name. As to the colour, it is the blue of the water, according to some; of the sky, according to others, while some again maintain that it was the favourite hue of St. Martin and of the Merwings. How the blue flag became white is another point on which there is scope for argument. One thing is that the white cross which French soldiers wore on their breasts was transferred to the royal standard in the time of Charles the Seventh, and that, partly through the example of the Maid of Orleans (who had a white flag of her own), and partly through the gradual broadening and lengthening of the arms of the cross till it covered nearly the whole of the blue ground, the change of colour was effected. The white cross appeared on the King's banner in the middle of the fifteenth century, but it was only after the accession of Henry the Fourth that the blue disappeared and the *drapeau blanc* became the acknowledged flag of the Kings of France. It lasted for just two centuries, embracing the entire period of the Old Régime in Canada. When the National Guard was constituted in July, 1789, its cockade was of red and blue—the colours of the French metropolis. After the taking of the Bastille, Louis the Sixteenth, with the shadow of doom already approaching him, put the new badge in his hat. On Lafayette's proposal, white was added, and thus the Bourbon colour completed the tri-colour. Even during the two centuries of continuous Bourbon supremacy, blue had not been discarded—all merchant vessels bearing "the old flag of the French nation, a white cross on a blue standard." Even red was not quite strange to French royalty—all three colours of the present flag being used in the liveries of the King's servants. It may be recalled by our readers that nearly seventeen years ago the late Comte de Chambord deliberately preferred to remain in private life rather than be king of France under any colour but his own—the white of Henry the Fourth and all the Bourbons that ruled in Canada. The opportunity, then lost, of regaining the throne has not recurred, and, from present appearances, is not likely to recur. But, should the offer be repeated, no scruples of that kind will stand in the way of acceptance.

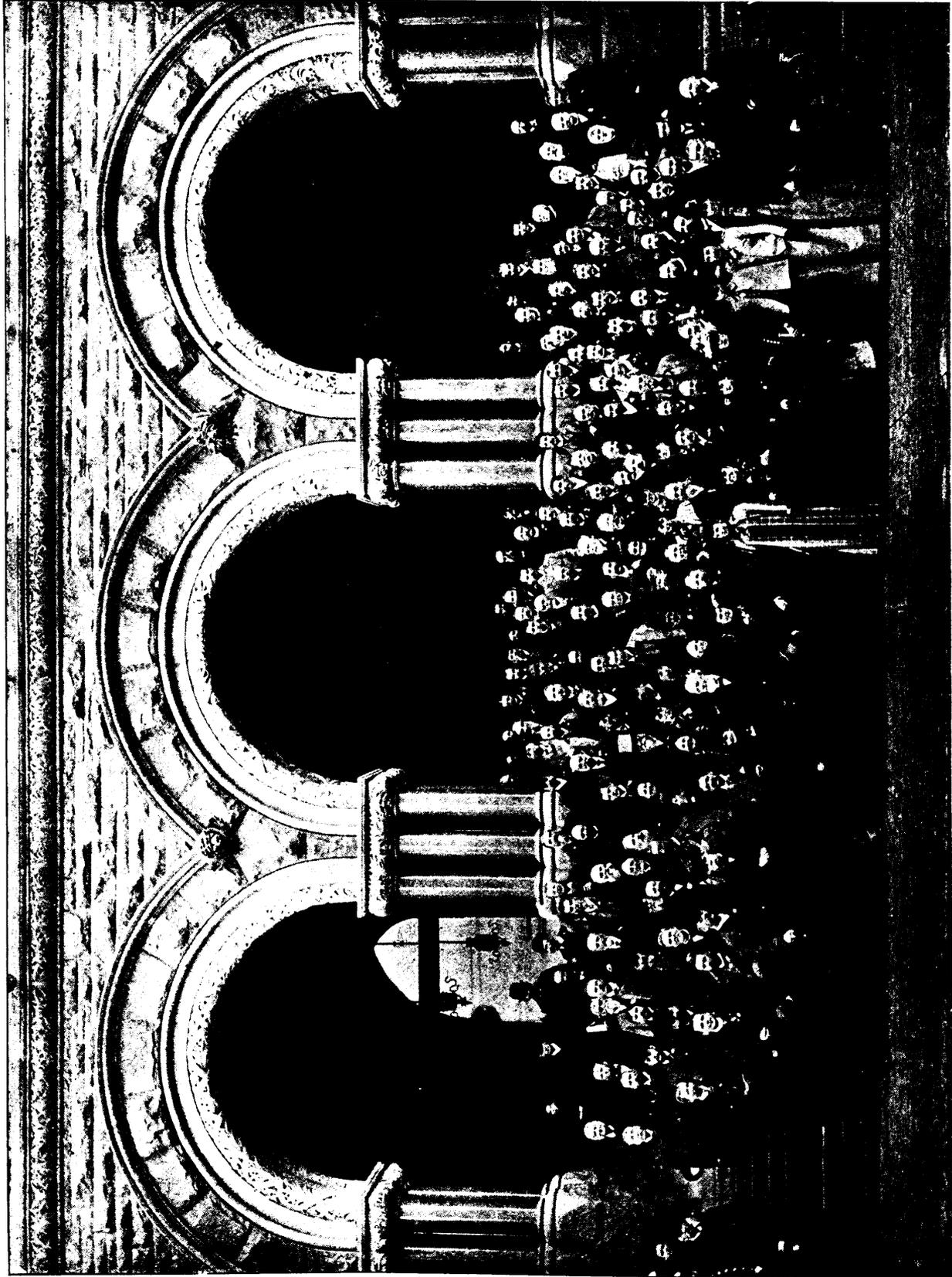
### THE UNITY OF THE EMPIRE.

The Ottawa branch of the Imperial Federation League has started a movement which just now must be considered especially opportune. Its object is to ascertain by inquiry the prevailing views of our people as to the means by which the unity of the Empire may be strengthened, and how, in the development of its vast resources, intercourse between the inhabitants and interchange of the products of its several parts may be most successfully promoted. A great deal of misunderstanding exists in some sections of our population as to the real drift and significance of the League's aims, and much utterly baseless apprehension has been caused through this misunderstanding. Some writers seem to look upon it as a gigantic conspiracy to rob Canadians of the birthright of their liberty and subject them, *nolentes volentes*, to an alien yoke. We need hardly inform our readers that the founders of the League never dreamed of interfering in any way with a single right or privilege enjoyed by the people of any portion of the Queen's domain. On the contrary, it has been their desire and constant effort to enlarge the influence of the outlying parts of the Empire so as to give them due participation in the control and direction of Imperial affairs. As to the *modus operandi* by which that great end should be effected, there is room for much difference of opinion. Perhaps it would have been wiser if, in the first instance, the late Hon. Mr. Forster and his colleagues had avoided any seeming anticipation of the judgment of "Greater Britain" in their choice of a name for the society. Lord Rosebery has all along stood out against even the appearance of such prejudice, and has deprecated precipitate action whenever he saw any members likely to be carried away by their enthusiasm. The Canadian branch of the League has followed in the lines laid down by Lord Rosebery, and has always been most cautious both in assertion and suggestion. Imperial unity has been its watchword. Its organiz-

ation is a protest against everything that tends, directly or indirectly, overtly or secretly, towards the disintegration of the Empire. "It is not," says the circular of inquiry which we have just received,— "it is not, as many suppose, one of the functions of the League to propound a new constitution for the British Empire. No scheme worthy of the name is possible, without consulting every interest involved, and no attempt should be made to formulate a scheme except by properly constituted authority, after obtaining the fullest information respecting the wants and wishes of the several communities concerned. Nothing could be more definitely assuring against any contemplated surprise on our liberties than these plain, honest words.

But surely when we uphold the unity of the Empire we should be prepared to give a reason for our faith in the Imperial bond, as against any rival scheme. Some of us, it is true, would be content, with an unquestioning allegiance, to remain Britons simply because we are Britons and could never be anything else. But ours is a complex nationality. An important section of our population is British only by adoption, and attached to the British Constitution on account of the popular liberties and impartial administration which it secures. Others are attached to our very mild monarchical régime because, in practice, it is more thoroughly and consistently democratic than that of more than one republic. A good many, moreover, are conservative from habit, and dislike change. But, while sentiment is a strong force in human relations, self-interest is with the mass of the people still stronger, and it behoves all enlightened and patriotic Canadians not only to keep in mind the boons of liberty and order that we enjoy under our present dispensation, but to aid in every possible way in making known how our relations with the rest of the Empire may be rendered most advantageous to us, both as communities and individuals. The questions proposed in the circular to which we have referred deserve the thoughtful study of all Canadians who have the interests of their country at heart. The general problem to which they relate—how Imperial unity may be made more real and more fruitful of good to all parts of the Empire, and how and to what extent the great self-governing division, like the Dominion, should be given a voice in the direction of Imperial policy and the management of Imperial affairs—is by no means easy of solution. But solved in some fashion it must be, and it is our duty to give it careful attention. Elsewhere in this issue our readers will find the questions which the Ottawa branch has addressed to the public.

In connection with the subject, we would urge on our readers the importance, at the present juncture in our economic history, of devoting more attention than has hitherto been usual to the resources and capabilities of the other portions of the Empire, more especially with reference to the interchange of commodities with ourselves. We fear that the knowledge possessed by the average Canadian of the natural products and manufactures of the other parts of the Queen's dominions falls lamentably short of what, in regard to our own interests, it ought to be. It would be well, indeed, if in our schools and higher centres of education more attention were devoted to economic geography. In the commercial and in some sections of the scientific departments it ought to have a prominent place as a branch of study. Of course, a thorough acquaintance with the great physical and economic features of our own half of this continent is of primary importance, to this the study of the West Indies, Australia and New Zealand, South Africa and India, as well as of those foreign countries with which Canada might reasonably hope to have mercantile dealings being complementary. Far too seldom has the British Empire been studied, as a whole, with the zeal and national pride that our neighbours are wont to bring to the history and geography of the United States. We purpose, in future issues, to give a share of our time and space to the elucidation of this subject—a subject on which Mr. J. Castell Hopkins has already contributed some excellent papers.



VISIT OF THE IRON AND STEEL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN TO CANADA  
GROUP OF MEMBERS AND FRIENDS ON STEPS OF CITY HALL, HAMILTON, ONT.

## The Iron and Steel Institute.

In this issue we give some illustrations of the visit of this important society to the leading cities of the Dominion. On the 29th of October the members of the Institute, who had already visited the chief cities of the United States, accompanied by several friends (including a number of ladies), arrived at Hamilton, Ont., by special train from the Falls. They were received by the officials of the city and representatives of its most important industries. Among the visiting party were: Col. Holland, C.B.; Sir James Bain, ex-Lord Provost of Glasgow; Henry Banks, Thomas and Mrs. T. Bantock, T. W. Crawhill-Wilson, E. Calquhoun Wilson, A. H. Dunachie, C. Evans, G. K. Harrison, A. E. Hunt, A. K. Huntingdon, I. J. Jenks, Geo. Kearsley, R. Laybourne, F. Marbourg, F. Monks, C. D. Phillips, Joseph Richardson, Geo. Slater, A. G. Service, Paul Siebel, H. C. Simpson, W. T. Thomas, R. Williamson, R. B. Thomas, J. F. Pease, W. Jenks, W. Howat, S. Dickenson, L. W. Crawhall, Wm. Bright, Thomas Ashbury and E. Parritt, of the *Manchester Examiner* and London *Chronicle*.

Mayor McLellan, accompanied by Messrs. Adam Brown, M.P.; A. McKay, M.P.; F. H. Stinson, M.P.P., with Aldermen Griffith, Stevenson, Blaicher, Hancock, Stewart, Smuck, McDonald, Nicholson, Dixon and several other gentlemen were among those who received the distinguished visitors. Sir James Kitson, the president, was not of the party, but the vice-president, Mr. Snelus, and the secretary, Mr. Jeans, were present. They were accompanied by B. T. A. Bell, of the *Mining Journal*; Dr. Selwyn, of the geological survey; H. B. Small, secretary of the agricultural department; Thomas McFarlane, chief analyst of the inland revenue department; Mrs. Fletcher, Miss Selwyn and Miss Gisborne, of Ottawa; Archibald Blue, Ontario statistician, and Capt. Low, the Lieutenant-Governor's aide-de-camp. After inspecting the chief points of special interest, as far as the unfavourable weather would permit, the visitors were escorted to the Arcade Hall, where luncheon had been prepared, and about two hundred and fifty persons did justice to the *menu*. After the usual loyal toasts, Mayor McLellan proposed the health of the Iron and Steel Institute, and Vice-President Snelus responded. Having expressed his surprise and satisfaction at the growth of so fine a city in what a few generations ago was an unreclaimed wilderness, Mr. Snelus said that a great revolution was going on in the metallurgical industry, caused largely by the discovery of the valuable properties in nickel, and it afforded him and his colleagues infinite pleasure to note that Canada was rich beyond computation in that new and remarkable metal, which was going to be the great competitor of iron. He was astonished when he saw the inexhaustible deposits of nickel at Sudbury. He had always thought that nickel was a very rare metal, but he never knew that there were inexhaustible supplies of it in this Dominion. This, he felt sure, would be one great element in Canada's future prospects. Mr. Snelus concluded a practical speech by an appropriate reference to the motto on Hamilton's escutcheon—"I advance"—a motto which, he hoped, would be true of that thriving city in the future as in the past.

Mr. Adam Brown, M.P., spoke of the devotion of Canada to the Empire.

Mr. Thomas McFarlane, Dominion Analyst, Ottawa, responded on behalf of the German delegates, dwelling on the kinships between the two great races.

Sir James Bain, ex-Lord Provost of Glasgow, proposed the health of Mayor McLellan, to which His Worship responded, and, with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," the banquet came to a close.

The party then visited Toronto, Sudbury, Ottawa and Montreal. In the Capital careful preparations had been made to give the Institute a worthy reception. The entertainment at the Russell was in every way successful. Covers had been laid for two hundred guests, and the Governor-General, Lord Stanley, presided. At His Excellency's right were Mr. Snelus, vice-president of the Institute; Lady Stanley, Sir John Macdonald, Mrs. Snelus, Lady Caron, Hon. Mr. Chapleau, D. Evans, Lady Thompson, Hon. Mr. Foster, Mrs. Bantock, Professor Huntington and Mrs. Robillard. At His Excellency's left were Lady Macdonald and Col. Holland, C.B.; Hon. Mr. Rowell, Mrs. Huntington, J. Kirsley, Madame Chapleau, Sir John Thompson, Mrs. Drummond, Mr. Jeans, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Seyborne, Mrs. R. W. Scott, Mrs. Howat, J. B. Morgan, Mrs. Gwynne, Justice Gwynne, Mrs. Service, Mr. Drummond and Mrs. Evans. The vice chairs were occupied by Sir A. P. Caron, Hon. John Carling, C. H. Mackintosh, M.P.; H. Robillard, M.P.; Sheriff Sweetland and Mayor Errait.

His Excellency's speech was in admirable keeping with the occasion. He dwelt on Canada's vast and varied mineral resources, emphasizing its abundant supply of that newest element in metallurgy—nickel—and trusting that the visit of the Institute would give a fruitful impulse to the development of the wealth hidden in our rocks. His wish was gracefully acknowledged by Mr. Snelus in his reply. The vice-president concluded his speech by proposing the health of the Dominion Government, with which he completed the name of Sir John Macdonald, the mention of which called forth such applause that it was some time before the venerable Premier could reply. The health of the Governor-General, proposed by Sheriff Sweetland, brought the banquet to a close amid much enthusiasm. The party then left for Montreal, where they arrived in due time on the evening of the 1st inst. The following is a

complete list of the English visitors and the Canadians who accompanied them to this city:—

Allan, James, Coatbridge, Scotland.  
Bell, Charles, Stirling, Scotland.  
Bell, B. T. A., Ottawa.  
Bell, Dr. Robert, Ottawa.  
Bain, Sir James, Glasgow, Scotland.  
Bamlett, A. C., Thirsk, England.  
Bantock, Mr. and Mrs., Wolverhampton.  
Bruce, J. M., Melbourne Australia.  
Banks, H., Wolverhampton.  
Butler, Isaac, Newport.  
Byles, A. R., Bradford.  
Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Sheffield.  
Coughlan, J. H., Leeds.  
Colquhoun, W. Iredgar, Wales.  
Craggs, H. S., and the Misses Craggs, Middlesboro'.  
Diechmann, Herr A. O., Berlin, Germany.  
Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs., Wolverhampton.  
Dawson, Dr. G. M., Ottawa.  
Drummond, Mr. and Mrs., Bradford.  
Dumachie, A. H., Glasgow, Scotland.  
Evans, Mr. and Mrs., Llanelli, Wales.  
Ellison, Mr. and Mrs., Worthington.  
Farnmouth, W. Swindon.  
Fellows, S. F., Wolverhampton.  
Goldbach, Mr. A., New York.  
Gregory, Joseph, Manche ter.  
Harrison, G. King, and Miss Harrison, Stourbridge.  
Hobson J. F., Durham.  
Hoffer, Herr, Genoa, Italy.  
Howat, Mr. and Mrs. W., Glasgow.  
Holland, Col. C. B., Tunbridge Wells.  
Huntingdon, Prof. and Mrs., London.  
Jackson, W. T., and Mrs. Jackson, Buxton.  
Jeans, J. S., London.  
Jenks, Walter, Wolverhampton.  
Johnston, James, Manchester.  
Jones, W. H., and Miss Jones, Rotherham.  
Kearsley, Col., Ripon.  
Loeber, F. R., Leeds.  
Laybourne, R., Newport.  
Maclaren, J. F., Glasgow.  
Macfarlane, Thomas, Ottawa.  
Marburg, Herr, Wiesbaden, Germany.  
Marsden, B., Manchester.  
Marsten, C., Wolverhampton.  
Morgan, S. Vaughn, London.  
Moss, Miss, London.  
Muir, A., Manchester.  
Muller, J. N., Middlesborough.  
Oakes, Gerald R., Derby.  
Oakes, F., Middlesborough.  
Pease, J. F., London.  
Perkins, J. W., London.  
Phillips, W. D., Aberdare.  
Powell, H. G., Wolverhampton.  
Richardson, Joseph, Stockton-on-Tees.  
Ridley, J. O., Newcastle.  
Rummies, F. H., London.  
Salter, M., Bradford.  
Siebel, Herr, Dusseldorf, Germany.  
Simpson, J., Whitehaven.  
Service, Mr. and Mrs., Glasgow.  
Selwyn, Dr. A. R. C., Ottawa.  
Smith, G. J., Sheffield.  
Snelus, Mr., Mrs. and Miss, London.  
Sparrow, Mr. and Mrs., Wolverhampton.  
Tannett, J. C., Leeds.  
Thomas, J. L., Aberdare, South Wales.  
Thomas, F., Sydbrook.  
Walker, W. H., Sheffield.  
Wilson, F. C., Alston.  
Wilson, S. W., Alston.  
Wilkinson, E. B., Port Henry, N.Y.  
Zwibooe, Herr, Neuwied, Germany.

The first to step from the train on its arrival was Ald. Stevenson, followed by Acting-Mayor Hurteau, Aldermen Farrell, Clendinneng and Villeneuve, all of whom had met the special at Coteau Landing. By these the principal members of the party were introduced to Aldermen Roland and Wilson, and Mr. Henry Bulmer, president of the Harbour Commissioners, who were awaiting at the station. The visitors at once drove to the Windsor, and soon after they reached there Sir William Dawson, Dr. B. J. Harrington, Mr. Richard White and Mr. Alexander Robertson, the two latter representing the Harbour Commissioners, came in to welcome them to the city, which for a few days was to be their home. The following programme, which was agreed upon, after the Reception Committee had consulted with the secretary of the Institute, Mr. Stephen Jeans, and Mr. B. T. A. Bell, editor of the *Canadian Mining Journal*, will give a general notion of the manner in which the visitors passed their sojourn at Montreal:

Monday (Nov. 3), at 9 o'clock—Visit the Grand Trunk Railway Workshops, the Montreal Rolling Mills, Messrs. W. Clendinneng & Son's foundry and the Canadian Pacific Railway Workshops at Hochelaga, returning by way of Craig, St. Denis and Sherbrooke streets. At 11 o'clock—Visit McGill University. At 2 o'clock—Drive from the Windsor to Mount Royal Park, by way of Dorchester and Fort streets, past the Montreal Seminary, along Sherbrooke and Park Avenue, and, after driving round the Park, return *via* McTavish street to the Windsor. At 7.30 p.m.—Banquet at the Hall.

Tuesday (Nov. 4), at 9 o'clock—Review of the Fire Brigade on the Champ de Mars. At 10 o'clock—Leave by steamer Filgate from second lock basin for Lachine, going up the canal and returning by the rapids, after which the harbour will be visited.

On Sunday (November 2) many of the visitors attended the churches. At the banquet in the St. Lawrence Hall Acting-Mayor Hurteau presided in the unavoidable absence of Mayor Grenier, and on his right and left were seated Mr. E. J. Snelus, Sir Donald A. Smith, Mr. H. A. Budden, Mr. E. P. Hannaford, Sir William Dawson, Mr. H. Bulmer, Col. Holland, C.B., Mr. D. Parizeau, Mr. R. Esdaile, and Mr. T. G. Shaughnessy. The vice-chairs were occupied by Ald. Clendinneng, Prefontaine, Stevenson, Farrell and Villeneuve. In addition to the aldermen and the members of the institute, the invited guests also included Sir Casimir Gzowski, K.C.M.G., Prof. Bovey, Hon. Ed. Murphy, Hon. J. R. Thibaudeau, Hon. Alexander Lacoste, Hon. W. W. Ogilvie, Hon. G. A. Drummond, Dr. G. M.

Dawson, Dr. B. J. Harrington, Messrs. J. J. Curran, M.P., A. T. Lepine, M.P., H. McLennan, Richard White, S. W. Wanklyn, D. Preston, K. W. Blackwell, P. W. St. George, E. W. Dodwell, C. A. Massey, Herbert Wallis, J. P. Cleghorn, P. A. Peterson, J. T. Beland, M.P.P., James McShane, M.P.P., J. S. Hall, jr., M.P.P., D. McIntyre, D. Lockerby, Andrew Allan, W. C. Van Horne, W. Wainwright, W. C. Munderloh and Mr. Fraser Graham, manager of the Nova Scotia Steel and Forge Company. Letters regretting inability to be present were received from Hon. G. A. Drummond, Hon. Ed. Murphy, Messrs. Andrew Allan, W. C. Van Horne, W. Wainwright and H. Wallis. The speeches by Sir William Dawson, Vice-President Snelus, Mr. J. Stephen Jeans (secretary of the Institute), Mr. Hugh McLennan, Dr. Selwyn, Sir Donald Smith, Mr. B. T. A. Bell, editor of the *Canadian Mining Journal*, Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., Mr. Joseph Richardson, Acting-Mayor Hurteau, Aldermen Clendinneng and Rolland, and Messrs. R. White and W. D. Phillips, mainly covered the ground already indicated in connection with the visits to other cities. Sir William Dawson dwelt on the great importance of our deposits of iron ore, which existed in every province of the Dominion, and some of which were not surpassed anywhere; on the economic value of our lignites, as well as bituminous coal, of our wealth in nickel, our gold and silver, and other great resources. Mr. McLennan spoke of the advisability of the Mother Country giving the preference to what was produced within the Empire, and Mr. Jeans said he would like to see a reversal of the relations between Great Britain and the United States and Great Britain and Canada. Dr. Selwyn regretted that the members of the Institute had not seen more of our mineral capabilities than what Sudbury offered—our wealth of hematite and asbestos, for instance. Even the Geological Museum at Ottawa gave but an inadequate notion of Canada's vast resources. Mr. Bell hoped the Government would spend more for the development of our economic resources. Mr. Snelus spoke hopefully of the impression that the Institute would carry to England of Canada's exhaustless wealth. Sir Donald Smith assured the visitors that they had seen merely the threshold of our great natural treasury. Altogether the banquet was very successful, and the visitors seemed to enjoy the excursions and other entertainments planned for them, though the weather was a little trying. The party left this city on the evening of Tuesday, the 4th inst., in three separate Pullmans attached to the C.V.R. train for Boston, bearing with them the good wishes and *au revoirs* of their Montreal friends.

## The Deepest Lake Known.

By far the deepest lake known in the world is Lake Baikal, in Siberia, which is every way comparable to the great Canadian lakes as regards size; for, while its area is over 9,000 square miles, making it about equal to Erie in superficial extent, its enormous depth of between 4,000 and 4,500 feet makes the volume of its waters almost equal to that of Lake Superior. Although its surface is 1,350 feet above the sea level, its bottom is nearly 3,000 feet below it. The Caspian Lake, or sea, as it is usually called, has a depth in its southern basin of over 3,000 feet. Lake Maggiore is 3,000 feet deep, Lake Como nearly 2,000 feet, and Lago-di-Garda, another Italian lake, has a depth in certain places of 1,900 feet. Lake Constance is over 1,000 feet deep, and Huron and Michigan reach depths of 900 and 1,000 feet.

## The Famous Portrait Gallery.

The Duke of Richmond's famous portrait gallery at Goodwood House, near Chichester contains the counterfeit presentment of every Lennox, from Darney, a remote progenitor, to the present duke. Goodwood is particularly rich in its collection of Sevres china, acquired by its third master when he was ambassador to the court of France. Among the numerous curiosities are the white satin baby shoes of the first duke, a watch and shirt that belonged to Charles I., a gold plate off which Napoleon breakfasted on the morning of Waterloo, together with the cockade and baton worn and borne by the Duke of Wellington in the same famous battle. The apartments occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales during the race week are hung with magnificent specimens of Gobelin tapestry, representing scenes from "Don Quixote" and Hogarth's famous picture, *The Lady's Last Stake*.

## The Battle of Waterloo.

An incident of the Battle of Waterloo, heard from the great Duke himself, was told by Lord Shaftesbury, the philanthropist, to the late Sir George Burns, in whose biography it is given by Mr. Edwin Hodder. At one moment in the battle the Duke of Wellington was left alone, his aides-de-camp having been despatched with messages. A gentleman in plain clothes rode up to him, and said "Can I be of any use, sir?" The Duke looked at him, and instantly said "Yes; take that pencil note to the commanding officer" (pointing to a regiment in the heat of the engagement). The note was taken and delivered, its bearer galloping through the thick of the fight to execute his commission. After the battle the Duke made every inquiry, but never could find out to whom he was indebted for this brave service. He told Lord Shaftesbury that he considered this one of the most gallant deeds that had ever come under his notice, seeing that it was done without prospect of honour or reward.

# OUR ENGRAVINGS

**FUNERAL OF FRED. YOUNG, ST. JOHNS, N.B.**—On the 30th of October one of the wildest windstorms of the present season raged along the Atlantic coast, and St. John had its full share of it, huge waves rolling in from the sea and dashing against the wharves. Some boys were watching the scene from a wharf at Courtney Bay when one of them, Frederick Munde (aged thirteen), was blown into the water. Frederick Young, a lad of seventeen years, promptly seized a life-preserver with a line attached to it and swam out to rescue the imperilled boy. But the line, being too short, was let go by those holding it, and the two unfortunate youths were left struggling at the mercy of the waves. In vain boats were launched to save them. In vain was the attempt made to reach them by swimming. Young did all in his power to keep Munde from sinking; but, at last, exhausted by the strain, he had to relax his hold, and soon after went down himself, just as a life-boat came in sight. Nothing remained but to find the bodies of the drowned youths, which were recovered on the same day. The heroism of Fred. Young was the theme of universal admiration, and it was deemed fitting that due recognition should be given to his bravery and humanity. The City Council passed a vote to attend the funeral in a body, and the various societies and the volunteer corps with which he was connected passed resolutions to the same effect. Rarely had the city been so moved by a common sentiment, and it was resolved that, as Young had died the death, so he should have the honours of a hero. Mrs. Munde, broken down with grief for the loss of her own boy, kissed the cold lips of the young man who had sacrificed his life in the effort to save him. The double funeral took place on the afternoon of Sunday, the 2nd inst., and, though there was an exceptional downpour of rain, a vast multitude turned out to attend the services. From all the public, and many private, buildings, floated flags at half mast. Young's funeral took place from the residence of his uncle, Mr. E. G. Nelson, on Duke street, which, during the two preceding days, had been thronged with sorrowing people anxious to take a last look at the face of the dead. Many (including some appropriately beautiful) floral tributes had been sent by societies and individuals, and the casket was fairly shrouded in a mass of emblems. His fellow-employees in Messrs. J. & J. D. Howe's sent a large floral piece, the "Gates Ajar"; wreaths were sent by Capt. Godard and the officers of "C" Company, 62nd Fusiliers; the Sabbath School of St. Johns Presbyterian church gave an anchor; the Bible class, a star; a basket of flowers, tied with white ribbons, came from young lady friends, while Mr. and Mrs. Munde sent a beautiful bunch of roses. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. K. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blair, Mr. G. O. Bent and a number of others also sent becoming tributes. The Rev. George Bruce, of St. David's church, conducted the service at the house. The casket was borne to the hearse by the pall-bearers, Messrs. Thos. Furlong, W. T. Cosman, Arthur Banks, J. C. Fetherstone, R. Johnston, R. Hooper, Geo. Gordon and Chas. Cruikshank. They are all past archons of Victoria Temple, an office which the deceased had himself held. The funeral procession was marshalled by Lieut.-Col. Blaine in the following order: Company "C" 62nd Fusiliers, officers 62nd Fusiliers, Mayor and City Council, officers and members of St. David's church, officers and members of the Y. M. C. A., First St. John Company, Boy's Brigade, of St. John's Presbyterian church, Silver Division, S. of T.; Alexandria Junior Temple, H. of T.; Carleton Junior Temple, H. of T.; Victoria Junior Temple, H. of T.; Rev. Geo. Bruce and Mr. M. N. Powers, other city clergymen, hearse with remains and pall bearers, mourners, employees of J. & J. D. Howe's factory, citizens on foot, carriages. The remains of little Fred. Munde were meanwhile being borne to their last resting place from his late home in Union street, where the Rev. W. O. Raymond had held an impressive service. The carriers of the *Daily Telegraph* sent a crown, and the newsboys of the *Gazette* a cross to mark their esteem for their lost colleague. Dr. D. E. Berryman sent an exquisite bunch of lilies; Miss Collins, a large wreath, and some playmates a beautiful cross. The pall-bearers were Frank Bittle, Frank Belyea, Stanley Harvey, Harold Higgins, Chas. Engel and John McKelvie. At the corner of Union and Waterloo streets the funerals came together, and the spectacle was truly impressive as the two processions moved silently down the latter street. The Artillery, Citizens and City Cornet bands had kindly volunteered their services, but the family of Mr. Young, while appreciating the offers, had thought it more in harmony with the sad occasion to have no music. The bells of many city churches tolled, and as the cortege passed the Roman Catholic Cathedral the chimes rang out the pathetic strains of "The Dead March" in Saul. At the cemetery the processions separated, and

services were held at the graves by Rev. Geo. Bruce and Rev. W. O. Raymond. Thus did St. John do honour to the memory of its heroic citizen.

**LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE T. DENISON, LL.B., F.R.S. CAN.** We are happy to present our readers in this issue with a portrait of one of the most patriotic of Canadians, Lieut.-Col. George Taylor Denison (third of the name), of Heydon Villa, Toronto. He comes of loyal stock. His grandfather, Lt.-Col. George Taylor Denison, born at Dovercourt, Harwich, England, in 1783, was one of the most influential pioneers of Toronto. He arrived in Canada with his father, (Capt. John Denison) in 1792, and from the beginning of the present century till his death in 1853 was prominently associated with the growth of the city. He served in the war of 1812 and in the rebellion of 1837, and did much towards the organization of the Volunteer Force, what is now known as the Governor-General's Body Guard having been created mainly through his efforts and largely at his cost. His first wife was a daughter of a U. E. Loyalist officer, Capt. Richard Lippincott. Col. G. T. Denison (the second of the name), who resided at Rusholme, Toronto, was born at Bellevue in 1816, and, like his father, devoted much time to the improvement of the volunteer service. He did duty in 1837-38 as an officer in his father's cavalry troop, of which he ultimately obtained the command, and, in 1855, on the passage of the new militia law, he had a leading share in establishing our



LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE T. DENISON.

military system on its actual basis. Col. Denison died in 1873. His eldest son and namesake, the subject of this sketch, was born at Bellevue, Toronto, on the 31st of August, 1839, and was educated at Upper Canada College and Toronto University, taking the degree of LL.B. at the latter institution. In 1861 he was called to the Bar. In 1865 and the two following years he served as alderman for St. Patrick's Ward. In 1872 he contested Algoma for the House of Commons and was not elected; his opponent, the Hon. J. B. Robinson, being returned. In 1877 he was appointed Police Magistrate for the city of Toronto. His military career began in 1855, when he was gazetted as cornet. In 1862 he was made Major and in 1866 became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Governor-General's Body Guard—a rank which he still retains. In 1866 Lieutenant-Colonel Denison served during the Fenian raid, commanding the outposts on the Niagara river under Col. (now Lord Viscount) Wolseley. In the same year he published his "Manual of Outpost Duties," and later a "History of the Fenian Raid." In 1868 his "Modern Cavalry" (long known in both hemispheres as a standard work on the subject of which it treats) was published in London, England. It was translated into German and published at Munich in 1869. In 1872, by the late Czar's command, it was translated into Russian and an edition brought out at St. Petersburg. In 1880 a Hungarian version appeared at Buda-Pesth. In 1874 the late Czar offered prizes for the best "History of Cavalry," and Lieut.-Col. Denison, having competed, was awarded the first prize of five thousand roubles. On that occasion the Canadian prize-winner was presented to the Emperor and Empress of Russia, who treated him with much consideration. The work is one of

widely recognized value, and like its predecessors has been translated into Russian, German and Hungarian. It is used as a manual at several of the great military training schools of Europe. Lord Dufferin presented the author with a bronze medal *in memoriam rei*. Lieut.-Colonel Denison is one of the original members of the Royal Society of Canada, and has been president of the second section of English Literature, History and Archaeology—his colleagues showing their esteem for his abilities and character by electing him to that position during his absence in the North-West helping to put down the rebellion of 1885. In 1863 Colonel Denison married Miss Caroline Macklem, of Chippewa, Ont., who died on the 26th of February, 1888.

**MUSKOKA SCENERY.**—There is no part of Canada that has aroused more enthusiasm among the lovers of beautiful scenery than the region of which Muskoka Lake is the central feature. This body of water is the largest of a chain of lakes, of various sizes and of every imaginable contour, occupying the highlands of Ontario. The district which takes its name from this lake system is about as large as Belgium. It is a land of rare natural charms, of delightful climate, of exuberant vegetation, and has grown wonderfully in favour with persons of means who like to rusticate on their own property. The route to it is traversed all the summer long both by visitors of the latter class, who come and go from the cities and towns, leaving their families in *villeggiatura*, and by tourists from a greater distance attracted by the fame of its many allurements. Here the business and professional man finds rest from care and toil; the feeble, health; the sportsman, ample use for rod and gun. The gateway of this fair land is Gravenhurst, to which the railway was extended from Orillia in 1879. In 1886 the opening of the Pacific Junction branch to Callender made the very heart of the district accessible from all parts of the Dominion. To name the lakes in this great plateau would take up a good deal of our space; for, altogether, there are said to be no less than eight hundred—from sheets of water thirty miles long to little ponds, such as grace Japanese gardens. Not less numerous are the beautifully wooded islands. The chief commercial centre of the district is Bracebridge, which dates from 1861, when it started with a couple of log huts and the adjacent potato patches. To describe all the resources of this region for the lover of the picturesque, the lumberman, the sportsman and the seeker of health would require a volume. Our engravings will, however, give a fair conception of what is most characteristic in its natural features.

**VANCOUVER CRICKET CLUB.**—As British and Canadian civilization extends, British and Canadian sports are sure to accompany it. There is hardly a spot of any importance in Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia that does not boast its cricket club. It was only to be expected that so thriving a young city as Vancouver should show an interest in the same healthy and invigorating game. Press of matter forbids our giving more particulars of this eleven in the present issue, but we hope to do so in our next number.

**GASPÉ FISHING VIEWS.**—The Gaspé fisherman has an individuality that separates him from his compatriots of the interior. At times a would-be farmer, he is essentially a sea-farer. The harvest on which he depends is the harvest of the deep. He takes the spade reluctantly. His most cherished associations are with the salt water. He has not the reputation of wealth, though he is not idle, but his hard toil has its compensation. He is healthy and vigorous, and he would not exchange his home for a duller, if more thrifty, environment. Mr. Creighton has well described his life and belongings in *Picturesque Canada*. "There are nets everywhere, hanging on fences, piled up by the roadside, dangling from the gables of the barns. Boats are at anchor in fleets off shore, hauled up in rows on the beach, and lying in the fields and gardens; when quite past service in water they do duty on land as hen coops and pig-stys. There are fish-flakes made like hurdles and covered with dry cod and haddock, which little boys lazily turn, so as to give sun and air full play. Barrels full of mackerel and herring and bags of salt are heaped up to the eaves of the sheds. Anchors and spars are piled in every corner. You meet men carrying an oar, a string of cork net-floats or a coil of rope, or driving a hay cart full of nets. The women and girls are busy on the slopes mending nets torn by dog-fish or stray sharks—fresh air, salt spray and frequent turns at the oar account for their buxom figures and rosy cheeks. A simple, honest, kindly folk, these fisher people, and religious, too, as the number of tiny churches attests. A hard life is theirs, for this is a terrible coast for gales, and the winter is long." This description is applicable, in part, at least, to one of the scenes shown in our engravings—that which depicts the fishing establishment of Messrs. J. & E. Collas at Gaspé. It illustrates very forcibly an important feature of the harvest of the sea—the codfish being spread out to dry and the fishermen pursuing their calling. The other engraving shows the Bouleau, a salmon pool, owned by Mr. Thomas Murdoch, of Chicago, with one of that gentleman's houses in the background. It is on the York River, a stream a hundred miles long, which enters

Gaspé Basin. Both views are fairly characteristic of this most picturesque portion of the Province of Quebec.

**SHAWNIGAN LAKE.**—This is one of the charming lakes with which our Pacific Province abounds. It is on the E. & N. Railway, about 30 miles from Victoria, and is a beautiful sheet of water seven miles long and one mile wide. It teems with speckled trout, while in the surrounding woods deer, bear and blue and willow grouse are plentiful.

### Science and Art in Toronto.

[From our own Correspondent.]

TORONTO, November, 1890.

The squabble between the Toronto Art School and the promoters of a new institution to be called The Ontario School of Art and Design, is the result of a deep feeling of dissatisfaction with the administration of the former that has been gathering force for several years. Chiefly owing to a want of *consensus* of opinion among the members themselves as to what constitutes true art teaching, and partly to that mean feeling of jealousy which, it is said, exists in all corporations of the kind, the advance of art in Toronto has not been commensurate with the growth of the city and the consequent demand for the highest teaching. Housed in absurdly unfit quarters, receiving a government grant of an amount fit for a village only, and tied in some measure by an absence of popular sympathy, the Toronto School of Art has not prospered. Young people desiring to start on the best lines, so as to make for themselves and their country records of distinction, have not been able to get the teaching they asked for, and have become discouraged or have gone elsewhere. It is, therefore, to be hoped that a school such as is furnished by all cities and towns of commercial importance in Great Britain and France will be the outcome of the present difficulty, so that Canadian youth may receive that training that is an absolute necessity, not only for the walks of pure art, but also for manufacture.

Much indignation has been expressed both in and outside of the papers at the uproarious proceedings of the students, four hundred of them at least, at the Grand Opera House on Hallowe'en. People are asking whether the time-honoured custom of students on certain occasions "making fools of themselves," and thereby entirely frustrating the enjoyment by quiet people of the entertainment they have paid their money for, shall be longer allowed. Tom-foolery and practical joking are behind the times, and though a little harmless well-bred fun may be admissible, it is considered altogether vulgar to play upon tin-horns and pan-pipes. It is a pity our students do not content themselves with copying the custom of "the gods" of the Dublin Theatre Royal, who sing, and sing only, between the acts, and in good harmonious style too. If "the gods" of our theatres carried on as the students do three or four times a year, the police would turn them out in short order. Why the difference?

The McDowells are here in "The Balloon," a somewhat sensational play, but one well spoken of; and Jas. O'Neill played "The Dead Heart" at the Academy of Music to full houses.

Being invited the other day to visit one of the twenty-

two Kindergartens attached to Toronto public schools, your correspondent was glad of the opportunity of seeing this most interesting method of infant instruction at work. In a large, lofty, and beautiful room, lighted from the south and west with plants in most of the windows, were assembled seventy-six little ones, from seven years old and under, all seated at low tables in pretty painted high-backed chairs, and all singing a motion-song. The directress led the exercise, and five teachers imparted or corrected or demonstrated by word and action the lesson the children were singing. Such happy little faces, and such absence of anything like restraint or fear. Not that restraint is absent, but that the little dots restrain themselves. In the course of the morning several free intervals were given them, when they talked, laughed, and sat as they liked. But there were no rude motions, no loud talking, no vulgarity. And yet numbers of these children came from the very poorest families where no kind of training is ever bestowed on them, but under the influence of kindergarten teaching the rude become gentle, the dirty clean, the selfish considerate, and the heedless orderly, and all without pressure, unless it be the pressure of the mild, firm word, and the eye of love. That these seventy-six children carry these lessons home and teach them over again who can doubt? And the deftness of the little creatures! The way they fold up squares of paper into geometrical divisions, and by some deft manipulation of their tiny fingers pull out corners, put down creases, and make with that same bit of paper "a man," is wonderful. You see the neck with its high collar, the sloping shoulders, the body and the upper half of each of the four limbs, and you say, "And now what do you do with it?" "Oh! teacher puts a head and boots on it and then *he's done*." You do not dare to say, "And what is it good for then?" because you know that the reflection necessary to making each fold in the right direction, the neatness and precision in doing it, the delicate handling of the folds that have to be pulled out and flattened to a different angle, are all invaluable lessons that will forever govern that child's after-life. At another table "the babies"—that is, bits of things of three and four are seated, putting needles threaded with coloured wools through the holes punched in cards to teach them to sew, in other words, to handle a threaded needle. "Did you ever see an untaught man try to sew on a button?" A tot of a child brought his card to show the visitors. It was three concentric circles of yellow, red and blue, each stitch drawn to a proper tightness, and no rough cobbling or loose ends at the back. "And what do you call this, my dear?" The round eyes looked up in wonder. "Is it a target?" The eyes laughed in a very knowing way, the little hands took back the card, and the little legs marched steadily back to their class. And the marching. The floor is painted in broad lines of black into an outer circle and an inner circle divided into quadrants. At a signal—the tables and chairs having been removed by the little ones themselves to a rhythmical measure—each class marches on certain segments following in an understood sequence, until all are ranged upon the outer circle, "John Brown's Body," "British Grenadiers," and other favourite marching tunes, being sung by all—directress, teachers and *kinder* alike. And then the fancy marching begins; each quadrant is developed simultaneously; the radii—red paint—of each are taken; then the cross of

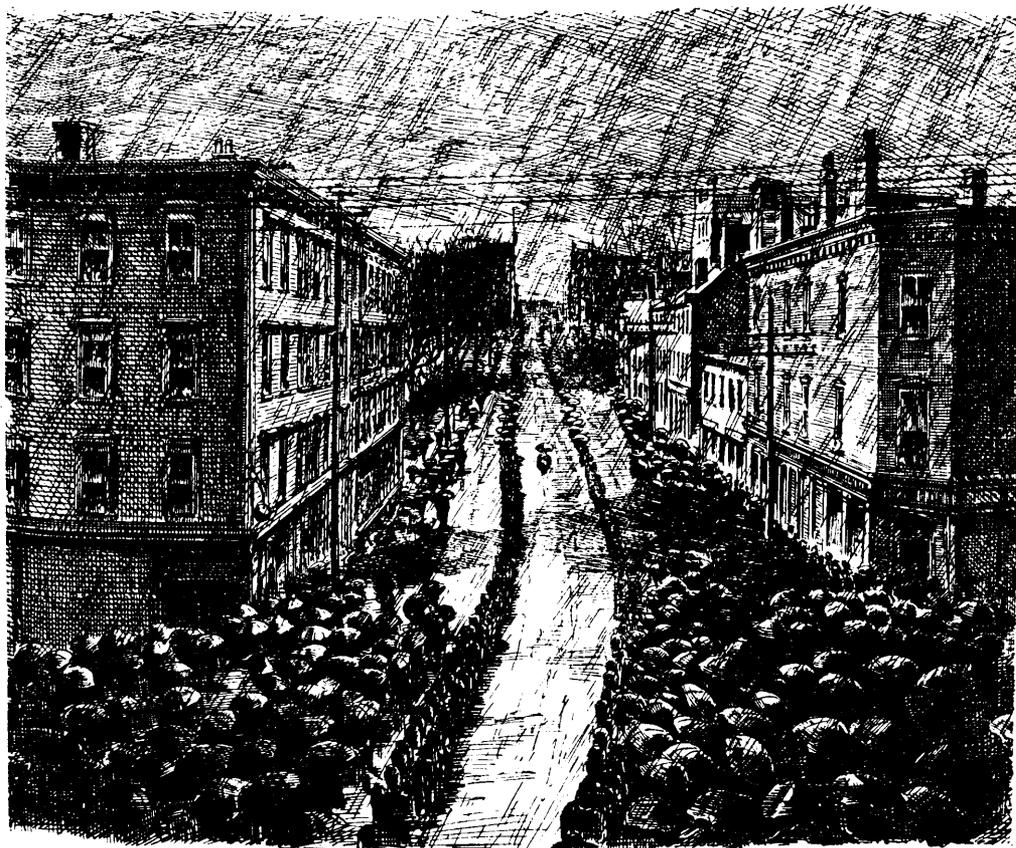


THE LATE FRED. YOUNG.

double outline formed between the quadrants is made; and next comes a horseshoe with the nails. All this by little tots of three to five perfectly, both as to time and step. To say that they carry themselves well seems needless; there were not three stooping children among the seventy-six. And when the whole number stood still at a sign, and the directress told certain of the boys—in rhyme of course—to choose a partner and take a dance, the grace of motion and the judgment to choose was remarkable. The four couples gallop with hands across twice round the circle, the teachers taking partners and galloping, too, both for example and authority's sake, that is, to give the gallop official weight, thus taking the aspect of mere amusement from it. The gallop ends with a bow as the boy leaves his partner at her own place in the circle. This, too, to a rhyme. But it would fill up an entire number of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* to detail a whole Kindergarten day, which, however, ends at noon. The beautiful room, nevertheless, must have a word of praise. The ventilation of it in common with the whole school building is perfect. None of that unmistakable school-room odour so familiar and yet so disagreeable is present. The Smead & Dowd system heats and ventilates at the same time, and the teacher has the air of her room entirely under command. All around the room above the skirting, which is of fine oiled wood, is a lining of slate, to be used for examples and exercises—as common to all the school-rooms—but in the Kindergarten only a small space is necessary for demonstrations, and over this is drawn a pretty art muslin curtain. The rest is illuminated in coloured chalks, the work of the directress in this instance and very beautiful. A panel between windows is holly-hocks and a bird, another panel is scarlet poppies; the whole of one side of the room is a frieze of white daisies, yellow corn-flowers, ferns, chiefly the strong-looking *Filix-mas*, and pearly arrow-heads; at the north end of the room a branch of purple clematis is thrown across. Over this slate border having in the place of honour a portrait of Frochel, surmounted by the motto: "Let Us With Our Children Live." At proper intervals on every wall are coloured prints of various sizes, all in neat frames, and among all are interspersed the Union Jack and Dominion flag. The motto of the room, because the sign of the work done in it, is the word "Love." No wonder that experienced teachers like Mrs. Parker and Miss Mary F. Eastman, among our late visitors, say that they regard with more interest the Kindergarten than any other section of our school system, because "here the foundations for life are laid."

The committee of the National Association of Teachers of the United States have accepted the invitation of our Education Department to hold their next convention here, so that next July will find us with an influx of fifteen hundred or two thousand American teachers to entertain, and we hope an equal number from the various provinces of our own Dominion. Miss Eastman, Miss May Wright Sewell, and others, have already been requested to contribute papers on that occasion, and members of the profession in Canada will not be overlooked it is very certain.

A desirable change in the usual choice of subjects by the women students of University College has been made by two young ladies, who, instead of the "Moderns," which has hitherto been the favourite course, have taken "Science," under which head come those difficult but deeply interesting studies—Chemistry and Biology. These are not the first ladies to take the science course; Miss Curzon, who is at present assistant analyst at the School of Science, having graduated in that course in 1888.

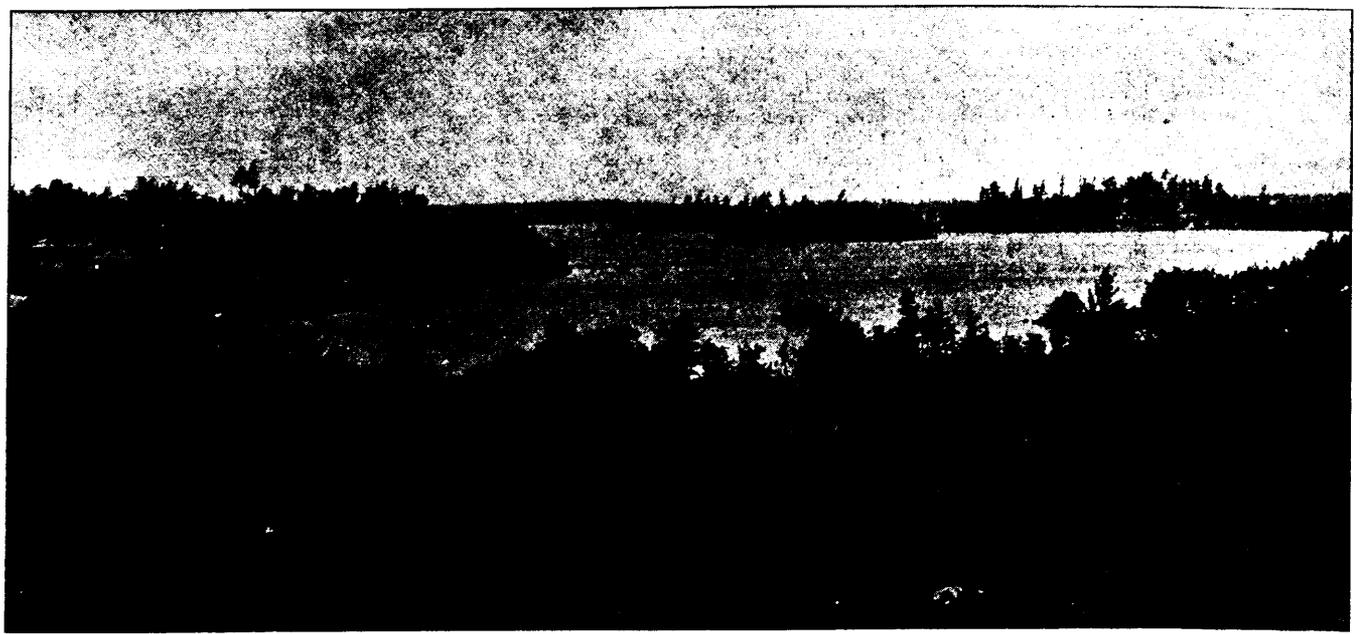


FUNERAL OF THE LATE FRED. YOUNG, ST. JOHN, N. B.



Last Fall, Moon River.  
South Fall.  
View on Moon River.

Steamer "Nipis"  
Balfour  
Fraser's L.  
MUSKOK



Summer House.  
Moon River.  
Cockburn.  
FERNERY

Fall, Moon River.  
View from above Fernsdale.  
Scene on Moon River.



THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE.

We have just received from the J. E. Bryant Company, Toronto, the eighth volume of this beautiful and valuable work, which we hope to review in our next issue.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Messrs. John Lovell & Son have brought out "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Phantom Rickshaw," "The Story of the Gadsbys" and "Soldiers Three," in their handsome Star Series of choice fiction. As the price is only 25 cents a volume, no lover of fiction, however moderate his means, need remain a stranger to the marvelous genius of the famous young Anglo-Indian.

"MAMELONS" AND "UNGAVA."

Mr. W. H. H. Murray is known by reputation to many, personally to several, of our readers, as an enthusiast for life in the open air, for wood-craft and wood-lore, and for all that mysterious realm of poetry and romance which is associated with pre-historic America. He is best known to the reading public in connection with the apocalypse of the Adirondack wilderness. It was through a volume of his, published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields in 1868, that the great mountain and forest region, of which Mount Marcy is the crown, and of whose water system the Hudson river, on the one side, and Lake Champlain and the Richelieu on the other, are the most noteworthy outflows, was made known to the lovers of sport and the seekers of health. During the interval that has elapsed since the publication of his "Adventures in the Wilderness"—a book that is still read with pleasure and profit—Mr. Murray has been wielding a fruitful pen, giving his attention to many topics—social, economic and literary—but ever, when occasion offered, returning to his first love, that sylvan muse to which he owes so much of his fame and of his inspiration. Since he began to dwell in Canada and on the shores of Lake Champlain, whose eventful story is so interwoven with the history of Canada under both régimes, he has, from time to time, followed the guidance of his inclination, and pushed far into the still well nigh untrodden wilds of our great north country. The Saguenay region has long had attractions for him, not only as a land of promise for the settler, but as a region rich in possibilities for romance. Its geological history opens up stupendous vistas to the imagination, and its physical features, as convulsion after convulsion of nature has left them, are of exceptional grandeur. Sparse and meagre, moreover, as are the data that have come down to us for framing any consecutive narrative of the operations of civilized or uncivilized man on that marvellous stage, Mr. Murray, by piecing together certain known facts and the inferences that may be deduced from them with the indications of tradition and scientific theory, has peopled the "King's Domains" with tribes of the ancient Iberian *ur-stamm*—that Atlantic stock from which (as Mr. Hale and other ethnologists would fain believe) the primitive races of America and Europe were derived. In "Mamelons" he makes a son of this ancient family (kinsmen of the Basques, who still hold by right of immemorial occupation a considerable portion of the Hispano-Gallic border-lands) do good service as a hero of romance. His heroine he fitly names "Atla," as being of the race of Atlantis, the common fatherland of both Europe and America. His title is simply the French name for "Mounds" (so called from their resemblance to what in Latin is *mamma*)—those breast-like sandy mounds in the rear of Tadoussac. His most spirited creation is the Trapper, John Norton, comrade and bosom friend of the Chief of the Lenni Lenapé (the native name of the Delaware clan, whose legends Dr. Brinton has so skillfully deciphered and so learnedly illustrated), who represents the old race. On his death-bed (for he lay dying of a wound received in the great fight at Mamelons) the chief summons the Trapper, then five hundred miles off, and the summons was promptly obeyed. John Norton struck the trail, "as an eagle strikes homeward towards the cradle crag of his younglings, when talons are heavy and daylight scant. He drew his line by the star that never sets, and little turning did he make for rivers, rapids or tangled swamp, for mountain slope or briery windfall." Mr. Murray writes a sort of rhythmic prose, of which the aspirants of the *Atlantic* might take heed. For instance:

"The Trapper was clad in buckskin from cap to moccasins. His tunic, belted tight and fringed, was opened widely at the throat for freest breathing. A pack, small but rounded with strained fullness, was at his back. His horn and pouch were knotted to his side. In tightened belt was knife, and, trailing muzzle down and held reversed, a double rifle. Stripped was the man for speed, as when balanced on the issue of the race hung life and death. As some great ship, caught by some sudden gale off Anticosti or Dead Man's Reef, and bare of sail stripped to her spars, past battures hollow and hoarse-voiced as death and ghastly white, and through the damned eddies that would suck her down and crush her with stones which grind forever and never see the light, sharpening their cuttings with their horrid grists, runs scudding: so ran the strong man northward, urged by a fear stronger than that of wreck on the ghost-peopled shore of deadly St. Lawrence. A

hound, huge of size, bred to a hair, ambled steadily on at his heel. And though he crossed many a hot scent, and more than once his hurrying master started a buck warm from his nest, and nose was busy with knowledge of game afoot, he gave no whimper, nor swerved aside, but silently followed on in the swift way his master was so hurriedly making, as if he, too, felt the solemn need which urged the trail northward. Never before had runner faced a longer or a harder trail or under high command or deadly peril pushed it so furiously forward. Seven days the trail ran thus, and still the man, tireless of foot, hurried on, and the hound followed silently at heel."

Our readers will acknowledge that this is an effective picture. We feel like exclaiming in the words of the famous song, slightly altered:

Hurrah! Hurrah for Norton brave!  
Hurrah for dog and man!

We are tempted to quote further so as to give the reader the full flavour of Mr. Murray's vigorous and harmonious periods, as he describes the feat of this man of men, this favourite of the gods of health and strength. But we have only room for another passage, which we leave with our readers as a companion picture. It is that of Atla, as she stands beside the Trapper at the dead man's feet:

"Her hair, black with a glossy blackness, swept the floor. A jewel, large and lustrous, an heirloom of her mother's race, old as the world, burning with Atlantean flame, a miracle of stone-imprisoned fire, blazed on her brow. The large gloom of her eyes was turned upon the dead man's face, and the sadness of ten thousand years of life and loss was darkly orbed within their long and heavy lashes. Her small, swarthy hands hung lifeless at her side and the bowed contour of her face drooped heavy with grief. Thus stood she, clothed in black cloth from head to foot, as if that old past, whose child she was, stood shrouded in her form, ready to make wail for the glory of men and the beauty of women it had seen buried forever in the silent tomb. Thus stood she for a time, as if she held communion with the grave and death. Then opened she her mouth, and in the mode when song was language she poured her feelings forth in that old tongue which, like some fragrant fragment of sweet wood, borne northward by great ocean currents out of southern seas, for many days storm-tossed, but lodged at last on some far shore and found by those who only sense the sweetness, but know not whence it came, lies lodged to-day upon the mountain slopes of Spain. Thus in the old Basque tongue, sweet fibre of lost root, unknown to moderns, but soft, sad and wild with the joy, the love, the passion of ten thousand years, the child of the old past and the old faiths, lifted up her voice and sang: 'O death! I hate thee! Cold thou art and dreadful to the touch of the warm hand and the sweet lips which, drawn by love's dear habit, stoop to kiss the mouth for the long parting. Cold, cold art thou, and at thy touch the blood of men is chilled and the sweet glow in woman's bosom frozen forever. Thou art great nature's curse. The grape hates thee. Its blood of fire can neither make thee laugh, nor sing, nor dance. The sweet flower, and the fruit which ripens on the bough, nursing its juices from the maternal air, and the bird singing his love-song to his mate amid the blossoms, hate thee! At touch of thine, O Slayer! the flower fades, the fruit withers and falls and the bird drops dumb into the grasses. Thou art the shadow on the sunshine of the world; the skeleton at all feasts; the marplot of great plans; the stench which fouls all odours; the slayer of men and the murderer of women. O death! I, child of an old race, last leaf from a tree that once shadowed the world, warm in my youth, loving life, loving health, loving love—O death, how I hate thee! Thus she sang, her full tones swelling fuller as she sang, until her voice sent its clear challenge bravely out to the black shadow on the sunshine of the world and the dread fate she hated. Then did she a strange thing: a rite known to the morning of the world when all the living lived in the east and the dead went westward."

What Atla did we must allow the reader to discover for himself. We recommend him to read "Mamelons" and its sequel, "Ungava." These companion idylls are bound together in a single volume, published by Messrs. DeWolfe, Fiske & Co., 365 Washington street, Boston. The book (which is enriched by notes on archaeology and natural history) may be ordered from any bookseller, and its purchase will occasion no regret.

THE CANADIANS OF OLD.

We have just received from the publishers a copy of Prof. Roberts's new translation of Philippe Aubert de Gaspé's romance, "The Canadians of Old." To many of our readers this interesting work is familiar, in one or other of the languages of this province. We have had occasion more than once to quote passages both from "Les Anciens Canadiens" and the "Memoirs" of M. de Gaspé, which may, in a sense, be regarded as its sequel. The author was a genuine type of the old noblesse, and the events related and scenes portrayed in his earlier as in his later work were drawn largely from recollections of his own home or from traditions communicated to him by aged members of his own family or other survivors of the Old Régime. The ancestral manor of St. Jean Port Joli was the original of the manor of Haberville, and the *dramatis personæ* are not altogether imaginary, as we know from the author himself. The eighty-five years of his life (1786-1871) linked together nearly all the great changes of administration which British Canada has undergone. His memory was first awakened when the Constitutional Act was passed and Upper Canada was born. He witnessed the eventful

half century that preceded the union of 1841, was still in the enjoyment of his faculties when Confederation was inaugurated, and only passed away when Canada comprised the whole vast region between the Atlantic and the Pacific. It was a happy inspiration that made him unbosom himself of a lore that would otherwise have gone to the grave with him. His pictures of the social and family life of "The Canadians of Old" and his record of the stirring events of which he was an eye-witness are well worthy of preservation, and in making our neighbours acquainted with his great romance Prof. Roberts has done good service to letters and to Canada. His version we find excellent, and the songs interspersed through the volume he has rendered as only a poet could render them. Though to the antiquarian student M. de Gaspé's "Notes et Eclaircissements" (which constitute a fourth of the original work) are of considerable value, the publishers could hardly be expected to depart from convention by offering the public a novel so heavily annotated. "Les Anciens Canadiens" was first published at Quebec in 1863, an English translation appearing at the same time and place. The "Memoirs" followed in the year 1866. New York: D. Appleton & Company; Montreal: W. Foster Brown & Co.

## Imperial Unity.

The following is the list of questions to which reference is made in our editorial columns as having been proposed to Canadian citizens by the Canadian Branch of the Imperial Federation League:—

1. Is the existing political union between the United Kingdom, Canada and the other parts of the British Empire generally satisfactory?
  2. Is it desirable that the union as it exists, or with modifications, should be perpetuated?
  3. Is it probable that some re-arrangement of the relations between the Dominion and the rest of the Empire will be called for by circumstances in the near or distant future?
  4. If it be probable that at no distant day modifications in these relations will become necessary, and may on some emergency become imminent, is it desirable earnestly to consider the question in all its bearings, in order that any change may be established with wise deliberation?
  5. In any re-organization of the Empire which may be necessitated by the progress of events, is it essential that every separate community under popular government should be consulted in a constitutional manner?
  6. In any possible new relations between Canada and the other portions of the Empire, should all political rights now enjoyed be substantially maintained?
  7. In a closer political union should Canadians equally with other British subjects elsewhere, have a voice in affairs which are of common concern to the whole Empire?
  8. In what way should all British subjects have a voice in Imperial affairs—through their respective governments, or parliaments or otherwise?
  9. If it be advisable, as some think, to establish an Imperial Council, or Senate, or Upper House, or Central Body of some kind to deal with, and be supreme, in matters common to the whole Empire, should representation in such Central Body be in proportion to population, or to the amount contributed to common revenue? or on what principle should representation be based?
  10. In such a union as that contemplated in questions 7, 8 and 9, in order to give to British subjects everywhere advantages not enjoyed by foreign countries, would it be desirable to adopt what has been termed "A British family trade policy?"
  11. Would it be desirable to give in whole or in part, the advantages of the British family trade policy to foreign countries agreeing to reciprocal terms?
  12. If British subjects in Canada and elsewhere (in the outer Empire) be placed on an equal footing with British subjects in the United Kingdom, so as to obtain equal benefits from expenditure for common purposes, should all bear some share, and eventually as colonial wealth increases, a fair proportionate share in the expenditure?
  13. Would it be advisable to raise the revenue for such expenditure (question 12) in the manner suggested by Mr. Jan. Hendrick Hofmeyr, of Cape of Good Hope, at the Colonial Conference of 1887, by means of a small *ad valorem* duty, to be levied generally, and independently of existing tariffs, on goods entering any part of the Empire from foreign countries? or in what way should provision for the expenditure be made?
  14. Referring to questions 7, 8, 9, 10, 12 and 13, would it be desirable that British subjects outside the United Kingdom should at one step assume the higher duties and responsibilities contemplated, or that full citizenship should be assumed by degrees, according to the conditions and circumstances of each individual community?
- It is not expected that busy men who have not previously given their thoughts to the subjects involved, will be prepared at once to respond to each one of the above questions; it is, however, hoped that many persons of all origins and occupations will view it in the light of a public duty to answer such of the questions as they may have considered.
- Replies to any of the above questions addressed to R. G. Code, 14 Metcalfe street, Ottawa, will be cordially received and duly acknowledged. Every person responding will be good enough to refer to the questions according to the numbers in the above list; they will further oblige by furnishing their full name, occupation and post office address.

## THE EVE OF ALL-HALLOW'S.

BY MORDUE.

It was the Eve of All-Hallows and the old forest lay still and dark, save where the moonbeams penetrated.

The bells from a distant tower had hardly ceased ringing midnight when the stillness was broken by a shrill whistle, which was repeated at intervals from different parts of the forest, till the place became alive with sound. Strange shadowy forms now began to flit by, all hastening in the one direction, which leads to a wide open dell, where the moon pours down a flood of silver light. In the centre of the dell is a roughly made dais.

A strain of mournful music is heard, and from the forest they gather at the place of meeting; they approach the dais and range themselves around, while one seats himself upon it. Waiting till all are in place, he thus addresses them:

"Oh! my comrades, why do we thus sadly meet where but a year ago we met in mirth and gladness! Why this gloom which like a nightmare seems to hang upon each brow. Woe, woe, has come upon us! A traitor is among us. What say ye, my brave comrades, shall he suffer the penalty or no?"

Like an angry sea when tempest tossed rolled the answer from the crowd: "He shall bear the penalty!"

"Then bring forward the prisoner and let him hear the crimes charged against him and the doom which awaits him."

Near the confines of the forest stood the beautiful old manor house of the Selbys. Built in the time of wars and dire events, it had withstood several sieges.

The lofty hall was ablaze with light, while sounds of mirth and music came from the open windows, for it was the birthday of Dorothy Selby, the only daughter of the house. Young, beautiful and rich in lands and money, she was much sought after, and to-night she was the life and soul of the merry party gathered there to celebrate her birthday.

In a distant part of the old house sat an aged woman. Late as the hour was she made no effort to retire, but remained rocking her bent body to an fro and muttering from time to time aloud:

"Fun and frolic, fun and frolic, and it is the Eve of All-Hallows, the saints preserve us!"

At length the distant sounds of mirth died away and quietness settled down. Then up rose the old dame, and passing through several corridors, came to Dorothy Selby's sleeping-room. She listened for a moment and then opening the door of a small ante-room, she glided noiselessly in and crouched in a corner of the room.

In the stillness she could hear the light breathing of the fair sleeper.

"It is well," she muttered. "So far naught has come to disturb her. Oh! that the saints may protect her through the remainder of the night."

Suddenly the light, even breathing, gave place to short, quick gasps, as though the sleeper was labouring under some strong feeling, and then came a piercing shriek. In a moment the old dame was on her feet and hurrying towards the bedroom, pushed aside the tapestry, and looked within, and what a scene met her eye. In the centre of the room, in the midst of the flood of light which was pouring in through the casement, stood the tall figure of a man enveloped in a travel-stained cloak. On his head he wore the plumed hat of an officer. One hand was raised and pointed through the window to the forest, while the other beckoned to the young girl, who was sitting up in bed with her fair hair falling about her shoulders and her gaze fixed in an affrighted manner on this strange apparition, which gradually grew dimmer and dimmer and then vanished. Through the parted lips of Dorothy Selby came a low moan of terror, and sinking back upon the pillow she swooned.

"It has come at last and she must obey the summons. I had hoped she might escape, but it is to be and she must go."

The old dame bent over the still form of her young mistress and applied restoratives. Soon the blue eyes opened and fixed themselves upon the old dame, who began stroking her hands and murmuring soothing words. But as she recovered her senses the terrified look returned, and she said in a low whisper:

"Nurse, I have seen an apparition. You told me I might some time on the Eve of All-Hallows. I only used to laugh. But, oh! Nurse, it has come," and she grasped hold of the old dame's hand, while she shuddered violently.

"I, too, saw it, and, my mistress, you must obey it. Arise and dress for we must follow in the direction where it pointed."

Wrapt in their cloaks, the two stole into the forest and took the way pointed out.

"What think you, Nurse, it meant?"

"I know not. Only that, as thou wert born on All-Hallows eve, — The saints preserve us! what was that?" and the old woman crossed herself fervently.

"I saw nothing," answered the other, looking nervously round. "But it is strange, Nurse, I feel that I have no will but to go in this direction. See, here are two paths, and yet I am led by some mysterious influence to follow this one."

The old dame crossed herself as she said: "May the holy saints preserve you, for the charm is working."

"Think you danger threatens me?"

"Nay, my darling mistress; I hope not, for it would ill

befit the saints to let one so beautiful fall into the evil spirit's hands. I think thou art wanted for — Hist! what noise is that?" and catching hold of the young girl's arm she pulled her back into the shade, and bending forward listened. "Hearest thou anything?" she asked, turning to Dorothy.

"Yes, I hear a noise like the sound of many angry voices. It grows louder and louder. Hasten, Nurse, that same unseen power urges me onward."

The two now hurried along with redoubled speed—the elder, seemingly endowed with youthful vigour, as she followed the fleeing steps of Dorothy.

Meanwhile the noise grew louder, and presently a turn in the path brought them to the open dell, and before them lay that scene of which mention has already been made.

In the centre of a clamorous crowd stands the prisoner—head and shoulders above the rest he stands immovable amidst the surging crowd about him. With head thrown back he looks straight before him, seemingly regardless of the flashing swords which are pointed toward him.

"Look! there he is; the same one who appeared to me but a short while ago. See! he is looking this way; and oh! Holy Mary, they will murder him!"

Down on her knees fell the nurse and prayed for the protection of her mistress, as with swift step she made her way across the dell into the midst of the flashing swords, whose points were already touching that calm figure. Then above the clamour rose her voice:

"What! Would ye be such cowards as to slay a defenceless man?"

So suddenly did she appear in their midst that they started back affrighted and gazed with terror-stricken looks upon her as she stood there with her fair hair falling like a golden mist about her tall and queenly figure with her arms uplifted as though she would drive them back. Then there rose a murmur: "Was ought so lovely ever seen? Surely she belongs to the gods! A daughter of the gods! A daughter of the gods!" was now heard on all sides, and, quickly crowding round, they all with one accord knelt before her.

"Ask what thou wilt thou beautiful being and it shall be granted thee," they said.

Then quickly answered she, "I ask for his life."

A silence fell upon them which was broken by the one who sat upon the dais saying:

"O! thou daughter of the gods, ask not that, for he is doomed to die this night. Ask anything thou wilt, but not that."

"What has he done that he merits a death so terrible?"

"He has turned traitor to us—his comrades."

Still, urged by the same mysterious power, Dorothy pleaded earnestly for the life of the stranger,—pleaded so earnestly that he, who had spoken and seemed to be the leader, answered:

"It shall be granted thee, but only on one condition, and that is, that thou shalt go with us. Our ship rides at anchor near by and we will bear thee away to our island home—a home fit for thee, thou beauteous being. What say ye, my comrades, shall it be so?"

And that crowd, so inflamed with passion but a while ago, laughed and sang in glee:

"Thou sayest well, our captain. We will bear this lovely one to our island-home in the Mediterranean, and his life shall be spared for her sake."

Then the old nurse stole to her Mistress' side and whispered: "Art thou afraid?"

"I have no fear," she answered. "The same influence is working mightily upon me and I have to go."

"Then go, my Mistress. Thou canst not choose but to obey, and may the blessed Mary keep thee in her care."

Soon all were hastening from the forest to the shore, and there riding at anchor in a small bay lay the ship—a curious looking craft and built for speed, which she proved when, with every sail set, she sailed out of the bay and scudded over the waters.

A twelvemonth had come and gone and once more it was the Eve of All-Hallows. Standing on the shore of a small island, which rose like an oasis from the Mediterranean, was a young girl watching the rich after glow of the sunset. The air was heavy with the perfume of aromatic herbs and myriads of flowers. From the trees which drooped to the water's edge a melody of song was being poured forth by Nature's own songsters—the evening vespers of praise daily rendered by them; their only way of expressing their sense of gratitude for the surpassing loveliness of Nature. As the last note of praise died away and the rich colour began to fade from the sky, the girl, with one long, last look, turned and slowly climbed the path which led from the shore to a house half hidden amidst a wealth of foliage. As she reached a turn in the path, where a small summer-house was built, she stopped, hesitated for a moment, then turned and entered the place. As she did so, the figure of a man glided forth from the shadow of some trees, where he had been watching, and followed her within. Dorothy, for she it was, though so pale and fragile looking that she seemed like the ghost of her former self, turned quickly as she heard the step behind her, gave one look of startled surprise and then said:

"At last! At last! You have come."

"Yes, at last, I have come," he answered. "So closely guarded have I been that I could find no opportunity to come to you till this evening. Most of them left this morning for a long sail, and so, hearing of this, and knowing that the captain was away, there would be less vigilance kept up, I succeeded in drugging my guard and here

I am, if possible to save you, and so repay life for life. But I hear a step. Somebody comes this way!"

"It is but my old nurse; she is ever with me. We are quite safe; nobody intrudes here."

"Have they used you kindly?"

"They have treated me with every consideration, lavished every luxury upon me; but the one wish of my heart is refused. They will never free me from this place."

"The holy saints! with whom does my mistress speak! Ah! it is you; that mysterious stranger seen not since last All-Hallows Eve. Oh! comest thou to set my poor mistress free. A little while and she will be no more. Then turning to her mistress she continued: "How didst thou meet him; has the same strange influence been upon thee. I had hoped that all that was required of thee had been fulfilled."

"Nay, nurse, thou knowest that this is the Eve of All-Hallows and something warned me that on its approach I would once more be under the spell. All day I have felt it, and as I came up the path it deepened and led me here; but it works not so powerfully as twelve months ago, and this time I have no fear, only," and here her voice became very faint, "I feel as though my very life was slipping away."

As she finished, the stranger who had bent eagerly forward listening with deep attention to her words, murmured: "It is wonderful! I cannot understand this dreadful mystery! But let us away. If aught is to be done it must be done quickly. I have a small ship hidden in the cove near by. Three sailors who are friendly to me wait for us. Let us go."

Tenderly lifting the half-fainting Dorothy, he made his way down the path followed by the old nurse. Not a word was spoken, as with noiseless speed the sailors weighed anchor, and with every stitch of canvas spread, the ship was got underway and soon was standing out to sea. Three days they sped before the wind, but on the fourth the idle flapping of the sails told that the wind had died away. On the deck beneath a screen, which protected her from the fierce blaze of the sun, lay Dorothy Selby. Already hope had banished the despairing look from her eyes, and the colourless cheeks showed signs of returning health. All that day the ship made but little headway, but towards evening a breeze sprang up. Once more the sails were filled and the ship bounding through the water.

"Why do you look so earnestly in that direction?" asked Dorothy, who had been watching the stranger as he stood glass in hand scanning the distant horizon.

"Because I have noticed for some time a ship bearing this way, and from her build she looks like one of ours."

"Think you she is pursuing?"

"I fear so; but do not be alarmed, we have a good start of her, and, if this breeze keeps up, we will soon be far out of reach."

Nevertheless, in spite of his hopeful tone, she noticed that he grew more anxious-looking as the hours went by, and she could not but perceive that slowly and surely the ship was gaining on them.

As night came on he urged her to go below; but she felt she could not sleep while uncertain whether or no they would be yet able to escape from their pursuers. At the first glimpse of light all eyes were turned anxiously in the direction of the pursuing ship. There she was, not a quarter of a mile away, bearing down upon them. With blanched faces they looked into each other's eyes.

"There is no escape. Fight we cannot. Our number is too small," said the stranger, as he stood by Dorothy's side.

Then one of the sailors came forward and whispered something into his ear. The stranger thought a moment, and then turning to Dorothy he said:

"If we fall into their hands our death will be horrible, for they will be roused at our attempting to escape. The man says there is powder enough to blow up our ship. Shall we do it before it is too late?"

"Yes," was all she answered. Presently there came a sudden roar like thunder, and all was over.

## Lines Suggested.

How happy was the world before it knew

About "bacteria,"

Or of the thousand ills that wait

Upon "malaria."

Before we knew the shape and size—

The general bearing—

And tubal tendency of "germs" inhaled

In every airing.

When childhood reveled in the dirt

Happy and healthy,

When apoplexy was unknown

Save to the wealthy.

When young life on the hills cried out

"O mundi gloria,"

Unconscious that all was not composed

Of "infusoria."

Broad blooms the future of the "germ" M.D.;

We soon shall see him perched high,

With telescopic lenses to reduce

The morning stars to "fungi,"

The leech has got firm; we can

Not ostracise him.

Lord love the heathen, let us pause before

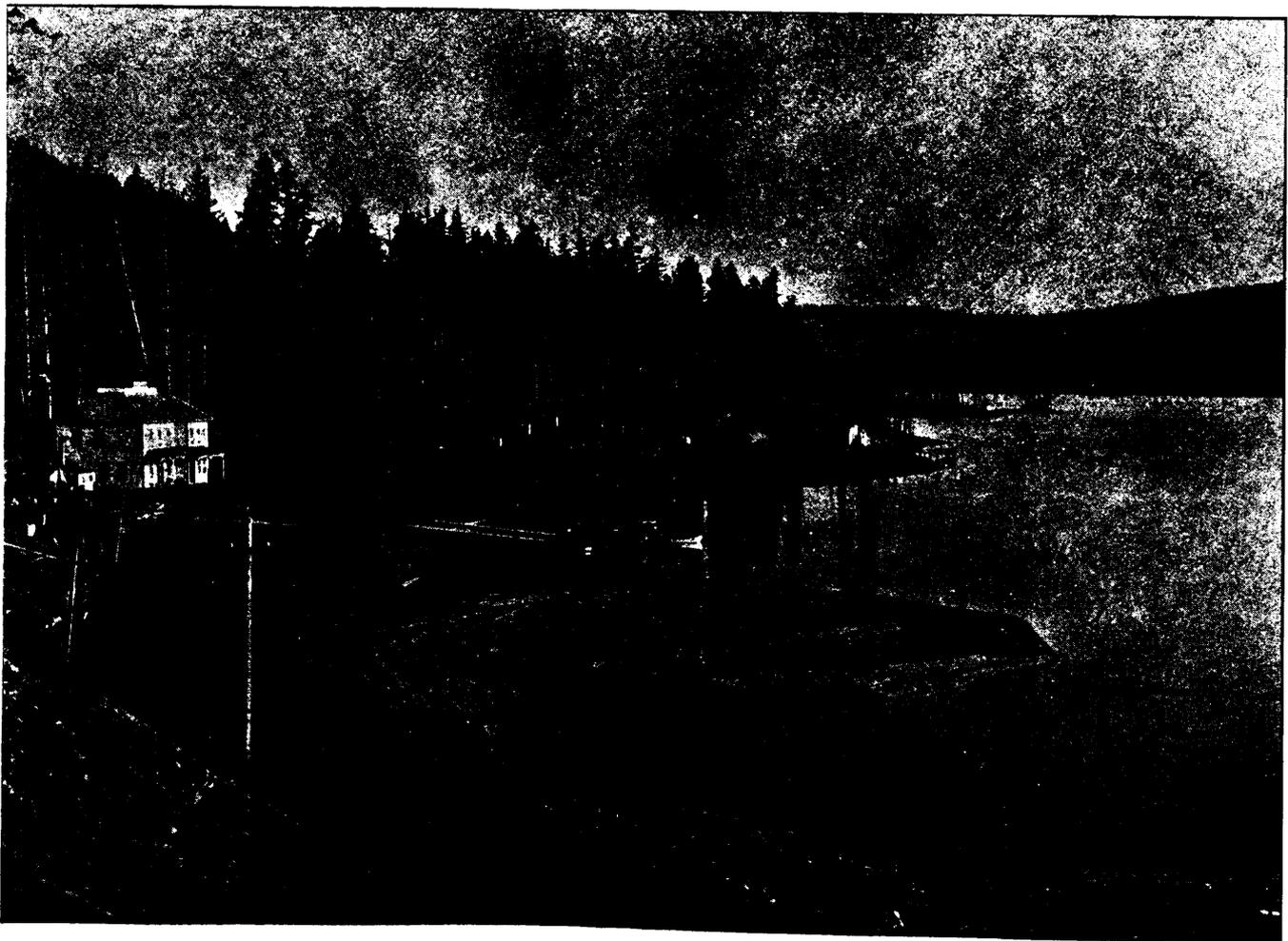
We civilize him.

The Châlet, Annapolis, N.S. IRENE ELDER MORTON.

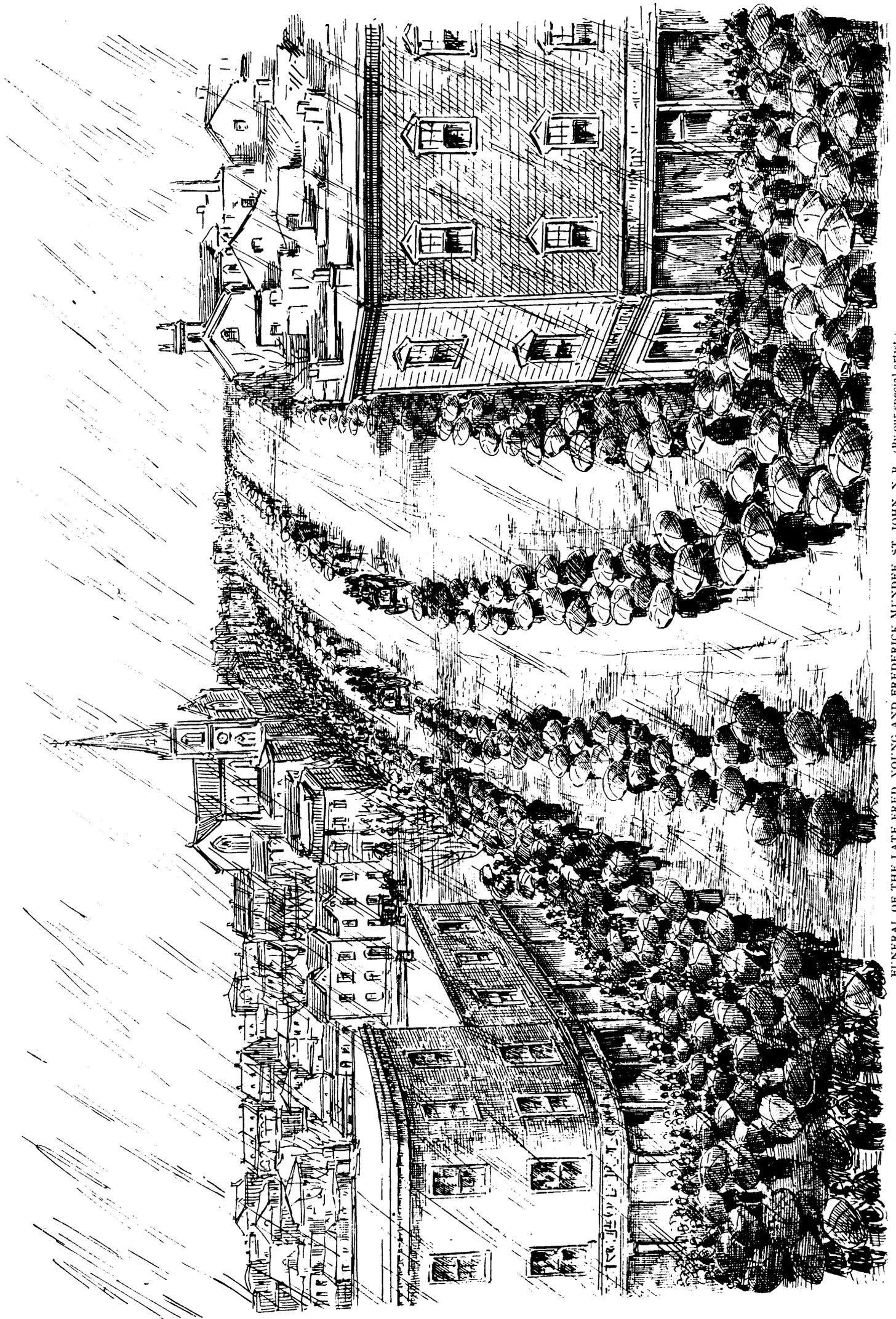


C. Nelson. H. Laursen. H. H. McKay. J. T. Williams. A. Mac. C. Creery. E. Griffiths.  
 W. Miles. R. Mackay Fripp. J. Boulbee, President. F. M. Chaldecott.  
 H. J. Walton, Secretary. W. E. Green, Treasurer.

VANCOUVER CRICKET CLUB ELEVEN OF 1890.



MORTON HOUSE, SHAWNIGAN LAKE, B. C.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE FRED. YOUNG AND FREDERICK MUNDEE, ST JOHN, N. B. (By our special artist.)



For the man who takes any particular interest in outdoor sport now is the winter of his discontent, especially in the neighbourhood of Montreal. The season, which has been a brilliant one in more ways than one, and which practically began its existence on the Queen's Birthday, practically also came to an end on Thanksgiving Day. We are not blessed with the lengthened days of outdoor sport that other more favourite climes can boast of; but we are blessed with the greatest faculty in the world of squeezing a great deal into a small space. We cannot "turn wooden cups to gold, make water wine," or do several other things, but we can appreciate much in little and still not be content.

\* \* \*

In looking over the summer season's work, there is much to be thankful for and some little that might just as well be off the records. Take for instance the national game. From a playing point of view, the season was as brilliant as one could desire; but there have been bickerings and heartburnings and appeals to technicalities which, in the hands of the powers that be, never did anything particular for sport except to make trouble. Under the old N.A.L.A., where the delegates were as accomplished wire-pullers as would do credit to a modern electioneering canvas, strange things and serpentine twistings were simply matters to be looked for, and it became generally recognized that men whom nature fitted for the questionable talent of "lobbying," were the right men to send as delegates. But somehow or other a supposedly unsophisticated public began to open their eyes and resolutely object to be humbugged, even though a defunct millionaire consigned them to the place where lacrosse is played with the proverbial pitchfork, and learned politicians were wont to remark that the "public is a chump." It was at this time, when lacrosse seemed flickering out of existence, that the good idea of playing home and home games between the leading clubs was put into working order. It was a decided improvement on the old régime, and the first season showed how thoroughly any honest effort to provide good lacrosse would be appreciated. That same confiding public flocked in thousands to all the matches, and the gate receipts widened out and spread broad smiles over the faces of those particularly interested in "club welfare," etc. The first agreement was drawn up with the intention of having matches decided honestly on the field, and without reference to the decrees of learned gentlemen who knew rules and quibbles by the nails on the tips of their fingers. For the first year this system worked smoothly, and in the innocence of their hearts they thought their legislation was Medean and Persian. They had forgotten that such a wily old parliamentarian as O'Connell many years ago discovered that there was room for a coach-and-four to be driven through any act of parliament.

\* \* \*

In the second season a change came o'er the spirit of the dream. It gradually dawned on the minds of the managers that to make money—and all our amateur athletic clubs seem to be busily engaged in digging for the root of all evil—it was necessary to have a winning team. There is a good deal of truth in this, even if it is a little inexplicable to the really amateur mind. Granted that a winning team was necessary, the next question was how to get one. Only one club could possibly win what by courtesy is styled the lacrosse championship; but a failure in the field and a default or two might make a good deal of difference, and the championship might depend on a clever stroke of legal work. These measures were not taken exactly and clearly above board, but to any body who follows lacrosse and reads a little between the lines, the ultimate object was clearly perceptible, and not at all creditable to the manipulators. There are two subjects which come particularly under notice—matches postponed by mutual consent and the relative standing of the Cornwall Club with the others on the head of the Leroux case. In the first case the committee succeeded in satisfactorily stultifying itself. That particular meeting will go down in lacrosse records under the heading of invincible ignorance, if not under a more uncomplimentary name. The point was gained and the interests of a club, which was thought inimical to the organizations represented by a majority of votes, were simply left in the cold shades of a helpless minority. This with any thinking person needs no comment. It was simply the "brute force" of a majority. If this majority had represented anything like public sporting feeling it would have been all right; but it did not, and was guided solely by club animosity *alias* gate receipts.

\* \* \*

In the Leroux case the question is slightly different. For a long time all of us have known that a good affidavit maker was an indispensable and invaluable attachment to any well regulated lacrosse club; but few of us suspected that things would go to such lengths as at present seems the case. When the first batch of affidavits were laid before the judges of Canadian amateurism, Leroux seemed to have a very bad case indeed; but when the second lot appeared, Leroux seemed an angel and the pin feathers might be distinguished already sprouting from his shoulder blades.

This position of affairs was a facer for the wisdom of the C.A.A.A., which held council in Montreal last year. They had got beyond their depth, and they appointed a sub-committee. The latter did their business with neatness and despatch and submitted a report according to their lights, which, as I wrote last week, the council proper were afraid to adopt. Whether this was from sheer cowardice of press criticism or simply because they wanted the Toronto end to bear the brunt of any difficulty, is only known to themselves, and their bumps of secretiveness seem to be abnormally developed. But they left the new executive in a pretty box, just the same box as the previous year's executive left the Montrealers in regard to the Ellard case. The new executive in Toronto made little play about the matter; in fact they took it into their heads to run things with a high hand. They neglected to pay any attention to the recommendations of the first sub-committee, and they formed a sub-committee of their own, which reported in a directly contrary fashion to the first body. But at the general meeting there was no quorum, and the next best thing was done, as will be seen from the following resolutions passed:

WHEREAS, some of the members of the executive committee residing at a distance from the place of this meeting are not present; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Leroux has not attended this meeting, although notified to attend; and

WHEREAS, the question before the committee is one of great importance to all concerned; it is

Resolved,—That three copies of the protest, evidence and correspondence, with the report of the majority of the sub-committee and the report of the dissenting member of the sub-committee in the Leroux case be made and submitted by correspondence, as provided in by-laws of the association, with a copy of this resolution, to the members of the executive committee for their decision; and that the copy to the Montreal members of the committee be sent to Mr. Beckett and other members there notified thereof, and the copy for the Ottawa members be sent to Mr. P. D. Ross and the other members there notified thereof, and that each member notify the secretary in writing of his decision within ten days after receiving notice from the secretary of the association of the mailing of the said copies for perusal and decision.

This was not the whole work of the meeting however, as may be judged from the fact that counsel for Leroux filed an appearance, but was given to understand that Leroux and not a lawyer was wanted to appear. Perhaps this is a good idea even if not exactly legal, and maybe the fewer forensic discussions the better for the game. But does it not seem that when what is supposed to be an amateur game gets into this stage of mortification some sort of a safety valve or escape vent should be made. There is no use trying to disguise that at least 25 per cent of the players on the leading lacrosse teams are professionals in everything but the name. We all know it, but it is hard to prove. Why not make a breach in the old method of running things and have professional lacrosse. There is no doubt but that a great many of those who depend for remuneration on the amount of the gate receipts would only be too glad to throw up an uncertainty for a certainty in the shape of a specified salary. There would be an opening then for professionals and no excuse for the contamination of the amateur ranks. This may sound like treason to those who cry "amateurism for ever," and shut their eyes to the fact that there is comparatively little of the genuine article on top. The subject is a long one to go into just now, but more will be said in a later number.

\* \* \*

The Salford Harriers do not seem to be a very happy combination, and their experience at Boston was not the only unpleasant one of the trip. It is true they have added several medals to their already large collection, but from a social point of view they are not particularly successful, and the aristocratic Manhattan Athletic Club are pretty well tired of their bargain. The latest *faux pas* was at the dinner given them by the Schuykill Navy Athletic Club, when the Harriers sat down to dinner in blue flannel shirts, while the rest of the company were clothed with claw hammers and immaculate linen. This was one of the English eccentricities that even the most Anglicized of Philadelphia's gilded youth did not care to imitate.

R. O. X.

## HISTORIC CANADA, IV.

### Laura Secord.

"Fitzgibbon and the Forty-Ninth!"  
Whene'er ye drink that toast  
To brave deeds done a grateful land,  
Praise Laura Secord most.

MRS. CURZON.

In the illustrations of the historic ground of the Niagara frontier given in our last issue, the grave of a Canadian heroine, Laura Secord, deserves special mention. The story is a brief one, but should be stamped on the memory of every loyal Canadian.

In June, 1813, the American army of invasion, at one time in possession of a large portion of the Niagara district, had been gradually beaten back to a mere strip on the British side of the river, the village of Queenston being within their lines. The American commander, with characteristic energy, determined on making an attempt to surprise a British outpost which guarded a depot of military stores within striking distance. The news of the intended attack reached the ears of James Secord, a merchant of

Queenston, who had been wounded in the battle of the previous October while serving as a volunteer under Brock. He limped home without delay and told his wife. Every patriotic impulse in her noble heart was aroused, and she decided to at once herself undertake that dark and dangerous tramp of twenty miles through the bush to warn the British outpost. At three o'clock on the following morning she arose, and after a hurried breakfast set out on her perilous journey. Our historians of the war have graphically described the difficulties and dangers she encountered. It is sufficient to state here that her mission was entirely successful, resulting not only in the preservation of the British outpost but also in the capture of the entire American detachment, amounting to 542 men, 2 guns and a stand of colours.

The heroine of this episode lived to a great age, long enough to be thanked and rewarded by the heir to the throne for which she did such noble service. She sleeps in the quiet churchyard of Drummondville; and the simple story of her great deed—so vividly told by one of our most gifted writers\*—will live long in our annals.

\*Mrs. Curzon, in "Laura Secord, the Heroine of 1812." Toronto, 1887.

### Fort St. Gabriel.

Fort St. Gabriel, though by no means one of our most important buildings, is or was a fairly good example of the permanence of real good work, however plain and unpretending, if only let alone. *Le Vieux Montreal*, by Messrs. Beaugrand and Morin, gives the date of its erection as 1659, and speaks of it as being a wooden fort—in fact, a stockade.

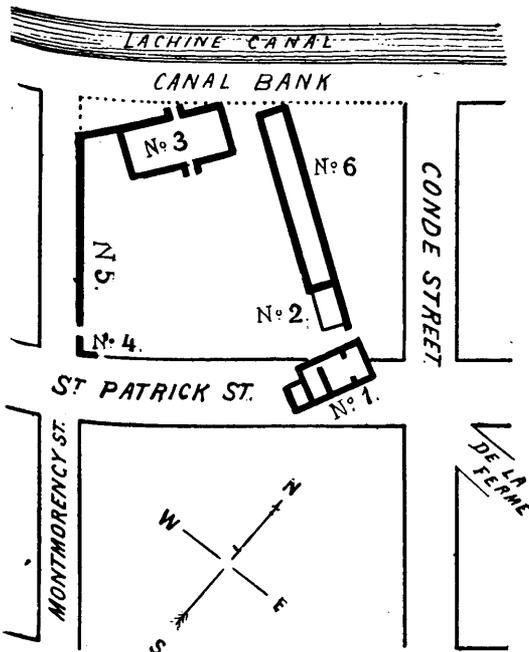
It formed one of a chain of outposts extending from the city to St. Annes,—the others being Verdun, Cuillerier (King's Post Farm), Lachine, Rémy, Rolland, Gentilly, Pointe Claire, and Senneville or Boisbriant, though all of these were built later than 1659. St. Gabriel was established and maintained by the gentlemen of the Seminary, never being granted as a separate fief, hence it was known as the *Domaine de St. Gabriel*, and the stockade was built mainly for the purpose of protecting the large farm of 400 arpents. It derived its name from the patron saint of its founder, M. l'Abbé Gabriel de Queylus, who also built the year previous Fort Ste. Marie, below the city, from which the "current" is named and which Faillon says was the stronger and more important of the two.

Perhaps it would be as well to quote Faillon's brief notice of its foundation, page 386, vol. 2, as follows:—"Mais un plus grande secours procuré aux travailleurs et au pays par les prêtres de St. Sulpice, des leurs arrivés, fut l'établissement de deux maisons destinées à servir de logement et tout ensemble de défense aux hommes qu'ils employèrent à cultiver les terres situés tout autour. Ces deux terres, Ste. Marie et St. Gabriel, situées aux deux extrémités de cette habitation (Ville Marie) dit M. Dollier, servirent beaucoup à son soutien, à cause du grand nombre d'hommes que ces messieurs avaient en l'un et l'autre de ces deux lieux qui étaient alors comme les frontières de Montréal. Il est vrai qu'il leur en avaient bien coûté sur-tout les deux premières années, les hommes étaient alors très rares et les vivres à très haut prix, mais les années suivantes ils attirèrent de France quantité d'engagés."

At the time of the destruction of the main building, in the summer of 1883, I fortunately applied to the late secretary of the Seminary, Mr. Marler, for information on certain points, and he not only referred me to Faillon's work, but very kindly furnished me with a number of details himself. From him I learned this place was never occupied by a regular garrison, its defence being entrusted entirely to the farm servants. It was not armed with artillery, nor was it ever subjected to a regular siege, though some of the servants were surprised and killed while at work in the fields. Some have thought that the building demolished in 1883 (No. 1) was the "citadelle" mentioned by Faillon, but it seems much more likely to have been the stone barn facing the canal (No. 3) with its massive gateway buttresses, which seem to have been intended as some kind of rudimentary barbicans. When the wooden stockade was replaced by the stone wall of the fort, part of which is still standing, does not seem quite certain, but the present remains are said to date from as far back as 1680.

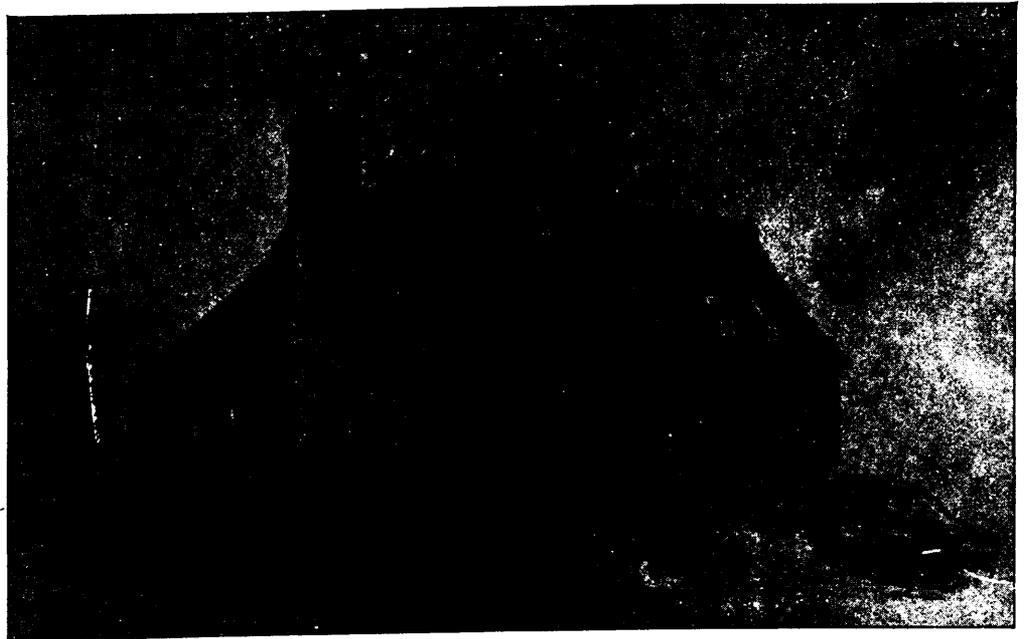
The fort was situated, according to Mr. Morin, about half way between Ville Marie and the eastern end of Lac à la Loutre, a long, narrow and shallow lake about half as large again (on the old maps) as Ile St. Paul, which we now know as Nun's Island. There was a small stream running from the lake to the river, the course of which is pretty closely followed by the Lachine Canal. Perhaps I should mention that the lake called "à la Loutre" by Mr. Morin, is called Lac St. Pierre by Tessier. He describes the *Domaine* as extending from l'embouchure de lac St. Pierre ou est le moulin appelé Le Moulin Brullé, jusque au glaciais de Lavois ou est le moulin à eau, appelé Moulin de Lavalle, le tout appartenant aux Seigneurs."

The building marked No. 1 on the plan faced a little east of south-east, so that when St. Patrick street was opened through, it cut off the northern corner diagonally: its extreme length was 80 feet and, excepting a sort of kitchen wing, was 30 feet deep, and the walls from the ground to the eaves about 15 feet. It had the high pitched roof and massive chimnies so characteristic of our old houses. The walls were about two feet thick throughout, built of rubble stones, and the mortar so hard that it was difficult to make any impression on it with pickaxes. The house consisted of three divisions. The north-west room formed quite a respectable hall—38 feet in length by 26 feet deep, and



N.B. The heavy Lines indicate the old Buildings

GENERAL PLAN.



FORT ST. GABRIEL.—Building marked No. 1 on plan.

contained a huge fire-place, suggestive not only of cold winters, but also of plentiful fuel and large logs. The most noticeable feature of the house was the arch which supported the roof-tree and rafters; half way between the ends of the large hall two piers, not large, only two feet square, but wonderfully strong and well built, ran up inside the front and rear walls like inner buttresses, till they met the roof, then inclined inwards till they met in the centre, forming a sort of an arch something of the shape of a chicken's "wish-bone." As far as I know there is no other example of this peculiarity of construction in the country. I have not been able to determine the exact size of the fort, but it probably occupied the block of land situated between Montmorency and Condé streets, and St. Patrick street and the Canal bank, as well as about half as much more on the south east side of St. Patrick street, still remembered by some as "The Priest's Garden." The same may remember the arched main gateway, resembling that of Cartier's ancestral home at St. Malo. The wall on Montmorency street averages 10 or 11 feet in height, and is about 30 inches thick at the ground, tapering up to about 24 inches at the top.

This, of course, is quiet insignificant compared with Fort Ponchartrain, but approaches the dimensions of Boisbriant.

The storehouse on the canal front is about 90 feet long with a depth of about 40 feet.

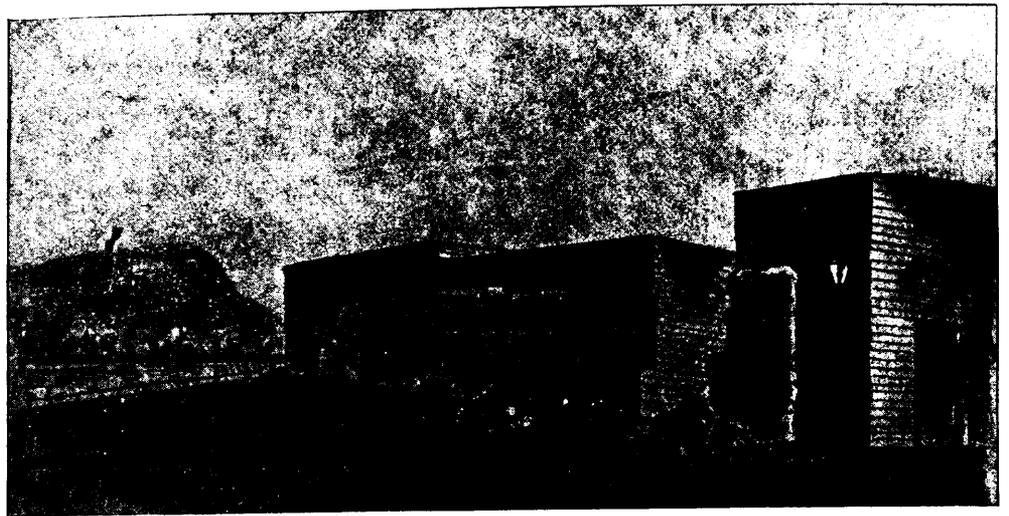
The walls are still about 12 feet in height, but were considerably higher, especially at the gables; but after a fire, which occurred there 25 or 30 years ago, they were reduced to their present condition.

The most noticeable features of this building are the heavy stone gateway buttresses, played outwards, projecting seven feet from the walls, which measure five feet at the thickest part and slope to the height of the gate. At one corner is what looks like a loophole, though of primitive construction, and there is a similar one a few feet from it and another one near the south gate, but filled in at the outer end. If there were more originally they have since been filled in.

Besides the above is the long, low building, already referred to, the walls of which are not as thick as those already mentioned, measuring only 27 inches at the ground. The length is about 137 feet, the breadth 25 feet. Considerable parts of the north wall have been removed, but the other side is tolerably intact, showing a number of windows and doors, splayed inwards, with cut-stone jambs. (No. 6.)

There are certain resemblances between the remains of Fort St. Gabriel and some others of our well known "antiques"; for instance, the north-west wall has the same rich reddish tinge so noticeable at Chateau Bigot, and on the old mills of Varennes and Boisbriant, and which is in such pleasing contrast to the cold grey of our ordinary lime-stone; then the mortar is of that hard flinty kind, dense as cement and slightly crystalline in appearance, which remains firm and hard even after the stones are picked out. But, after all, it may be asked *cui bono?* what's the use? What is the use of wasting time describing the battered remains of an insignificant outpost that was never the scene of any very exciting or heroic event?

Well, there are several answers which may be given. In the first place all things are comparative, and when the martial abbé founded Fort St. Gabriel, it was by no means insignificant to the infant city of Ville Marie, with its population of 472 souls all told. When we remember that it was not until 67 years later that the city walls were built, and remember the stormy times the colonists saw in that period, the idea is suggested that if it had not been for these outlying defences, the present "commercial metro-



No. 5.—Bit of wall on Montmorency-street, looking towards canal and mountain.



No. 3.—Strong stone building used as a storehouse.—South-east side.



No. 3.—Strong stone building used as a storehouse.—Side facing canal.



No. 6.—Small doorway or sally-port.

polis" of Canada might have been "snuffed out" like a penny dip. Moreover, properly considered, all historical remains are souvenirs, not only of the people directly connected with them, and their times and conditions of life, but of all the succeeding events and changes of their environment.

It is a remarkable fact and one that will be very much regretted, especially by future generations, that so little has been done in the way of depicting by brush or pencil the events, the men and women and the buildings and natural scenery of the early days of our country, though volumes upon volumes have been written. There is one thing of

which we may be sure, and that is, that the fertile and blooming old Domaine, lying there between the little lake and the river—with its mills, with its fort on the banks of the little stream, with its arched and buttressed gateways, its houses and barns, with their high pitched roofs—was far more picturesque than any of its present dingy surroundings. But there were other buildings which were certainly not insignificant, either in their proportions or their history, and if this modest description and brief record should have the effect of stimulating abler pencils than mine to rescue them from oblivion, the "*cui bono?*" question will be most satisfactorily answered.

ROSWELL C. LYMAN.



AN IMPRESSIVE EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A POET.—Mr. Alvern de Songue entrusts the MS. of his last volume of poems to a publisher. He visits that estimable gentleman some time afterwards, and learns that the verses have been sent in to the publishing committee of the firm to be read prior to publication, and at the time of his visit the committee were engaged in reading them over. The genial head of the firm suggests a visit to the committee room to ascertain their ecstasies at the charms of his lines.

On entering the effect is strikingly apparent.

### Leaves from my Japanese Note Book.

By DOUGLAS SLADEN.

To the Editor of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR.—As the pictures for the first of my articles on the Canadian route to the East have been unavoidably delayed I send you some leaves from my Japanese note book to take its place in this week's number.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S POEM.—Sir Edwin Arnold, with his usual generosity, came forward and offered to give a reading from his great unpublished poem, "The Light of the World," if people cared to hear it. If! When it was an event of first class importance in the poetical world, to parallel which one has to go back to the days of bards and rhapsodists, before this utilitarian age of reporters and syndicates began.

The recitation was given in the fine hall of the Rokumeikan, the historical and handsome building, some of which is leased by the Government to the Tokio Club. This hall is rather an imposing chamber, with its three carved fireplaces and parqueted ceiling. There was an assemblage of some hundreds, embracing most of the representative people of Tokio and Yokohama, headed by the English Minister, Hugh Fraser, the American, John Swift, the Austrian, Baron von Biegeleben, the Bishop, the Right Rev. E. Bickersteth, Captain Brinkley, R. A., and General Palmer, R. E., whose names are beginning to be known to Englishmen as writers to whom everything Japanese is precious and beautiful, from their morality, commercial and otherwise, to the perfume of their fertilizing methods, a number of officers from the British fleet and a fair sprinkling of Japanese, who went there probably as they adopt Christianity or European boots—as an evidence of their equality with the Western nations.

Sir Edwin came forward—the orthodox afternoon reciter as unexceptionable as that lion among ladies, the composer, Isidor de Lard—in a faultless frock coat, white waistcoat, lavender tie in "sweet disorder, light gloves and carnationed buttonhole, with his strong face wearing its accustomed serenity of perfect physical health. He is a good reciter, because he is most earnest and impressive, without a tinsel of rant or posing. The name of his new poem, as probably all the world knows by this time, is "The Light of the World," a companion to his epochal poem "The Light of Asia." As "The Light of Asia" puts before Christian audiences Buddhism transmuted with alchemical art into a poem, harmonious, unified, exquisite, so "The Light of the World" puts Christianity before Christians in a new light—the light of the accumulated wisdom of the East. "The Light of the World" expresses the Buddhist's homage to Christianity, a task for which no man living is so competent as Sir Edwin, bred a Christian and saturated with Buddhist love and ideas.

Whether Sir Edwin is or is not a Buddhist need not be discussed here. That he has sucked the best out of Buddhism is undisputable. If "The Light of Asia" is Buddhism by the light of Christianity, "The Light of the World" is Christianity by the light of Buddhism.

Sir Edwin read with much feeling, and it is needless to say was received with the highest interest. To sketch the plot of the poem would not be fair to him, but one must pay homage to his characterization of Pontius Pilate, his rehabilitation of the stern Roman soldier and stoic who made the one "faux pas" of currying the favour of the unruly Jewish populace, who were Caesar's most unamenable subjects. As to the romance in which he has invested

Mary Magdalen I must be silent, and also as to the sublime figure he makes of Christ. Pilate's wife, Procula, who belonged to the great Claudian gens, was an ambitious subject to approach after the magnificent idealization of Dore with its haunting beauty and majestic presence. But Sir Edwin has added the breath of life to this exquisite idealization by the noble character he has created in his poem.

For twelve long years Sir Edwin carried the scheme of his poem in his mind, as Ulysses cherished the image of Penelope on his ten years' wanderings after Troy, and when at last he was able to lay down his editorial harness for a while, the seeds sprang, burgeoned and burst into blossom with extraordinary rapidity—until they stand before us the perfect whole of a great poem.

It is the outcome of his wanderings in Palestine many years ago as the pre-Raphaelite accuracy of the local colouring shows Sir Edwin, like the great poet that he is, loves to study the beast of the field, the bird of the air and the flowers of the earth. The Titan wall that no convulsion of nature or warfare could overthrow, the fallen acanthus frieze and masonry crumbling into picturesque decay, enthral his eye. The solemn Eastern night, purple and diamonded with stars, the fierce Eastern noon, the mellowness of the delicious sunsets are unconsciously reflected, and here and there hovers across the horizon the Bedouin of the desert with Arab steed and matchlock and fluttering burn-orse.

Sir Edwin has absorbed the whole atmosphere of Palestine, and his poem breathes it. To his aid comes a profound antiquarian knowledge and the familiarity that comes from long residence in the East. The poem is as much a piece of Palestine as Wallace's now classical "Ben Hur." As might have been expected in a poem born in Japan "Fujiyama" inspires one noble passage, in which the sacred mountain so gloriously beautiful with its perished or hidden fires and its spotless crown of snow shadows forth the life of Mary Magdalen. Another noble poem is inspired by one of the most famous incidents in Greek literature, Socrates condemning the Athenian Judges to live, and taking the hemlock as a gift, and a third, full of Sophoclean irony, pointing out that Christ's blessed feet overthrew Jerusalem more utterly than the armies of Titus, and a fourth with Pilate flying from the presence of Mary Magdalen at midnight on his swiftest horse, because "one other watch would make me Nazarene!"

The poem is full of these dramatic situations and interspersed with lyrics of the beauty of Swinburne's earlier method as he sang in "Songs Before Sunrise." The poem is also full of striking lines such as these:

Write me a song unstained by any tear.

In the mor'ning watch,  
When dreams come truer through the fate of morn,  
Deep hollows where the winter hides away  
Snows through the summer.

He himself passed  
Mild and majestic through death's black gate  
If hades be a black tribunal,  
Her that loved much and had her love with thee.

Jordan ere he hastens on to die,  
As rivers die and men die, helplessly,  
To rest as the wild waters rest.

Must I find at Rome  
The face that fills my nightly dreams with fear  
Watching with those great eyes.

It toucheth Athens and hath crept to Rome.

To this end was I born and became  
King of all kings to witness to the truth.

Those old fires now under snow.

Here are some of the lines which delineate in masterly points Sir Edwin's conceptions of Christ and Pilate and Christ's view of Pilate:

With such a mien as one should have  
Wearing the purple.

Her eyes  
Burned themselves on my heart.

The fire of those mild eyes,  
That had no fear or bitterness.

Claudia sighed,  
There was no fault

Oh! the light  
That beamed from those mild eyes.

The speech of him fair music and his feet  
A benediction.

Authority yet sits upon my lip.

I played worse traitor to my stoic soul.  
I might have saved, I would have saved.

That which is writ is writ.

I did not dare

And that which hindered was thy lust to win  
Favour of men instead of praise from heaven.

The horde of circumcised  
Baying about my palace.

That they might drink clean in swill.

I took water and washed hands  
Before the herd.

These lines caught by an accident of slower delivery in places, must serve as a sample. There were finer than any here quoted, but they were usually in passages poured forth with the rapidity of excitement.

No one who heard the poem had any doubt of its quality or its success. One of the audience, Harry Deakin, the famous curio dealer of Yokohama, was so enthusiastic that he bought the American rights of the poem, it is said, for the large sum of \$25,000.

One of the two greatest living American poets is going to write in lines here and there, so as to secure the copyright, which will appear in his name and Sir Edwin's conjointly. This will be the first instance of an English poet of the first rank publishing a magnum opus in America before England—a well-deserved homage to the wider diffusion of culture in America, as evidenced by the vastly larger body of readers.

The reading was one of the events of the season in Tokio and every one went to it dressed for a legation garden party.

### Count Marshal Von Moltke.

Helmuth Carl Bernhard Von Moltke was born on the 26th of October, in the year 1800. His father was also an officer in the army. The family, originally of Mecklenburg, where it was held in esteem, moved to Holstein while the future general was still a child. At an early age he was sent to the military academy at Copenhagen. In 1822 he entered the Prussian service as lieutenant, and ten years later was admitted to the staff. In 1835 he made his *début* as a writer on strategics, his essay being an account of the Russo-Turkish war of 1828. Soon after the Sultan Mahmoud sought his counsel for the reorganization of his army and the construction of frontier defences. Von Moltke took part in the campaigns against Mehemed Ali. On his return to Prussia he wrote his "Letters on Condition and History of Turkey in the years 1835-39," which appeared in 1841. In 1845 he was aide-de-camp to Prince Henry of Prussia, with whom he resided in Rome for some time. He wrote some letters on the States of the Church, which were subsequently published. In 1849 he was made Chief of Staff of the 4th Army Corps, and in 1858 became Chief of Staff to the entire army. Under his supervision the staff was rendered the most effective means of concentrating and directing the force of the army. In 1864 (being then a lieutenant-general) he drew up the plan of the campaign in Denmark for Prince Frederick Charles. In the Austrian war his services were still more brilliant, as it was mainly through him that the victory of Sadowa was won. On that occasion he led the main army and followed up the success by a bold advance on Olmutz and Vienna, thus bringing the seven week's war to an end. The Prussian Parliament voted him a grant of money and the King honoured him with the Order of the Black Eagle. It was he who prepared the plan of the Franco-German war, and the rapidity and accuracy with which the army was moved on the predetermined line of attack showed how thoroughly he had mastered the problem. In recognition of his services, which were the admiration of Europe, he was made a Count and Chief Marshal of the Empire. Count Marshal Von Moltke has published a number of technical historical works besides those already mentioned, including an account of the Italian campaign of 1859. In character he is a man of known integrity and honour, is simple in habits and unassuming in manner. The esteem in which he is held in the Empire which he has done so much to create was exemplified last week, when all classes of citizens united in doing him honour. Among the substantial tokens of respect of which he was the object was a gift of 50,000 marks, presented in his name by the Burgomaster of Berlin to the late Emperor William's almshouses. To a private soldier who wrote some verses for the occasion, the Count wrote a letter of thanks, in which he said that the army which produced poet soldiers must be above the average of armies. The great powers were represented at the anniversary celebration, and Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the Czar, the Sultan, and other sovereigns, telegraphed their congratulations.