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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK.)

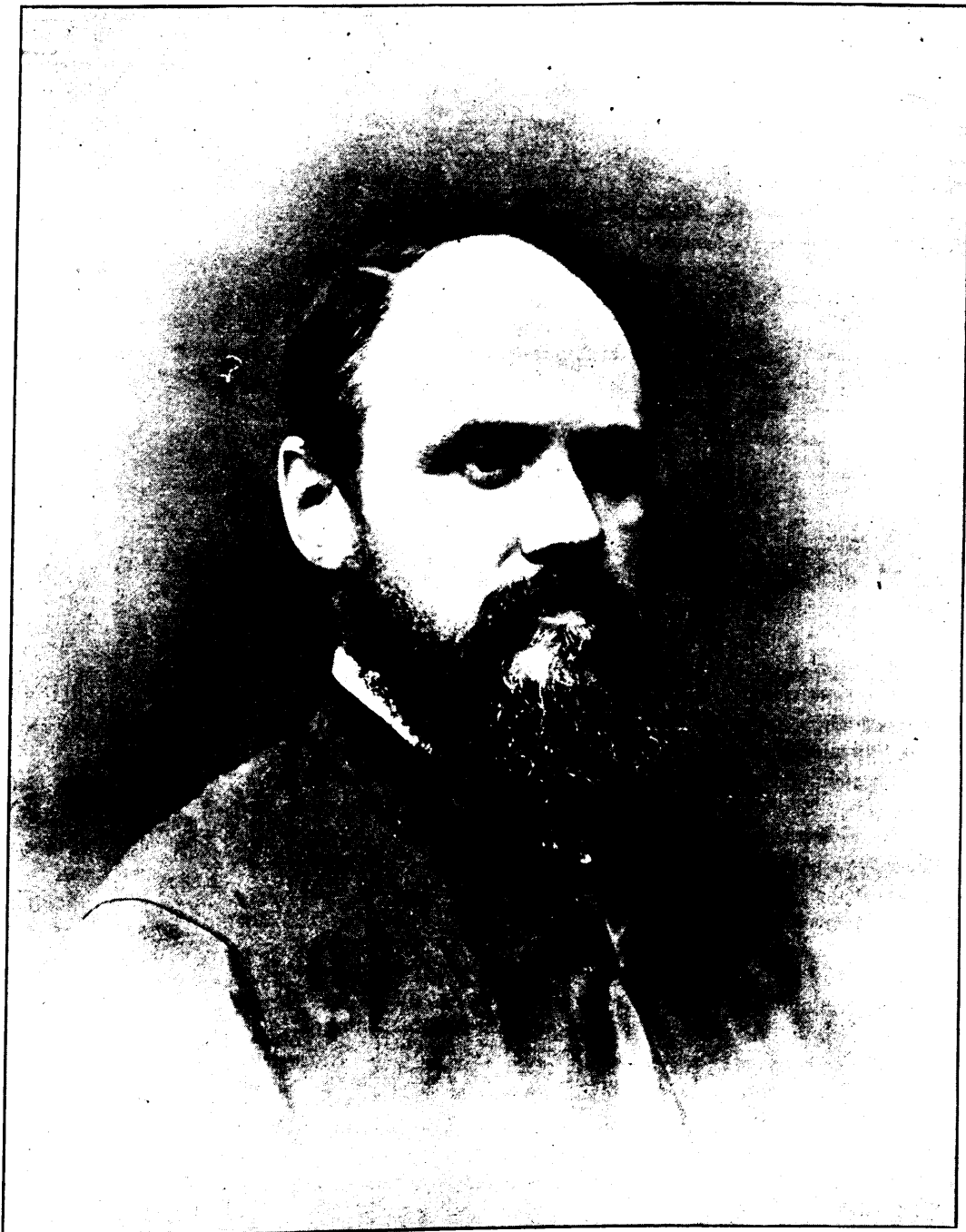
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"The French," wrote Isaac Weld, nearly a hundred years ago, in giving his experience of Montreal, "retain in a great measure the manners and customs of their ancestors, as well as the language; they have an unconquerable aversion to learn English, and it is very rare to meet with any person amongst them that can speak it in any manner; but the English inhabitants are, for the most part, well acquainted with the French language." When, fifty-five years later, Mr. Weld's half-brother visited Montreal, the elder traveller being still alive, a change had set in which tended in the course of time to reverse the verdict of the latter. Certainly, in the present day, it is the exception to meet a fairly educated French-Canadian in this city to whom English is not almost as his mother tongue, while among the professional and business classes of French society it is often spoken with a correctness that might put some Englishmen to the blush. On the other hand, though French is spoken by a certain proportion of the British population, its use is by no means so general as, according to Isaac Weld, it was in the closing years of the 18th century.

Even in this Province of Quebec, how many British Canadians are wont to address audiences in French with correctness, clearness, and fluency, as so many French-Canadian public men do in admirable English! There are, indeed, a few English lawyers and parliamentarians who, on occasion, can plead a case or make a hustings speech in tolerable French; but, as a rule, educated Englishmen, even in Lower Canada, lack the readiness and naturalness in the use of the French tongue which their French-Canadian fellow-citizens of the same class display in the use of English. The contrast is equally marked if we have regard to the facility with which either section of the population employs the language of the other for literary, commercial, or statistical purposes. Many French-Canadians write English with ease, whereas, though many Englishmen can read French, the proportion of them who can write it with accuracy and taste is extremely small.

Major Powell, director of the United States Geological Survey, had hardly published his warning—"The lesson of Conemaugh"—in the *North American Review*, when the Johnstown disaster was repeated, on a smaller scale, it is true, but still with deplorable results in the destruction of property. The Coatesville casualty, which spread desolation through a considerable portion of the Brandywine Valley, Pennsylvania, would have attracted more notice had not the tremendous calamity which preceded it dwindled its impor-

tance by contrast. The lesson—to whose opportuneness the bursting of the Hibernia dam adds significance and force—is twofold. On the one hand, Major Powell deprecates that inconsequence of weak humanitarianism which condemns the application of invention or skill to the needs of mankind because, in a single instance or a few instances, through some unhappy defect, such application has resulted disastrously. A railway accident or a shipwreck, a bridge sinking beneath exceptional strain, or a building that collapses through some oversight of construction, would, on that principle, justify the abandonment of steam locomotion or seafaring, of bridge transit, or even of habitation beneath a roof after the manner of civilized men. To cry out against the collection of water into reservoirs for domestic or manufacturing purposes because out of hundreds of such receptacles a half a dozen have been badly constructed, and are, therefore, dangerous, is surely most irrational. But it would be equally irrational and, as the responsibility rests with enlightened men, still more blameworthy, to allow such terribly taught lessons as that of Conemaugh to pass unheeded.

What, then, was at fault? And what is the remedy? The art of dam-construction is within the grasp of every intelligent engineer. It has been practised further back than written history takes us in retrospect. The Conemaugh dam was built, it seems, on the traditional and still prevalent model. Of the numerous dams on this continent the most are of earth; only a few of masonry. The Conemaugh dam belonged to the former class, of which it was a fair sample. What was amiss, then? "In the construction of the dam," says Major Powell, "there was a total neglect to consider the first and fundamental problem—the duty the dam was required to perform. The works were not properly related to the natural conditions, and so a lake was made at Conemaugh, which was for a long time a menace to the people below, and at last swept them to destruction." Two things were essentially necessary before the works were begun—a topographic survey and a hydrographic survey. "The precipitation in rain and snow over the basin must be determined as an average from year to year, and also the maximum precipitation at the time of the great flood. This must be supplemented by the gauging of streams to determine their average volumes and maximum volumes." Yet in American engineering these data, which can only be obtained after the surveys just indicated, have, in many cases, been strangely lost sight of, though their necessity has been emphasized again and again by dire disaster.

It is deplorable that such a heart-rending fatality as that which has plunged Quebec into the gloom of sorrow should be made the occasion for political agitation. If there is blame to be apportioned, let it fall on the blameworthy. But, in the presence of so many victims, so many mourners, it is surely in the worst taste to deliberately fabricate weapons of party warfare for the wounding of political foes. The situation is far too serious to be made a vantage ground from which to strike such unworthy blows. If resentment mingles with the grief of the survivors of the disaster, who have lost not only house and home, but much—in some cases all, or nearly all—that made home dear, we can understand the feelings to which it is due. But to turn the grief of such sufferers into a pretext for making political capital is as base as it is mis-

chievous. Without screening the culpable—if any can be deemed especially culpable for not foreseeing what all knew to be possible, yet none really apprehended—the duty of the present is to alleviate, as far as possible, the distress of the survivors, and to take prompt measures to prevent a recurrence of the catastrophe. It is to be hoped that the steps that are being adopted will serve both objects, and that the tragic landslide of the 19th ult will be the last casualty of the kind to bring desolation to Quebec.

Some of the "side shows" which have gradually become recognized features of the Toronto exhibition, have been somewhat severely criticized in the press as tending to the disappointment of visitors, and, therefore, calculated to prejudice them against the exhibition itself. It must be remembered, however, that there is a large class in every community that can only be attracted to what is instructive and morally improving by some enticement of an amusing character. An industrial exhibition, when (like that of Toronto) it has become a permanent institution, is an admirable school in which to acquire an amount and variety of useful knowledge that is accessible nowhere else. But, from time immemorial, it has been usual, in schemes for improving the people, to combine the useful with the agreeable. It is, of course, essential, to ensure success, that what is offered for delectation, as well as edification, should be the best of its kind, and the trouble is that where the entertainment comprises a multiplicity of features, some of them may be inferior in interest to what is provided in places where such features are specialties. Experience and the exercise of discrimination ought, in time, however, to rectify any defects of that kind.

"The ingenious Dr. Nooth," who seems to have been a man of note in his day, made experiments, nearly a hundred years ago, on maple sugar, which were not without interest. He granulated and refined it so as to render it equal, in the opinion of contemporary connoisseurs, to the best lump sugar made in England. It appears also, from the statement of Weld, that his example was followed by persons who expected to turn the refining of maple sugar to advantage. A maple sugar refinery was, we are told, established at Quebec; but, whether through lack of capital or defective methods, the undertaking did not succeed. "It ought not, however," says Weld, "to be concluded from this that a manufactory of the sort would not succeed if conducted by judicious persons that had ample funds for the business; on the contrary, it is highly probable that it would answer. There is great reason, also, to suppose that a manufactory for making the sugar from the beginning, as well as for refining it, might be established with advantage." Notwithstanding this recommendation, maple sugar, though thoroughly appreciated as a sweetmeat, has never made much figure in the markets of the new world. The bulk of the sugar known to commerce is divided between cane and beet sugar—the latter having somewhat the preponderance. The annual production of both kinds in recent years averages from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 tons. Beet sugar is mainly manufactured in Germany, Austria-Hungary and France. Belgium, Holland and other countries also contribute to its production. Cane sugar has its sources of supply in the East and West Indies, South America, Mauritius, Egypt, Louisiana, etc. About a third of the yield comes from Spanish colonies. Beet sugar culture has been tried in Canada, but so far without much gain.

though some promoters of the enterprise are still sanguine in their expectations of success.

Recent English papers have been largely devoted to the discussion, chiefly in the shape of correspondence, of the dock labourers' strike. A good deal of sympathy has been expressed for the labourers, whose families, notwithstanding the help of various societies and the contributions of the benevolent, have suffered much distress. That is the worst feature of this mode of solving industrial problems. The penalty for the wrong-doing (wherever it may lie) falls upon the innocent—upon unoffending women and children. According to a report issued some time ago by the United States Commissioner of the National Bureau of Labour, the aggregate cost to the country of the strikes and lock-outs of six years was more than ninety millions of dollars, two-thirds of which enormous sum were forfeited by the workmen engaged in them. The worst year for these industrial wars was 1886, during which there were no less than 1,412 strikes, involving 9,893 establishments. In nearly four-fifths of the six years' strikes, the cause had to do with either wages or hours of work. The refusal to increase wages on demand occasioned 42.44 per cent. of the whole; declining to comply with the request for shorter hours led to 19.45 per cent.; the attempt to reduce wages 7.75 per cent.; refusal of higher wages with shorter hours was responsible for 7.57 per cent.

The figures indicating the results of these strikes are of special interest as they show the basis of more or less reasonable hope, founded on experience, which sustains the striker in his painfully self-imposed idleness. The proportion of total failure, when the workmen had to return to work after losing their time without gaining an iota of their demands, was 39.89 per cent. of the whole. Partial success—a compromise—followed in a percentage of 13.45 cases. The percentage of success was 46.59. This may be considered a large ratio, capital being apparently so much better equipped for such a struggle than labour. But public opinion, public convenience, the nature of the industry affected, and other important factors tend to equalize the strength of the belligerents; and when the claims of the strikers are obviously just, employers are forced to yield. It is, doubtless, the remembrance of what persistence has effected in the past, as well as confidence in the justice of their cause and assurance of some share, at least, of public sympathy, that inspires many fresh strikes and encourages the strikers to persevere till their end is gained. It is to be hoped that the result of the discussion in England will be the abandonment of a system so injurious to the interests of those concerned, as well as of the public at large, and the acceptance by employers and employed of some plan of friendly arbitration.

BY RAIL TO HUDSON'S BAY.

The rumoured project of a railway from Sault Ste. Marie to the head of James Bay is not altogether a new project. In the evidence before the Select Committee on the Navigation of Hudson's Bay, Dr. Bell was examined as to his opinion regarding the practicability of a line north of Lake Superior, as well as of one from Winnipeg to Fort Churchill or York Factory. As to the feasibility of the former he said that, as far as he could judge as a civil engineer, there would be no engineering difficulties. The country from Lake Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay—either to Churchill or York—ap-

peared easy for the construction of a railway. His actual experience of the country was derived from having traversed the distances in question, mainly in a boat, and observing the land on both sides of him as he proceeded. As to a line from Lake Superior to James Bay he thought it would be fairly easy of construction. The country is tolerably well adapted for such work in the direction of the rivers. Dr. Bell was also of opinion that the Bay and Strait were open long enough each year to justify the using of those waters for ordinary commerce. He considers the harbours of James Bay to be fairly good—though he acknowledges that at Moose Factory there is only a roadstead. Mr. Walter Dickson, of Lake Francis, Manitoba, takes a less favorable view of the harbour accommodation. Indeed he seems to think that Churchill was the only harbour on Hudson's Bay worthy of the name. Mr. Dickson is thoroughly in agreement with Dr. Bell as to the practicability of the lines by both proposed routes, though he would prefer the western to the eastern side of Lake Winnipeg. He also confirms Dr. Bell's statements as to the great value of the fisheries, fur supply and minerals in the country around Hudson's Bay. The country between James Bay and the Lakes both explorers pronounce rich in timber of good quality. There are also, Mr. Dickson says, about the Moose, Abbitibi and other rivers, areas of fine land, while the climate is as mild as that on Lake Huron.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Even apart from the recent elections, which have made the month of September memorable in a memorable year, there is much in the state of France which naturally attracts the attention of the rest of the civilized world. France has one great merit—it is never dull. In triumph or defeat, whatever régime or dynasty may prevail, it is ever, to the student of human progress, one of the most interesting of nations. Even the faults of the people have a certain fascination which is wanting in the virtues of some other communities. Their outbursts of passion may be absurd or terrible, but they are sure to be picturesque. Grave writers of all parties have striven in vain to give a reason for the tumultuous fervour of admiration which Gen. Boulanger succeeded in arousing in the breasts of a large section of his compatriots, but even those who sympathized with the popular feeling were not quite able to account for it. What proportions the furore would have assumed, had not the Government managed to frighten the brave General out of the country and to condemn him for serious misdemeanors it is vain to ask. The statuesque figure on the black charger has lost its magnetism. The hatred of France's present rulers, to which Boulangerism owed a share at least of its temporary success, has not, however, diminished. With the bulk of the Opposition—the Orleanist and Bonapartist element—it is the Republic itself which is the object of hostility. The remainder of it is composed of professed Republicans, whose antagonism rests on other grounds. The Republic has now resisted the assaults of its foes for more than nineteen years. It has thus shown itself the most enduring administrative fabric that France has had during the last hundred years. Hitherto, neither monarchy nor democracy, in that period of frequent change, has been strong enough to last for twenty years. The first Empire, which was the inconsistent goal of the early Republic, closed its brilliant de-

cade in the disaster and exile of its illustrious founder. The two reigns which followed the Bourbon Restoration were comprised within fifteen years, and between the abdication of Charles X. and the fall of Louis Philippe less than eighteen years intervened. The Republic of 1848, of which Louis Napoleon was elected president, ended with the *coup d'état*, and then, after a year's experience of the new constitution, the Second Empire was proclaimed on the 2nd of December, 1852. Eighteen years later Napoleon III. was in exile and France was once more a Republic.

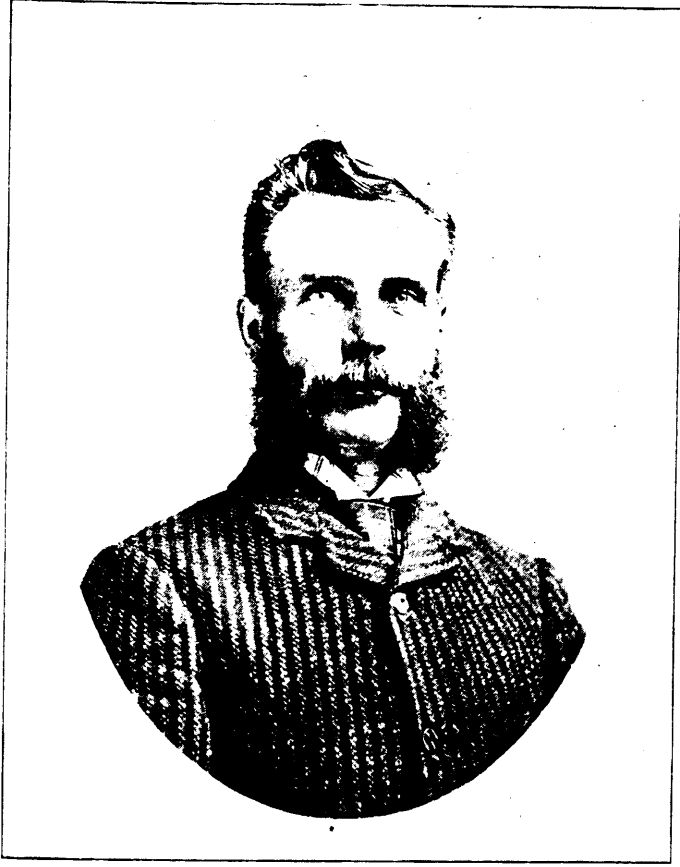
That Pius IX should have exceeded "the years of Peter" was by many looked upon as an omen of evil. That the present Republican régime in France should have shown more vitality than any form of government that preceded it since the downfall of Louis XVI. may, perhaps, be accepted as a promise of permanence. The reigns of the Bourbon kings before the Revolution, which shortened the years of the last of them, were remarkably long. In a century and a half Canada, while under French control, had yielded allegiance to only three sovereigns—the last of whom sat on the throne for twenty-five years after the death of Montcalm. When Quebec was founded, Henry IV. had less than two years to live. His successor, Louis XIII., reigned a third of a century. Then came the seventy-two years of Louis le Grand and the fifty-nine of his great-grandson, for forty-four of which Canada was a French province. That nineteen years of uninterrupted Republican rule should be regarded as evidence of stability shows how completely France has broken with the Bourbon régime. The contrast between the past and the present is still more marked when it is recalled that during those nineteen years France has had four Presidents and twenty-five ministries.

It may, of course, be urged that the very fact of having stood the strain of so many recurring crises is a proof of the elasticity and endurance of French democracy. If it has tided over so many perils and defied so many menaces in the past, why should it not continue to maintain its supremacy against all foes and rivals in the future? To this question perhaps the often quoted saying that it is the unexpected that always happens may be a not inappropriate answer. Almost every change of system that has followed the Revolution has been brought about with a suddenness that sometimes surprised even those who were behind the scenes. In the beginning of June, 1870, to go no further back, who could have foretold the doom that was impending over the Empire and over France? The throne of Louis Napoleon seemed more firmly established after the plebiscite of that year than does the Republic over which M. Carnot presides to-day. Yet a few weeks precipitated the conflict that left that throne vacant and France a spoil for victorious invaders. If, however, we may judge by present indications, there is no immediate fear of a catastrophe to the Republic. The mistakes of 1870 are not likely to be repeated, and with ordinary vigilance a *coup d'état* is just now impracticable. Moreover, the longer the actual régime lasts, the less desirous will the mass of the people be to see it changed for something else. Imperfect though it is, there is less risk, less hardship to the nation as a whole in putting up with its defects than there would be in encouraging a revolt of which no one could see the upshot. France has already had too much of change. What the country needs is the assurance of tranquillity at home and peace abroad, with such reforms of administration as may tend to



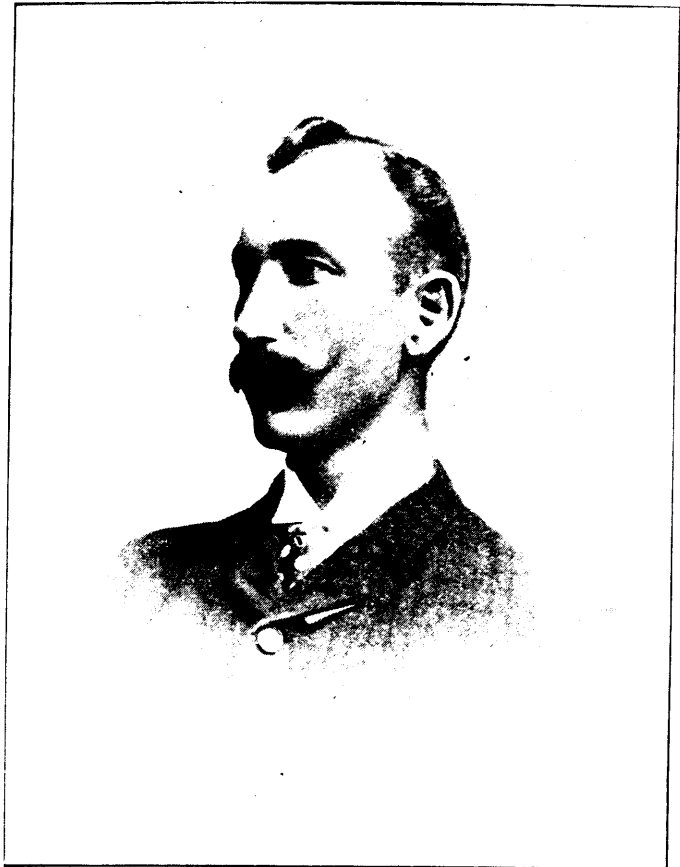
THE FISSURE IN THE ROCK, BEHIND DUFFERIN TERRACE, QUEBEC.

Livernois, photo.



SERGEANT C. M. HALL, 79th BATTALION,
WINNER OF THE GRAND AGGREGATE.

Topley, photo.



PTE. C. T. BURNS, VICTORIA RIFLE,
WINNER OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S FIRST PRIZE.

Topley, photo.



THE LANDSLIDE, QUEBEC, AS SEEN FROM ALLANS, RAE & CO.'S OFFICES,
SHEWING THE RETAINING WALL.

Livernois, photo.

remove existing discontent and restore or create confidence in parliamentary institutions. To this end we sincerely believe that the subsidence of the Boulangist agitation will conduce. Panacea-mongers are always fit objects of suspicion, and a cure-vendor who does not know the ingredients of his own remedy is least of all to be trusted. Grave defects the Republic may have, but equally grave defects have been complained of under every régime, and a system under which France has recovered her rank among the Powers, her industrial tone, her commercial enterprise, and has been able to develop the invention, taste, skill and many-sided energy of which the Exposition has shown the results to an admiring world, cannot be so ill-adapted to France's condition as some extremists pretend.

THE BILINGUAL PROBLEM ELSEWHERE.

Canada is not the only colony in which the use of two languages has caused some perplexity to the authorities. In south Africa, as our readers are aware, the Dutch had preceded the British as settlers and administrators. The English had, indeed, landed at the Cape in the reign of James the First, in whose name it was taken possession of. But England, like Portugal before her, was too eagerly bent on East Indian wealth to linger long at a port of call. It was not till the middle of the seventeenth century that colonization was begun in earnest by the Dutch East India Company. The Cape remained in the hands of the Government of Holland until 1795, by which time the settlement extended as far as the Great Fish River. After being restored to the Dutch in 1803, it was re-occupied by England in 1806, since which date it has been a dependency of the British Crown. Great Britain's claim to it was finally confirmed and ratified by the Treaty of Vienna in 1815. In 1820 English settlers began to arrive, and since that year the colony has made fair progress, and has, on the whole, been prosperous, notwithstanding sanguinary wars with the natives and occasional conflicts between the rival European races. In 1835 a number of Dutch farmers crossed the boundary—the Orange River—and established a settlement, which, after remaining till 1861 under a single administration, separated in that year into the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic. Notwithstanding this secession, there still remained a considerable Dutch element in Cape Colony. In the rural districts the Dutch farmers speak their own language, or rather dialect, but in the towns they generally learn English. In the organization of the school system, this bi-lingual problem had to be solved. In some districts little difficulty is experienced as, though the authorities make provision for Dutch as well as English teachers, both parents and children are anxious that English should be thoroughly acquired, even though their own tongue be omitted. They consider the use of that language at home sufficient to ensure a knowledge of it, and think it more profitable that the money expended on education should be devoted to the study of English. The teachers, nevertheless, insist that Dutch should also form part of the course, as the colloquial dialect differs somewhat from the written language, in the grammar of which the pupils also receive instruction. The chief trouble arises when Dutch is taken up by a limited number of pupils from different classes, in which case skilful classification is needed to avoid waste of

time. In some instances, the parents, through prejudice or ignorance, refuse to have their children taught English, to their own serious loss, as such children invariably fall behind their fellow-pupils in all the subjects taught. The matter is complicated in some parts of the colony by the necessity of giving instruction in Kaffir and other native tongues, for which special teachers are engaged.

A colony which offers a still closer parallel with Canada is Mauritius, formerly a French possession, but since 1810 a dependency of Great Britain. In this island about two-thirds of the population consist of Hindoos—mostly of the coolie class. There are also representatives of other Asiatic as well as African races—Negroes, Malagasy, Parsees, Singhalese, Chinese, Malays. The entire inhabitants number about 375,000. Of the Europeans, including half-castes, the French have a considerable majority. There are 38 government schools, with over 5,000 pupils. Of these about 73 per cent. are Roman Catholic, 14 per cent. Hindoo, 8 per cent. Protestant, and 5 per cent. Mohammedan. Of the Roman Catholics the greater proportion consists of French pupils. There are also 54 schools, with more than 4,300 scholars, that obtain aid in the shape of grants. The pupils receive instruction in their respective languages. Mauritius has retained its old French laws and the clergy are supported by the State. They include the Roman Catholic Bishop of St. Louis, with a vicar-general and 34 priests; the Anglican Bishop of Mauritius, an archdeacon and seven clergymen, and three clergymen of the Church of Scotland. The inhabitants, who have been asking for responsible government, have had for the present to be satisfied with ten elected members in a Legislative Council of twenty-seven. The Seychelles—the healthiest tropical residence under the British Crown—are dependencies of Mauritius.

ISLAND ECHOES.

"To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave through the thick-twined vine."
—The Lotus Eaters.

The echoes now resonant in Montreal are naturally voices of sympathy with the crushed and suffering ones in her sister city of Quebec. Now that the disaster has taken place the cry is, not—"Who would have thought it?" but—"Who wouldn't have thought it?" Unless I am mistaken in this very spot, "avalanches have given frequent warnings, and jags of jutting crags" have fallen from time to time on the road beneath the cliffs at Levis, which are far less butting than these at Quebec. But fear of future calamity has very little effect on mankind, until it becomes an un-reasoning panic. Then it is an overpowering master passion, as evidenced at Himera, Salamis, Bull's Run, and our own Stanbridge. Hence men will live close to Vesuvius with wells failing and steam issuing from the ground, embark on crazy ships, hire as stokers, with an average five years at most to live, and amuse themselves with needless sins on the brink of the illimitable grave.

Our own cliffs, those on our Royal Mountain, are happily safe enough. A truly romantic mountain has been defined as one on which one gives the most chances of breaking one's neck; that being the most romantic where you break your neck craning it to get a glimpse of the summit. There is one pretty path on Mount Royal which is so far breakneck that you cannot run down it without having a *suite* of clattering stones and rocklets following your hasty steps. Near it (sure sign that few pass by) is found the *real* wild Canadian honey-suckle with amplexicaul leaves and berries, as tenderly beautiful as those of the English eglantine. Not far away glitters the antennaria, the best perhaps of all immortelles, because, like immortal man, by dying it lives forever in hues

and tints it never knew in life. Within reach was the delicate raceme of the spirœa, and that brake, bracken or eagle fern, whose seeds render the wearer invisible, and whose stalk cut transversely on the slant shows to an Englishman King Charles in the Oak, to an American and Roman an Eagle, and to a Canadian a blotch representing the undefined possibilities of his own country—the most promising in the world.

And talking of Romans, Yankees and eagles, who can help quoting the Autocrat who so loves to repeat his own happy thoughts and to have them repeated,—“The Romans worshipped their legionary eagles. We Americans worship the dollar, whose numbers are more than legion, and which is only the tenth part of an eagle. But to atone for this do we not worship it ten times more?” To come back to wild flowers. Why do not the Park Commissioners procure seeds of our Canadian wildings and scatter them freely over the Park at suitable seasons and each in its favourite haunt and home? Why does not our Montreal Horticultural Society offer prizes for the best collections of Canadian wild flowers, both in posies and in pots? There is a beautiful blue lily of the valley growing in the prettiest garden among all the pretty ones near the Hochelaga toll gate. It is now in blossom. It makes an excellent edger, green from earliest spring till after the earliest frosts, and blossoming like shaded hyacinth always sapphire green of the mid-May. It was transplanted from our woods. And a red-ink plant grows in our marshes, making an ink as red as that drawn by the criminal from his arm to write that confession of crime which he could not bring his tongue to tell.

But soon the flowers will disappear beneath the white sheet of winter, and the Mountain be untraversed except by showshoe tramps. Then let us have Dominion Square flooded with a coating of ice to protect the sheltering snow from that alternate thawing and freezing which is so deadly to grass and our less hardy trees. Then shall we have the finest free skating rink in the world. It will be in the open air, where there is so much less risk of cold and chill, as there is so much less temptation to sit down and throw off wraps. There will gather lad and lass, stalwart youth and maiden fair, and devote even our stern Canadian winter to what is after all only another form of husbandry.

F. C. EMBERSON.

DESCHENES RAPIDS.

"And every little wave had its nightcap on," and flirted jauntily in the bright morning sun, as I took my seat on the Breakwater to watch the raftsmen "run the rapids" on their cribs. Against the blue Laurentides on the opposite shore the mellow tints of autumn already appear, and on my right the spires and pinnacles of the Parliament Buildings, though robbed by the distance of their glittering splendour, stand out against the soft grey sky in bold relief, while around me, with surge and swish and tumble and ceaseless music, the waters flow, and reverie claims and holds me fast, as, with innumerable kindred spirits in all ages, in the mystic meaning of the "sound of many waters" I hear the voice of God, speaking in emotions so inexpressible that even from the poet is forced the despairing cry:

I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arises in me.

With sudden consciousness of human presence. I raise my eyes as a crib darts by, the agility of the raftsmen in evading the waves exciting my admiration no less than the patience with which the poor fellows receive an occasional shower bath and its provoking accompaniment, the exultant shout of the ubiquitous boy. But far away adown the line of the familiar "toot, toot" announces the messenger of the C. P. R., Ottawa claims her workers, and from the beauties of a summer morning in the country scores of Civil Servants hasten to the duty of the city.

A. C. S.



ALEXANDER MCKINNON BURGESS, ESQ., DEPUTY MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, OTTAWA.—This gentleman, whose portrait will be found on another page, has long been favourably known in political circles as one of Canada's most able, zealous and laborious public servants. Mr. Burgess was born on the 21st of October, 1850, at Strathpey, Aberdeenshire, and was educated at the grammar school and university of Aberdeen. He entered the Civil Service in 1875 as editor and chief reporter of the debates in the House of Commons, and in the following year took editorial charge of the reports of both Houses. On the 1st of November, 1876, he was appointed private secretary to the Hon. David Mills, then Minister of the Interior, and on the 1st of January, 1882, was promoted to the secretaryship of that department, which he exchanged for the position of Deputy Minister on the 1st of July, 1883. In connection with his important official duties, Mr. Burgess has on various occasions visited the Northwest. He also undertook, in the winter of 1884-5, a journey to Washington on official business. Before beginning the career in which he has had such marked success, Mr. Burgess was engaged in journalism, at first in Scotland and subsequently in Canada. Still earlier in life he had been a clerk in the North of Scotland Railway. Mr. Burgess is married, his wife, whom he wedded in 1873, being a daughter of Mr. Thos. Anderson, publisher, of Portsoy, Scotland. In private life he is much respected for his courtesy and other genial qualities.

THE FISSURE IN THE ROCK BEHIND DUFFERIN TERRACE.—This is the source of further danger to which the Rev. Prof. Laflamme, Captain Mayne, R.E., and the City Engineer, Mr. Baillargé, have been earnestly directing the attention of the authorities. The opening has gradually widened in the course of years, and the heavy rains which preceded and have followed the catastrophe have still further impaired the cohesive power which had kept the outer lamina of rock in its position. That, sooner or later, it will give way is the opinion of all the experts that have examined the locality. General Cameron and Mr. Mayne have insisted on the urgent advisability of a prompt removal of all the dwellers in the street below from within reach of danger. Professor Laflamme suggests that the loosened portion of the rock should be at once blown up with dynamite.

THE QUEBEC LANDSLIDE, AS SEEN FROM MESSRS. ALLANS, RAE & CO.'S OFFICE, WITH THE RETAINING WALL.—In this issue we supplement the striking views of the scene of the sadly fatal disaster of the 19th ult. at Quebec, with some further illustrations of the same locality. In this engraving our readers have a view of the rock, after the catastrophe, from a point different from that of the preceding pictures. The retaining wall which, though it had proved fairly effective in keeping the street clear of the smaller boulders and rubbish that fell from time to time, was wholly useless as a check to the vast mass of rock, gravel and earth that fell a fortnight ago, was erected some ten years since at the instance of Mr. Baillargé, the City Engineer. The engraving, from a photograph taken on the spot by Mr. Livernois, gives a fair idea of the character of the place, the nature of the casualty and the resistless force of the descending mass of rock. The particulars of the disaster are already familiar to our readers.

GRAND AGGREGATE: PRIVATE C. T. BURNS, VICTORIA RIFLES, WINNER OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S FIRST PRIZE.—To marksmen this engraving will be of special interest. As our military readers are aware, on the 6th ult. Private C. T. Burns, of the 3rd Victoria Rifles, took the lead in the match for the Governor-General's prizes, at the Dominion Rifle Association meeting at Ottawa—a victory of which Montreal was not unreasonably proud. His score was 95 out of a possible 105. The match is fired with Martini rifles at 200, 500 and 600 yards, seven shots at each range. It is restricted to the sixty men highest in the grand aggregate of the week's shooting. There are three cash prizes of \$250, \$150 and \$100 respectively, these all coming out of the \$500 donated annually by the Governor-General, and also handsome badges to the first ten. Private Burns' great score left him without a rival for first. Corporal Morris, of the 13th Battalion, Hamilton, was an undisputed second, with 93, but for the third prize Staff-Sergeant T. Mitchell, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, Toronto, and Capt. E. G. Zealand, of the 13th, tied with 92 points each and shot off five shots at 500 yards. The result was a victory for Mitchell, who scored 23 points to 17 for Zealand. For the last two badges five tied, with 87 points each, these being Staff-Sergt. Coulson Mitchell, of the 90th; Captain J. A. Longworth, P.E.I.G.A.; Sergt. C. M. Hall, 79th; Lieut. Desbarats, Vics, and Staff-Sergt. Pink, 43rd. They shot off also and the winners were the first two named. This left the ten prizemen of the Governor-General's match as follows:

	200 Yards.	500 Yards.	600 Yards.	T'tl.
Private C. T. Burns, Vics.	33	29	33	95
Corporal H. Morris, 13th	30	32	31	93
Staff-Sergeant T. Mitchell Grenadiers	30	29	30	92
Captain E. G. Zealand, 14th	31	33	28	92
Private J. H. Simpson, Grenadiers	31	31	29	91
Sergeant D. W. M. Loggie, M.F.B.	31	28	30	89
Major Garrison, H.G.A.	29	32	28	89
Captain J. A. Longworth, P.E.I.G.A.	30	33	25	88
Staff-Sergeant C. N. Mitchell, 90th	30	28	29	87

These were the scores of the other Montreal men who took part in the competition:

	200 Yards.	500 Yards.	600 Yards.	T'tl.
Lieutenant F. Desbarats, Vics.	28	32	27	87
Private E. H. Brown, Royal Scots	31	31	23	85
Sergeant J. Riddle, 6th	27	30	22	79
Private James Waters, 6th	27	23	27	77
Captain E. B. Busted, Vics.	27	24	24	75
Private D. Currie, Royal Scots	27	25	23	75
Sergeant J. Clark, Royal Scots	23	24	23	70

THE HAY HARVEST.—This is one of those scenes that always please, scenes that suggest Arcadian restfulness and peace, "far from the madding crowd." That, at least, is the impression which pictures of rural toil generally convey to the dwellers in cities. The reality may not be so elysian. Except in fancy, indeed, this earth contains no paradises, either in town or country. It is possible, nevertheless, to impart even to the rudest types of rustic drudgery something of the higher aspiration, lacking which humanity would be so desolate, without depriving the figures and their environment of their work-a-day reality. But only the pencil of genius can discharge the task effectively. To the ordinary spectator there might be no more in some Millet's wondrous interpretations of peasant life—with its hardships, its pathos, its faith and hope—than there is to the common mind in the ploughman at his work or plodding homeward when it is finished. His own generation was slow to recognize the sublime worth of the artist-preacher. Slowly the truth dawned upon the thoughtless, scornful world that Millet was a prophet and then those who had ignored him deemed it well to do him honour, though perhaps in somewhat vulgar fashion. His influence has been clearly seen in the better school of modern French realism. Millet's favourite themes did not admit of the excesses—some of them even more repulsive than the shameless photography of the literary realists—of uncompromising realism, and, in spite of his stern truthfulness, he always refined what he touched. Dupré seems to have some share of his power and this picture, "The Hay Harvest," is a fair example of his work. It is strong and true and worthy of careful study.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.—We present our readers, in this number, with several engravings of scenes connected with the summer meet of the American Canoe Association. These spirited and striking views illustrate a form of recreation and exercise which has always had a fascination for the lovers of nature and out-door life. Nor is canoeing without an element of utility which (apart from the benefits derived from all healthy exercise) is not always associated with popular amusements. "There are," says Carl Fuller in *Athletic Leaves*, "thousands of waterways almost unexplored, upon any of which a two weeks' or two months' holiday might be pleasantly spent, where there are good fishing for the sportsman, scenery of almost primeval freshness and beauty to delight the artist's eye, shady camping grounds, close to sparkling ice-cold springs and sandy beaches, where the poet might linger dreamily, and for the more adventurous and daring spirits an occasional rapid or waterfall, calling for nerve and pluck as the canoe whirls merrily through and glides safely into calm water once more." The naturalist may not only enjoy but profit by such a cruise. Indeed, some of the earliest, as well as the latest, and most valuable fruits of scientific exploration have been gained by penetrating into hitherto unknown regions along watery pathways in the strongly built canoe of native type. Especially has this been the case in our own fair and spacious land. "All through our history," says the author already mentioned, "the canoe is to be found from the time when Donnacona paid his visit of welcome to the Grande Hermine; when Jacques Cartier was paddled up to Hochelaga; when the noble Count de Frontenac crossed Lake Ontario, surrounded by his savage allies, to chastise the murderous Iroquois; when the Jesuits explored the great lakes, and Canadian canoes found their way to the Gulf of Mexico, and down through every period of the story to the present day." The impulse that has been given to canoeing during the last ten years has been extraordinary. The number of clubs in the United States and Canada is virtually countless, for hardly a week passes in which a new one does not start into existence. In the Old World canoeing is no less in vogue. It was there, indeed, that canoeing first came into fashion about twenty-five years ago—with the famous "Rob Roy" as a favourite type. In 1865 the Royal Canoe Club, of which the Prince of Wales became commodore, began its career, and soon after local clubs were formed all over the United Kingdom, as well as in France and the United States. In 1886 a new era in canoeing was marked by the visit to this side of the Atlantic of Messrs. Baden-Powell and Stewart, with their canoes, the Nautilus and the Pearl. The race in which they competed for an international prize was run on the St. Lawrence. This season "events" in the canoeing world were of more than ordinary interest, and not the least noteworthy were those which form the subject of our illustrations. The initial cruise of the American Canoe Association took place on the 13th of August from Steve Island (one of the Thousand Islands). Fully one hundred decked and undecked canoes assembled at headquarters, and when the signal gun was fired it was a beautiful spectacle to see the shapely little craft heel over to leeward and drive the foam from under their bows as they gathered way for the cruise. Commodore Rogers was in command, and the right and left divisions were in charge of Vice-Commodores Huntingdon and Lyson respectively. The fleet returned to camp after a most delightful day between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening. The most important of the annual races took place on the 21st of August. Among the winners were several Canadians, including Messrs. McKendrick and

Wright, Toronto, (tandem); Mr. M. F. Johnson, Toronto, (paddling, class 3), and Mr. Wright, of Toronto, (paddling, class 4), and McKendrick, (paddling, 4½ miles). In the race for the trophy, by previous winners, Mr. Ford Jones, of Brockville, Ont., was first, and Mr. Paul Butler, son of General B. F. Butler, second. It will doubtless interest our Canadian canoeists to learn that Mr. S. R. Stoddard, publisher, of Glens Falls, N.Y., to whose courtesy we are indebted for some of the photographs in this issue, is just bringing out a volume dealing with the canoe record of the past season, and containing twenty pages of pictures of noteworthy scenes, reproduced by the Photogravure Company of New York from the publisher's photographs. To members of canoe clubs and associations the book will be a pleasant and instructive souvenir of a more than usually successful season.

SCENES AT STEVE ISLAND.—Our artists have given us a rich supply of scenes, portraits and points of view, in connection with the meet of the American Canoe Association at Steve Island. No more delightful summer resort could be found in any part of the world.

So deep
Is the hue of the streams that the islands, asleep
On their bosom with verdure luxuriant, seem
To be part of them ever. You sail in a dream,
Winding in, winding out, in a labyrinth sweet
With the wood-blossoms thick in their silent retreat;
And you fancy that here, in its beauty supernal,
This calm afternoon is unending, eternal.
At length when emerged from the river's glad maze,
They were on a broad channel, lit up by the rays
Of the down-going sun. A cross yonder, Canadian
Hills sloped away in a beauty Arcadian:
Down the wide stream unobstructed, the view
Reached afar to the low-bending canopy blue:
On the right, close at hand were the Paradise Isles,
With their loveliness spanning the magical miles;
Over all, the soft glamour of sunset, as calm
And serene as the peace of a hallowing psalm.

The special points of interest which are presented in our engravings really interpret themselves, and we feel sure that they will be appreciated by all lovers of canoeing and of lovely scenery.

APPEAL.

Canadians! raise aloft your country's flag,
Nor low to earth, nor lifeless, see it drag,
Up! till each sign, in gentle winds unread,
Meets breezes strong, and every fold is spread.
Its place is high—above the feeble gust,
That dims its colour with a servile dust.
Among the storms, there see it proudly move,
The emblem of your country and your love—
Where all its noble length becomes unfurled
By winds that shake the proudest of the world.
Then, shall the nations read upon its face
Whatever, once, the country and the race,
One hope, and one ambition, closely tie
Your people to a common destiny.
A bond of kindred makes your pulses beat,
Frank, Saxon, Kelt, with triple force and heat;
Your veins no longer separate currents run;
Your hearts now animate and beat as one.
O noble land and people, growing strong,
One sky and flag is yours, whatever tongue.
To hold and crown your rampart and your hall
With zeal and valour needs the strength of all.
My countrymen! your fathers' valiant swords,
Their kings' decrees, their sages' golden words,
The world, down thro' the years, have ruled and led—
A rich inheritance came from the dead.
Their wisdom and their light is for your hand,
Blest with the rule of this most fruitful land,
Thick years will come, sprung from the seed you sow,
From these quick-ripening days will harvest grow
Of worth and power. The nation stands a-field,
Casting abroad the germ of future yield—
You are the strong of growth; you are the seed
To live forever; and the future's need.
The sun of progress shines, and day, full blest,
And loud with labour from the east and west,
Now rests with you. Across the island sea*
Mankind, new-born, obeyed its destiny,
And wandered westward, like a current's trend;
In Canada the roadway hath its end.
The marching centuries of race and race
Around the earth, on this finds halting-place.
Tow'rd either coast the ocean-currents glide,
And on their waves your sailors homeward ride.
No mimic ships are yours; the keels are deep;
Your sons are brave when angry waters leap.
A man is this whose axe doth clear the ground,
And where he smites, the forest tumbles round.
A warrior, too, the first to fall and bleed;
The foremost in the rank of noble deed.
At helm; with axe; before the foemen's guns;
You live and die your fathers' worthy sons.
Proud of your flag, see! how your praises swing
It, straight and clear, to nations heralding.
Wolfville, N.S. J. F. HERBIN.

* The Pacific.

At the recent exhibition of the phonograph in Paris, M. Gounod said that if a tune were played and recorded on the cylinder it might be transposed into different keys by turning the cylinder faster or slower. It is stated that this fact was demonstrated by means of a cornet played near the phonograph.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION MEETING AT STEVE ISLAND, ONT.

From photos. by R. W. Anderson, Toronto.

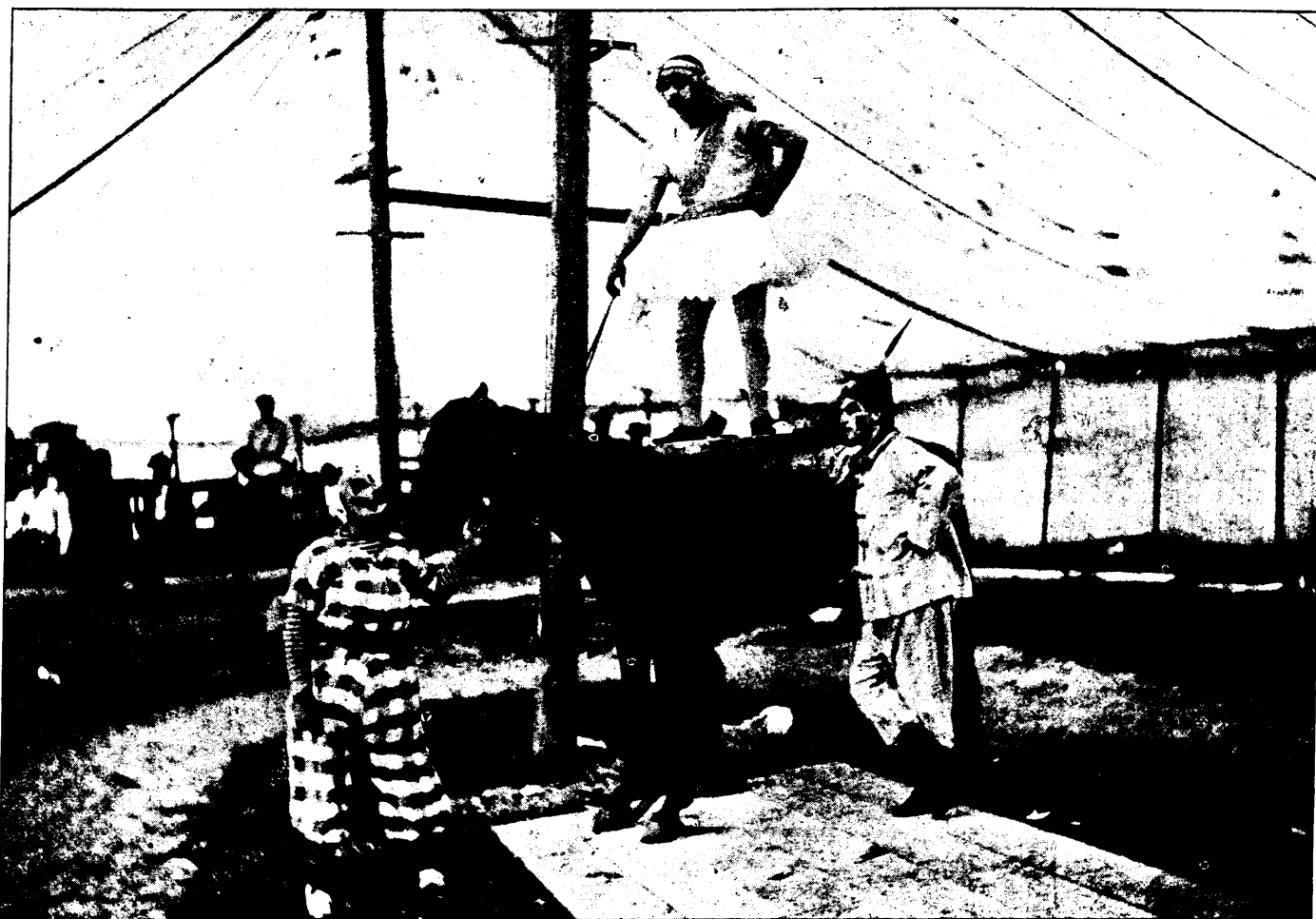


GROUP OF MEMBERS AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION AND LADIES.



THE TORONTO CANOES.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION MEETING AT STEVE ISLAND, ONT.



THE CIRCUS AT THE A. C. A. MEETING. S. R. Stoddard, photo.

Clowns: } MR. C. O. WINNE. *Mlle Jabberwocki*: GEO. A. WARDER.
 } MR. B. T. KIRKHOUSE.



EARLY MORNING IN CAMP. From a photo. by Mr. R. C. Matheson, Toronto.

THE CHARMING OLD FRENCH LOVE STORY
OF

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE.

(HUNTER DUVAR'S TRANSLATION.)

A distinguished French antiquarian, Monsieur de Sainte Pelaye (like the "Old Mortality" who spent his time in retouching the gravestones of the martyred Scottish covenanters), expended his time and fortune in rescuing from oblivion the works of the Troubadours. Rummaging, one day, in the year 1752, in a dusky nook behind the arras, he dragged out a mouse-eaten bundle of vellum, and lo! he had discovered a tender Lai of Love and Chivalry, by a nameless poet of about the twelfth century. The charming romance of this lay and the sweet simplicity and *naïveté* of its sentiments place it in the first rank of the love tales of any age or country.

The poem has been repeatedly republished in France, and thrice translated into German. There are three translations, all recent, that I have met with in English, Bourdillon's being the best, yet I do not wish to be guilty of presumption in thinking that all of the English versions are more of paraphrase than translation. In the following versification it is attempted to adhere as closely as possible to the peculiarities of the rhythm, which, it has to be remembered, was accompanied by a simple air on a lute or—to speak profanely—a banjo. A slight twiddle of the strings tapered off each verse to a close. It must have been a monotonous performance, depending much for effect on gesture and inflection of the voice.

The nameless author calls his work by the unique name of a *Chantefable*, and describes himself as "an old vagabond, *viel caitif*." But to our story.

Aucassin was the young lord's name. He was gallant and good-looking, and strongly built and well-shapen in legs and feet and trunk and arms. He had fair hair, in little curls, and his eyes were grey and laughing, his countenance clear and shapely, his nose high and well-placed, and he was so imbued with fine qualities that there was no evil in him but only good. But he was so conquered by love (which conquers all) that he did not care to be a cavalier, nor take arms, nor go to the tourney, nor do anything that he ought to have done. And his love was for Nicolette.

For the mayor of the town had bought a little maid from the Saracens and had reared her as his goddaughter and had baptized her "Nicolette," and intended one day to find her a young bachelor for a husband, who would earn bread for her honourably.

Nicolette is thus prettily described: She had golden hair that hung in curls, and her eyes were blue-grey and laughing; her face oval, with a delicately shaped nose, and lips more vermilion than rose or cherry in the summer time; her teeth white and small; her breasts were firm and bulged her vest like two walnuts, and her waist was so slim you could span it with your two hands; and the white daisies that she broke off with her toes and that fell across her instep (in escaping through a garden) showed black beside the whiteness of her feet and legs, so very white was the maiden. This last simile is especially fine.

The Count of Beaucaire, father of Aucassin, seems to have been a surly and false old person, who was naturally incensed at the love passages of this handsome young couple, and went so far as to lock Nicolette up. This was in the month of May, when the days were warm and long and clear and the nights so still and cloudless.

According to the pleasant custom of the time, Count Bougart de Valence send word to his neighbour of Beaucaire that, D.V., he was coming to burn his castle and hang him over his own doorstep. Aucassin refused to stir a step in his father's defence unless Nicolette were set free, which the crafty old Count promised, but failed to do, whereon Nicolette escaped by a rope ladder and took to the woods. The woods were very dreary for the young girl. Happening to meet with some louts of herdboys, she left a message with them for Aucassin to the effect that there was a fawn in the forest that he was to come and hunt, and if he could catch it he would not give one limb of it for a hundred

marks of gold—no, nor for five hundred, nor for any wealth.

Leaving the herdboys, she took her way among the leafy trees till she came to an open glade where seven roads forked. There, to attract the notice of her lover, she built a bower

With the leaves of the fleur-de-lys
And of the scrub oak called garris.

Aucassin soon came along, and after being unmercifully chaffed by the herdboys, learned from them that his love had gone by—"just as we were eating our bread at the spring, a maiden came here, the most beautiful thing in the world, so that we thought it was a fairy and that all the wood lighted with her." Aucassin tosses them some coppers and rides into the wood, singing gaily:

Nicolette, O full of grace!
For you I thrid this leafy place;
Stag nor boar I now pursue,
But I hunt the trail for you.
Your sweet laugh and soft replies,
And the blue-grey of your eyes,
Have my heart brought near to death;
But I'll search while I have breath,
And will find, please God the Strong!
My love ere long.

All day down an old grass-grown path he rode. Coming where the seven roads forked, he saw the bower Nicolette had made and lined within and without and above and before with flowers, and it was so pretty that prettier it could not be. Here he leaped down so hastily that he dislocated his shoulder-blade.

[A portion of the manuscript is here torn off, but the fragments show that on looking up Aucassin saw one star brighter than the rest, and he breaks out into a piece of extravagance]:

O star that I behold,
Enwrapped in the moon's fold,
Perhaps my dearest love
Is now in thee above,
And God has, I believe,
Ta'en her for star of eve.

Nicolette hears him and comes running out and they kissed and caressed each other and their joy was beautiful. More than that, being skilled in minor surgery, as were other "blessed demoiselles" of her time, she pulled his dislocation into place and bandaged it with the lappel of her smock. Then mounting his horse, Aucassin took his love in front of him, and they set out into the open.

Handsome Aucassin the fair,
Bonny lad and *debonair*,
Forth from the great wood rode out,
In his arms took Nicolette,
With clasped arms round about,
And, as she on saddle set,
Kissed her on the eyes and brow,
And her mouth and chin, I trow.
Then said she: "Love, tell to me
To what country do we flee?"
Answered he: "I do not care
Where we go so thou art there,
Same are woods and deserts, too,
Sweetheart, if I be with you!"
Passed they valleys, hills and towns,
Cities, with their great renowns,
Until, at the dawn of day,
Lo! the sea before them lay,
And they lighted on the strand
Of the sea sand.

Here they took passage with some merchants and reached the country of Torelore, where they met with several ludicrous adventures, but where they lived for a considerable time, in all honour, until the place was sacked by the Saracens and the lovers were carried away captive in separate ships. Fortunately that in which was Aucassin was wrecked and drifted to Beaucaire, where he became lord, his father being dead. But he ever mourned his lost love, grieving for her more

Than for his kindred every one,
Though they all were dead and gone.

Meanwhile Nicolette, captive in a ship belonging to the king of Carthage, was questioned by the crew as to who she was, but could answer nothing, until, coming to Carthage, she recognized the place and remembered that she was the daughter of the king. The old king and her twelve brothers knew her and made much of her, and would have married her to a paynim lord.

Poor Nicolette was at her wits' end, and so she stole away in the night and took refuge in the house of a poor woman who lived on the beach. With her she stayed until she had time to get a coat and cloak and shirt and breeches made, and to learn to play on the viol. Then, donning her male raiment, she stained her face with the juice of an herb and bargained with a mariner, who carried her across the high seas to the land of Provence. There she took her viol (*Anglice* a fiddle) and went playing through all the country in guise of a minstrel, until she came to the castle of Beaucaire. Aucassin was sitting on a balcony with his captains about him. Nicolette lifted viol, lifted bow and sang:

List me, gallant gentles, ho!
Seated there all in a row,
Will it please you hear a song
Of Aucassin the bold baron,
And of Nicolette the true?
So much love was twixt the two
She in forest dark and grim
Long was sought and found by him.
But from Torelore one day
Rovers carried them away
O'er the sea to foreign shore.
Of Aucassin I know no more.

Nicolette, of fair renown,
Is in Carthage castled town,
Where her father is the king,
And to her in love doth cling;
But to paynim would her wed.
Nicolette will ne'er be led,
For one's love she erst did win,
And his name is Aucassin.
She hath sworn by God his name
Never will she wed with shame—
Never wed save her true beau,
Whom she loves so.

"Fair, sweet friend," said Aucassin to the disguised girl, "know you of this Nicolette of whom you have sung?"

"Sir, yes, I know her."

Then he gave her twenty pounds to go and fetch her. So she went to the mayoress of the town (for the mayor was dead) and told her all the story. Then she took the juice of the herb celandine, and washing the henna from her face, awaited in woman's gear for Aucassin's coming.

Need we say more?

When she saw her dearest friend
Where she, waiting, did attend,
Sudden leaped she to her feet
And went forward him to greet.
When he on his love did look,
In his arms her form he took,
Kissed her on eyes and face,
Till the night drew on apace.
Early with the morn astir
Came Aucassin and married her,
And made her Lady of Beaucaire.
Many years this loving pair
Led a life of fond delight—
Aucassin had his full share,
Nicolette was happy quite.
My Song Story ends just so.
That's all I know.

Hernewood, P. E. I.

AMERICANEE.

I had just arrived in America and was taking my breakfast in the breakfast room of the hotel when a pretty woman came in with a little child and seated herself near me. The child had no appetite and refused, in a whining voice, everything that was offered to it. The mother was apparently disturbed by this, and at last relapsed into silence for a few minutes. Then suddenly she turned to the child and said: "Well, don't you feel like beefsteak?" Belmont—Feel like beefsteak! That was good. It is better than the singular epithet I once heard an American lady apply to a fish at a table d'hôte. When it was placed on the table she turned to her husband and exclaimed; "What an elegant fish!" Mallet—Odder still is the American use of love for their friends. Belmont—I beg your pardon. They "perfectly love" beef, I admit, but persons are "perfectly sweet and lovely" too. Think of a "perfectly sweet and lovely" man, or a man who, besides being "perfectly fascinating," is also "just as sweet and lovely as he can be"; and I know not how many times I have heard that phrase.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

LITERARY NOTES

The Marquis of Lorne has written a poem entitled "Who is the Happiest?" It is to appear in the *Scot's Magazine*.

Robert Louis Stevenson's illustrated novel, "The Master of Ballantrae," which has been running through *Scribner's*, is published in book form.

Prof. Schurman, of Cornell University, formerly of Dalhousie College, Halifax, is writing a book shortly to be published. His last work was "The Ethical Import of Darwinism."

A Sanskrit translation of the lost books of Euclid is said to have been found at Jeypore. The announcement will be received with moderated enthusiasm by undergraduates who have not a passion for geometry.

William M. Rossetti has written a book on his famous brother entitled "Dante Gabriel Rossetti as Designer and Writer," which will be sure of a sympathetic audience. It includes a prose paraphrase of "The House of Life."

"Six Hundred and Eleven Hints and Points for Sportsmen" is the title of a new manual of field sports and camp life now in the press of the Forest and Steam Publishing Company of New York, and to be issued immediately.

The recent death of Professor Beal, of University College, London, at the age of 64, removes one of the foremost European scholars of Chinese and the author of some standard oriental works. His "Buddhist Records of the Western World," "Travels of Buddhist Pilgrims," and "Life of Hiouen Tsang" are works that will long be valued by Orientalists.

Mr. John Heywood, of Manchester, will this season publish in two editions a selection of Hans Andersen's "Tales and Stories," as No. 4 of his Literary Readers for use in Elementary Schools. The selection and translation is by Mr. Alfonzo Gardiner, the editor of the series, and will include the most popular of these inimitable tales, together with others that are not quite so well known, but are equally pleasing and interesting. The book will be fully illustrated, and, as in previous volumes of the series, full foot-notes will explain the historical references, etc.

Mr. H. Clarke Russell, the great novelist of life on the ocean wave, has written a short biography of the famous William Dampier, for the "English Men of Action" series (Macmillan & Co., New York; Williamson & Co., Toronto). Dampier rose from the rank of a sailor to be one of the most scientific navigators of his time, and one of the earliest circumnavigators of the earth. His notes on strange birds and fishes are valuable unto this day. His adventures were amazing, and out of all the interest attaching to his career Mr. Russell has made a very attractive volume.

The Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company starts well with a list of ten books for the approaching autumn. It includes two stories by John Law, author of "Captain Lobe," one entitled "A Manchester Shirtmaker," and the other a second edition of "A City Girl." Then there are a novel, "Ruby," by Amye Reade, illustrated by Talbot Hughes; "A Book of Vagrom Men and Vagrant Thoughts," by a new writer; "The Education of Man," by John G. Speed; "After Shipwreck," by J. A. Owen; and "The Laws of National Evolution," from the French ("Contrat National") of Ph. Delbert.

Scribner's Magazine for October contains an exciting exploration article, in which Joseph Thomson describes his remarkable and famous journey through equatorial Africa; a very practical paper on the best way to improve the common roads of the United States; an end paper by "Ilk Marvel," the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor"; one of the most attractive electric articles, showing modern applications of electricity to war, on land and sea; the end of Stevenson's great romance, "The Master of Ballantrae"; an unconventional travel article on Iceland; the second instalment of Harold Frederic's romance of Colonial New York; with other interesting fiction and poems. Most of these articles are richly illustrated.

Of the drawings of relics of the royal house of Stuart, which Mr. W. Gibb is executing, there are four of the regalia—the first being of the old crown of Scotland, a subject to which special interest is attached, inasmuch as there is some reason to believe that the lower rim is the same as was placed on the head of Robert the Bruce by the Countess of Mar. The other drawings are of the sword of state, the sceptre, and the Crown jewels. None of these ancient memorials of royalty have been previously drawn in colour. The other drawings comprise such personal possessions of the Stuarts as the leading-strings of James VI., sewn by Mary Queen of Scots; a purse also sewn by Queen Mary and now in the possession of the Queen; the lace collar, cap, and gloves worn by Charles I. at his execution; and a beautiful suit of tilting armour worn by Henry, Prince of Wales, which has been drawn at Windsor Castle by special permission of the Queen.

A WORD FOR PARTIALS AND OCCASIONALS.

In every revolution there has been excess. The physical law of action and reaction is always repeating itself in social history. For a long time it was not considered necessary or proper for a woman to be highly educated; now the idea has become widely spread that no woman can be truly educated unless she has a university degree. Let us consider the matter fairly.

A woman differs from a man in that she has many places to occupy in the world and a man but few. Therefore, a woman has not so much time to devote to any one object as a man. If she devotes a number of years entirely to the furtherance of one of her positions, she must neglect the others. A woman needs to consider deeply where her best place in the world is before she devotes four years of her life to the accumulation of knowledge.

For women who are obliged to earn their living and are fitted to do so by teaching, the full college course is eminently suitable, and also for those who have a thirst for knowledge, which is in itself an evidence of genius. There may be a few others who have much time to spend and no great talents to cultivate who would profit by a college course; but one can easily perceive that there are many school-girls not embraced in these classes. Many have no taste for learning at all, and they often make useful women. Many are needed to help in the bringing up of a large family. Many also are anxious for a higher education, but require much of their time for the cultivation of important artistic talents.

Any girl who, immediately on leaving school, enters on an arduous course of study, must deprive herself of a great deal of the family life, and, should she marry when she leaves college, she shall miss one of the sweetest parts of her existence—the society, love, and full understanding of her own family, and is truly better acquainted with her fellow students than with her brothers and sisters. But now I repeat that one can be truly educated without being a B.A. We can join the unpretentious body of partials and occasionals and thus at our leisure cultivate mental and artistic talents without detriment to our home life, and so in the end do, perhaps, as much good to the world as those women who proudly bear the title of Bachelor of Arts.

To do good to the world and to spend her time so as to make her most fitted to be useful ought to be the great aim of woman, and she ought to choose that lot in life that shall best advance her aim.

Should women take a college course for the gratification of an unworthy ambition, they shall only form a society of pedants. The world, whether ignorant or learned, alike rejects a woman of the Casaubon type.

This paper has been written, not for the purpose of underrating the advantage of a college course for those whom it suits, but to show that amongst the partial students are enrolled many as ambitious and fond of learning as their B.A. sisters, but who cannot give out of their small budget of time so large a share to the mere accumulation of knowledge.

AN OCCASIONAL.

LANCE REPLIES.

BOURNEMOUTH.

DEAR MORDUE,—Yes, I had been reading some of those speeches you make reference to in your letter. The fact is, we English over here get most of our Canadian news through the American papers, and, of course, it is more or less tinged with their view of the matter. I feel ashamed to mention the Behring Sea question to you after your loyal remarks on the feeling between Canada and the Mother Country; but it is no use shirking it, as you will be sure to refer to it in your next letter. My first feelings on hearing of the Behring Sea seizures were intense surprise that a nation like the United States, which has every reason to be proud of the position it holds among other nations, should stoop to such thieving practices, though I am glad to see from some of the papers that the *true* Americans are heartily ashamed of the whole thing, and rightly regard it as a slur on their honour and integrity. As for the dilatory course our Government have pursued, it is inexcusable. If this had been the first offence there might have been some excuse; but when it reaches so far back as three years

ago, it becomes too serious a thing to be passed over. Prompt action taken then would have saved all this trouble and inconvenience suffered by the sealers now, not to speak of the ill-feeling which has been roused. England cannot afford to have the brightest jewel in her possessions suffer such humiliating treatment as it has been subject to of late.

And now for a surprise. I have been to the Paris Exhibition. Yes, actually left my quiet town for the bustle and whirl of Paris. Of course, one of the first places I visited was the Canadian section, in which I was very much disappointed. The wigwams, with the Indians selling their bead-work, look sadly out of place among the magnificent sections from the New World. It was an opportunity that should not have been missed of showing what Canada could do. One old Irish lady seemed lost in amazement over the appearance of the Indians. "To think," she said, "of my poor, darling boy, having to live among such savages." I tried to tell her that the Indians did not make up the great majority in Canada. But it was of no use, she only shook her head and said they were wicked looking creatures, and, no doubt, would just as soon scalp you as not. She evidently looked upon Canada as still in her primitive state. In the evening I dined at T.'s, where I met one of your countrywomen, a Miss H., one of the most agreeable conversationalists that I have had the pleasure of meeting. I obtained more general knowledge of the wonderful growth of Canada in our conversation during the evening than I had from all my readings. The last few years, she said, had seen no greater work achieved than the building of the trans-continental railway, which has united the Atlantic with the Pacific coasts, binding the interests of the people closer together, and making them realize more fully their share in the Dominion. I am filled with a desire to explore this wonderful land of yours, with its great lakes and mighty rivers and vast mineral wealth. Miss H. also mentioned the rapid growth of the North-West, with its boundless prairies, already yielding rich harvests to the farmer. It is no wonder you Canadians are so proud of your country. The only drawback is, you are too modest about it. However, I suppose you think one great booster on a continent is enough. I very nearly got into Miss H.'s bad graces by saying that I supposed she was one of those in favour of annexation. Of course, I knew better; but I wanted to hear what she thought about it. All she answered was, "Remember the War of 1812."

"I would like," she said, in her animated way, "to go on a lecturing tour through England with Canada as my subject, for I do think that a greater interest in and knowledge of our country should be shown by England." The fact is, some of your countrymen have very queer and vague ideas of your land. For instance, while in London, I was invited to a dinner party, and in conversation with the son of the house, he informed me that he had spent a most delightful winter in Halifax. "And, do you know," he said, looking attentively at me, "I don't remember to have met you." I looked at him to see if he were in earnest, when one of his American cousins, who was visiting there, said laughingly as she saw my surprised look, "Jack's knowledge of Canadian geography is somewhat limited. Toronto and Halifax are some miles apart. Are they not, Miss H.?"

I enjoyed my visit to Paris exceedingly. Such crowds of laughing holiday-making people I never met with before. One can hardly realize as you meet them chatting and laughing in the Boulevards that the dreadful drama of the Revolution was ever enacted there. Such wonderful spirits they have, taking life as light-hearted children. The Boulevards are thronged every evening as late as one o'clock, the strains of music only ceasing then. To one accustomed to a quiet life, it would seem as though the place was ruled by a fun-loving genius. The women as a rule are pretty, indeed the very plainest seem less plain with their graceful movements and bright quick ways. Most of them are dark, but a few you see with fair hair, which is somewhat unnaturally shining to be genuine. But, as far as beauty is concerned, the Londoners are handsomer than the Parisians. Miss H., who has travelled a great deal, said that in no place had she seen so many handsome women as there. I caught a glimpse of the Shah several times, once at the Wild West Show, which he seemed to be enjoying immensely, the only drawback being that he would have liked to have seen a *real* scalping scene, indeed he offered his own barber for the occasion, and was quite disappointed that his offer was not accepted. If you have no home or family ties Paris is the place to live in. One thing that surprised me was the number of English books and magazines that are read now in Paris, and English is frequently heard among the higher classes. One of the most charming sights I saw in Paris was the flower booths—crowded with flowers of all sizes and colours, and so artistically blended together. The rose show at the Exhibition was wonderfully beautiful. Such a gathering was never seen before. Roses from all climes had their place there. One florist had the ceiling of his tent studded with marguerites. The Parisians are genuine lovers of flowers, and at Paris you see them in their full beauty. No matter how poor the place may be, you will be sure to find the box of flowers and the trained vines, showing the innate love for the beautiful in the French character. All Paris seemed to me to live more or less out of doors. Whether you went to the Champs Elysées, the Boulevards, or the Bois de Boulogne, crowds of people were always to be seen. When the time came for me to leave I did so regretfully, feeling as though I would fain linger longer in that city of pleasure.

LANCE.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION MEETING AT STEVE ISLAND, ONT.

From photos. by S. R. Stoddard, Glen's Falls, N.Y.



THE TUG-OF-WAR.



THE BOBCAYGEON CLUB CAMP.



THE CANOE UNK-TA-HEE.



RECEPTION DAY AT HEAD-QUARTERS.



THE HAY HARVEST.

By Dupré.

Photo. supplied by G. F. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soudie Photograph Company.



The ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.

Individual plates for vegetables are not used much now. Only salads are separately served.

When recipes call for a cupful it means just half a pint; this amount in granulated sugar weighs just half a pound.

To take ink out of linen, dip the ink spot in pure melted tallow, then wash out the tallow and the ink will come out with it.

A silver spoon put into a glass jar will temper it so that it can at once be filled with anything hot, even to the boiling point.

Make a list, in the order in which you pack them, of the contents of your woollen chest, and paste it on the outside. Then the articles at the head of the list will be in the bottom of the box.

It is a good plan to keep a quantity of sifted flour in the pantry, ready for the making of biscuits, cake or pie, so as to be prepared if they were wanted in a hurry, as in case of company coming and remaining to a meal.

For hard boiled eggs, cook them twenty minutes in water just bubbling. The yolk of an egg cooked ten minutes in rapidly boiling water is tough and indigestible; cooked twenty minutes it is dry, mealy and easily digested.

A croupy cough can often be loosened and prevented by swathing the throat with dry, warm flannels; a thick pack of them to sweat the throat and chest often helps so rapidly that it is not necessary to sicken the child with ipecac or to wake the house kindling fires or preparing hot packs.

To clean and remove stains from marble the following is useful: Two parts of common soda, one part of pumice stone and one part finely powdered chalk; sift through a fine sieve and mix with water; rub it well over the marble and wash off with soap and water. Polish the marble with a piece of flannel or old felt.

PEACH PYRAMID.—Cut a dozen and a half ripe peaches in halves, and remove the stones. Make a syrup of sugar and water, dissolve an ounce of isinglass and stir in; fill a mould half full of the syrup. Set in a cool place until thick, add the peaches and more of the syrup and when formed turn out, and serve with cake.

To wash draperies or curtains of art muslin successfully, lay them in cold water to soak out the worst of the dirt; then wash in tepid water with good soap, but no soda; rinse through cold water with a little salt if the colours are not perfectly fast, and dry quickly; fold before they are quite dry and iron lightly with a not too hot iron.

To prepare a whitewashed wall for papering scrape off as much as possible of the whitewash and sweep or rub the wall well to remove all dust; then with a whitewash brush give the walls a coat of sizing (a solution of half a pound of glue to about three gallons of water), and when this is dry hang the paper with paste in the usual way.

OLD-FASHIONED TOMATO CATSUP.—Chop fine half a bushel of green tomatoes, mix in a teacupful of fine salt, let stand over night; in the morning drain and press as dry as possible. Add a teacupful of grated horseradish, four to six onions, chopped fine, two heaping tablespoonfuls of ground cloves and the same of allspice; mix all well together and pack in a jar; pour on enough cold cider vinegar to well cover your tomatoes, etc.

Green tomato preserve is very rich and looks like preserved figs. Select those of uniform size and shape and prick each with a coarse needle three or four times. To eight pounds of the tomatoes add seven of sugar, the juice of four lemons, half an ounce of ginger and half an ounce of mace. Heat all slowly together till the fruit becomes clear. Remove from the kettle with a perforated ladle, and cool without breaking. Boil the syrup slowly till thick and then pour over the tomatoes in the jars. Do not cover till cold.

Fish, fried or baked a delicate brown, looks and tastes well with thin slices of lemon scattered over it, and the platter of cold meat or croquettes should have a little light green peeping out from the midst. If you cannot get parsley, take the tender leaves that sprout from turnips or carrots; or raise a pot of something among your house plants. One evening I had a friend drop in to tea, and in despair I had to take half a dozen rose geranium leaves to decorate my plate of cold tongue. It was praised as being "so unique and delicate."—*Effie Whipple Dana*.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Select the largest firm, ripe tomatoes for frying. Cut them in halves and put them in a frying pan that can be covered, having first melted two tablespoonfuls of butter in the pan; place the tomatoes with the skin side down, and on the top of each half put as much of bread crumbs as it will hold, seasoned with salt and pepper. Cover the tomatoes and allow them to cook ten minutes without removing the cover; then take out the tomatoes on a platter and set where they will keep hot, while you prepare a gravy for them as follows: If the butter has cooked away, add a little more to the frying pan; pour in half a teacupful of boiling water, then thicken with

a teaspoonful of flour wet with a little water. Stir until it boils, season with salt and pepper, and pour over the tomatoes.

PICKLES.—Of all the luxuries a housekeeper can have on her table, nothing surpasses home-made pickles, as they are not only superior in flavour to any that can be bought, but are so much more apt to be pure—alum, copperas and other ingredients of a doubtful nature being used by most manufacturers of pickles in large quantities. Nearly all country housekeepers understand the art of making pickles as their grandmothers and mothers made them, but there are a number of new and excellent recipes which give variety to the table. The following are from the best authorities on the subject:—*Cucumber Pickles*.—Wash and wipe five dozen small cucumbers and place in jars, cover with boiling brine, and let stand twenty-four hours; take out, wipe, place in stone or glass jars, and cover with hot vinegar well spiced. Set away for two weeks, and they are ready for use. These pickles are much more brittle than those put up in brine. *Pickled Spiced Cucumbers*.—Soak salt pickles from the brine until fresh; put in a kettle and cover with a gallon of strong vinegar, add half a cup of mustard seed, half a cup of celery seed, half a cup each of bruised ginger root and black pepper, half a dozen heads of garlic, two sliced onions, a fourth of an ounce each of turmeric, cloves, mace and allspice, one pod of red pepper, half a teacup of grated horseradish and a pound of brown sugar. Let boil, put in a jar and let stand all night; pour the spiced vinegar back into the kettle, let come to a boil, and pour over the pickles. Set away for one week, when they will be ready for use. *Pickled Cauliflower*.—Take good, white heads in small pieces and boil in salt and water. Drain; when cold, put in spiced vinegar. *Nasturtium Pickles*.—Gather the berries when full grown, put in a pot, pour boiling salt water over them, let stand three or four days; strain and cover with spiced vinegar. *Pickled Artichokes*.—Rub off the outer skin, lay in salt water for a day, drain, and pour over them cold vinegar, adding grated horseradish.

"GOOD HOUSEKEEPING" MELODIES.

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

How can I tell her?
By her cellar.
Cleanly shelves and whitened wall,
I can guess her
By her dresser;
By the back staircase and hall.
And with pleasure
Take her measure
By the way she keeps her brooms;
Or the peeping
At the "keeping"
Of her back and unseen rooms.
By her kitchen's air of neatness,
And its general completeness;
Where in cleanliness and sweetness
The rose of order blooms.

HOUSE CLEANING.

Sing a song of cleaning house!
Pocketful of nails?
Four-and-twenty dust-pans,
Scrubbing-brooms and pails!
When the door is open,
Wife begins to sing,—
"Just help me move this bureau here,
And hang this picture, won't you, dear?
And tack that carpet by the door,
And stretch this one a little more,
And drive this nail, and screw this screw;
And here's a job I have for you—
This closet door will never catch,
I think you'll have to fix the latch;
And oh, while you're about it, John,
I wish you'd put the cornice on,
And hang this curtain, when you're done
I'll hand you up the other one:
This box has got to have a hinge
Before I can put on the fringe;
And won't you mend that broken chair?
I'd like a hook put up right there,
The bureau drawer must have a knob;
And here's another little job—
I really hate to ask you, dear—
But could you fix a bracket here?"
And on it goes, when these are through,
With this and that and those to do,
Ad infinitum, and more too,
All in a merry jingle,—
And isn't it enough to make
A man wish he was single? (Almost.)

Professor Forbes declares that the only types of under-ground cables apparently suitable for permanent work are either bare copper supported on insulators or else vulcanized india rubber, or perhaps okonite.

Chemical experts who have been analysing lager beer say that but comparatively little malted barley is now used in its manufacture, and that its ingredients are provocative of kidney disease and other fatal maladies when a person drinks much of the beer.

A HEROINE.

(A FRAGMENT.)

Biddy. Thim fairlocks makes me trimble, sure,
Ony to see 'em whin the byes does drill.
Sergeant. You're but a coward! Now, I knew a girl—
A fine, strong, healthy wench, like you, she
was—
That saved her father's life with his own sword.
Biddy. Ugh! marcy! the horrid cuttin' things!
I hates to see 'em, they're so spiteful lookin'.
Mrs. Ross. How did that happen, Sergeant?
Sergeant. Well, ma'am, it was a lass
That loved her father well, and never slept,
She told me, when she thought he would be
fighting.
Her mother tried to keep what news she got
From Patty's ears, because she feared, the girl,
Devoured by constant dread, would do some-
thing
Unwomanly or rash if dreadful straits
Beset her father's corps. But 'twas no use.
And one day she was gone; nor could they
learn
A word about her till a sennight after
A low voice and a tapping woke the mother.
She, rising, let her truant daughter in,
A burden on her back, a precious load—
Her fainting father.
Mrs. Ross. Mercy! Where had she been?
Sergeant. The girl had learned by quick-set ears and
eyes
That Howe had reinforcements and would try
To cross the Plains and take Fort Washington.
There lay her father's corps. So, seized at
once
With such anxiety as palls the reason,
She started off, and by swift travelling
Just reached the spot to meet the thick of
battle.
Here, 'mid the din of warlike sound, she
learned
Her father's whereabouts, and hanging round,
With eyes love-strengthened, peered him out
Amid the throng, and watched him charge
and fight,
Her arms up, lab'ring with his every swing,
Her own voice added to the horrid din,
Until the ranks gave somewhat way, and he,
With many another, fell. Then, then she
sped,
Like to a deerhound, till she reached the spot
Where a tall Hessian stood in act to strike.
Her father, on one knee, parried his thrust,
But lost his weapon. Mad with pious rage,
She caught it up, and with a furious blow
Struck down the foreigner. By this
The storm of war had forward passed and left
Wounded and dead and dying on the field.
But she saw none except her father, prone,
Dead, as she feared. Taking the body up,
Much as we lift a heavy child, she bore
It quickly from the field to a small cave
Beside a rill, where she had passed a night.
And then she must have fainted, for no more
She knew until the gentle moon had cast a
beam
Athwart her face. Fetching her senses back
By one grand effort, she arose to find
Her father moaning, yet unconscious still.
To make my story short—by such wise care
As love and common sense devise
She brought him round, bound up his bleed-
ing wounds,
And next night, when the moon went down,
took up
The wounded man upon her back and started
home.
So weak he was from pain and loss of blood
He could not stand; yet by a thousand arts,
Only to be devised by love and dread,
She got them food, and kept him out of sight,
Not knowing friend from foe, or which side
won,
Until at five days' end she won him home,
And laid her precious charge on his own
couch.

Mrs. Ross. Brave lass! I'd give my Bob to such an one.
A girl like that deserves a worthy man.

Sergeant. She got one, ma'am, a U. E. Loyalist,
Though she was Yankee.

Biddy. I thought thim Yankees niver was no good.
Sergeant. You're green, wench, green. Some Yankees
save the rest
And she was of them.

Mrs. Ross. There's not a woman now
Could match her pluck and spirit that I know.
You're hasty, Sergeant, to misjudge us so.
'Tis but the ancient tale of courage roused
By love. Woman is still the same, I think.
What won't she do for sake of him she loves.
Father or husband?

S. A. CURZON.

THE JUBILEE OF "FESTUS."

The first and immediate result of the publication of Mr. Bailey's poem in 1839 was the encouragement of poetical lawlessness. That "Festus" should be successful on its first appearance was in no degree to be wondered at. It came at a moment when poetry was in a low condition in this country, when the influence of Byron, though still paramount, was on the decline, and when the healthier influences of Keats and Wordsworth had not passed beyond a confined circle. The "Faust" of Goethe was the ruling poem of the hour in this country; after having been slowly accepted by a few readers in England, it had gradually spread, in the early translations, to the body of the nation. Tennyson was writing his enchanting melodies, which were to bring English taste back to the art of poetry; but Tennyson was still unknown. The early writings of Mr. Browning, so far as they were as yet understood, supported the "Faust" manner of composition. In this very blank and quiet time, when, to a superficial eye, English poetry seemed to be almost extinguished, Mr. Pickering produced a volume of anonymous verse entitled "Festus," which was hailed at once by a hundred voices as the manifest "Faust" of the English-speaking nations, presenting a genius as great as that of Goethe, with the further adornment of an English piety. Amid the clamour of welcome, one critic of high position allowed himself to write: "The poet of 'Festus' transcends even Goethe in one particular—in the sacred character of his poem." That "Festus" should succeed on its first appearance was no matter for surprise. What amazes us is that its vogue should have continued. In 1839 Lord Tennyson stated—and it is one of his very rare utterances on contemporary poetry—"I can scarcely trust myself to say how much I admire 'Festus,' for fear of falling into extravagance." Would he, would any judge of poetry, say as much now? We think not; yet the public seems as pleased as ever. We may trace the immediate effect of the publication of "Festus" on the poetry which followed it from younger hands. It affected Miss Barrett, as may be seen in her volumes of 1844. It affected Mr. Browning, beyond a doubt, in the execution of several of his "Bells and Pomegranates." But it may be seen working, like a coarse and fiery spirit, in the very blood of those feebler poets who began to come forward forty years ago, and who, as the Spasmodic School, ruled English poetry for a while with a fantastic sway. Nothing is more interesting than to trace the direct effect of "Festus" on these once influential writers. Sydney Dobell, in 1846, says: "I am going to read Bailey's 'Festus,' of which I as yet know nothing. Envy me." He reads it, and his own "Roman" is the first result. But it immediately affects all his conceptions of poetic art. We find him emitting such sentiments as these in his letters: "Poetry should roll from the heart as tears from the eye—unbidden. * * * Rhyme is the curse of our language and literature." This was for some years the theory of poetry as an artless inspiration, a flow of interminable blank verse thrown up in a liquid state red-hot from the volcanic mind. For this heresy "Festus" was doubtless responsible; and, apart from the pleasure given by its positive poetic merits, which are not few, it must be regarded as having been a great corrupter of taste.—*The Spectator*.

FLORENCE IN THE TIME OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

Florence was the Athens of the mediæval Greece, with Lorenzo de' Medici for her Pericles. Nowhere was the classic revival more enthusiastic or more general. Noble ladies kissed the hem of the robe of Filelfo; pilgrims from Spain approached Bruni on their knees; illustrious citizens like Niccolò Niccoli spent their fortunes in the collection of manuscripts. Florence had utilized her unique opportunities of classic culture. Here Manuel Chrysoloras had lectured in 1396; here learned Greeks had found an honorable asylum; here the Emperor John Palæologus, scholarly prelates like Bessarion of Nicæa, and philosophers like Genna-

dius or Gemistos Pletho had attended the council which Eugenius IV. convened in 1438; here the enlightened liberality of the Florentine Government procured instruction for the youths of the republic from the most eminent scholars of the day; here Argiropolo lectured on Thucydides, and Ficino on Plato; here flourished the Platonic Academy and the Studio Fiorentino. Admiration of the "Attic Moses" became a religious worship. In the study of Ficino a lamp was kept burning before the bust of Plato, as though it were the shrine of a Madonna, and the day of his birth and death was commemorated by banquets, as it was celebrated at Alexandria in the days of Plotinus and of Porphyry. With such advantages, and with such enthusiasts. It is not surprising that classic culture was generally diffused. Both men and women knew Greek and Latin, and the people applauded the arrival at Leghorn of a cargo of manuscript or statuary with the same delight with which they welcomed a Florentine victory. It was a period of great intellectual activity. Macchiavelli has pointed out how the mental energy which was fostered by the collisions of factions called into exercise abilities which in intervals of peace were directed to worthier objects, and raised Florence to the first place in European civilization. The republic rose to the zenith of her glory under an Athenian tyranny which had genius for excuse and the citizens for accomplices. Civil discords were extinguished, and with peace the study of the fine arts and of letters was awakened to surprising activity. But there were other sides to the picture. The intellectual advance was accompanied by moral corruption. The old love of civic freedom was extinct. Unbelief, cynicism, sensuality, and indifference poisoned the springs of social life and infected the sources of artistic genius. The cultured crowd was devoid of principle, indifferent to moral law. Selfish, dissolute, despising Christianity as a sign of intellectual weakness, men aped the graces and imitated the vices of the heathen world. They were at once profoundly superstitious and deeply skeptical. Dreams, visions, and portents ruled every detail of domestic life; learned historians like Guicciardini declared themselves to have had "experience of aerial spirits;" philosophers, like Ficino, lectured from the professional chair on the occult virtues of jewels and amulets. Lorenzo de' Medici was the leader and representative of this brilliant but hollow society. His Circean rule appealed to the taste of the cultured, while it gratified the senses of the vulgar.—*The Edinburgh Review*.

OUR YESTERDAYS.

They may have been days of pleasure, or days of pain—most likely they have been painted by both; but no matter of what material they were built, they were made imperishable, for a man's yesterdays cannot be done away with; the consequences of them come one after another and the memory of them never dies. Emerson, no doubt, felt for the moment as he wrote to his daughter that it would be well if one could "finish every day and be done with it," but even as he wrote it, thinker that he was, he must have felt the impossibility, practically and spiritually, of carrying out such a creed.

Goethe, too, says:

Would'st thou be a happy liver,
Let the past be past for ever.

But this is only visionary; he does not, dares not, say this can be done, but out of his own sorrow he cries, and surely hopelessness echoes through every word.

And who would part with his yesterdays? There may be a deed or two, a word or two, which we would, if we could, weed out of that wonderful garden of the mind called "memory," but these we would rather keep, when parting with them would imply the relinquishing the whole.

So let us treasure our yesterdays truly, and in treasuring them let us remember that this day, this hour, will soon be added to their number, and, remembering this, see that it goes to make up to their glory and not to their grief.

Montreal.

MAY AUSTIN.



TEACHER: Tommy, is your papa a Christian? Tommy: No'm; he's a Baptist.

JOHNNY had been carefully brought up; anybody could see that. One day he sat upon his father's knee in a crowded steamer. A lady entered. "Madame," he said, as he rose to his feet, "take my seat."

"Darling," he said, "your eyes are as bright as diamonds, your teeth as white as pearls, your lips as red; rubies, and—and—" "Yes, George," she replied, sweetly, "and you're as green as an emerald." Then George went out into the jet black night.

A MODEST REQUEST.—Bridget has the kitchen full of her company. Mistress (from the head of the stairs): Bridget! Bridget: Yes, ma'am. Mistress: It's ten o'clock. Bridget: T'ank ye, ma'am; an' will ye be so kind ez to till me whin it's twelve.

TIMID wife (to husband going to Europe on business): Now, dear, do be careful and not fall overboard, won't you? Husband: To be sure I will. Don't worry; I will be all right. Timid wife: And if you should get wrecked out in the ocean, John, I want you to telegraph me at once.

In a small hamlet in the south of England, where old customs were kept up, it was usual for the minister never to commence the sermon until the arrival of the squire. On a certain Sunday a new minister preached, and, not knowing the rule, commenced, "When the wicked man"—He was suddenly interrupted by the clerk springing up and exclaiming, "Please, sir, he has not come yet."

"DINNIS, was ye listening to fwat the professor was lecturin' about the hivens last avenin'?" "Not intoirely, Moike. Was it intherestin'?" "Was it, indade? An' didn't he as much as say it was an Oirishman that was top of the hivins up there?" "Is that so, Moike?" "Dade an' it was, sor. He said the ladin' s'thar, and the wan that tuk the belt, was a party be the name of O'Rion—so he did."

OLD gentleman: How does my son get on? School-teacher: He's one of the best students in school. I've no complaint to make on that score. Old gentleman: That was the way with me when I went to school. I'm glad he's taking after his father. School-teacher: But he's rather unruly at times, Mr. Hardcastle, and frequently has to be reprimanded for fighting. Old Gentleman: Well, I suppose it's natural that he should have some of his mother's striking characteristics.

FANCY AND FACT.—An Irishman, waxing eloquent upon the glories of the old country, declared that a certain nobleman's palace, not far from where he used to live, had "three hundred and twenty-five winders, one winder for ivery day in the year." Another man, who was always complaining of the hard work he had to do, broke out one day: "Well, now, I wish I was home agin in me father's foine ould castle." "Your father's foine ould castle is it?" said one of his companions. "Sure it was a foine ould castle and no mistake. Ye could stand on the roof of yer father's castle, put your hand down the chimney, and open the front door."

THE MINISTER DISTURBED.—A Scotch minister was sorely kept under by his "better half," who placed him and his friends on very short allowance. On one occasion he had a visit from an old acquaintance, and after patiently waiting for his wife's departure she at length, as he thought, retired for the night. She had no sooner left than the henpecked husband exultingly exclaimed: "I am determined to be Cæsar of my own house!" and at the same time rang the bell and ordered refreshments. Just as he and his friend were beginning to enjoy themselves, "my lady" (who had overheard her unfortunate lord's boastful ejaculation) popped her head in at the door and said firmly: "Cæsar, come to bed!"

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

With the next number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED we shall begin the publication of a serial story entitled "In the Thick of It," by Mrs. S. A. Curzon, a Canadian writer of recognized ability. The story deals with the stormy period of the Upper Canadian Rebellion, the leading actors in which are effectively introduced. Mrs. Curzon is an enthusiast for the study of Canadian history. She took a prominent part in the creation of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, to which she has contributed some interesting papers and some poems of thoroughly patriotic ring. She is best known by her volume, "Laura Secord and Other Poems," which has won her a wide and favourable reputation in the Dominion, especially in Ontario. "In the Thick of It" belongs to that class of fiction—historical romance—which has as yet been but scantily cultivated by Canadian writers. The subject is intensely interesting and the author has dealt with it in an original and striking manner. Now is a good time for those who have not yet done so to subscribe to the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

HERE AND THERE.

AN ACCOMPLISHED PARROT.—Some travellers from Socorro, New Mexico, tell us of a wonderful parrot there. It sings to the accompaniment of a piano. A party of friends were recently gathered at the residence of the young lady who owns the parrot. The bird as soon as it was brought into the room commenced to whistle a popular tune. After whistling this tune three times over, one of the company suggested that the tune be changed, whereupon the parrot stopped quickly, and, turning on the young man, cried, "Chestnuts!" The young lady then began to play on the piano; and the bird, after listening a while, ruffled up the feathers on his head and sang "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home." The voice was rather too shrill to sound pleasant, but the words could be distinctly heard.

The thriving condition of the Micmac Indians of Prince Edward Island is alluded to by a writer in the *Summerside Journal*: "Their reserve is on Lennox Island. Thirty years ago Lennox Island, with the exception of one or two cleared patches, was a wild forest. The place could boast of only two houses, and the Indians lived in camps. Now the clear field and the cultivated farm everywhere meet the eye, and every farmer has his own house and barn. There are on the island at present over thirty houses, and only one camp. Four new houses are in course of erection, and all the farms are neatly fenced. There is, too, a very neat little church, and the church grounds are enclosed by a substantial board fence." The policy of the Dominion Government in conferring the privileges of citizenship upon such industrious people has, no doubt, acted as a strong incentive to the Indians to improve their condition.

THE HOTTEST SPOT ON EARTH.—One of the hottest regions of the earth is along the Persian gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrin the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goatskin bag round his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth; then he takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and quickly reaches bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges in again. The source of these copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some five or six hundred miles distant.

A CHRISTIAN TRIBE IN AFRICA.—A letter has been received by the Paris Geographical Society from the explorer, Cailland, announcing that Count Teleki, who while ago discovered the big lake Brasso-Narok in east Central Africa, found a Christian tribe to the north of this lake. They live about 800 miles southwest of Abyssinia, in latitude 5° north. No white man or native missionary has ever been there as far as they know, and Count Teleki is the first to give any information about them. He believes that at some distant period in the past they have had relations with Christian Abyssinians. About 800 years ago a princess of the Jewish faith drove out the reigning dynasty in Northern Abyssinia, and for a century the Christians were bitterly persecuted. It is thought probable that during this era some Abyssinian families escaped to the south and founded Christian colonies, from whom sprung the Christian natives whom Teleki has found surrounded on all sides by paganism. Their religion is a very debased form of Christianity, but considerable New Testament history has been handed down to them in traditions, and they have a priesthood, the cross and other emblems of Christianity.

LEGENDS OF THE NIGHTINGALE. Among the legends of old England are some which aver that certain places are never visited by the nightingale. Among these is Havering at Bower, where it is said that Edward the Confessor, being interrupted by them in his meditations, prayed that they might never sing in that place again. In some parts of Yorkshire the idea prevails that the nightingale has never been heard, and in the forest of St. Leonard's, according to an old record, "there doth never singe nightingale, although the forests rounde about in tyme of the yeare is replenished with nightingales." Izaak Walton, the famous fisherman and author of that most delightful book, "The complete Angler," has given in the following prose poem a beautiful description of the strains of Philomela:—"The nightingale breathes such sweet loud music out of its little instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth and say, 'Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?'"

THE MOST EXPENSIVE LEATHER.—"The most costly leather in the world, so far as I know," said a dealer in fine skins and leathers, "is known to the trade as piano leather. American tanners years ago discovered the secret of making Russia leather, with its peculiarly pungent and lasting odour; but the secret of tanning piano leather is known only to a

family of tanners in Thuringia, Germany. This leather has but one use, the covering of piano keys. A peculiar thing about it is that the skins from which it is tanned are procured almost entirely in America. It is a peculiar kind of buckskin. The skin of the common red or Virginia deer will not make the leather, a species of the animal known as the gray deer, and found only in the vicinity of the great northern lakes, alone furnishing the material. The German tanners have an agency in Detroit which collects the skins of this deer from the Indian and half breed hunters, who supply the market. The hunters are paid an average price of about 20 cents a pound for the green skins. When the skins are returned to this country as piano leather they cost the piano manufacturer from \$15 to \$18 a pound. The world's supply of this invaluable and necessary material is supplied by the Kretschmar family of tanners, who have six establishments in Germany, the largest and best at Gera in Thuringia."—*New York Sun*.

FIGS AS FOOD.—One of the Persian kings caused the celebrated Attic figs to be set before him whenever he dined, for one reason, to remind him that the land where they grew was not yet his and that, instead of receiving the fruit as a tribute, he was obliged to buy it from abroad; and, for another, that it was not only the emblem of health, but the most wholesome fruit grown. The fig is now pretty well-known to be, especially at certain seasons, almost the common food of the Italian people; and for months they may be said to live entirely upon them. It is not the superfluous, the luxurious, and thus, as Dr. Nichols says, it is not only possible for a man to live upon figs, but that, sitting under his own vine and fig-tree, a man would have plenty of food and no landlord. When eaten fresh, it is a medicine as well as food; and they who eat them freely need no potions and no aperients. Full of nutrition and all those properties that make it valuable as an article of diet, we are confident that the fig will take a prominent position in the estimation of all who work for and believe in food reform. For myself, I would simply add that, again and again, without liquid of any kind, the luscious green fig, eaten with whole meal bread, has formed a dish at once simple but rich, and, like the Spaniards salad, fit for a king. The fig is not only very popular, but it is the most ancient food we cultivate. In many countries the failure of this crop also means starvation and famine. Travellers in Asia Minor and southern Europe provide themselves with figs and olives as provisions for long journeys, and not only live, but grow fat on the diet. The fig has more medicinal properties and more nutriment than any other fruit with the exception of the olive.

They say that Mrs. Humphrey Ward has been offered £8,000 for her next work of fiction.

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.
All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.
ENTRY.
Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.
DUTIES.
Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:
1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.
2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.
3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second year, cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.
APPLICATION FOR PATENT
may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.
Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.
Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.
A SECOND HOMESTEAD
may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.
All communications having reference to lands under the control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.