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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

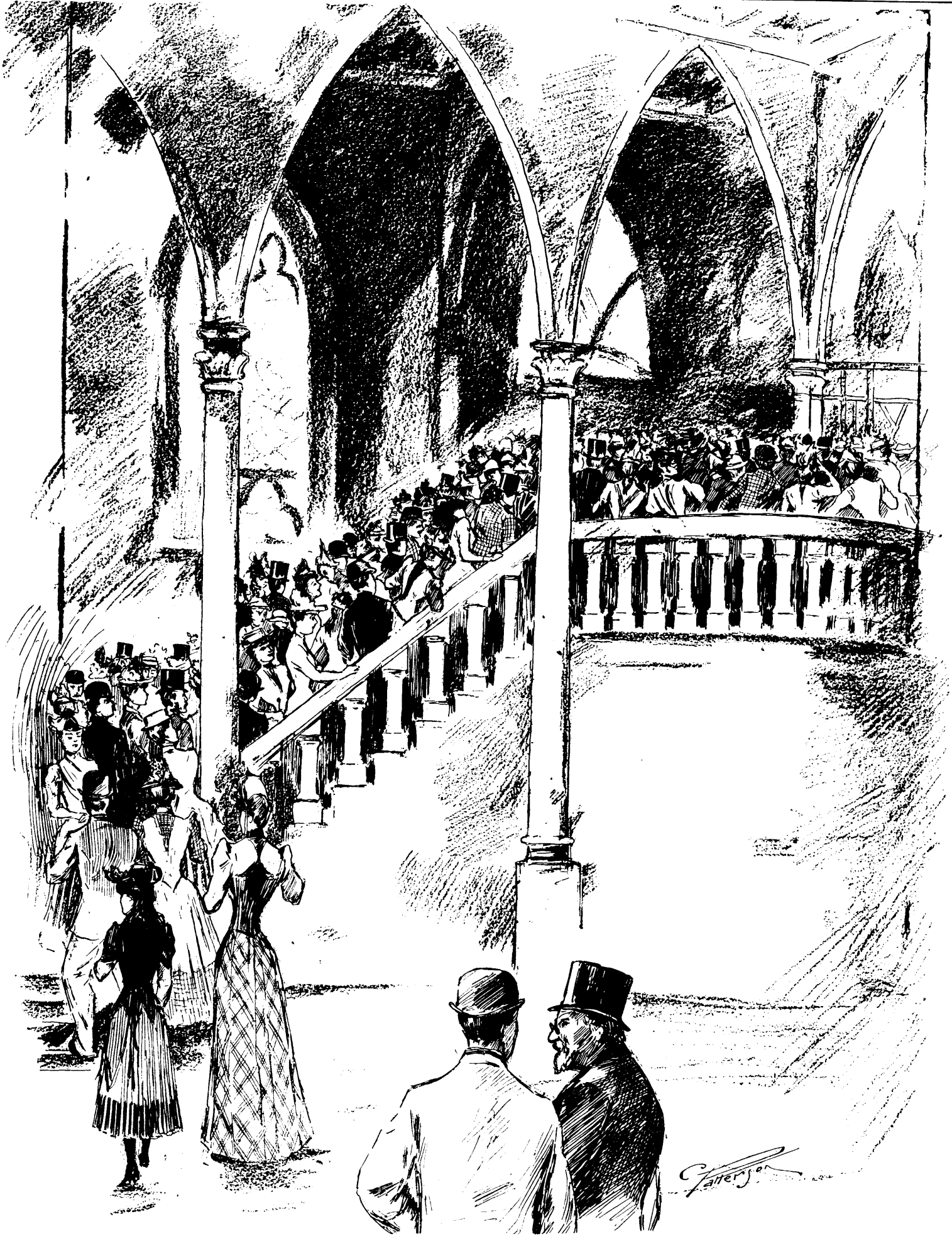
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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 9th MAY, 1891.

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WAITING FOR THE DOOR TO OPEN.
THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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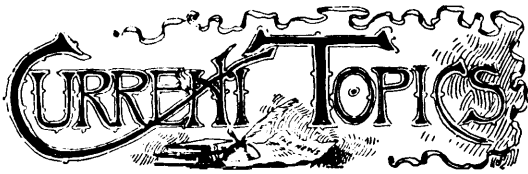
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9th MAY, 1891.



British News by Cable.

It is becoming more and more unsafe for Canadian newspapers to base their remarks on British news as wired over. In spite of the comparative multiplicity of cables, comparison of items telegraphed with statements on the subject in English journals shows that about one-half only is correct, the rest being either totally false or so more or less erroneous as to be worthless. The intelligence recently sent across the wires giving full and elaborate details of a serious mutiny in the Grenadier Guards, gave rise to remarks on the subject in many newspapers in the United States and Canada, some of them making it a text for a sermon on the evils of a standing army, the miseries of British rule, etc. As it now appears that no mutiny whatever took place, much good ink and highly moral republican sentiment has been wasted.

The Opening of Parliament.

The ceremonies which marked the recent opening of Parliament showed no falling off in brilliancy from that of previous years; on the contrary, more attention than ever seems to have been paid to the scenic accompaniments of the initial speech. With this we are heartily in accord. Severe simplicity is excellent in theory, but there is an æsthetic taste in most people of to-day which craves gratification; and however much certain people may outwardly condemn pomp and pageantry in civic and military display, nine out of ten of them secretly admire a moderate amount. Proof of this can be seen in every feature of nineteenth century life. To the gathering of the nation's representatives for deliberation on national subjects, ceremony and formal surroundings give dignity and a halo of importance, and assist materially in preventing monarchical Legislatures from sinking to the bear-garden level which has been reached by more nominally democratic governments.

The First Debate.

The debate on the Address was characterized by a sharpness and brilliancy which showed that the heavy fighting that ended on the fifth of March had transformed recruits into tried soldiers and had imbued veterans with an unusual amount of dash and vigour. It is no disparagement to the other speakers to say that the speeches of MR. HAZEN and the HON. MR. LAURIER were remarkably happy efforts and received the prominence they deserved. The former gentleman's repudiation of the insults that had been cast upon his Province since the election had a true ring of eloquence, while his review of the matters of chief moment to our people was thoroughly lucid and comprehensive. HON. MR. LAURIER'S speech was a masterly one and well maintains his

reputation as one of the first orators in Canada. When it is remembered that he was not only French-Canadian in birth and early youth, but that he was educated in a French Academy and has spent his life almost exclusively in a French-speaking community, his mastery of the English language in its most difficult form, and his ease in its use, shows his marked ability in the study of language. One feature of both speeches was a particularly pleasant one. That was the absence of that pessimistic decryal of Canada and things Canadian that is so characteristic of certain politicians, and of one of our most prominent *litterateurs*. In this respect, may the patriotic sentences of the leader of the Opposition be a key-note for his followers so long as the Seventh Parliament continues and for many a day thereafter.

Newfoundland and Canada.

The action of the Newfoundland authorities in discriminating markedly against Canada on the question of bait has not a single feature to commend it. We can overlook the slight that it conveys; but regret that a sister colony should act in such a small and shortsighted manner. The troubles of the island have been freely wired all over the world; and whatever sympathy its people may receive from the other parts of the Empire, the effect of their refusing to sell bait to Canadian fishermen while disposing of it freely to foreigners, will be to alienate them from all British people. It is altogether probable that this fact has not been overlooked by the Imperial Government when deciding on the immediate application of the new act, to which the colony has objected so vigorously. Canada has strong friends at Court; and her London representative is a man who personally wields much influence apart from his position as agent of England's greatest nation-colony. In the endeavor to force the mother country to take action towards the extinction of French treaty rights, one would naturally think that the Island Government would have done all in its power to gain assistance and good-will from its powerful western neighbour; but on the contrary, every effort appears to have been made to estrange Canadian sentiment. The loss will be theirs, not ours. This bad-feeling is especially out of place when one considers that large numbers of Newfoundlanders are each year coming to Canada for work they are unable to find in their native island.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Literary Competition.

The Publishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED offer the sum of \$130 in four prizes for short stories from Canadian writers—

1st prize.....	\$60
2nd ".....	40
3rd ".....	20
4th ".....	10

On the following conditions:

1st—All stories must be delivered at the office of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED not later than 1st June next.

2nd—Each story to contain not less than 5,000 words, and not to exceed 8,000 words,

3rd—All MS. sent in for this competition to become the property of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

4th—Each story must contain a motto on top of first page, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope, inside of which is stated the name and address of the writer. The outside of envelope to bear motto used on story.

5th—MS. to be written in ink, and on one side of paper only.

6th—Stories on Canadian subjects are preferred.

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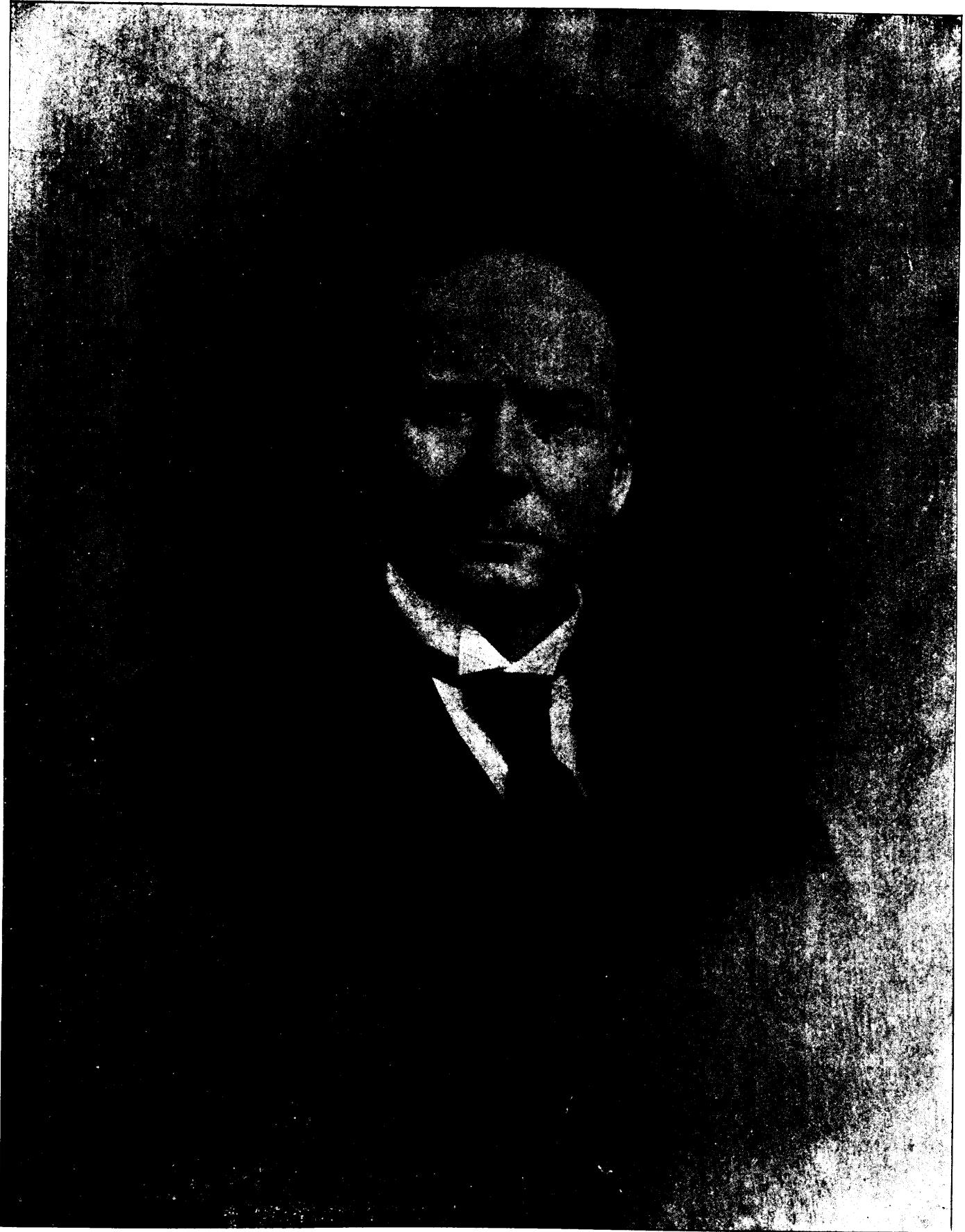
The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891.

QUESTIONS.

FOURTH SERIES.

- 19.—Give particulars of a new railway mentioned as likely to be undertaken by the Russian Government?
- 20.—What comparison is made with a noted encounter mentioned in one of Captain Marryatt's novels?
- 21.—What feature of Canadian life is said to be specially noted by strangers?
- 22.—Where is mention made of the famous struggle between Char-nisay and La Tour?
- 23.—Give name of a blind lady who has recently passed with high honours through a university and mention one of her chief accomplishments.
- 24.—Who was the author of "Quebec Vindicata" and give a brief sketch of his life.

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 147 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January, February, March and April.



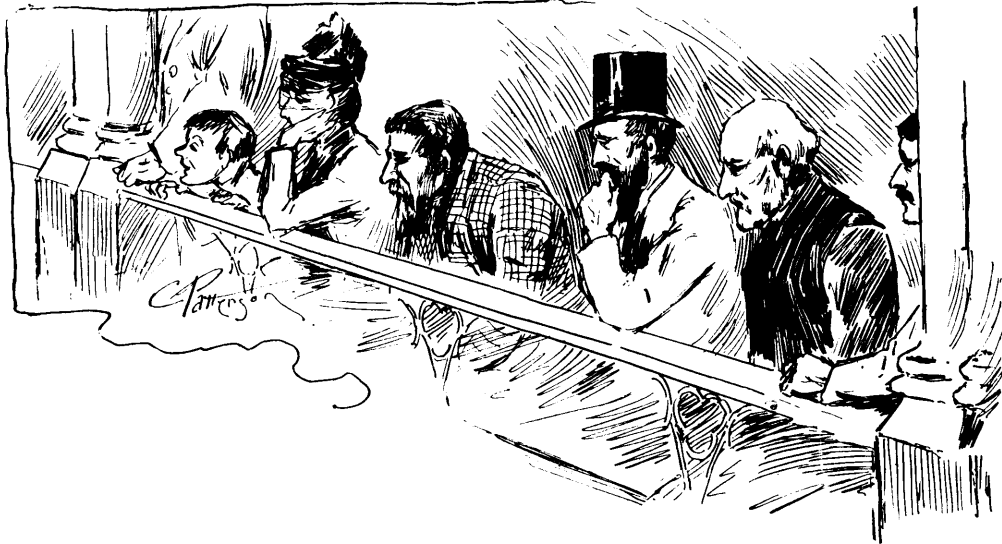
PETER WHITE, ESQ. M. P. FOR RENFREW, ONT.
Speaker of the House of Commons.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

(With Sketches by our Special Artist)

The formal opening of Parliament is, of course, the event of the year at Ottawa; and, as persons from every section of the Dominion participate, it follows that the all-engrossing interest aroused at the capital is more or less faintly reflected even in the most remote of the eastern or western constituencies. No other event of the year is attended with so much of pomp and pageantry. To a lover of severe simplicity this certainly would not be a recommendation, but there is never a dearth of spectators on that score at Ottawa. The crush of frantic and sometimes not too well-mannered sight-seers is one of the features of the day. People who on all other days of the year are sedate and philosophical, on that day are found pushing, squeezing, groaning, laughing and perspiring in the midst of that surging mass that will wait thus for hours outside the barred doorway to the galleries of the Senate Chamber, and when it is opened will pour up the inner stairway and into the galleries until there is not an inch of standing room to be found on any of the four sides.



A GALLERY GROUP.

These remarks do not, of course, apply to the favoured ones whom kind providence, in the person of some one or other of the powers that be, provides with a decorous entrance by a private door. But even of the crowd that fills the galleries admission is by ticket only, for otherwise there would probably be eminently respectable people climbing the stately pillars, hanging by their toes over the rail of the gallery and occupying various other coigns of vantage, from whence to



THE YOUNGEST MEMBER.

survey the proceedings in the chamber below, that are not available under the guard and ticket system.

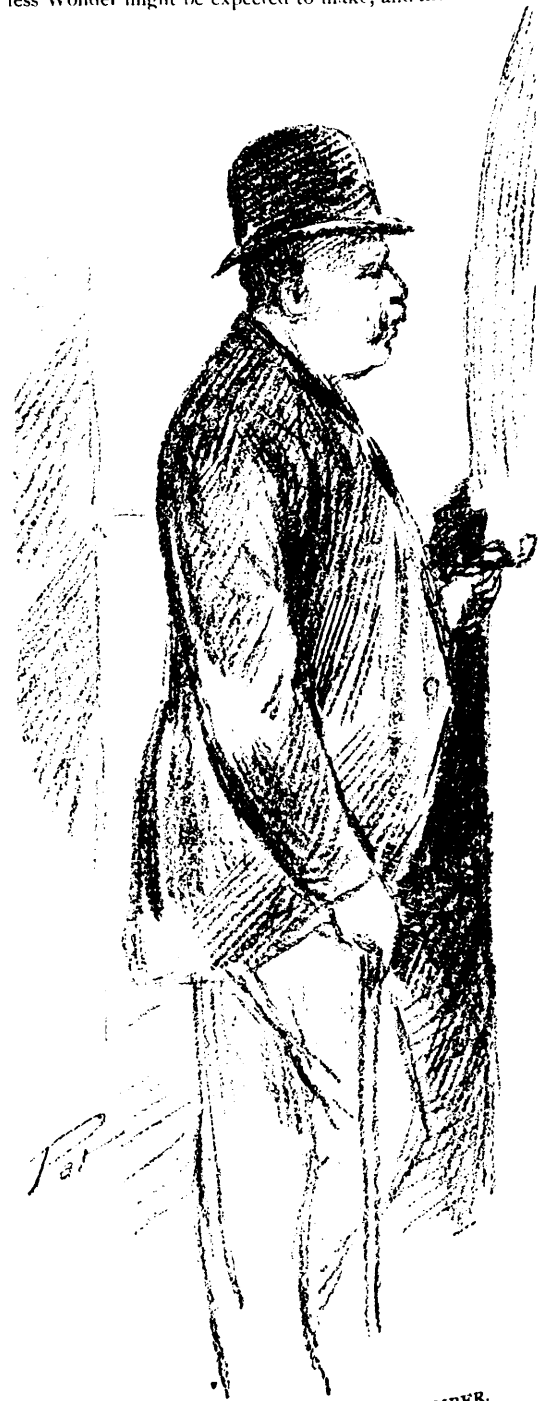
The lateness of the opening of Parliament this year, and the beautiful weather that prevailed, lent an unusual attraction and brilliance to the affair. The buds are bursting into

leaf at Ottawa, and the lawn mowers have already been out on the park and on Parliament Hill. Wednesday and Thursday of last week were charming days, with brilliant sunshine, and the city was free to rejoice and be glad. The hotels were crowded with visitors, and there was on every hand an unwonted stir and excitement.

The proceedings on Wednesday were merely preliminary to the grand exhibition on the day following. Yet they were not devoid of interest. The members of the new House of Commons met in their chamber at noon to take the oath of allegiance and sign the roll. Both Protestant and Douay bibles were at hand, and it is related that in the confusion a well known advocate of equal rights was sworn on the bible with a silver cross inlaid on its cover, while several well known Roman Catholic gentlemen took the oath on the other version. The only dramatic incident of the ceremony was furnished by the venerable premier, Sir John Macdonald, and his son, Mr. Hugh J. Macdonald, of Winnipeg,

who were sworn and signed the roll together. It is the young man's first parliament, and is at least nearing the old man's last. To the followers, at least, of the "old leader," the incident was one of almost pathetic interest. There was a great deal of congratulation and good natured banter while the oath taking went on, both sides of the House appearing to be in cheerful fighting trim. To the Liberals belongs the honour of having the tallest and heaviest man in the house, D. C. Fraser, M.P. for Guysboro, N.S., the possessor of a clear head as well as a giant frame, and an ardent advocate of the interests of his native province. It is believed that Dr. Legere, M.P. for Kent, N.B., is the youngest man in the house. He sits on the Conservative side, and is disposed to resent the claims of some elderly-looking followers who say they are younger than he. Dr. Legere is about 25 years of age, and is a fine representative of the Acadian race. Two honourable members, who had had the misfortune each to break a leg while crushing the hopes of their opponents in the recent campaign, entered the chamber on crutches. As was fitting, one sits on the Liberal and the other on the Conservative side. There was a goodly sprinkling of new faces in the House and some of the old timers were not to be seen. The leader of the government and Hon. Mr. Laurier had a hearty shake hands and a joke together, and their respective followers were not less cordial on the first day, however much of fierce invective they may hurl across the floors of the house at each other during the next few months. The swearing in of members was soon accomplished, and the next business of the Commons was the election of a speaker. According to usage, however, they must first be called to the Senate Chamber and receive the mandate of that venerable body. It is an amusing little farce, if a useless one, and puts everybody in good humour. The members, however, had lunch before going on with the performance on Wednesday. They were summoned to the bar of the Senate about two o'clock, the Senators having previously installed their new Speaker, Hon. Mr. Lacoste, and disposed of certain other preliminaries. It is in connection with this summons that the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod makes his

famous bow. It was a remarkable bow that he made on Wednesday. Having been despatched to the Senate to announce to the waiting Commoners that they were being waited for in the red chamber, he entered and bowed. As there was as yet no Speaker he could not bow to that official, and to bow to Dr. Bourinot, the Clerk of the Commons, who presided pending the choice of a Speaker, would be contrary to precedent, an act unworthy a Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and a gross insult to the house. So the Gentleman Usher bowed to everybody. Beginning at the extreme right he brought the upper portion of his body to a horizontal position and in a series of undulating bows carried it around to the extreme left, his toes meanwhile pointing straight toward the Speaker. It was such a bow as a Boneless Wonder might be expected to make, and the hero of the



THE TALLEST AND HEAVIEST MEMBER.

occasion was greeted with loud cheers of good natured derision by the honourable members and by the occupants of the galleries. The Commoners, led by Dr. Bourinot, marched to the Senate Chamber, where the Deputy Governor, Sir William Ritchie, in the scarlet and ermine of the supreme court, intimated, in parliamentary phrase, of course, that if they were good and went back and elected a Speaker they might come in again next day (and stand outside the bar) while the speech was being read by the Governor-General. They went back, and Mr. Peter White, M.P. for North Kennew, proposed by the Premier, seconded by Sir Hector Langevin, was unanimously elected Speaker of the House. Sir John's remarks were brief in proposing Mr. White for the Speakership, and the only other speaker to the question was Hon. Mr. Laurier, who, while felicitously complimenting the nominee of the government, did not lose the opportunity to let fly a shaft or two at the enemy, for which he was loudly cheered by his followers. Sir John and Sir Hector

took the new Speaker by either arm and escorted him to the chair. He briefly expressed his thanks for the honour of being elected to so responsible an office. A large crowd sat in the galleries during these proceedings in the Commons, for it was thought that the opposition might contest the Speakership and lead to an interesting struggle between the parties. The crowd was disappointed, and all interest in Wednesday's programme ceased when Speaker White took the chair. The house adjourned a few minutes later and anticipations of the morrow ruled the hour.



THE SPEAKER ESCORTED TO THE CHAIR.

The formal opening was announced to occur at 3 p.m. on Thursday, but the crowd began to gather on Parliament Hill immediately after noon. A little after one, the stairway and landing in front of the door leading to the floor from which the Senate galleries are reached was crowded with people having tickets, ladies largely predominating, waiting for the door to open. The crush was terrific. These people would have to wait there for nearly an hour, and wait in the gallery another hour before the proceedings began; but they held their ground and fought for places as eagerly as people were wont to do at an old time hanging. They were determined to get in if they were squeezed flat in the effort. An interesting feature in this crowd was an angular and strong-minded female whose voice was frequently raised in rasping protest against the undue familiarities her neighbours appeared to be taking with her toes.



THE CLERK OF THE HOUSE.

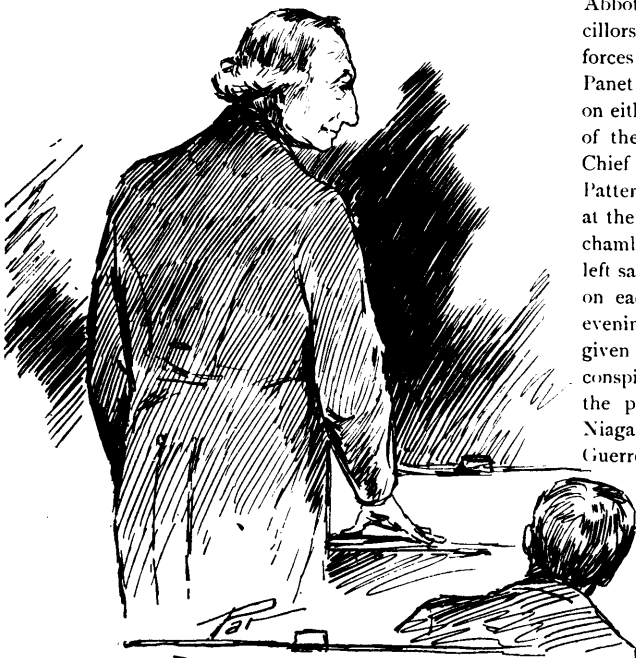
Outside the building a great crowd awaited the coming of the vice-regal party, and over on Nepean Point a detachment of the Field Battery waited to fire the salute that announced the hour of the formal opening of Parliament. At half-past two a picked detachment of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, in bearskins and scarlet tunics, paraded with their band and colours in front of the tower entrance, and were inspected by Major-General Herbert and other officers in brilliant uniforms. The bandsmen wore their new uniform, that of the Imperial Grenadier Guards, and the whole detachment presented an imposing front. A little after three the Governor-General's party, escorted by a detachment of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards in shining

helmets, dashed up to the entrance. The guard of honour saluted, the band struck up the national anthem, the guns on Nepean Point thundered, and the scarlet breeches and white stockings of the Governor-General's coachman and footman dazzled the eyes of admiring thousands. The scene was an imposing one. There were thousands of spectators on the grounds fronting the massive building, itself the dominant feature of the landscape. The sunlight fell on flashing arms and splendid uniforms, on gaily flowered hats and bright hued dresses, mingling with more sober colours, the whole uniting to present a spectacle of unwonted brilliancy.



THE SOLITAR' WESTERN LIBERAL.

With the arrival of Lord Stanley the centre of attraction was transferred to the Senate Chamber, where a courtly throng had already assembled. Those favoured ones who were admitted to the floor of the chamber had gained entry through a side door, and were all in their places when the vice-regal party were ushered in. The galleries, as already intimated, were filled with a rush about an hour before,



SIR JOHN SPEAKS.

and the occupants thereof busied themselves in taking the measure of each new arrival on the floor of the richly upholstered chamber below. The remarks made were not always flattering, nor did all of them betray that profound

reverence for parliamentary procedure which might be looked for at the Capital. The critics were not of the male sex.

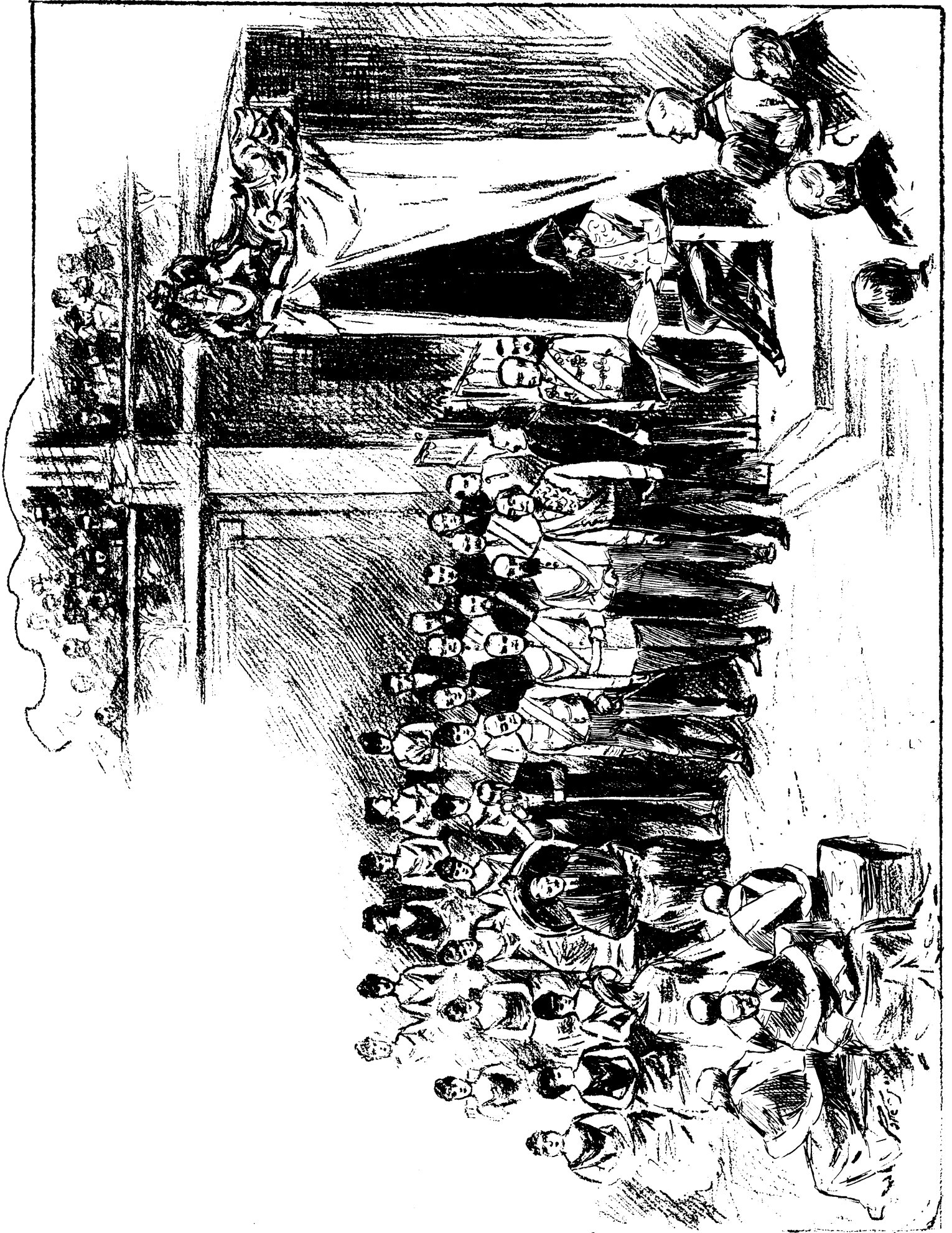
"Who's that big fat one—no, not that one—the one that just sat down?" "Oh, look at that one—she must think she's handsome to rig herself like that." "Yes, that must be a Japanese woman. Look at her fan. She doesn't look like them, but that's her. I'd think she'd catch cold." These are a selected sample of the remarks wafted to the ears of the scribe of THE ILLUSTRATED as he stood next the front row and supported a stout matron who cheerfully leaned forward and planted both her elbows upon his shoulders, without so much as saying "by your leave."

The ladies on the floor were, of course, in evening dress, and if it were less becoming to some than to others the gallery critics were not slow to say to each other just what they thought about the matter. It was to not a few of them a stage show—and nothing more. Being taxpayers, they were shareholders, so to speak, in the theatre, and could therefore afford to speak their mind about the quality of the show. Let it be hoped that none of them were envious of the maids and matrons whose brilliant costumes, flashing jewels and bare arms and shoulders were so striking a feature of the splendid scene below. If the word brilliant be applied to the scene out of door, it is difficult to find an expression befitting that within the Senate



THE USHER OF THE BLACK ROD.

Chamber when His Excellency had taken his seat beneath the coat of arms and crimson canopy of the Vice-Regal party. Grouped on either side of the throne were men in rich uniform. Sir John Macdonald, on whose breast was the glittering gold embroidery of an Imperial Privy Councillor and the star of a Grand Commander of the Bath; Col. Sir Casimir Stanislaus Gzowski, A.D.C.; Hon. Senators Abbott, Carling and Smith in the gold lace of Privy Councillors; Major-General Herbert, commander-in-chief of the forces in Canada; Col. Powell, adjutant-general; Col. Panet and numerous other officers in bright uniforms stood on either side of the dias. On the red woosack just in front of the throne, clad in their scarlet and ermine robes, sat Chief Justice Ritchie and Justices Fournier, Gwynne and Patterson of the Supreme Court. To the right of the throne, at the upper end of the seats ranged along the sides of the chamber, sat the wives of cabinet ministers, while on the left sat Lady Stanley and suite. The front row of benches on each side was reserved for senators, who appeared in evening dress, and the balance of the space available was given up to ladies and a few gentlemen. Among the latter, conspicuous figures were those of Archbishop Duhamel, in the purple vestments of his rank; the Lord Bishop of Niagara and Archdeacon Lauder in sombre garb; Father De Guerre, the Superior of the Franciscans, in the habit of his order; Mayor Birkett, of Ottawa, in his official regalia; Judge McMahon, and a number of clergymen representing various denominations. But brilliant and imposing as was the spectacle afforded by the gentlemen, the magnificent costumes of the ladies formed the chief attraction. The richest and costliest fabrics, in various shades and tints of brilliant colour, set off with diamonds and other sparkling jewels, and flowers the rarest and most beautiful, heightened the charms of the fair women who formed that splendid company, and lent to the scene a richness almost Oriental in its splendour. From the blazing electroliers above and



THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.
THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.



MR. LAURIER SPEAKS.

through the handsome stained glass windows light fell upon an assemblage such as is seen only at Ottawa, and there but seldom as it was seen on Thursday last. And when, summoned by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, who this time made his bow to the Speaker only, the members of the Commons trooped in at the heels of Mr. Speaker White and packed the space outside the brass railing, styled the Bar of the Senate, there was nothing wanting to complete the picture.

The reading of the speech was listened to with close attention. Lord Stanley read it first in English and then in French; and, to do him justice, read it as smoothly as though it had been written by His Excellency. When it had been read and a copy handed by Major Colville, military secretary, to Speaker Lacoste, of the Senate, and another to Speaker White, of the Commons, the ceremony was over

and the crowd free to scramble for egress to witness the departure of the Vice Regal party. For, though there is a great ado about it and great popular excitement over it, the formal opening of Parliament is but a very brief ceremony after His Excellency has entered the Senate Chamber. Of course, the dresses and the uniforms are in sight a little longer time, which perhaps explains the popular interest in the proceedings. The departure of the vice-regal party was watched with as much eagerness as their arrival. The guard of honour saluted and the band again struck up the national anthem as His Excellency entered his carriage; the mounted escort wheeled into line, there was a clatter and a cloud of dust,—and it was over. Many lingered to stroll through the buildings, peer into the magnificent library, invade the Senate and Commons and enjoy themselves in a general way. And they were not denied the pleasure, for both Senate and Commons quickly adjourned after the formal opening, and the public had free access to both chambers.

It is said that one of the features of Senate reform, whenever that may occur, will be to arrange that members of the press, who see not for themselves but for the distant constituencies, shall be admitted to a place from whence they can note the proceedings of the opening day without fighting for an hour or so amid the swarm of practised place hunters, both male and female, who fill the avenue leading to the Senate galleries. The press men at Ottawa during session time are a bright and merry set of gentlemen, who deserve even the distinguished consideration of the Senate.

But Parliament is opened, party feeling they say is running high, society at the Capital is at its best, and for the next few months eyes from all parts of the Dominion will turn that way in lively and continued interest.



TWO HONOURABLE SENATORS.



THE OPENING OF NAVIGATION AT MONTREAL, 1891.
SCENE ON THE WHARVES.



Walking Toilette—A Mantelet of the New Shape—Gloves—Feminine Footgear—Treatment of the Skin—The Death of Mr. Barnum.

Walking toilette that will not be too heavy or ponderous is just what is required for mild spring days, and amongst the innumerable pretty stuffs that are now made, it will go hard with us if we cannot find something that will suit every one of us. In such matter I always hope to find my kind readers showing that particular form of good sense that knows, and chooses what is becoming to their individual selves, rather than following lavishly the dictates of fashion, whether they suit them or not. In the sketch I give you this week, you will see a dress of beige coloured thin cloth or thick *mousseline de laine*. The skirt is made quite plain with a pretty fringe of jet round the hem in front, the back



breadths being left untrimmed. From the waist belt of jet passementerie hang fringes on each side, also of jet, like the long basques of lace now so much worn. The bodice is made plain on the shoulders, and slightly full into the waist, very gradually coming to a point. From the jet band of the collar is a similar fringe, but each strand of it is fastened down at the end so as to keep it in place, radiating from the neck as a centre, like the spokes of a wheel, or points of a star. Over this is worn a mantelet of the new shape, called "*rotonde*" in the same material, and

studded over, though not quite so closely as in the sketch with the small "*clous*" or nail heads in jet, now so very fashionable. The yoke may be either of plain black velvet, or made of the material, and covered with jet passementerie,



according to taste. The mantelet may be worn with or without the dress, as these capes are considered quite suitable to accompany any gown.

Gloves are becoming greatly decorated now, some with beautiful silk embroidery, that when the glove is long, goes winding up the arm. But these are not approved of by the best dressed women in Paris, so much as the plain kid with stripes up the back of the hand, to match the tint of the gloves, the favourite colour being pale grey. Hosiery is extremely ornamental, and stockings are worked to match the dress; if not, they exhibit very delicate embroideries up the leg as well as on the foot, of garlands of field flowers, little stars, or any fine small design that may be seen in the trimmings of the dress. I am delighted to say that at last people are getting tired of the uncomfortable, unwholesome pointed shoes and boots, and as our feet must be subservient to the fashion as well as every other part of us, we must see that they look as small and as short as they can be made to appear. For demi toilette the Molière shoe with its rather square toe, which is very comfortable, and the high piece of plain leather in front, is the most in favour. This admits of a large rosette or bow of ribbon on the instep that certainly detracts from the size of the foot. I hear from Paris that all boots and shoes are showing more rounded than pointed toes in the newest varieties which will be far prettier than the unnatural pointed *chaussure* that we have had so long.

It is very amusing that our feminine footgear should form the subject of a leading article in the most widely circulated of the London daily papers. But so it has happened, and in the gravest manner possible this journal discusses the prophesied advent of the old fashioned strap shoe, and its accompaniment, the white stockings. Now may the powers defend us from the return of such pedal coverings, for these shoes were always perfectly hideous, and the hose peculiarly unsuited to wearing in the daytime. White stockings have never been entirely dispensed with, because they have generally been part of the suite of a white toilette, whether they were composed of silk, or the finest thread, and thus they were relegated to their proper sphere and purpose. In the times when they were generally worn, nothing looked more deplorable than the wrinkled soiled white hosiery that was wont to appear if a lady walking in the street, raised her dress, and yet they were worn by people who otherwise aspired to a certain degree of good dressing. They were often allied to a still more depressing item of foot covering, namely the black cachemire or prunella side-spring boots, the acme of all untidy *chaussure*. There never was a wiser change than that which brought in

the fashion of black and coloured stockings for day wear, and sensible leather boots, and strong shoes, that being properly fitted to the foot would keep on without the need of straps to prevent them slipping off at the heel. Very little more and we shall return to the old-fashioned dreadful sandalled shoes of our grandmother's time, which caused more cold feet, and illness, than can be believed.

I have lately been asked by many of my correspondents, so much, and often, about the skin, and what is good for the complexion that I am tempted to devote a separate little chat to these two subjects:—

There are innumerable superstitions (I cannot give them any other name) about the treatment of the skin, particularly that of the face, and in their desire to enhance its beauty, people really treat it cruelly and greatly abuse its uses and powers. Then they wonder why it does not look like the natural healthy bloom on the cheeks of a young girl. It is not the first time I have, in these columns, inveighed against the use of cosmetics, and powders for the face, and few of those fair dames who do employ these artificial so called beautifiers, seem aware of what really happens as the result of their use. Perspiration there must be, or the health of the individual will suffer; therefore the great thing is to keep the skin-machinery in efficient working order. Should the little tubes or pores be allowed to remain choked with their own secretions, by means of insufficient washing, or the use of pomades, or powders, which stop them up, the refuse matter is thrown back into the system to be perhaps—but only perhaps—carried away to the other great corporeal scavengers, the lungs, stomach, liver, or kidneys. Thus it stands to reason that instead of adding to the surface accumulation, it is absolutely necessary to the ordinary health, and well-being of the individual that the visible and invisible exudation should be removed by thorough washing, at least twice in the twenty-four hours, and few people who rejoice in the comfort of a healthy skin, will find that it is secured short of this amount of washing. Some people foolishly pride themselves on never soaping their faces; such persons never use the slightest or gentlest friction to the skin, and, as a consequence suffer from pores that are choked with waste matter which appears on the surface, at the opening of every pore, as tiny black spots. Thus the action of the skin has been retarded in such a manner by insufficient cleansing, as to prevent the simplest removal of this often fetid matter. Powder dries up the skin, and produces premature wrinkles, as well as causing flushing of the face, which would otherwise find relief in the cooling evaporation of perspiration, were the safety valves not all choked up. If from delicacy the skin is not sufficiently nourished, and becomes dry, I know of nothing that is more absolutely safe and healing than what I have often recommended to many of my correspondents, namely Barff's Boro-Glyceride, a teaspoonful of which should be melted in a pint of boiling water and bottled when cold. I may ask, why are children's complexions as a rule so good? Simply because nothing but soap and warm water are used to wash their faces, and accompanied by more or less friction according to the tender—or otherwise—mercies of the nurse.

The death of Mr. Barnum is a world wide loss to all children, big and little, for his name was known all over the globe as the greatest *entrepreneur* of entertainments ever existing. His tall, active figure and cheery face will be long remembered in England, where they have been comparatively so lately seen at the great show at Olympia, that immense performance that was almost impossible for anyone to take all in at a single glance. That he was genial and pleasant, and a most amusing lecturer I can well bear witness, having heard him give the account of his life one afternoon at Lord Aberdeen's pretty house in Grosvenor-square. He seems to have had a truly wonderful courage in adversity, and leaves behind him an unsullied reputation for fairness in dealing, and general kindness and consideration for all who came in contact with him. It will be long before we see his like again.

A father said to his son: "When I was your age my father would not allow me to go out at night."
"You had a jolly fine father, you had," said the young scamp.

The father shouted: "I had a confounded sight better one than you have, you rascal."

Incidents in the Early Military History of Canada, II.

With Extracts from the Journals of the Officer commanding the Queen's Rangers During the War—1755 to 1763.

A Lecture delivered on the 12th January, 1891, by Lieut.-Col. R. Z. ROGERS, 40th Battalion—
Lieut.-Col. W. D. OTTER, President, in the Chair.

In nearly all of these, more or less fighting occurred, but I shall only be able to refer particularly to a few instances, by which I will try and show the connection of the particular branch of the service we are considering, with the general progress of the war during these campaigns.

Owing to the peculiar circumstances under which the war had to be carried on, the Ranger service was found to be indispensable.

They were the eyes and the ears of the army, the messengers for the conveyance of intelligence from one distant fortress or encampment to another, and the guides and protectors of the convoys of ammunition and provisions through the lonely forest roads and the exposed and dangerous waterways.

When information was wanted as to the movements, strength or intentions of the enemy which could not be gained by the ordinary methods of reconnoitering, it was customary for them to stealthily waylay and seize a prisoner from the outposts, or wherever they could be met with, and from these most valuable and reliable information was often obtained.

While the main body of the troops were comparatively inactive a great part of the time, particularly in the winter, the Rangers were kept constantly on the move, watching the various passes and routes to prevent surprises and doing what they could to damage and harass the enemy.

In the event of a general advance in force, they always took the lead as the advance guard.

Although Major Rogers was actively engaged under Major-General Johnson in conducting the scouting service with his New Hampshire Company during the previous year, there is no record of the regular organization of the Queen's Rangers till March, 1756, when he was summoned to Boston to meet the Commander-in-Chief, General Shirley, who had taken that position on the death of General Braddock, who was killed in his disastrous expedition against the French, near Pittsburgh, on the 13th July, 1755.

Of this interview we read :

"On the 23rd I waited on the General and met with a very friendly reception. He soon intimated his design of giving me the command of an independent company of Rangers, and the next morning I received the commission with a set of instructions. According to the General's orders, my Company was to consist of sixty privates at 3 shillings, N. Y. currency, per day ; 3 sergeants at 4s. ; an ensign at 5s., and a lieutenant at 7s., and my own pay was fixed at 10s. per day. Ten Spanish dollars were allowed to each man towards providing clothes, arms, and blankets. My orders were to raise this Company as quick as possible, and to enlist none but such as were used to travelling and hunting, and in whose courage and fidelity I could confide. They were, moreover, to be subject to military discipline and the articles of war."

In the report of the Adjutant-General of New Hampshire, 1766, this company is referred to as the nucleus of the famous "Rogers' Rangers," the subalterns of which were : Richard Rogers (a brother of the Captain), 1st Lieut. ; John Stark, 2nd Lieut. ; Noah Johnston, Ensign.

A short time after this three more companies were added to the Rangers, and the strength increased to 100 men per company.

On the 20th May following, an example is given of their manner of gaining information.

"Agreeable to orders from the General, I set out with a party of eleven men to reconnoiter the French advanced guards. The next day from the top of a mountain we had a view of them, and judged their number to be about 300. They were busy in fortifying themselves with palisades. From the other side of the mountain, we had a prospect of Ticonderoga Fort, and from the ground their encampment took up I judged it to consist of about 1,000 men. This

night we lodged on the mountain, and next morning marched to the Indian carrying path that leads from Lake George to Lake Champlain, and formed an ambuscade between the French guards and Ticonderoga Fort. About 6 o'clock, 118 Frenchmen passed by without discovering us. In a few minutes after 22 more came the same road, upon whom we fired, killed six and took one prisoner, but the large party returning obliged us to retire in haste, and we arrived safe with our prisoner at Fort William Henry on the 23rd.

"The prisoner we had taken reported that a party of 220 French and Indians were preparing to invest the out parties at Fort Edward, which occasioned my marching the next morning with a party of 78 men to join a detachment of Col. Bayley's regiment, and scour the woods as far as South Bay."

By the following commission, Rogers was promoted to the full army rank of Major, being charged with the command and supervision of all the Independent Companies of this service.

The only other staff assistant seems to have been Lieutenant Stewart, "Adjutant."

"By His Excellency James Abercromby, Esq., Colonel of His Majesty's 44th Regiment of Foot, Colonel-in-Chief of the 60th, or Royal American Regiment, Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of all His Majesty's Forces raised, or to be raised, in North America, etc.

"Whereas, it may be of great use to His Majesty's service in the operations now carrying on for recovering his rights in America, to have a number of men employed in obtaining intelligence of the strength, situation and motions of the enemy, as well as other services for which Rangers, or men acquainted with the woods only are fit, having the greatest confidence in your loyalty, courage and skill in this kind of service, I do, by virtue of the power and authority to me given by His Majesty, hereby constitute and appoint you to be *Major of the Rangers* in His Majesty's service, and likewise Captain of a Company of said Rangers. You are, therefore, to take the said Rangers as Major, and the said Company as Captain, into your care and charge, and duly exercise and instruct, as well the officers as the soldiers thereof, in arms, and to use your best endeavour to keep them in good order and discipline. I do hereby command them to obey you as their Major and Captain respectively. And you are to follow and observe such orders and directions from time to time as you shall receive from His Majesty, myself, or any other superior officer, according to the rules and discipline of war.

"Given at New York this 6th day of April.

JAMES ABERCROMBY."

The several Companies of Rangers did not have a relative regimental number, but each one of them was called by a distinctive name, the Major's own company being the Queen's Company, while his brother James' corps was known as the King's Rangers.

General Abercromby assumed the command under Lord Loudoun, in June, 1756, and about the same time General Montcalm commenced his vigorous campaign at the head of a strong French army.

The autumn of that year passed without any very important or decisive action on either side.

In January, 1757, a skirmish which proved hot work for the Rangers occurred in the vicinity of the French forts, which they were reconnoitering with a party of seventy-five men.

"In this manner we advanced half a mile over broken ground, when passing a valley of 15 rods' breadth, the front having reached the summit of a hill on the west side of it, the enemy, who had been drawn up in the form of a half moon, with a design, as we supposed, to surround us, saluted us with a volley of about 200 shots, at the distance of about five yards from the nearest or front, and thirty from the rear of their party. This fire was about 2 o'clock in the

afternoon, and proved fatal to Lieut. Kennedy and Mr. Gardiner, a volunteer regular officer in my company, and wounded me and several others, myself, however, but slightly in the head. We immediately returned the fire. I then ordered my men to the opposite hill, where I supposed Lieut. Stark and Ensign Brewer had made a stand with 40 men to cover us in case we were obliged to retreat. We were closely pursued, and Captain Spikeman, with several of the party, were killed and others made prisoners. My people, however, beat them back with a brisk fire from the hill and gave us an opportunity to ascend and post ourselves to advantage, after which I ordered Lieut. Stark and Mr. Baker (another volunteer) in the centre with Ensign James Rogers ; Sgts. Walters and Phillips, with a party, being in reserve to prevent our being flanked and watch the motions of the enemy. Soon after we had thus formed ourselves for battle, the enemy attempted to outflank us on the right, but the above reserve bravely attacked them, and, giving them the first fire very briskly, it stopped several from returning to the main body. The enemy then pushed us closely in front, but having the advantage of the ground, and being sheltered by large trees, we maintained a continual fire upon them, which killed several and obliged the remainder to retire to their main body. Then they attempted to flank us again, but were repulsed by our reserve. Mr. Baker about this time was killed. We maintained a pretty constant fire on both sides till the darkness prevented our seeing each other, and about sunset I received a ball through my hand and wrist which prevented me from loading my gun. I, however, found means to keep my people from being intimidated by this accident. They gallantly kept their advantageous situation till the fire ceased on both sides. The enemy during the action used many arts and stratagems to induce us to submit, but we told them our numbers were sufficient and that we were determined to keep our ground as long as there were two left to stand by each other.

"After the action in which we had a great number so severely wounded that they could not travel without assistance, and our ammunition being nearly expended, and considering we were so near Ticonderoga, from whence the enemy could easily make a descent and overpower us by numbers, I thought it expedient to take advantage of the night to retreat and gave orders accordingly. . . .

"The nearest computation we could make of the number which attacked us was that it consisted of about 250 French and Indians, and we afterwards had an account from the enemy that their loss in this action of killed and those who afterwards died of their wounds amounted to 116 men.

"Both the officers and soldiers I had the honour to command, who survived the first onset, behaved with the most undaunted bravery and resolution and seemed to vie with each other in their respective stations who should excel."

The return of casualties to the Rangers in the above action shows 14 killed, 6 wounded and 6 missing.

It was after this engagement that Lieutenant Stark made a remarkably expeditious run on snow-shoes ; being sent back to Fort William Henry for sleighs to bring in the wounded, he covered the distance of 35 miles in 5 hours and enabled the relief party to meet the retreating column early the next day on the ice of Lake George.

In June '57, the Rangers were ordered to New York and then embarked for Halifax with the expedition against Louisbourg, which was conveyed by a fleet of nearly one hundred vessels. Like nearly all of Lord Loudoun's expeditions this one also proved a failure—they did not go any farther than Halifax, and after remaining there for a time orders were given to return. The Rangers returned to New York, from there to Albany and the fields of their former action. During the absence of the troops mentioned, Montcalm had succeeded in taking Oswego, and also compelled Fort William Henry to capitulate after a siege of considerable duration. It was on this occasion that the articles of capitulation were shockingly violated and a dreadful massacre of several hundred of the British garrison, including the women and children, was perpetrated by the Indians.

From October till the end of the year '57, the Rangers were employed most of the time in patrolling the woods between Fort Edward and Ticonderoga. On one of these expeditions it is stated by the author : "My Lord Howe did us the honour to accompany us, being fond as he expressed it to learn our methods of marching, ambushing, etc., and upon our return expressed his good opinion of us very generously." It is also stated, "About this time

"Lord Loudoun sent the following volunteers in the regular troops to be trained to the ranging or wood service under my command and inspection, with particular orders to me to instruct them to the utmost of my power in the ranging discipline, our methods of marching, retreating, fighting and ambushing, that they might be the better qualified for any future service against the enemy we had to contend with, desiring me to take particular notice of each one's behaviour and recommend them according to their several deserts."

It is interesting to know which of the old regiments of the line were at that time taking part in the American, British and French war. The names of these officers and soldiers are all given, but it will be sufficient to state that the detachment consisted of from five to ten each from the 4th, 22nd, 27th, 42nd, 44th and 48th Regiments.

These volunteers (the Major writes) I formed into a company by themselves, and took the immediate command and management of them to myself, and for their benefit and instruction reduced into writing the following rules or plan of discipline, which on various occasions I had found by experience to be necessary and advantageous:—

1. All Rangers are to be subject to the rules and articles of war, to appear at roll-call every evening on their own parade equipped each with a fire-lock, 60 rounds of powder and ball and a hatchet, at which time an officer from each company is to inspect the same, to see they are in good order, so as to be ready on any emergency to march at a minute's warning, and before they are dismissed the necessary guards are to be draughted, and scouts for the next day appointed.

2. Whenever you are ordered out to the enemies' forts or frontiers for discoveries, if your number be small, march in a single file, keeping at such a distance from each other as to prevent one shot from killing two men, sending one man or more forward, and the like on each side at the distance of 20 yards from the main body, if the ground you march over will admit of it, to give the signal to the officer of the approach of an enemy, and of their number, etc.

3. If you march over marshes or soft ground change your position, and march abreast of each other, to prevent the enemy from tracking you, till you get over such ground and then resume your former order and march till it is quite dark before you encamp, which do if possible on a piece of ground that will afford your sentries the advantage of seeing or hearing the enemy at considerable distance, keeping one-half of your whole party awake alternately during the night.

4. Some time before you come to the place you would reconnoitre, make a stand and send one or two men in whom you can confide to look out the best ground for making your observations.

5. If you have the good fortune to take any prisoners, keep them separate till they are examined and in your return take a different route to that in which you went out.

6. If you march in a large body of three or four hundred with a design to attack the enemy, divide your party into three columns, each headed by a proper officer, and let these columns march in single file, the ones to the right and left keeping at 20 yards distance from the centre column, if the ground will admit, and let proper guards be kept in the front and rear and suitable flanking parties as before directed, with orders to halt on all eminences to take a view of the surrounding ground, to prevent your being ambuscaded. If the enemy approach in front on level ground, form a front of your three columns, or main body, with the advanced guard, keeping out your flanking parties, to prevent the enemy from pressing hard on either of your wings, or surrounding you, which is the usual method of the savages if their number will admit of it; and be careful to support and strengthen your rear guard.

7. If you are obliged to receive the enemy's fire, fall or squat down till it is over, then rise and discharge at them, observing to keep at a due distance from each other, and advance from tree to tree, with one-half of the party before the other ten or twelve yards. If the enemy push upon you let your front fire and fall down, and let your rear advance through them and do the like, by which time those who before were in front will be ready to discharge again, and repeat the same alternately; by this means you will keep up such a constant fire that the enemy will not be able easily to break your order or gain your ground.

8. If you oblige the enemy to retreat, be careful in your pursuit of them to keep out your flanking parties and pre-

vent them from gaining eminences, where they would, perhaps, be able to rally and repulse you in turn.

9. If you are obliged to retreat let the front of your whole party fire and fall back till the rear hath done the same. By this means you will oblige the enemy to pursue you, if they do it at all, in the face of a constant fire.

10. If the enemy is so superior that you are in danger of being surrounded by them, let your whole party disperse, and every one take a different road to the place of rendezvous appointed for that evening, which must every morning be altered and fixed for the ensuing evening; but if you should happen to be actually surrounded, form yourselves into a square, or, if in the woods, a circle is best, and, if possible, make a stand till the darkness of night favours your escape.

11. If your rear is attacked the main body and flankers must face about and form themselves to oppose the enemy as before directed, and the same method must be observed if attacked on either of your flanks, in which case you will always make a rear guard of one of your flank guards.

12. If you determine to rally after a retreat, by all means endeavour to do it on the most rising ground you can come at, which will give you great advantage in point of situation, and enable you to repulse superior numbers.

13. In general, when pushed upon by the enemy, reserve your fire till they approach very near, which will then put them into the greater surprise and consternation, and give you an opportunity to rush upon them with your hatchets and cutlasses to the better advantage.

14. When you encamp for the night fix your sentries in such a manner as not to be relieved from the main body till morning, profound secrecy and silence being of the utmost importance in these cases. Each sentry, therefore, should consist of six men, two of whom must be constantly alert, and when relieved by their fellows, it should be done without noise, and in case those on duty see or hear anything that alarms them they are not to speak, but one of them is silently to retire and acquaint the commanding officer thereof.

15. At the first dawn of day awake your whole detachment, that being the time when the savages choose to fall upon their enemies. You should by all means be in readiness to receive them.

16. If the enemy should be discovered by you in the morning, and their numbers are superior to yours and victory doubtful, you should not attack them till the evening, as then they will not know your numbers, and if you are repulsed your retreat will be favoured by the darkness of the night.

17. Before you leave your encampment send out small parties to scout around to see if an enemy has been near you in the night.

18. When you stop for refreshment choose a spring or rivulet if you can, and dispose your party so as not to be surprised, posting proper guards on the path you came in, lest an enemy should be pursuing.

19. If in your return you have to cross rivers avoid the usual fords as much as possible, lest the enemy should have discovered you and be there expecting you.

20. If you have to pass by lakes, keep at some distance from the shore, lest in case of an ambuscade or an attack when in that situation your retreat would be cut off.

21. If the enemy pursue your rear, take a circle until you come to your own tracks again, and there form an ambush to receive them, and give them the first fire.

22. When you return from a scout and come near our forts avoid the usual roads lest the enemy should have headed you and lay in ambush to receive you, when exhausted with fatigue.

23. When you pursue any party that has been near our forts or encampments, endeavour by a different route to head and meet them in some narrow pass or lay in ambush to receive them where they least expect it.

24. If you are to embark in canoes or battoes by water, choose the evening for the time of starting, as you will then have the whole night before you to pass undiscovered by any parties of the enemy on hills or places which command a prospect of the lake or river you are upon.

25. In paddling or rowing give orders that the boat or canoe next to the last shall wait for her, and the third for the second, and so on, to prevent separation, and that you may be ready to assist one another in an emergency.

26. Appoint one man in each boat to look out for fires on the shores, from the number and size of which you may

form some judgment of the number that kindled them, and whether you are able to attack them or not.

27. If you find the enemy encamped near a river or lake which you imagine they will attempt to cross on being attacked, leave a detachment of your party on the opposite shore to receive them, while you surprise them, having them between you and the lake or river.

28. Whether you go by land or water give out parole and countersigns in order to know one another in the dark, and likewise appoint a station for every man to repair to in case of any accident that may separate you.

In January, 1758, five new companies were added to the Rangers.

In March following Major Rogers was ordered to make a reconnoissance of Fort Ticonderoga with 180 of his men. On the fourth day after leaving Fort Edward, as they were nearing the French outposts on the west side of Lake George, having a range of hills on their right, they were met by a party of one hundred Indians and French, which was passing them on the left. The detachment was immediately halted and prepared for action by laying off their packs. The snow being four feet deep, the whole party were on snow-shoes. They faced to their left and remained steady until the enemy got directly in front, their position being concealed by a narrow ridge of land. On the signal of a shot by the Major, a volley was fired which killed about 40 of the enemy, the rest retreated and were pursued by the right flank party of the Rangers, but it was soon discovered that instead of the main body it was only the advance guard of about 600 more. By the Major's report, he says:

"I then ordered our people to retreat to their own ground, which we gained at the expense of 50 men killed; the remainder I rallied and drew up in pretty good order, where they fought with such bravery as obliged the enemy (though 7 to 1 in number) to retreat a second time, but we, not being in a condition to pursue them, they rallied again and recovered their ground. . . . They were, however, so warmly received that they retreated a third time, but our numbers being now too far reduced to take advantage of their disorder, they rallied again and made a fresh attack upon us. About this time we discovered about 200 Indians going up the mountain to attack our rear. To prevent this I sent Lieut. Phillips with 18 men to beat them back, which he did. . . . I also sent Lieut. Grafton to another part of the hill with 15 men.

"The enemy pushed us so close in front that the parties were not more than twenty yards apart in general, and sometimes intermixed with each other.

"The fire continued almost constant for an hour and a half, in which time we lost 8 officers and more than 100 men killed on the spot. We were at last obliged to break, and I with about 20 men ran up the hill to Phillips and Grafton, where we stopped and fired on the Indians who were pushing us with numbers we could not withstand.

"Lieut. Phillips was at this time capitulating for himself and party, being surrounded by about 300; he said to me if they would give them good quarter he thought it best to surrender, otherwise he would fight while he had one man left.

"I now thought it most prudent to retreat and bring off as many of my party as I could, which I immediately did, the Indians closely pursuing us and took several prisoners."

Notwithstanding the promises given on their surrender, Lieut. Phillips and his men were tied to trees, and hewn to pieces by the Indians in a most shocking manner.

(To be continued.)

CRUISE OF THE GALENA ANN.—Admiral Gratepeigh, U.S.N., was waiting on Long Island shore with a store of cotton wool to wrap the Galena Ann in. She hove in sight and he hove too.

The proud and venerable ship came from the horizon and the venerable Admiral's bosom swelled with pride. "Ah! my old hearts of oak are best after all. Bless her!" he murmured. "I will have her fixed up with glue and carpet tacks, and she shall go to meet the haughty foe."

Which she might have done, but her officers, being unaccustomed to sea ways, let her bump up against a rock or a catfish, or something, and—well, the secretary of the navy will institute an enquiry or something. N.B.—The admiral escaped uninjured.—*Chicago Herald.*



THE OLD MILITARY BUILDINGS, ST. HELEN'S ISLAND, MONTREAL.
(Mr. Mathews, Amateur photo.)

LITERARY and ARTISTIC NEWS FROM NEW YORK

It has been an uneventful three weeks in the literary world. As the weather improves the interest in literature always lessens, and the baseball season, which began last week, is apt to monopolize the space in the newspapers.

There were two notable events on Friday—the death of the greatest commander since Wellington and Napoleon, and the supposed appearance in New York of Jack the Ripper, who has mutilated a woman of the unfortunate class in the old barbarous way, only with less manual skill than was manifested in Whitechapel.

A noticeable feature of Von Moltke's death, whether from a closer sympathy between America and France, or for some more occult reason, is that the flags in which New York abounds were by no means so uniformly half-mast as when Messonier died. But the *Illustrated American*, a paper that has shown lately a genius for opportune publication, is working night and day to surpass itself in bringing out a Moltke edition.

The Kendals have come again and gone again, and Rosina Vokes has achieved a brilliant success at Daly's. Her husband, Mr. Cecil Clay, was in his day the best known man at Oxford and the finest racquet player in England.

The Arthur Winter Memorial Library at Staten Island has now over 3,000 volumes, including autographed contributions from Wilkie Collins, etc. Arthur Winter's father, William Winter, the most famous dramatic critic in America, has just printed privately a book on "Press and Stage"—a revised edition of the speech with which he demolished Dion Boucicault in the duel of words which they fought by invitation before the Goethe Society. This great speech, a model of moderate and solid argument, is housed in a book worthy of its contents—of the review octavo size,—printed on the richest hand-made paper and fascinatingly bound in grey linen with faint gold lettering. Mr. Winter has also written an admirable preface for the acting edition of "Love's Labour Lost," prepared by Augustin Daly for his production of the play last month. Mr. Winter has transferred his books from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, to MacMillan's New York house.

During the next few months all three of the great magazines—the *Century*, *Harper's* and *Scribner's*—will be bringing out articles of travel by Frank Hopkinson Smith, the marine engineer, New York's Admirable Crichton, who, with equal success, made the harbour at Bridgeport and illustrated Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Last Leaf." Mr. Smith, who is a well known artist, will illustrate the articles himself. It is rumoured that he is to receive \$1,000 for each article.

The *May Lippincott* has a short novelette entitled "Vampires," by Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, who writes under the *nom de plume* of Julien Gordon, and is the latest sensation among novelists. This month's *North American Review* devotes a long article to her by no less a personage than Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine, of the *New York Sun*, the leading American book critic.

Dr. Eggleston's novel in the *Century*, "The Faith Doctor," is pronounced a *ne plus ultra* description of New York Life.

Miss Alice Bacon's book on "Japanese Women and Children," just brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, is one of the best books I have opened for a long time. No better book was ever written about Japan. If Miss Bacon had spent her whole time in kodaking women and children at every change of position and expression, she could not have produced a more photographic picture, and she does it with such a judicious blending of lightness and pathos. Those who wish to see Japan as it really is without going there should read this book.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, whose "Palabras Carinosas" is the best poem of its kind in the English language, has just brought out a new volume of poems, "The Sisters' Tragedy" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston). I like it vastly better than "Wyndham Towers," which I honestly thought unworthy of Mr. Aldrich, rattled up in a hurry without due knowledge of the locality in which the poem was laid, and singularly wanting in the *purpurci panni* with which one expects to find a long poem patched—in fact, no better than an equally long excerpt taken at hazard from Wordsworth's "Excursion." "The Sisters' Tragedy" is of very different metal. The title poem and "Pauline Paulovna" are exquisite poems,

written in Mr. Aldrich's happiest manner (which is saying so much), full of noble lines and with a subtle beauty of plot and narration. I like "The Last Caesar," "In Westminster Abbey" and "The Shipman's Tale" almost as well, and find "The Monody on the Death of Wendell Phillips" unique—full of beauty, music and power. But, on the other hand, I can't discover why Mr. Alden, or Mr. Aldrich, ever ventured to print "Thalia." Such a stanza as—

Nay it is time to go—
When *writing your* tragic sister
Say to that child of woe
How sorry I was I missed her,

seems to me about as bad as that great poet Adam Lindsay Gordon's famous transgression in "Ashtaroth"—

"Indeed, I have not the least idea ;
I think he must be mad,
He married my sister Dorothea
And used her cruelly bad."

Missed her—sister—is pretty bad, and *writing your* tragic sister instead of "writing to your tragic sister," is shop clerk's English, "Write Mrs. Vanderbilt and advise her the flowers are forwarded by Fall River boat." It is wholly inadmissible in poetry. Nor should Mr. Aldrich take such liberties with fact as to begin a poem on Troy (an exquisite little poem, by the way)—

"Pillared arch and sculptured tower,"

when every one knows that there were no arches in that part of the world for centuries afterwards, and no pillars. The Lion's Gate at Mycenae shows what a very moderate advance in architecture we can attribute with safety to the works of the princes who fought for Helen. But let no one imagine that the book is vitiated for the reader by those faults. It is only so for Mr. Aldrich. I have read it four or five times, and shall read it a good many times more. It is full of delightful things, and as a piece of book manufacture has reached the high water mark, with its dainty scarlet linen binding, ornamented only with the lettering and a little gold laurel wreath. It is beautifully printed on heavy, handsome paper of the review octavo size—a book that, outside and in, will charm everyone.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FICTION, by Daniel Greenleaf Thompson (Longmans, London and New York), is, like all Mr. Thompson's books, a standard work, written with strength, judgement and scholarly expression. Probably no living American writer on philosophy enjoys more reputation in England than Mr. Thompson. The Longmans have published four or five of his books in London.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.



QUACO LIGHT, N.B.
(From the painting by John C. Miles, A.R.C.A.)



Season Notes and Sketches.

I.

"The iron North has spent his rage."
—Michael Bruce.

A gray day; a gray air, filled with a faint odor of budding things; a gray blanket of mist, fringed with silent rain; through this, everything is gray; the fence rails and pickets are gray; the barn in yonder field is gray, and so are the gnarled apple trees, from the bottom of each scabby bole to topmost twig; the stubble fields are gray, save where, in low places, a tender tint of green is coming, like a first flush of delight on the earth's sensitive cheek; the little birds that come in sight are all gray, and this is a sober-suited morning. But this Quaker-coloured season, so recluse and frugal, is full of unseen treasure, and prelude of more than Roman splendour,—a very Papal magnificence soon to be. Under the gray blanket of the mist the infant spring is being softly born.

I never longed more for its coming. The russet fields never seemed fairer than now, when snow and icy airs take such reluctant departure. Scents of pine, firwood and budding birch were never sweeter. The jolly robin's note, the blue-bird's carol, the "slender whistle" of the peewee, were never a more joyous intoxication. To stand near the edge of a waning snow-wreath and smell the fresh wood where the fruit tree limb has been lopped off, brings a more spicy satisfaction than a summer wind from banks of flowers will, later.

II.

"Joy, in the laughing valleys! Joy in the gladsome glen,
Wherever nature rallies, and leaps to life again."
—John McPherson.

I turn my eyes from the window, and its colourless prospect, to my book. It is a volume in jaded black, rustically clad and printed, that I picked up one day in an Acadian village, and, out of sympathy, never quite laid down again. I have been looking over some simple lines, I remember quite well enough. Just now I repeat them zestfully:

"I long for Spring,—enchanted Spring!
Her sunshine and soft airs:

"I long for all her dear delights;
Her bright green forest bowers,
Her world of cheerful sounds and sights,
Her song-birds and her flowers!

Simple enough, you say, reader! And, indeed, I have not given the most pretentious word on the subject. You

would have commenced with Thomson's noble apostrophe, or spoken of the hurrying belated spring, "storming the world," Lowell-like, "with one great gush of blossoms;" and there would be one, we wot of, to listen eagerly. I have more elegant volumes that I bring out before my friends; but when I drop a tear in solitude over any book of song, it is likely to be this, which, if you saw it, might excite your derision. My heart clings to this forgotten muse of the wilderness, whose woodnotes come back to me like the cuckoo voice in spring, with some of the plaintive sweetness of Michael Bruce or John Logan.

Here are the remains of one who truly longed for the springing season, and who had greater reason than I thus to speak longingly; for had not he been stretched on a consumptive couch, through all the melancholy winter, in a wretched cabin whose chinks sifted the snow betimes on his coverlet? An Acadian minstrel, you say, whose voice is newly tuned after the rude shocks of a Nova Scotia winter; whose song is rather primitive and curious, being of the olden time. This will do for romance; we need the spice of that, even if it be some sensitive soul's misery, to season a comfortable life. Literally, a poor schoolmaster, with a wife and child;—one not very dollar-wise, and without the traditional silver spoon; one among pioneers, and in a new, unbroken country, crude, provincial, wherein the chief problem was how to keep the wolf out, and get a crust ahead against the day of starvation;—and this he was, and,—pity's sake! would there and then give himself, body and soul, to the Muses! He did a deal of pining,—far too much, indeed, if it was not done silently; but the most of his songs are cheerful. Poesy was the one star set in his sky, and it went early down behind the wilderness. That star, to him, was never fortune; the guerdon that gives the poet ease or luxury it could not bestow; happy if some wholesome food and a little leisure it could have secured. Woe waits the feet that are led from the path of worldly wisdom, albeit

"the light that leads astray
Be light from heaven!"

for, in a world wherein we must maintain the struggle for the mastery, conquering if we are not disabled, and suffering if we are, how can a man, upon the plea that he is a poet,

"expect that others should
Build for him, sew for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?"

Tears started into his eyes at hearing a sister rhymer repeating his simple ballad; and now, while he longed for season hastens, I find my own filling while I muse over it.

"Give me Spring—inspiring Spring,
The season of our trust,
That hopeful comes again to bring
New life to slumbering dust;

Restore from winter's stormy shocks
Again the lowing herds,
The bleating of the yearned flocks,
The singing of the birds.

"My cheek is wan with slow disease,
My heart is full of care,
And, restless for a moment's ease
I pine for sun and air.

"I long to see the ice give way,
The streams begin to flow,
And some benignant vernal day
Disperse the latest snow;
I long to see yon lake resume
Its breeze-kissed azure crest,
And hear the lonely wild-fowl boom
Along its moonlit breast.

"I long to see the grass spring up,
The first green corn appear;
The violet ope its purple cup,
And shed its glistening tear.

"The robin has returned again,
And rests his wearied wing,
But makes no music in the glen
Where he was wont to sing;
The blackbird chants no jocund strain,
The tiny wildwood throng
Still of the searching blasts complain,
And make no joyous song.

"The ploughman cheering on his team
At morning's dewy prime,
The milkmaid, singing of her dream
At tranquil evening time;
The shrill frog, piping from the pool,
The swallow's twittering cry,
The teacher's pleasant walk from school
Require a kinder sky.

"O month of many smiles and tears
Return . . . ! . . ."

III.

"I'll sweeten thy sad grave."

Often I find my heart turning to this muse of the wilderness, resinging tearfully the early songs of Acadia. I catch from him the phebe-note of dawn prelude the rapture chorus yet to break forth, hinting at art's maturer triumphs. His compass was not ample, but his voice is sweet and artlessly sincere,—artless as the glee or sorrow of a child, full and fragrant of simplicity. In this lay I hear the brooks and birds of my native country, and see the light in which they abide, remotely familiar, and filled with indefinable sweetness. The love of flowers, as he said, "was deep within his soul," and every "wilding of the waste" was dear to him. Ever at this season I hear him again singing of their swift return, and hail with him the budding of new leaves,—

"Waving their odoriferous Eden-wings,
To bid the earth rejoice."

But his more than good will sought all living creatures; he was at one with all sylvan dwellers, and he longed after them with passionate yearning. His golden bowl was full of wine, and love was poured over all things. It made a sanctuary of the forest, and bedewed that brown carpet out of which creeps the flowers of May,—our arbutus emblem,—converting to itself solitary heath and secluded glen. It was a baptism of elm, larch and pine; a silver rain on lake and river—on his own Lily and Rossignol, on his native Liverpool and his Fairy Stream. Its consecrating pearls lay on the brier rose and violet, and there for me they are always lying. And so it comes to pass I have long loved this rural minstrel, "self-styled Harp of Acadia;" for he who loves shall be loved; and, beside, his life was one so pitiful, so needful of pity, so soothed by the kindly word he would not withhold. It has been said, upon good authority, that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" and the story of poor John McPherson has many touches of nature.

IV.

"I would be kinder to them now
Were they alive once more;
Would kiss their cheeks, and kiss their hair,
And love them, like the angels there,
Upon the silent shore."

Ah, could I have known thee, sweet and tender bard, in the days of thy longing; I would have given thee the cheer thou didst need. But maybe I had had the will, lacking the power. Thou didst, indeed, have some to love and appreciate thee; and the early blossoms of thy

poesy under their gracious "tendance gladlier grew." But, whether now thou art remembered, thou belongest to a precious company, and art of kin with others of thy lovers who, after all their sighing, "were not born for death." When I think of thee I seem to be going back to a still earlier song, and blend instinctively with thine his plaintive memory who spoke so pathetically of the season we anticipate:

"Now Spring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joys my better years have known."

For Michael Bruce was of thy brotherhood; and he whose ear was so apt to the cuckoo's note,—"delightful visitant," whose song has no sorrow, and whose year no winter,—are of thy clan; yes, and Henry Timrod and Sydney Lanier could share thy longing and improve thine art. And another—ah! who can forget him!—who yearned, so like thyself, for the "delicate-footed" spring to tread out fragrance and beauty on his Scottish moorland, and beside his Luggie, invoking her with beautiful words:—

"O God! make free

This barren shackled earth,—so deadly cold,—
Breathe gently forth, thy Spring, till winter flies
In rude amazement, fearful and yet bold,
While she performs her customary charities;
I weigh the loaded hours till life is bare,—
O God, for one clear day, a snowdrop and sweet air!"

V.

"He did not die alone; nor should
His memory live so
. . . His eyes smiled for victory
O'er their own tears."

Dear David Gray! The image of him rises before me, as on that day before the day of death, when his delighted fingers grasped the only page of his book of song he was ever to see, and he felt anew something of the charm that drew his words in order:

"How beautiful afar on moorland ways,
Bosomed by mountains, darkened by huge glens
(Where here the lone altar raised by Druid hands
Stands like a mournful phantom), hidden clouds
Let fall soft beauty, till the green fir branch
Is plumed and tasseled, till each heather stock
Is delicately fringed. The sycamores
Through all their mystical entanglement
Of boughs are draped with silver. All the green
Of sweet leaves playing with the subtle air
In dainty murmuring; the obstinate drone
Of limber bees that in the monkshood bells
House diligent; the imperishable glow
Of summer sunshine nevermore confessed
The harmony of nature, the divine
Diffusive spirit of the beautiful.
Out in the snowy dimness, half revealed,
Like ghosts in glimpsing moonshine, wildly run
The children in bewildering delight."

Dear David! propped on thy pillow, taking one long, eager farewell gaze into the face of thy Muse, then dropping the enchanting page, over which others shall hang in fond memory of thee, forever—forever! Take it back to the printer; he shall go on putting it into type:

"Sweet Luggie, sylvan Bothlin—fairer twain
Than ever sang themselves into the sea,"

shall sing and sparkle still; but it brings all our tears back again to think that you, Davie, shall have dropped the harp from your wasted fingers, and you shall have ceased to sing the "pastoral beauty" of your own Luggie "into fame." O hard necessity of death! when clustering fancies come, and young hearts beat high, and the green hills seem so sweet to our eyes! Thou canst tell us all about it, dear Adonais, and thou, dear Davie! and so you moaned in song, as a child moans in his sleep:

"If it must be; if it must be, O God!
That I die young, and make no further moans;
That underneath the unrespectful sod
In unescutcheoned privacy, my bones
Shall crumble soon—then give me strength to bear
The last convulsive throes of too sweet breath."

VI.

"Many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme."

But, O ye, who mourn in prospect of early death; who, with your hyacinthine locks untouched by even an early frost, deplore that they shall never whiten,—think of us who must outstay our delights! When ye would fain linger, think of another doom, and consider him who must abide "the sere and yellow leaf," the long and gradual loosening of "the silver cord,"—the shrinkage of the

veins, the drying of bone and marrow; aye, the worse than these, in the soul's sorrow, the earth's vacancy, the desolation and the wound of love. Think, if to linger is your longing—

"What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more."

Happiest, perhaps, are they who never plucked on earth the ripest fruit; we image for them a fruitfulness which hath no decay. And some there be who to long mossed and lichened after-barrenness would prefer the branch cut down in its blossoming. Such shall not be wished out of the way, long after they have wished themselves. Pity weeps over their fate when youthful poets die; there are tears and elegies when—

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough."

VII.

"Poet's thought,—not poet's sigh!
'Las, they come together."

How can we separate from us the shadows? Just now the "clouds return after the rain." We have the April's frequent showers. So it is!

"A little sun, a little rain,
And then night comes upon the plain,
And all things fade away."

But we must end our springtime musing. Farewell, Acadian minstrel! Very gentle was thy spirit, very pathetic thy history. Sad, we may think, that thy rejoicing in the bloom and brightness of this breathing world ended so soon; but from thy place, more congenial to song and singing souls, it may not seem sad; for there, we deem,

"Everlasting Spring abides,
And never withering flowers."

They laid him to rest at evening, near the banks of the beautiful Lake Tupper, whereof he sang in the sweet verses we have recited, and where, during his later years, his quiet figure, grown familiar, would scarcely have started the wildfowl from its margin. The setting sun shone into his open grave.

PASTOR FELIX.

A writer in the Contributors' Club in the April *Atlantic* tells about the two daughters of Dr. Matthew Byles, calling them Unreconstructed Loyalists. He says:—

Dr. Byles and his two daughters were among the few Tories of social rank who were shut up in the town during the siege of 1775, and the two girls—for girls they were once—walked arm in arm with General Howe and Lord Percy on Boston Common, and never forgot that walk to the end of their unrepentant days. They lived then and till the day of their death in the family house on Tremont street, near Common street, and when republican noises rose under their windows they banished them by the recollection of the fact that once Lord Percy's band played before their house for their special delectation. Among the reasons reported by his daughter Catherine for dismissing Dr. Byles from his parish were "his friendly disposition to the British troops, particularly his entertaining them and his indulging them with his telescope," etc.

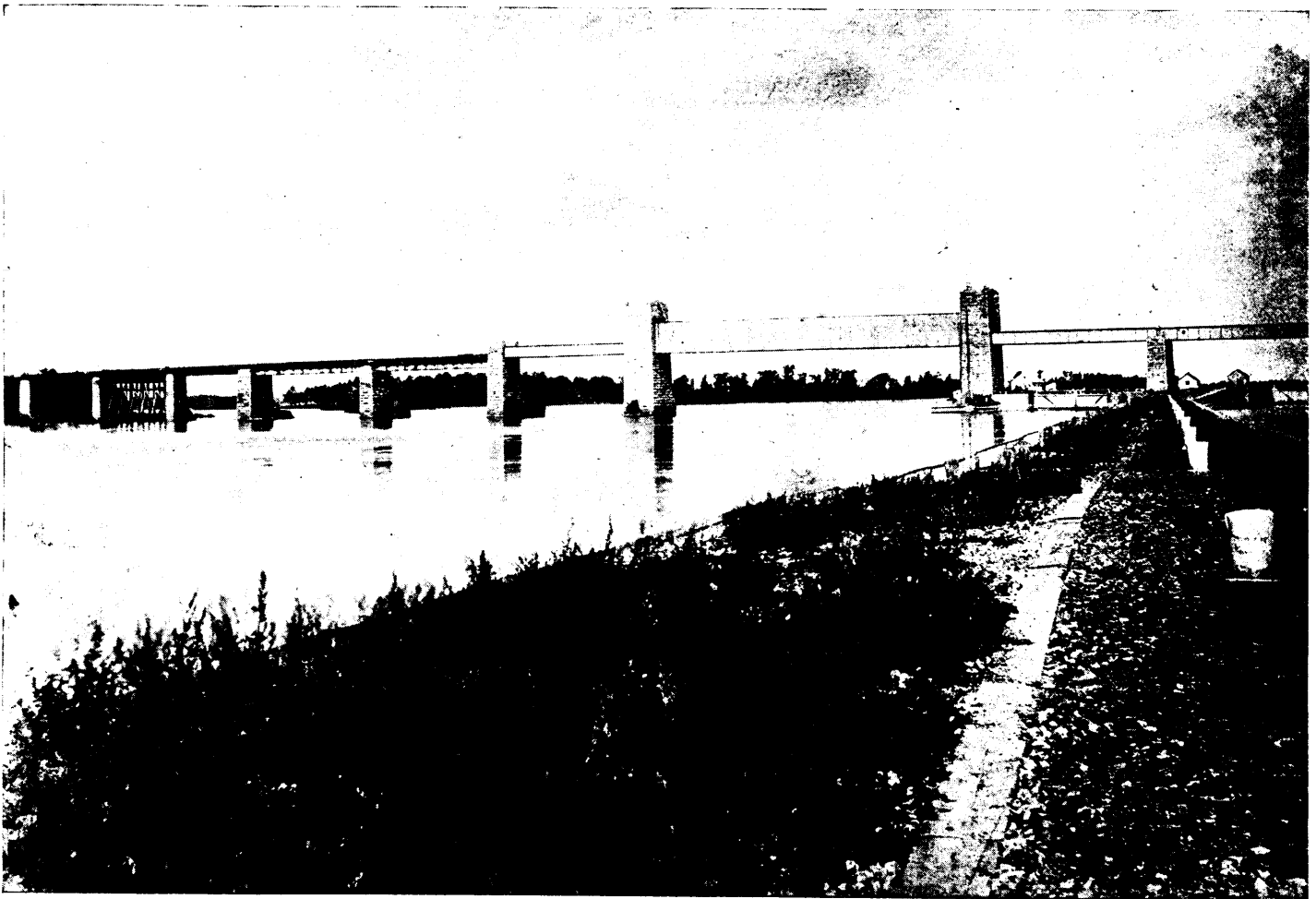
These two uncompromising relics lived, the one till 1835, the other till 1837, and entertained their visitors with whatever savored of antiquity, themselves being the most ancient of all. The bellows two centuries old; the chair which had been sent by the English government to their grandfather, the lieutenant-governor of the province; the envelope of a letter from Pope to the same gentleman, with commissions for him signed successively by Queen Anne and three of the Georges,—all of these were scarcely so venerable as the spirit of the maiden ladies. One of them wrote to William IV. on his accession to the throne. The sisters had known the sailor king, and now assured him that the family of Dr. Byles always had been, and would continue to be, loyal to their rightful sovereign of England.

The heroic mariner, Jean Bart, one of the few French admirals who ever beat the British in fair fight, was an inveterate smoker; and, if the tradition is to be believed, he declined, when commanded by the Grand Monarque at Versailles, to describe one of the most brilliant of his naval successes unless he were first permitted to light his pipe.

Young Man: "Sir, I love your daughter. Have I your permission to address myself to her?"

Father: "Certainly, my boy; only do not forget to enclose a stamped envelope. You may have merit, but still be unsuited to her present uses."





THE G. T. R. BRIDGE, ST. ANNES, P. Q.
(From an old print.)

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has just given to the world a volume of essays which have caused a rare fluttering of literary doves. Its name is "The Coming Terror," and the publisher Mr. William Harniman. Mr. Buchanan's purpose in writing these entertaining (but, at the same time, generally disgusting) essays—all of which have appeared in a modified shape in the magazines and newspapers—is to be gathered from the following quotations from the preface—"I have endeavoured to vindicate the freedom of human Personality, the equality of the sexes and the right of Revolt against arbitrary social laws, conflicting with the happiness of human nature." "At the moment of publication a great wave of Mock-Morality is threatening to destroy much that is beautiful in Life, in Literature and in Art." As a matter of fact, Mr. Buchanan is angry, he fumes—angry with everyone and with everything and with a new phrase of abuse for everyone he mentions. Men so different as Ibsen, Henry James, George Moore, Pinero, Grundy, Zola, W. S. Gilbert, R. L. Stevenson and Andrew Lang have all neatly turned epithets of abuse tacked on to their names. The young man who is making a name is another of Mr. Buchanan's great aversions—there is hardly a young man of note who is not abused in no measured tone, and Mr. Buchanan knows how to sling insulting epithets about! Even the modern press Mr. Buchanan cannot admire. To him the *Times* is "The great Cockney organ of British Philistia," and its opposite, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he calls "a journal of abominations." However, in spite of the angry passions, the volume is well worth reading—everything that Mr. Buchanan writes is that, if only from the humorous point of view, and no one else dares such originality. Future editions should be indexed, for then one could turn up an abusive epithet for any given author of note. The following true story attendant this book is too great to be lost. The first copies were inscribed "The Coming Terror"—Robert Buchanan. The author fumed, the copies were recalled, and "By" was inserted.

Mr. J. M. Barrie is a well known young man—a coming literary giant perhaps, for is he not the author of the ever

deightful "Auld Licht Idylls," "When a Man's Single," "A Window in Thrums," and "Thrums' Gossip," and consequently, I suppose, an aversion of Mr. Buchanan's. I can only conjecture, memory does not come to my aid and the index is wanting. Well, Mr. J. M. Barrie has—like most coming young men do, in the long run—written a play in collaboration with Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson. It is entitled "Richard Savage," and it was produced at a matinee at the Criterion Theatre on April 16. As the title indicates the hero of the play is the same Richard Savage, the bohemian and dissolute poet, whom Johnson loved and whom he has immortalized in his now little read "Lives of the Poets." The authors have, however, whitewashed their hero—making him a real 'hero' in fact, and although a bit of a rake, a thoroughly good fellow, capable of the sublimest unselfishness and devotion to others (not to himself as in the real character). They have also whitewashed his mother, the frail Countess of Macclesfield, although in fact she was a perfect demon in petticoats, always plotting the death of her natural son. To provide a substitute in villainy for the Countess, the authors have imported into their play a male villain, whom they make responsible for all the sins, which the Countess is really responsible for, and consequently in some degree spoil a fine play. A fine play? Well, it might have been that if the authors had displayed a little more care, a little more dramatic discretion in the working out of an involved plot. At present it hangs rather loosely, but I sincerely hope that the authors will accentuate its virtues and tone down its defects and that it will be produced in the evening bill at some theatre—good dramatic work is too rare to be left at the matinee stage. As to the caste, it was, as far as the more important characters are concerned, adequate. (One hopes, however, for a slightly better one when the play is produced again). Mr. J. Bernard Gould is the hero, and the other important characters are sustained by Mr. Cyril Naude, Miss Louise Moodie, Miss Helen Forsyth and Mr. Leonard Outram.

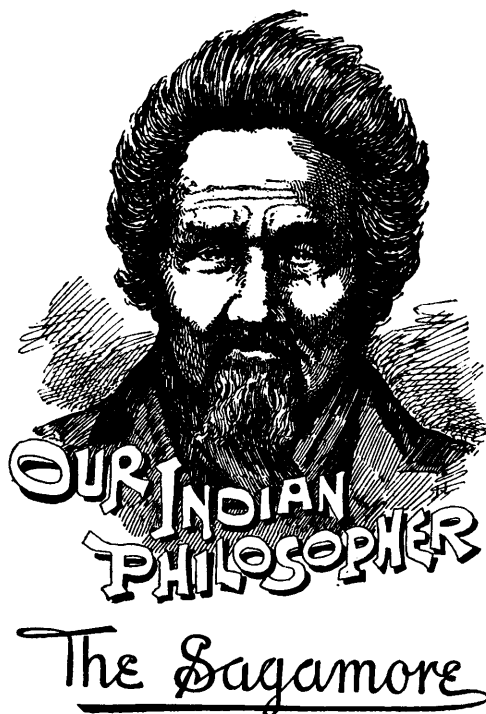
On April 16, Mr. George Meredith's new novel "One of the Conquerors," (which has been running as a serial

in the *Fortnightly Review*) was published. It is a literary event, but I confess that I have not read (or even begun to read) the book. I tried to in serial form but the confusion in language (if that is the right phrase to use) was too much for me. By the way, if Mr. George Meredith has any admirers in Canada, I can recommend them a book, which is sure to give them infinite pleasure. I refer to Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's "George Meredith: Some Characteristics," published by Mr. Elkin Matthews. It is an enthusiastic tribute of praise, but at the same time a really excellent piece of literary criticism.

Ill luck—illogical but relentless—seems to pursue Mrs. Langtry's theatrical speculations as far as London is concerned. In the winter of 1889 she came to London, prepared to conquer, and produced "As You Like It," on a scale of unexampled magnificence, she acting the character of *Rosalind* to perfection. Although Royalty favoured the first night, it did not 'catch on' with the general public and was withdrawn in favour of "Ether Sandraz," which proved a failure. Then Mrs. Langtry threw up the sponge, only to renew the fight last autumn with "Anthony and Cleopatra," a failure, then "Lady Barter," a failure, and now the late Sir Charles Young's "Linda Grey," which I fear is only another failure. Sir Charles was the author of the successful "Jim the Penman," but there the relationship ends, the one play cannot compare with the other. "Linda Grey" is apparently compiled from back numbers of the "Family Story Teller" and is full of ingenious but worn out theatrical clap trap and of old stage situations and devices. Mrs. Langtry was supported by an excellent company numbering Mr. Barnard Gould, Mr. Herbert Standring, Miss Laura Linden and Miss May Whitty. But no cast can save a bad play, and London still waits to see Mrs. Langtry in a part worthy of her undoubted, but yet unseen powers.

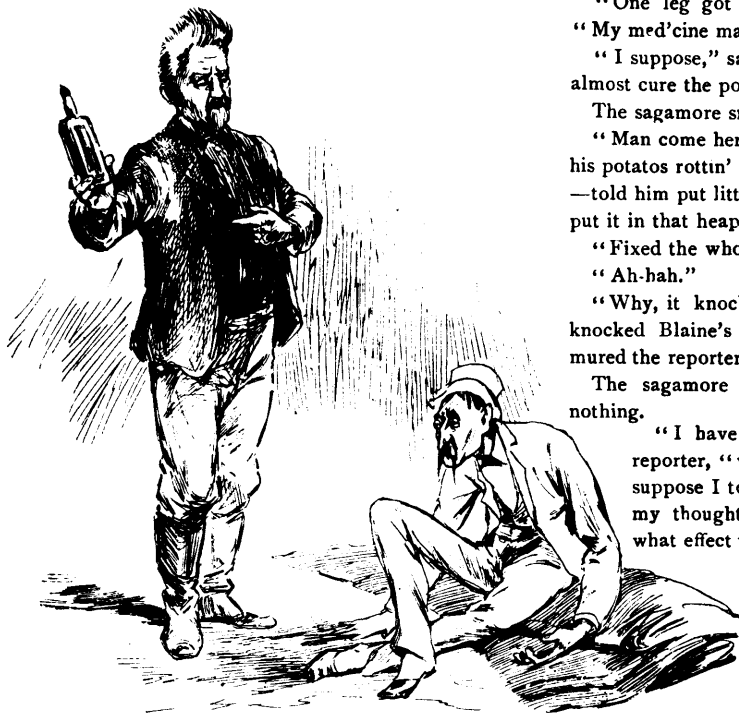
Black and White, the new illustrated weekly, certainly made a bad start, but it is fast picking up both in its illustrations and literary matter. This week it is excellent. Mr. Grant Allen has been engaged to write a fortnightly gossip chronicle under the title of "The Peripatetic Philosopher," and one rejoices to see the addition of that excellent caricaturist, Mr. Phil May, to the artistic staff.

GRANT RICHARDS.



The reporter was looking far from well. His colour was not good, his eyes were dull, and his whole appearance that of a man who was under the weather. Walking with listless gait he reached the wigwam of the sagamore, and was grateful for the couch the old man offered him. The involuntary sigh that escaped his lips as he sat down attracted Mr. Paul's attention.

"You sick?" the old man queried.
 "Not half as well as I'd like," said the reporter, with another sigh. "The fact is, I'm about used up."
 "Where you sick?" demanded Mr. Paul.
 "All over."
 "Your head aches?"
 "Yes."
 "Feel bad in your stomach?"
 "Horrible."
 "You eat much?"
 "Scarcely a bite."
 "I kin fix you all right," said the sagamore. "I got stuff here cure you right away."
 He reached up to a shelf and took therefrom a bottle of stuff coloured liquid.



"You take spoonful this stuff three times every day you be all right in two days."

"I question it very much," dubiously rejoined the reporter. "I have taken a lot of stuff already, but nothing has come of it. I think I will see a doctor."

Which was tantamount to a declaration of unbelief in the efficacy of Mr. Paul's remedy. That worthy man was up in arms in a moment.

"I cure more people with that medicine than any doctor in this country," he stoutly declared. "Man come to me last week. He told me he heard I got some good medicine. He been sick two—three years. Ain't been able go way from his house only once-in-while all that time. I give him bottle that stuff."

"Well?" queried the reporter, for the old man had paused, as if to invite the question.

"That man," said Mr. Paul, impressively raising his hand, "ain't sick any more. He come here two days ago—told me he never been better in his life."

"Two or three years' sickness cured in as many days," commented the reporter. "Not a bad yarn, old man;—but I don't believe it."

"You needn't," coldly replied the man of medicine, deeply offended, "you kin stay sick if you want to."

"But I don't want to. It's bad enough for a man to have twinges of rheumatism every time the clerk of the weather changes his boots, without feeling all the time as slim as Mr. Mercier's chances of getting that loan floated on advantageous terms."

"You got rheumatism?" asked the sagamore.

"I have."

"My medicine cure rheumatism every time," said the old man.

"You don't say so!"

"Ah-hah. Man come here last week—all bent up. Had rheumatism this ten years—have to walk with cane—one leg bent up stiff this long time. I give him some my medicine—now he kin run with all his might."

"I have corns and ingrowing toe nails," said the reporter, somewhat irrelevantly.

"My medicine cure 'um," promptly rejoined the sagamore. "Man come here last week got corns on all his toes—got bunions too. I cure 'um."

"Yes?"

"Bulliest medicine in this country," said Mr. Paul.

"Suppose a man came along who had a wooden leg," suggested the reporter. "Could you do anything for him?"

"Make new leg grow on him," replied the sage. "If he takes my medicine that fix him right away. Man come here last week with one finger off his hand—he got all his fingers now."

"Remarkable medicine," commented the reporter.

"You see that stool?" demanded Mr. Paul.

The reporter looked and saw a three legged stool. One leg was larger and coloured differently from the others. He nodded.

"One leg got broke from that stool," said Mr. Paul. "My medicine made that new one grow in there."

"I suppose," said the reporter, "your medicine would almost cure the potato rot."

The sagamore smiled a smile of superior knowledge.

"Man come here last fall," he said,—"told me 'bout all his potatoes rottin' in cellar. I give him some my medicine—told him put little under skin of one them potatoes—then put it in that heap. That fix 'um."

"Fixed the whole heap?"

"Ah-hah."

"Why, it knocks Koch's lymph higher than Harrison knocked Blaine's reciprocity racket the other day," murmured the reporter.

The sagamore proudly surveyed the bottle and said nothing.

"I have a second cousin in Australia," said the reporter, "who is troubled with a bald head. Now, suppose I took a little of your medicine and centred my thoughts on his skull at the same moment—what effect would the medicine have?"

"Make his hair grow right away," promptly replied the sage.

"At the same moment?"

"Ah-hah."

"Would it make allowance for the difference in time between here and Australia?"

"Ah-hah."

"My brother," said the reporter, "I will take a bottle of your medicine. Give me two bottles. You are a modest man and I will trust in you. You advance no outrageous claim in speaking of the merits of your great remedy. In that respect you differ from the proprietors of almost all the patent medicines of my acquaintance. They lie, you know

—and lie without even a reasonable degree of discrimination. You don't. On further consideration, you may give me four bottles."

"So many?" queried Mr. Paul. "One bottle fix you all right."

"You may give me four," replied the reporter firmly. "One for myself and three for my neighbour's dog. Should the dog get better you will doubtless hear from me again. If not, you will doubtless hear from my neighbour."

"Dog sick?" queried Mr. Paul.

"Oh no—he's all right now."

"You gimme ten dollars," said the sagamore.

"Oh no," promptly rejoined the reporter—"no ten dollars. The dog isn't worth more than five. You can get out of the scrape for three. Why should I give you ten?"

There was something in the reporter's remarks or in his tone of utterance that seemed to give serious offence to Mr. Paul, for instead of handing over the medicine he ordered his visitor to leave the wigwam at once. The reporter left without ceremony, and without the medicine.

The marvellous remedy, however, is "for sale at all druggists'."

The Looked-for Man.

He "is not fair to outward view ;"
 Oh, no! quite plain is he,
 With "commonplace"
 Writ on his face
 For all the world to see.

He ne'er had "faced the cannon's mouth ;"
 Or "sailed the raging main ;"
 Or "snatched a child,"
 With courage wild,
 Before a rushing train.

He is not rich, or bright, or young ;
 Yet, when he walks the street,
 The fairest maids
 Lift window shades
 And listen for his feet ;

And if he stops, the proudest dame
 Seems pleased—or heaves a sigh
 If walking fast,
 She sees at last
 The postman pass her by.

—Margaret Gilman George, in *Century Bric-à-Brac*.

Resolution.

Swift flee the waves, and the wind follows after,
 Out of the caves of the blue northern sky,
 Sweeping the whitecaps with peals of glad laughter,
 Swinging the golden chained clouds up on high.

Twining the spray in long wreaths with the sunbeams,
 Flinging them towards me in boisterous glee,
 Singing : "Away to the winds with your day dreams,
 Joy has the morning brought out of the sea."

Whispered the pines in the forest together,
 Blushed the brown leaves at the dawn's burning kiss,
 Promises sweet of this glorious weather
 Hastened my steps from the shadows to—this.

Ah! Every flower can tell how it was keeping,
 Close round my heart a spell, full of dream-lore,
 Down in the depths of the forest they're sleeping ;
 I and the north wind have met on the shore.

Ha! Ha! How one laughs at the fears that have vanished!
 Kiss me, Old North Wind, I've courage at last.
 Join me in singing our j'y, who have banished
 Mists of the morning and dreams of the past.

Kiss me again and again, beyond caring!
 Shower me with kisses and—tangle my hair.
 Oh, was there ever a lover more daring,
 Ever a maiden less likely to care?

Ever such gladness on Earth or in Heaven!
 Never was heard more harmonious strain,
 "This is the day which the Lord hath us given,"
 "Let us rejoice," rings the joyous refrain.

Surely Thy mercy endureth forever,
 Happy are we when Thy will is our way.
 Heart of me! we will be glad and will never
 Lose these sweet echoes through all the long day.

—REDCLIFFE.



ROSLIN CHAPEL.

A REVERENT PILGRIMAGE.

PART VIII.

He who wishes to reach Roslin Chapel, that gem of ecclesiastical architecture, by the most picturesque route, will go by classic Hawthornden, sacred to Drummond, the friend of Shakespeare and Jonson. It is a fitting home for a poet. The mansion rises from the very edge of the cliff, which descends sheer to the stream, commanding exquisite views of the romantic valley. Thither, between two and three hundred years ago, came "rare Ben Jonson," afoot, from London; hailed on his arrival, according to tradition, with the pithy,

"Welcome to ye, souse Ben!" and replying with the equally terse,

"Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden!" Had the guest been Ben's namesake, the "Great Lexicographer," greetings would not have been so summarily disposed of. "Sir!" he of polysyllabic memory would have begun—and Heaven only knows how, and above all when, he would have ended.

Through copse and meadow, by cliff and river and waterfall, we reach Roslin. The whole valley of the Eak, both above and below the village, is remarkable for its beauty. Nor is it lacking in other points of interest. On the neighbouring moor, in 1302, Comyn, then guardian of the kingdom, and Simon Fraser, thrice defeated the English in one day. Roslin Castle, on a peninsular rock overhanging the stream, and accessible only by a bridge of great height, is so old that its origin is lost in obscurity. The beautiful gothic chapel was built in 1446 by one of the lords of the castle,—William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney and Lord of Roslin. It was originally intended as the choir of a much larger edifice, which, however, was never built. The chapel is famous, not only for the beauty of its decorations, but for the variety of architectural styles it displays—all blending harmoniously. In the latter particular it is unique. The famous chapels of St. George at Windsor and of Henry VII. at Westminster Abbey are perfect specimens of the styles of their respective ages. But this little northern gem unites the massiveness of the Norman with the minute decorations of the latest Tudor gothic. Small as it is, it has chancel (originally the Lady Chapel),

nave, aisles and crypt. The profusion of carving culminates in the "Prentice Pillar;" and thereby hangs a tale. The master-builder, wishing to make this particular column his *chef-d'œuvre*, went all the way to Rome to study a model there. In his absence, a gifted apprentice, thinking, perhaps, to surprise him pleasantly, designed and executed what has ever since been regarded as one of the chapel's chief beauties—those wreaths of sculptured foliage twining about the fluted shaft from base to richly carved capital. The master returned, recognized the beauty of the work; but, overcome with envy, struck the apprentice dead with his mallet.*

Beneath the Chapel lie the Barons of Roslin, all of whom, till the time of James VII., were buried in complete armour. This circumstance, and the belief that on the night before the death of any of them the Chapel appears in flames, is referred to in the exquisite ballad of *Rosabelle*:

"O'er Roslin, all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's matted rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen:
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs unc'fined lie—
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire, without, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar, foliage bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair."

Going northward now, and crossing the Forth by its magnificent new bridge, we come to Dunfermline, one of Great Britain's most sacred places, because here is treas-

*This legend is a favourite one—being told in connection with choice bits of numerous other buildings.

ured the dust of her who was the best of mothers, of wives, and of queens—Saint Margaret of Scotland.

What a lovely story is that of Malcolm and Margaret! Word is brought to the rough Scottish king, one day, that a strange ship is sailing up the Firth, bearing the Athelings—the Saxon royal family of England—in flight from their Norman conqueror. Malcolm, rude as he is, has a sound head and a good heart. He bids the exiles welcome; and, won by the beauty, accomplishments and piety of the youthful princess who accompanies her brothers, finds hospitality its own reward, and begins to think he is entertaining angels. The royal couple are married, and the romance is only beginning. The queen is a model of wifely and maternal affection and duty; but she is a thousand times more. She is the mother of her adopted land; and, as it is but a savage one, she sets herself with infinite patience and sweetness to civilize it. Malcolm cannot read; but he founds churches and schools, and, with the tenderness that not infrequently goes with rude strength, kisses his wife's books of devotion. It is a charming picture, and one that in these days of lightly making and lightly breaking the marriage bond, may well be recalled.

The Tower of Malcolm, or, at least, a fragment of it, is still here. It was the birth-place of the "good Queen Maude," daughter of Malcolm and Margaret, and wife of Henry I. of England.

The palace, judging from its ruins, must have been of great magnificence. It was the birth-place of Charles I. and of his sister, Elizabeth, afterwards the wife of the "Summer King" of Bohemia. Charles II. was the last monarch who occupied it.

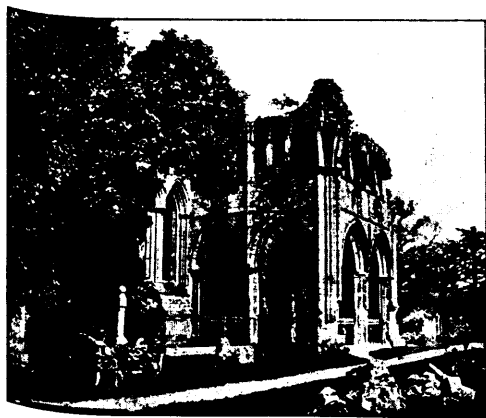
But it is the Abbey ruins of which we are in search. A religious foundation was made by Malcolm, which was dedicated to the Holy Trinity and ordained to be a place of sepulture for Scotland. David I., son of Malcolm and Margaret, raised it to the dignity of an Abbey. Under later monarchs the buildings were further increased and enlarged, and the first organ introduced into Scotland was used in the services. The Abbey was partially destroyed by the Reformers, though, some time after their attacks, a portion of it was used as a church. The present church, however, is modern—erected to the east of the ancient portion; and it displays the same want of taste that has been noticed in other edifices. What is left of the nave is fine—the massive Norman columns and circular arches remind-



MELROSE ABBEY.

The body of Bruce is said to be directly under the pulpit of the present church. As the pulpit is pointed—suggesting a stake running into the ground—it rather comforts one to remember that the heart of the Bruce is safe at Melrose. Royal and noble dust lies all about us. Saint Margaret was laid before the altar of the Holy Cross, and as that portion of the old Abbey is not included within the present church, the tomb has the sky above it and the grass around it.

I do not envy you, O fellow-pilgrim, if you can stand in such a spot unmoved. Nor shall I care if you smile to see me press my lips to the stone, and, though I am not a relic hunter, bear away these ivy leaves. There are times when the Church at warfare and the Church at rest seem very near—so near that the prayer of the one blends almost audibly with the praise of the other. Here, with ruins all around us, and the noises of the busy town faint and far



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S TOMB, DRYBURGH.

away, the quaint, beautiful rhythm of the monk of Cluny forces itself with sweet insistence into my mind and heart, until it seems as if the "short-lived cares" of this "brief life" would never again be remembered, nor the "tearless life" of the Celestial country ever be forgotten.

Northward and eastward now till we feel the salt air of the sea, and are treading the streets of St. Andrews, the Canterbury of Scotland. Sadly as it has fallen from its once high estate, it has a charm all its own still. It is, indeed, to other towns what Roslin Chapel is to other churches—a harmonious mingling of many styles. In summer a fashionable watering-place and the headquarters of the royal and ancient game of golf; in winter the haunt of learned professors and scarlet gowned students; part of it like a simple fishing village; and all of it linked to a venerable past, borne witness to by the stately ruins that seem to dominate it in every direction, it can be compared to no other place in Scotland or elsewhere.

Let me run over its history. Tradition (to which its

natives and admirers proudly cling) states that it was founded by St. Regulus, who was ship-wrecked here in the fourth century; and by way of proof we are shown the cave under the cliff where he and his followers lived, and the square tower and ruined chapel named after him. It is the same kind of proof often resorted to yet by Scotch domestics of the old stamp when bringing an accusation against a neighbour: "Gin ye dinna believe me, come here, an' I'll show ye the very spot where she said it." The sceptic who is not convinced by the cave and the tower, avers that the town was founded in the eighth century by a Pictish king; and that a certain Acca, who had fled from Northumberland with relics of St. Andrew, for whom he had an especial veneration, founded the bishopric. What were the relations between Acca and the Culdees we know not; but the earliest clergy of whom we find any distinct trace in St. Andrews were Culdees. Next to the rudely sculptured stones of this time, the oldest remains are the tower and roofless chapel of St. Rule, or St. Regulus, already referred to. Whatever their age, they are certainly among the oldest relics of ecclesiastical architecture in the land. The tower is 24 feet square and 108 feet high, and is built so solidly and of so durable a stone, that the storms of all the centuries that have passed over it have left it unimpaired. A much worn winding stair leads, in almost total darkness, to the summit, and the delightful view is worth the ascent. Looking down from the rather giddy height, and passing westward, we have the east end of the Cathedral

close beside us, while what is left of the west front towers up 350 feet away. On our left are the remains of the famous Priory, founded by Bishop Robert in the reign of Alexander I., about 1120. The Priory was of immense extent, King Alexander having given to it all the lands that had been ravaged by a terrible boar, which, after slaying men and cattle innumerable, was at last slain in turn. The wild boar, like St. Regulus, has its proof; a tract of land outside the town bears the name Boar Hills, and the arms of the city are a boar tied to a tree. Andrew Lang—once a student, and always a lover of St. Andrews—suggests that the legend may have been invented to account for the name and device.

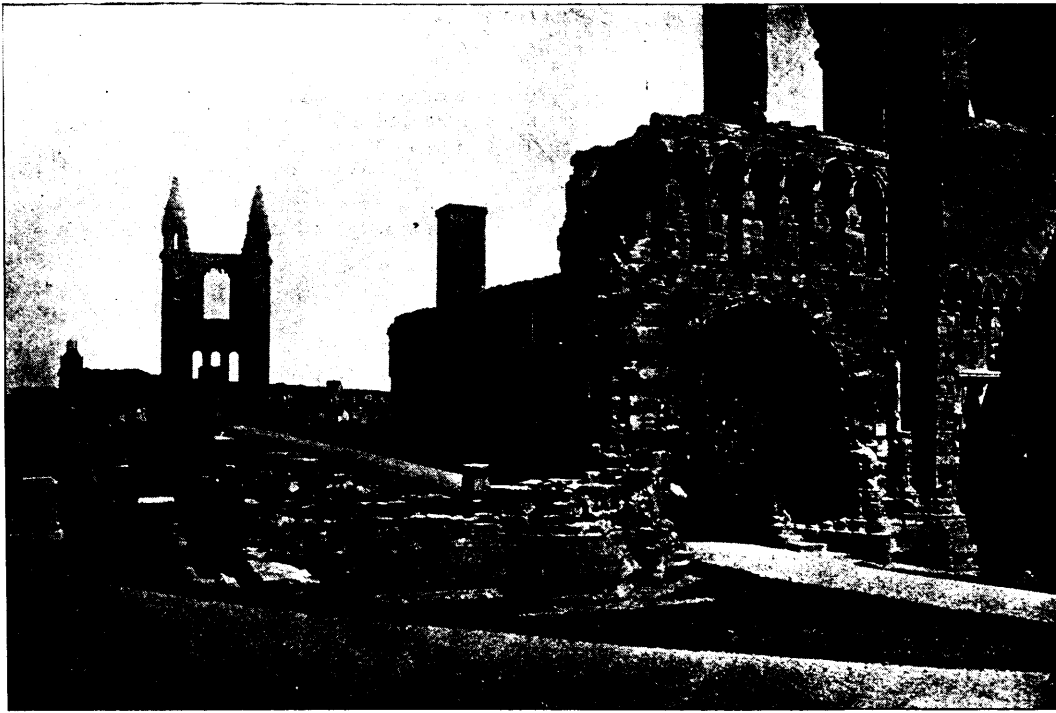
The magnificent Cathedral was founded in 1159, though not completed till a century and a half later. I have heard our southern neighbours speak rather slightly of some of our Scottish cathedrals, but I have never seen anyone who was not impressed by those stately ruins. Looking at the massive remains and their exquisite workmanship, one is equally amazed at the physical power and ruthlessness of the mob, for a mob it was of course that made these ruins. On the 14th of May Knox, held forth in the Cathedral. On the 15th the "rascal multitude," as he calls them, "destroyed the Cathedral, the Priory, the Black Friars, the Gray Friars, the Provostry and the church of St. Rule's." But for what is left, it is safe to say that no one—or, at least, no one outside of North Britain—would believe there had been such structures in mediæval Scotland.

The Castle of St. Andrews, frowning on the rocks between the Cathedral and the town, played its part, too, in history. It also was a part of the ecclesiastical establishment,—the residence of the Archbishop, the metropolitan of Scotland. As the Church grew more corrupt, and its highest offices were conferred on favourites and scions of royal blood (often bearing the bar sinister), for whom it was necessary to provide, ill-feeling grew up between the people and their spiritual guides. As the new ideas gained ground, and those who taught them were persecuted, dislike grew into fierce hate. Modern research has shown that the troubles between Cardinal Beaton and Wishart were largely due to Henry VIII. of England, who, clinging to his title of Defender of the Faith, did not scruple to invite Scotch protestants to assassinate a prince of the Church, who happened to be an obstacle to his plans. How Wishart was burned by the Cardinal, and how the Cardinal was murdered by Wishart's friends; how John Knox, consorting with the insurgents in the Castle, was carried off by the French when the Castle was taken, every one knows. What these ruins testify most strongly is that the reformer lived to return. "Had we passed three years in the French galleys," says the writer I have already quoted, "perhaps we, too, might have shared in the destructive frenzy of John Knox."

What has survived all these changes is the University—the oldest in Scotland. This consisted originally of three colleges: St. Salvator's, St. Leonard's and St. Mary's.



JEDBURGH ABBEY.



ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL.

The first of these has been rebuilt, but the chapel, containing the exquisitely-wrought marble tomb of the founder, Bishop Kennedy, remains. The university mace is a portion of the spoils of the tomb. St. Leonard's has been united with St. Salvator's, and its buildings—in one of which George Buchanan lived, converted into private houses. St. Mary's, now used as the Divinity College, has been repaired with great taste, and is altogether the most beautiful part of the old buildings still remaining.

In the Parish, or Town, Church, a monument to Arch-

bishop Sharp—more notable for quantity than quality—recalls the facts that prelacy, even of the reformed kind, was not regarded very favourably by the stern zealots whom Scott has sketched in his *Old Mortality*. A pleasant drive on the Queen's highway, and a pleasanter walk through pine woods, brings you to Magus Moor, the scene of the Archbishop's murder; a cheery spot enough, with the soft carpet of pine needles, and the sunshine glancing through the dark green and lighting up the red berries of the rowan-trees; and a favourite place for picnic feasts, if we may

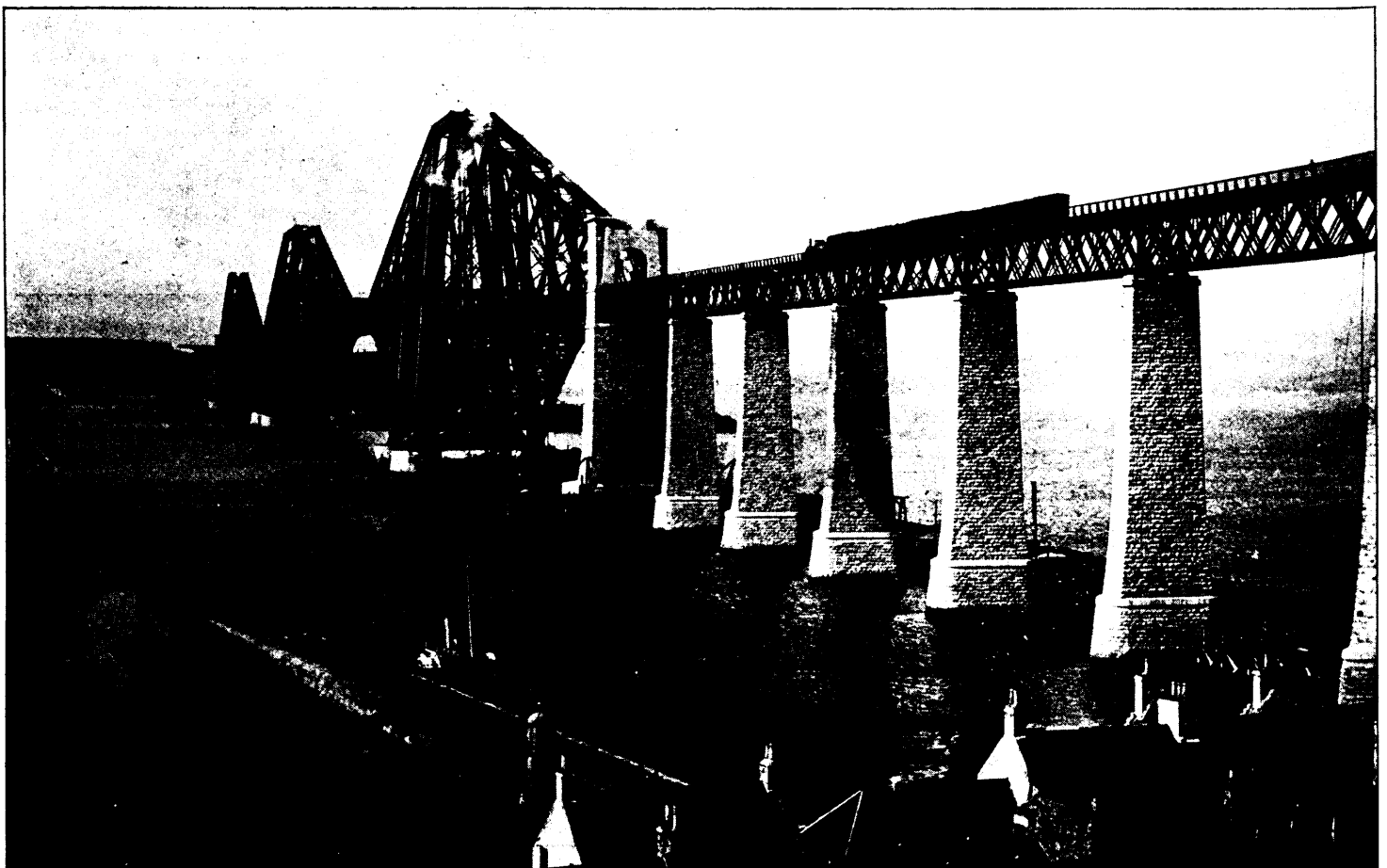
judge from the remains—vitreous, metallic and carboniferous.

And these Johnsonian epithets remind one that Ursus Major was a visitor to St. Andrews, as you have doubtless read in the pages of his worshipper. As for the wearers of the scarlet gown, time would fail should I try to mention even the most famous of them: Dunbar, the poet; Cardinal Beaton; Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount; the Admirable Crichton; Knox and Buchanan; the great Montrose and "Bonnie Dundee;" down to Principals Shairp and Tulloch, associated with the fame of the university in our own day.

Old bits meet you at every turn. Here, opposite shops and in the grounds of a modern school, is a portion of the Grayfriars' Monastery; a mass of ivy hiding everything but the Gothic windows and their delicate tracery. The Castle has still its moat and drawbridge; the fragments of its four towers and walls; its well in the centre of the green quadrangle; its bottle dungeon,—so-called from its shape—into which an uncanny-looking cicerone lowers an end of tallow candle, that displays enough to make you thankful not to have lived in the days when dungeons were in fashion. There is a long stretch of Priory wall, entered through the Pends—a Gothic archway, and bearing rows of canopied niches, empty now for three hundred years. And beyond the Cathedral ruins can be traced the foundations of St. Mary of the Rock, the little Culdee chapel that preceded all the rest.

And meantime, as we stand here dreaming, the busy life of the little town is going on—a more healthful life than in many a town in this nineteenth century of ours. The scarlet-gowned student flits into and out of the college "quads;" the fishermen's wives and daughters sit on the pavement baiting whole miles of line, as it seems to us; and the fishermen themselves dry their nets on the Castle wall, or watch the waters with grave, patient faces. There are golf players on the links, and idlers young and old on the long stretch of yellow sands. To sit on the Castle wall and gaze alternately on the Cathedral ruins and the silver-grey sea is happiness enough for any dreamer. Let us rest then, O fellow-pilgrim, and dream.

A. M. MACLEOD.



THE FORTH BRIDGE.



MR. JAMES W. QUINTON, C.S.I.,
Chief Commissioner for Assam.
Murdered by the Manipuris.



MR. FRANK ST. CLAIR GRIMWOOD, Political Officer,
Murdered by the Manipuris.



LIEUT. JAMES W. GRANT, 2nd Burma Regiment,
Who, with 80 Goorkhas, Defeated 4,000 Manipuris at Thobal.

OUR ENGRAVINGS

THE FIGHTING IN MANIPUR.—Of those whose names have come into prominence in this last of our "little wars," three are especially noticeable, the late Messrs. J. W. Quinton and F. St. Clair Grimwood, respectively Chief Commissioner and Political Agent, both murdered by the insurgents; also Lieutenant Grant, the dashing young officer who has worked such wonders with the small force at his disposal. Mr. Quinton was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he had a distinguished career, and joined the Bengal Civil Service in India in 1856. He had served in the North-West Provinces, Oude, and British Burmah. He was appointed a Companion of the Star of India in 1887, and Chief Commissioner of Assam in 1889. Mr. Grimwood, of Ennismore Gardens, London, was also a member of the Bengal Civil Service, which he entered in 1874. He was educated at Winchester and Merton College, Oxford, and was afterwards called to the Bar. He was a man of considerable ability, and he and his young and pretty wife (Miss Moore) were well known in London society. He was on the most friendly terms with the native princes, passing his spare time in polo-playing and tiger-hunting with them. He was thirty-seven years old at the time of his death. Lieutenant C. J. W. Grant joined the 12th Madras Regiment at its formation in 1890. He had obtained a commission in the Suffolk Regiment from Sandhurst in 1882, and had served with that regiment in England and Ireland. From Fyzabad he had joined the Madras Staff Corps in 1884; he was ordered up to Mandalay, Burmah, in 1886, and arrived shortly after it was occupied; he afterwards commanded detachments against dacoits around Mandalay, and captured Thebaw's "Torture elephant," along with seven others. Being invalided home from Burmah with fever, he came to England in 1889, but returned last year; and, after assisting about eight months in organizing the 2nd Burmah Regiment, at Thayetmyo, took 130 men from there up the Chindwin River to Tamu, where he has recently had the opportunity of performing a most gallant feat. It appears that Lieutenant Grant, after taking the fort at Thobal by assault, held it from March 31 to April 9, and that on April 6, at Alaungtaung, three miles in advance of Thobal, he defeated a large force of the enemy. One of the Manipuri princes, believed to have been the Senaputty himself, was killed in this fight, while Lieutenant Grant had only one man killed and four wounded.

QUACO LIGHT, N.B.—The painting from which this view is reproduced is now on exhibition at the art rooms on Phillips Square, Montreal, with another, an evening farm scene, by the same artist, John C. Miles, A.R.C.A., of St. John, N.B., whose work has received commendation in New York and other American cities, as well as in Canada. The picture reproduced is a striking coast scene at Quaco, or, as it is better known, St. Martins, N.B., showing the

light-house, harbour and roads'ead, with the great waves of the Bay of Fundy rolling shoreward. The picture is a good representation of a portion of picturesque coast line at what will some day be a famous watering place, for St. Martins has fine beaches, lovely scenery, boating, fishing, and all that goes to make a successful pleasure resort except a summer hotel and some other requisites that an enterprising company will doubtless some day supply. St. Martins is reached from St. John, N.B., either by stage or via the Intercolonial and Central railways.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.—Our artist has given a number of the most striking scenes that occurred at this, the great event of the year at Ottawa; one, the like of which cannot be elsewhere seen on this side of the Atlantic. The article accompanying the sketches details fully the events that took place, and to it we refer our readers for particulars of the views shown.

OLD MILITARY BUILDINGS, ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.—On the death of the last of the Recollet Fathers in Canada after the conquest, their property on Notre Dame and St. Helen streets fell into the hands of the British Government, who exchanged it with the late Baron Grant for St. Helen's Island, which had previously belonged to that gentleman. The latter property was urgently wanted for military purposes, and on its acquisition the necessary barracks, storehouses, etc., were erected. Most of these still exist, and may be seen by any one who takes the trouble to get a pass from the militia authorities. Although the greater portion of the island was handed over to the city for park purposes, a large portion was retained for military uses, and the storehouses are still used as the depot of militia stores for the Montreal district.

WINTER VIEW OF MOOSE FALLS.—A picturesque winter scene in Nova Scotia is shown in this engraving. The Falls are on a small river of the same name in Cumberland County, and fall into Minas Basin.

THE NEW SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Peter White, Esq., M.P. for North Renfrew, Ont. Preparatory to the active work of the session, the appointment of the Speaker is essential. Mr. Peter White, the gentleman who has just been unanimously elected to fill that important position, and whose portrait we have pleasure in giving this week, is of Scottish descent and is a son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Peter White, who settled in Pembroke in 1828, in one of the initial years in the history of that village. There, the subject of this sketch was born on the 30th August, 1838, and received his education at a scholastic institution in the same place. On leaving school he went into the lumbering business at which he has been thoroughly successful; as one of the foremost citizens of Pembroke, he was in due time appointed Reeve both of the township and of the town. In 1872 he made his first essay for Parliamentary honours at the general election of that year, but was unsuccessful. Nothing daunted, however, two years later he again entered the lists and this time his struggle was crowned with success, although he retained the seat only for a short time. In 1876 he was again a successful candidate, and since that year has sat continuously in the

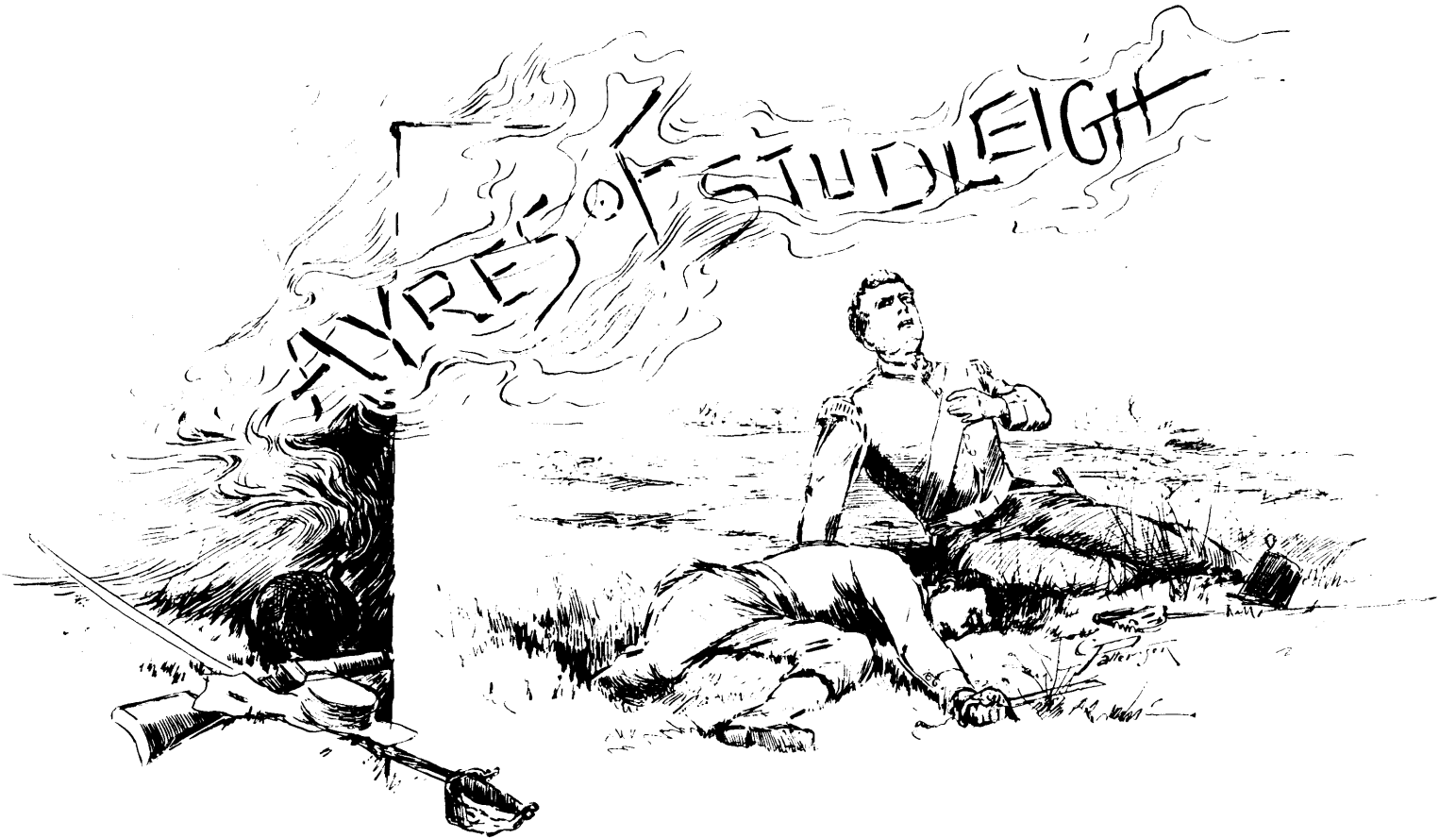
House, having been re-elected at the general elections of 1878, 1882, 1887 and 1891. He has always been a Conservative in politics and strongly in favour of British connection. As one of the most prominent laymen in the party, his name was selected by the Government this year as their nominee for the Speakership, and at the opening of the House last week, the leader of the Government, Sir John A. Macdonald, proposed the appointment in a happy little speech; the Hon. Mr. Laurier expressing himself in favour of the appointment, it was carried, and Mr. White was duly conducted to the Speaker's chair. In a few pertinent remarks he expressed his thanks to the House for the great honour they had done him. From present indications, it is altogether likely that in his capacity he will have plenty of work during the session now under way, as it promises to be a long and hardly fought one.

Mr. Longley's Political Creed.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—I have read with considerable interest, in THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of the 2nd instant, a letter from Mr. Longley, in which he gives a brief outline of the "confession of faith" of the new "political creed." Mr. Longley takes a great deal of pains to impress on the mind of the Canadians his intense loyalty to Canada. Mr. Longley has lately given a great deal of attention to the discussion of trade relations with the United States. If he would take a trip this summer to Great Britain and give a little attention to the study of the good that might come from closer trade relations with Great Britain it might help to modify his intense zeal in preaching the doctrines of the new political creed. The recent elections should convince Mr. Longley that Nova Scotians of his political creed are in the minority. It seems to me that we need more of practical business men and fewer lawyers in the Canadian political field than at present. Mr. Longley says he will support reciprocity with the United States even if it involves discrimination against Great Britain, and still he seems to be very anxious to be considered a patriotic Canadian. To call this patriotism is hollow mockery. If Mr. Longley has friends in the United States with whom he wishes to trade does he imagine that other people who know their own business and find it more profitable to trade with Great Britain, even at a distance of 3,000 miles, are going to swallow his pills, even if they are sugar-coated. To my mind, I cannot conceive of any more suitable term to express what I understand by such a political creed than the word "treason." What was the object for which British North America was colonized? Was it not for the extension of the trade and commerce of people who wished to keep up their connection with the British Empire? Here we have a goodly country peopled by races of British and French origin solemnly advised to shut their eyes and open their mouths and swallow a political creed compiled by a few individuals on both sides of the line who are all the time trying to make Canadians believe that what is most profitable for Messrs. Wiman, Laurier, Cartwright, and a few others is also going to be the shortest road for the people of Canada to get to this promised land of milk and honey. Mr. Longley reminds us that there is no law in Canada against advocating political union with the United States. Canadians are a long-suffering people, that accounts for it. The Conservatives may thank the Liberals of Canada (so called) for their absurd policy. The majority of the people of Canada are free traders at heart; but, unfortunately, they have no advocates of that doctrine that they can trust with the seat of power at Ottawa.

NORMAN MURRAY.



BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

Author of "Aldersyde," "Twice Tried," "A Vexed Inheritance," "The Gates of Eden," &c.

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CHAPTER VII.—THE BURSTING OF THE STORM.

Sunday, the 10th of May, passed over peacefully in Delhi. The usual services were held in the churches, and there were no alarming signs of any disposition to rebellion among the natives. But anxiety still possessed the Europeans, and they rose on Monday morning apprehensive of some great crisis. The uncertainty regarding the nature of this crisis was the hardest trial these brave hearts had to bear. On Sunday morning, Captain Ayre had made every arrangement with his friends, the Eltons, to take the boy, with his native nurse, in their carriage to Calcutta, and thence home to England. Rachel was up before dawn on Monday morning gathering together her baby's wardrobe, thankful for anything that would divert her mind from the parting, and the anxieties which encompassed them. Although she was in weak health, her wonderful power of endurance and quiet resolution never deserted her for a moment. Her husband watched her in amazement and admiration, knowing that her passionate love for the child must make the sacrifice one of no ordinary kind. Once, when he tried to express something of his feeling, she lifted her face to his, and her mouth trembled.

"Don't, Geoffrey!" she said, almost sharply, and he saw that it would be wise to leave her alone. So with a kiss, he left her, and went to meet his brother officers.

Rachel continued her preparations, breathing many a passionate prayer into the folds of the little garments. With her, however, mother love had not eclipsed wifely love. Her husband was still first and dearest, and she had chosen as her heart dictated. While the child slept through the cool hours of the early morning the faithful Azim watched by him, dividing his attention between his idolised charge and the mistress he loved with scarcely less devotion.

"Come here, Azim," she said at length, when her task was almost done, and motioning him to follow her to the verandah, where they could talk without fear of disturbing the child. With a low salaam Azim obeyed, and stood before her with his arms meekly folded, his large expressive eyes fixed intently on her face. For a moment Rachel Ayre met that look with one of the keenest questioning, which the native felt to indicate that his beloved Mem Sahib was debating within herself how far he was to be trusted. In spite of his silent and voiceless ways, Azim had a quick understanding and an acute perception. But, though the slight suspicion visible in the expression of his mistress's face hurt him, he made no sign.

"Azim," she said, quickly, "the Sahib and I are about to give you the greatest proof of our confidence that we have in our power. We entrust the life of our child in your hands."

The Oriental bowed, and laying his hand upon his heart, uplifted his eyes to heaven. He knew enough of the English to understand what his mistress was saying to him, but his own tongue had only mastered a few simple words, and he could not answer her except by signs.

"Major and Mrs. Elton have kindly undertaken to convey our precious baba home to England, but it is on you we depend to care for him and to shield him with your life. For such a service gold cannot pay, though it will not be lacking. The fervent gratitude of a lifetime will be yours, Azim. Is your love for the baba strong enough to undertake this charge?"

Again Azim bowed himself to the ground so low that his lips touched the feet of his mistress; then he raised himself, laid his hand on his heart, and pointed to the inner room of the bungalow where lay the unconscious child. "Azim die, baba live," he said, with eagerness, and his lustrous eyes shone. "Sahib and Mem Sahib, trust Azim. He not forget. Azim die, baba live!"

Rachel's eyes filled with tears, and extending her hand she grasped that of her dusky servant in a fervent grasp.

"May God reward you, Azim, and deal with you as you deal with him," she said, quickly. "Now, you must awaken baba, for the carriage is to pass at eleven and we must not keep it waiting."

"Let the poor child sleep while he may, Rachel," said the voice of Lady Vane, and she came hurriedly up the verandah steps, her face paler than her wont. "We are too late. Sir Randal has just sent a servant to tell us that the rebels have arrived from Meerut, and entered the city by the Bridge of Boats; and we are to make ready at once to withdraw to the Flagstaff Tower."

Rachel scarcely grew a shade paler, and betrayed no sign of fear.

"But will that prevent the Eltons from leaving?" she asked, quickly.

"I should imagine so. Yes, certainly."

"And where is Geoffrey?"

Lady Vane hesitated a moment; but the steady look of the younger woman demanded that there should be no concealment.

"The 54th have gone out to meet the rebels.

Rachel turned her face away, and after an instant of silence passed into an inner room, while Azim was busily engaged dressing his charge.

"Azim die; baba live," he reiterated, and a faint, wan smile touched Rachel's lips.

"The 54th have gone out to meet the rebels." She realized in that awful moment what it was to be a soldier's wife. Lady Vane followed her into the room, and sat down calmly on a rocking chair.

"If this is to be our last day of life, Rachel, so be it, and our blood lie upon the head of the English Government. No, I will not hush—I am not so good as you. I have always told you so; and I must relieve my mind. We'll be obliged to die, and every soldier in the city will fight to-day against fearful odds. A hundred to one, Randal said. I hope if both our husbands, my dear, must die, it will be at their post, and not before they have sent half-a-dozen each of these vermin into eternity. Do you hear that firing? Isn't it amazing how quietly we can take it when it comes? But God only knows what is before us."

"God will take care of us," murmured Rachel, as she threw on her child's dress, and held him while the nurse's skilful fingers fastened it.

"Perhaps He will; but unless the age of miracles should be renewed, there is not an atom of hope," said the elder woman, with the philosophy of despair. "It depends, of course, on how many faithful souls are left among the Sepoys. I believe myself that Azim there may be the only one. I have a revolver, Rachel, which I learned to use when I came to India first. I will keep it for you and for myself, should the worst emergency come. Here is a carriage, and poor Mrs. Elton looking like a corpse in it. Ah, the Major, too. It revives one to see an English soldier. Well, what has happened?"

Major Elton, a tall, stout, military man, cleared the verandah steps at a bound.

"Come, both of you! The streets are comparatively quiet. We will reach the Flagstaff Tower in safety, perhaps, if we take the byways."

"You cannot leave the city, then?" said Rachel, as she hastily threw on a wrap.

"The city is in the hands of the rebels. There's a hand-to-hand combat going on at this minute at the Cashmere Gate. Resistance is absurd and simply means butchery of our poor fellows: God help us all!"

Rachel folded the child in her arms. The Major gave his arm to Lady Vane.

"There is no room for the bearer. Let him be. If he is faithful, he'll find you out again," he said, waving Azim to keep back. A low, guttural cry escaped the servant's lips, and he stood on the verandah step the picture of un-

utterable despair, as the ladies stepped hastily into the carriage and the Major sprang to his saddle.

Rachel looked out and waved her hand, not forgetful even in that trying moment of her faithful nurse. Little Clement, too, clapped his hands and crowded, delighted at the prospect of a ride. When the carriage was out of sight the faithful fellow retired into the bungalow, and began quietly and methodically to gather together such things as he knew his mistress prized, though in the peril and anxiety of the moment she had taken no heed of them, but gladly left her home to the mercy of the spoiler in the hope that life would be spared. Leaving the bungalow behind, the carriage dashed down a leafy road, skirting the busiest streets, the Major galloping ahead, scarcely daring to hope that they would make good their escape. The massacre in the city had begun, but the interest of the insurgents was chiefly centred at the gates, which the Europeans were heroically trying to defend from the mutineers without. It was a forlorn hope. At the end of the road from the bungalow the fugitives had to cross a busier street in order to reach the ascent to the heights on which stood the Flagstaff Towers. Just as the carriage dashed across the square a stray bullet from an insurgent rifle knocked the Major from his saddle. The driver of the carriage, faithful to his charge, dashed on, and so spared the helpless ladies the sight of their protector's death. A sabre cut finished the work of the treacherous bullet, and one more brave English soldier was added to the list of the dead. This incident attracted the attention of a party of marauders passing along the road to the cantonment, and supposing the inmates of the carriage to be rich Europeans flying with their treasures of money or jewels instantly gave chase. The driver of the carriage, faithful even still to his dead master, and to the helpless women in his care, spurred on his horses and reached the tower gates, though himself wounded in his right arm by a bullet. The whole party, carriage and all, were at last withdrawn into the temporary refuge of the tower, where Mrs. Elton swooned away. Sir Randal Vane, overjoyed to see his wife in comparative safety, came from his place on guard to meet them.

"Where's the Major!" he asked quickly.

"Dead or mortally wounded, Randal," his wife answered, mournfully. "He was shot at, anyhow; and we could not wait to see. Poor Mrs. Elton," she added, glancing compassionately at her prostrate friend. "It might be better for her never to be restored. What chance of life have any of us?"

"Meagre enough, certainly," returned Sir Randal, fiercely tugging his grey moustache. "Mrs. Ayre, you set an example to us. Although this is your first experience of active service, if I may use such honourable words about this dastardly business, you look entirely self-possessed."

"There is no use making a fuss, and adding to the anxieties of our protectors," Rachel answered quietly. "Is there any news of the 54th?"

"They are at the Cashmere Gate yet, but it is a forlorn hope. We have no means of knowing what is going on, except by the firing. It's a work of death, anyhow," said the old man, unable to present a semblance of cheerfulness, for he was in despair. "Some may escape, we can't tell. All we can do in the meantime is to defend ourselves until help comes."

"Where is it to come from?" asked Lady Vane, with a fleeting, melancholy smile.

"Meerut. Our only chance is that Hewett will send after the mutineers, unless he is utterly demoralized or massacred."

"Is there any part of the ramparts from which we can see the operations at the Cashmere Gate, Sir Randal?" asked Rachel, as she slowly rocked her baba to and fro in her arms.

"Yes, my dear, if the atmosphere were clear, but you can't expose yourself there. Believe that Captain Ayre, wherever he is, is doing his duty as an Englishman and a brave soldier should. And if we have seen the last of him, a soldier's wife has to accept every hazard of war."

"Yes," Rachel admitted, with a droop of the lips. "But this is not war. If you will hold baba, Lady Vane, and Sir Randal will allow me and show me the way, I should like to go outside."

"Who so positive as a woman? Well, well, Lucy, take the little lad, and let her have her wish. This way, Mrs. Ayre; but I promise you you will see nothing but the smoke of the firing and the flames of the bungalows. The miscreants are in the midst of their fiendish work."

Rachel took the old soldier's arm, and he led her to the

ramparts, where the soldiers were busy preparing ammunition for their defence.

The Flagstaff Tower being built on a height, commanded a magnificent and uninterrupted view of the city and all its gateways. It was, however, as Sir Randal had predicted; there was nothing to be seen but the smoke of the battle, lit here and there by the lurid flames of the burning bungalows. A strange din and tumult filled the air, and the whole scene was indescribably weird, and calculated to inspire horror and fear.

"Where are the 54th, Sir Randal?" Rachel asked, after a moment's contemplation of the scene.

"Yonder, where the smoke is thickest, my dear. You see, you can discover nothing yonder. I doubt not your hero is doing his duty. My God, what is that?"

A fearful report, like the roar of an earthquake, or the explosion of a volcano, rent the air, and a mighty tongue of fire shot up to the sky, lighting for an instant the sombre-laden atmosphere, and causing every object to stand out with startling vividness.

"It's the Residency. They've blown it up," cried the gunners, but in a moment the truth burst upon them, and they gave a faint cheer.

"Some of the brave boys have blown up the magazine! Heaven grant that a thousand of the dogs have gone up with it! Anyhow, they can't shoot us with our own ammunition now," cried Sir Randal. "It's like a thing Geoffrey Ayre would do. I never saw a cooler hand in an emergency."

Rachel shook her head and crept away from the ramparts. She had seen enough. There remained in her mind not the shadow of a doubt that her husband had lost his life in that struggle against fearful odds.

She found that baba, unconscious of the perils surrounding his innocent life, had fallen asleep, and that Lady Vane had laid him down in order to assist in attending some of the wounded who had just been brought in. Rachel sprang forward as she recognized in one poor, shattered form Geoffrey's own Colonel, who could doubtless give her some news of him. "I asked him, my love," Lady Vane answered, reading the intense questioning in the young wife's eyes. "He was uninjured the last time the Colonel saw him, and fighting like a lion. If he should be wounded they'll bring him here, if possible. Look at these poor fellows, and what can we do for them? We have nothing to alleviate their suffering. Surgeon Paine has been killed going back to the laboratory for the things we need. Oh, Rachel, Rachel, God help us all!"

If women's tears, or the agony of their compassion could have healed them, these wounded heroes had not long been prostrate.

That dreadful day was but the beginning of sorrows for the Europeans in the old Mohammedan city.

CHAPTER VIII.—IN DEADLY PERIL.

We may go back a few hours, and follow Captain Ayre through the perils of that awful day. When he left Rachel in the early morning he walked across the cantonments, and found his brother officers making preparations for battle. The natives of the 54th betrayed no immediate signs of insubordination, and obeyed their orders quietly, and with apparent readiness. Directly the news was brought that a small number of mutineer cavalry from Meerut were crossing the Jumna by the Bridge of Boats, Colonel Ripley gave orders to advance to meet them. This order was quietly obeyed, and for a time all went well.

Geoffrey Ayre, field officer for the week, hoped that in the moment of action at hand his men would not fail. The influence of his personality was very great, he knew they loved him; but he depended on it too much. The mutinous mania is one which speedily crushes out all better feelings, because it appeals so powerfully and irresistibly to the basest passions of the human heart. The British officers hoped, by intercepting the approaching mutineers before they obtained entrance to the city through any of the gates, to crush the insurrection in its infancy. Even the most despondent among them had no idea how completely and silently the seeds of treachery and rebellion had been sown within the city, and that before the first blow had been struck every movement and its probable result had been considered. They had forgotten to look to the state of matters within the Royal Palace of Delhi itself. At the Cashmere Gate the mutineers were to meet their first repulse. Without a moment's hesitation Captain Ayre ordered his men to fire on the rebels, but not a musket moved.

"It's all up with us, Geoff.," the Colonel whispered, and wheeling his horse round before the dusky body of men, he

exhorted them once more in a brief, passionate appeal to stand true. His words received a sudden check, for one of his own servants, a man whom he had befriended and trusted to the uttermost, gave him a sabre thrust in the back. I was the first taste of blood, and with a yell the savage instincts of the race rose, and in a moment the handful of gallant English soldiers were surrounded. They fought dearly, not for life, for that they knew was forfeited, but the thought of the dear defenceless ones within the city nerved each arm with a desperate courage. Colonel Beresford was speedily left for dead, and in the midst of the mêlée was borne away by his body-servant, assisted by one of the Sepoys, whose fidelity returned at sight of his kind colonel's white face and bleeding form. Between them they managed to convey him without further molestation to the Flagstaff Tower. Geoffrey Ayre, with his lieutenants and sergeants, fought bravely on; and when he fell at last his sword had despatched half-a-dozen of the mutineers. Scarcely waiting to see whether their victims were really dead, the insurgents, in company with the now revolted 54th and the gate-guard, marched on into the city. Geoffrey opened his eyes feebly, and tried to raise himself on one arm. Close by a young ensign, a mere boy, who had tasted battle that day for the first time, was kneeling on his knees with his hands clasped before him.

"Harry!" said the Captain, in a faint whisper; but there was no response; and when by a further effort Geoffrey began to crawl round nearer to him, he saw that he was dead. With a groan Geoffrey Ayre fell back, and relapsed into unconsciousness, lying with his face upturned to the merciless sun, the bright hair, which Rachel had so often caressed, clotted on his brow. When he awakened again there was someone bending over him, and he felt a hand stealing into his watch pocket. Already the human jackals were prowling about to rob the dead. With a muttered exclamation the wounded man tried to raise himself again, and his hand stretched out seeking for his sword. But the murderer was before him, and so Geoffrey Ayre died by a treacherous hand, his own sword the weapon which dealt the blow. There were many such scenes, and many even more horrible, witnessed in the old Indian city that bright May day—scenes which go to make up one of the darkest pages of British history.

Meanwhile, in the Flagstaff Tower, the refugees waited in a state of painful uncertainty, not knowing how far the mutiny had spread, nor anything, indeed, of what was happening in the city. It was evidently, however, in a state of revolt and commotion, and there was no hope left that any Europeans who had trusted themselves to the mercy of the insurgents could have escaped with their lives. To add to the horrors of the day, the scum of the populace and the wild gipsy marauders from without the city followed in the rear of the Sepoys, and finished the work of destruction they had begun. By three o'clock in the afternoon there was scarcely a living English person in Delhi save those in the tower, and the whole plain on which the city stood was like one vast conflagration with the flames of the burning bungalows. It became apparent to the refugees in the tower that they could not long hope to escape the attention of the mob. The building itself stood on a good site, and was very strong. They had two guns and a plentiful supply of ammunition; and the commandant was not without hope of being able to hold the place till aid should come from without. The ladies, themselves, instead of giving way to fear or nervousness, kept up bravely, and even volunteered to assist in keeping the guns loaded, but, before the day closed, it became apparent that the tower could no longer be considered as a refuge. Part of the 38th regiment, the main body of which had already followed the mutineers, was in the tower, and the wretched inmates watched them with a fearful and agonizing interest, wondering how long they could be depended on. Since the colonel had been brought into the tower there had been no further news from without. In one of the inner apartments of the tower, towards the close of that terrible day, the women were gathered, sitting quite quietly, with white, grave faces, which yet indicated the highest courage and endurance. Rachel kept poor baba close in her arms, and sometimes even smiled in response to his childish chatter, but between them few words passed. Major Elton's delicate wife, whose nerves had been shattered by the anxieties of the past weeks, appeared to have become imbued with a new and amazing fortitude. Her pale, worn face betrayed no signs of fear, and she was even able to impart courage to others. Rachel could not but look at her sometimes in simple wonder. Lady Vane was satirical and indifferent, accepting these extraordinary circumstances with philosophy, and expecting nothing but death. So they sat huddled together, a melancholy band, waiting the develop-

ment of events. They were not, however, very long kept in suspense.

Late in the afternoon, when the ladies were partaking of a little meagre refreshment, the door of their apartment suddenly opened, and Sir Randal came in, followed by Mrs. Ayre's nurse, Azim, whom they had left behind at the bungalow in the morning. Rachel sprang up, her face flushing with expectancy and newly-inspired hope.

"Ah, Azim, have you any news of the Sahib?" she asked, hastily: but the native mournfully shook his head, and unwinding his turban from his head gave into her hand a little packet wrapped in a linen handkerchief.

"Sahib no more. Azim bring these to Mem Sahib. Them precious to her."

Tears sprang to the eyes of all present as the young wife unfolded the parcel and revealed a lock of bright hair and a soldier's medal, which told their own tale. Rachel lifted her eyes to the servant's face, and by that look bound him to her anew for life.

"Where did you get these, Azim?"

"From poor Sahib—dead at the gate. Azim seek him all day, find him, and bring these to Mem Sahib, and more money and jewels from bungalow, all burned down," he said eagerly, and taking from his ample robe another packet, he handed to his mistress all the money and the trinkets, each precious because of its history and its memory, which, in the haste of the morning's flight, she had left behind.

"God bless you, Azim," she said, and her hand trembled as she took her treasures from the dusky hands. "I have nothing to give but thanks in the meantime; yes, and baba's love. See how eager he is to go to you; take him again. As long as I live, I shall never forget what you have done for me and mine this day. This is priceless."

She touched the bright curl with tender finger, wrapped it up, and placed it in the bodice of her gown.

"One could almost forgive the traitors for the sake of this honest soul," said Sir Randal, gruffly. "Well, ladies, there is nothing for us now but to make the best of our way out of this beastly hole, and if we ever reach the shores of England in safety, we'll know, I hope, to stay there."

"Must we go now?" asked Mrs. Elton, anxiously, while at Sir Randal's words Azim betrayed the liveliest satisfaction.

"Yes ma'am. Azim says every soul of them's in revolt, and that we can't depend on those we have with us here; so soon as the sun sets we'll set out in the carriage which was to take you to Calcutta."

A few hasty preparations were made, and in the dusk of the evening the carriage, containing the three ladies and the child, drove away from the Flagstaff Tower. It was driven by Azim, who had been accustomed before the birth of the child to drive his mistress in a pony carriage. Kurnaul was the destination agreed upon, as it could be reached by road without crossing the river. Sir Randal and other officers promised to follow as speedily as was practicable on horseback, if possible, and if not, on foot.

Husbands and wives parted that dreadful day with no outward sign of pain; the emotions were pent in their bosoms, paralysed by the horror of circumstances and apprehension for the future. It was a living death for each every hour. The little company of women sat silent in the carriage, holding their breath, as the faithful servant drove through the city, expecting every moment to be their last. But they were fortunate in escaping from the busy thoroughfares, and as they left the din behind them, poor Mrs. Elton leaned back in her seat and wearily closed her eyes. With one arm Rachel held her child tightly to her breast, and the other hand clasped that of Lady Vane. Both seemed to find some comfort in that silent touch. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the tramp of feet and the sound of angry voices. One shot was fired, then the carriage came to an abrupt stop, and they heard Azim arguing wildly in the native tongue. But louder and angrier voices drowned his, and presently the carriage door was rudely opened, and a flaring torch held up before the faces of the affrighted women.

"What do you want?" asked Lady Vane, in fluent Hindustance. "We are only poor fugitive women fleeing from death. Is it money? We have none."

"Yes, I have some, if they will take it and let us go on," said Rachel, quickly, and opening out the packet Azim had given her, held out some gold pieces which caused the dusky faces to light up with a savage glow of delight.

"Come down," said one peremptorily, and just then Azim appeared at the opposite door, and advised them to alight and give up such things as they had. Fortunately their assailants were only a band of gipsy marauders, such as in-

fest the environs of all Indian cities—consequently their object was rather plunder than murder.

Implicitly trusting the faithful Azim, the ladies at once alighted, and though they stood alone at the edge of a pathless jungle, at the mercy of a score of savage-looking men, they preserved a wonderful degree of calmness. The ring-leader pointed to their ear-rings and rings, and other little ornaments—all of which were silently given up. Under pretence of unfastening her brooch, Rachel slipped her wedding-ring into her mouth, and so kept that precious symbol of her brief married life. Lady Vane wore a black bonnet trimmed with jets, which took the eye of the marauders, and she was obliged to give it up.

When they had thus robbed them of every ornament and some of their outer clothing, to the dismay of the fugitives, they jumped into the carriage and drove away back towards Delhi, heedless of the frantic remonstrances of Azim, who ran after them for some distance, upbraiding them with their treachery.

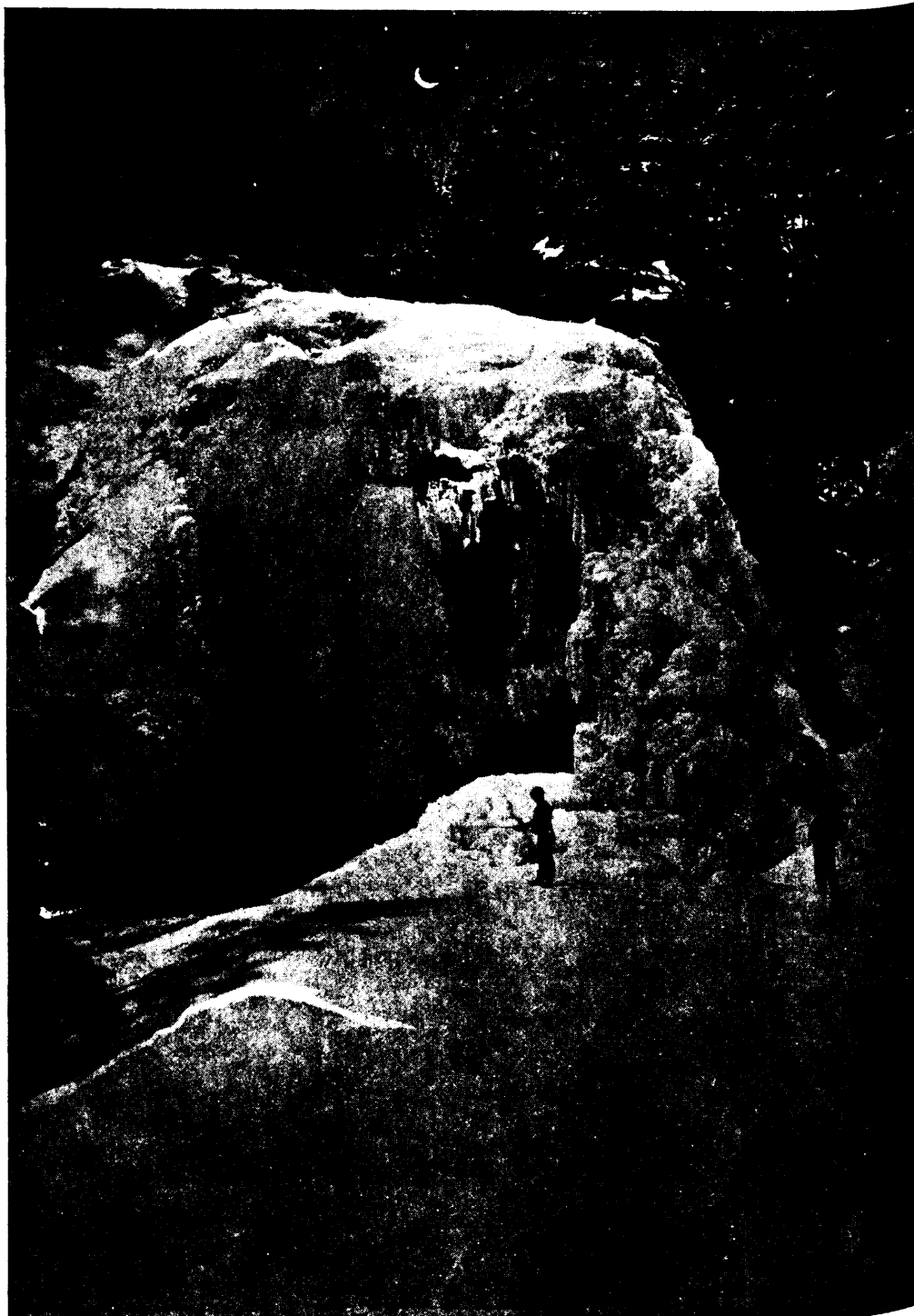
Left alone in the darkening night, without money or food, or sufficient clothing or means of conveyance, the fugitives were indeed in a pitiable plight.

(To be Continued.)

The Soldier of 1854 and 1891.

In 1854 the soldier was tightly buttoned, tightly stocked, and closely shaved, till, in consequence of comments "in

those horrible newspapers," the torture was relaxed by orders from home; but I am bound to say that the infantry of that day, if they suffered for it in the flesh, looked far better than the men of 1891. The shako (or "Albert hat," as it was called), heavily as it weighed upon the head, was prettier if less martial, with all its show of brass ornament and tuft, than the *pickel-haube* worn by the 32nd and other Russian regiments on the Alma, recently copied by our army from the all-conquering Prussian. The uniforms fitted better to the men, and were of finer-looking cloth than they are now. The officer was epauletted and bestrapped, and his blue frock coat or double breasted swallow-tail sat closely to his figure. The Guards loomed larger and taller than they do now. They and the Fusilier regiments sported far loftier bearskins, and there were many distinctive regimental badges on shako and button. The line cavalry were much more brilliant. Hussars and horse artillery wore pelisses, and there was a liberal display of lace and feathers generally in all arms, and along the line the colours marked the centre of each regiment. I confess that it seems to my eye as if the days of smartness have fled from the army, with the exception of the cavalry and some special corps; but it matters little if the spirit, of which that smartness was taken to be a soldierly indication, still beats under the shapeless sack in which the frame of the warrior is encased at present.—Dr. W. H. Russell, in the "Army and Navy Gazette."



WINTER VIEW OF MOOSE RIVER FALLS, N.S.

A Canadian Fishing Idyl.

'Twas rainy day on Lac Rideau,
Two *skeef she's go to fish;
Dey carry bottle, tackle, l'eau,
Dey carry all you wish.

De one was call "King Charlay,"
An' "Grit" was name of two;
De captains she start h'erly—
But first she's treat de crew.

De skeef she's sail around de bend,
De crew he's pull de h'ore;
De captains she's stay in de h'end
And pass "un coup encore."

De sky was black, like any cat,
De rain was come like pour;
But still he'll trow de h'anke out
One arpent from de shore.

Den Grit he tink a pike he'll caught
And pull and pull his line;
But Charlay say, "No fish he got,
More lak some h'iron mine."

An' down de rain she still come yet,
An' black and black de sky;
But still de skeef he grow more wet,
De crew she grow more dry.

Den Charlay call de h'anke in,
De crew she's pull his bes';
She's pull some more and tear his skin,
But still de h'anke res'.

Den Grit he to King Charlay shout,
He shout so big and fine—
"Why not you'll pull dat h'anke out?
Come here and pass de line!"

But Grit she's left dat h'anke dere,
And pass dat skeef on shore;
An' Charlay he look up and swear
An' tak "un c up encore."

Now Charlay's crew when home she sit
She get all bottles dere;
An' mix a leetle "sniff" for Grit—
Make h'im forget his "mère."

Den Grit when off dat coup he toss
He swear to all de town—
For sure it was de pike he los'
Did hol dat h'anke down.

* Skiff.

—EDWARD CLUFF in *Onting*.

The re-establishment of a Canadian Rugby Union is a very long stride in the right direction, and now that the arrangements are all but completed, we may expect when the season comes round again to see something like a definite Canadian championship played for. We all remember what bickerings and heartburnings there were last year, when the winners of the Ontario championship were mildly said by the western press to own the greater part of the Dominion as it were. It is within recollection, too, that Ottawa college put forth its numerous hand to grasp at that intangible championship, while the McGill players looked about in vain for somebody to beat, so that they might win the coveted title. That will all be done away with now. At the last meeting of the Canadian Rugby Union Mr. Ed. Black was sent to represent the Quebec Union and lay the views of the latter body before the meeting. The western men saw the feasibility of the scheme immediately and at once appointed a committee of three to arrange details. The objects of the union can be briefly stated as follows: To arrange a match every year between the champions of Ontario and Quebec, the winners to be the champions of Canada, matches to be played alternately in Montreal and Toronto. Also to play an inter provincial match if possible. In order to make this championship a thoroughly amateur one there will be no medal or trophy of any kind for the winner. This is like going back to the days when a laurel wreath was considered sufficient at the games. It is one of the few things that may be said to be behind the times, but it is acceptable for all that. Another matter of importance is the revision of the playing rules by the Ontario Union, and the gentlemen who have had that matter in hand have acquitted themselves of their task very creditably. In fact it would be difficult to improve on the new set of rules brought forward, and as our Quebec rules are in anything but a healthy shape it would be very advisable if

the Ontario rules were adopted *en bloc*. It would have the one great advantage of having all rugby matches played under the same rules. This would do away with such disputes as marred at least one of the exhibition games played last fall; it would save the referee a great amount of trouble and annoyance and would place his decision, once given, beyond question. At the annual meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union in Montreal, a delegate from Ottawa college asked admission for his club into the Q.R.U. His arguments were specious but not sound and were rather tinged with the somewhat selfish idea that it would be a very good thing for the college boys. Under the circumstances, and especially as the Canadian Union will be bounded by well-defined territorial limits, it was not considered advisable to admit the collegians, especially as the Ontario Union, to which they rightly belong and which they left two years ago, is willing to again admit them to membership. The challenge system will again be in vogue in Quebec, it having been found to work much more satisfactorily than the tie system. The committee to meet the Ontario delegates consists of Messrs. Hodgson, Rankin and Hamilton, and the officials of the union for the present year are:—President, Mr. Henry Hamilton, McGill; vice-president, Mr. Ed. Black, Montreal; hon. secretary treasurer, Mr. B. B. Stevenson.

The lines of the executive committee of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen seem not to have fallen in pleasant places this year, and the privilege of holding the championship regatta is going a-begging, so to speak. According to the unwritten law it was Ottawa's turn, but when the committee meeting was held Mr. P. D. Ross, on behalf of his club, declined the honour, on the ground that the Ottawa river course was a bad one and also on account of the present financial condition of the O.R.C. This practically offered the regatta to Toronto, but up to the time of writing the Queen City had not made known its intention of accepting. At a second meeting a communication was read from Barrie, but no definite proposals were made. The committee were in favour of letting Barrie have the honour, especially as the date would suit the Toronto oarsmen nicely, August 10th being the civic holiday. According to the *Orillia Times* that little town was very anxious for the races, and said: "No matter which way the wind may blow smooth water may be had on either one side or the other of the lake; the whole course can be seen by the spectators; there are capital stations for a million or more on-lookers; there is ample hotel accommodation; railroad trains deliver people and boats on the spot; the air is always delightful, and altogether Orillia's charming Couchiching is the best possible place for an annual regatta." But as no application was received from this Canadian paradise, the good people of Orillia may wait another year or two.

The Lachine Boating and Canoeing club is now an accomplished fact, and both the old Lachine Boating club and the Lake St. Louis Canoe club are to be congratulated on their amalgamation. It will make for the general good of aquatics on the lake front and bring together two interests to work in harmony, something which has occasionally been lacking in the past. Of course, at the first attempt it was a little difficult to divide honours satisfactorily, especially as the Canoe club had already elected its officers for 1891, but a happy medium was struck and a fusion ticket presented that was satisfactory to all parties, the commodore of the canoeing club being elected president of the organization, the president of the rowing club first vice-president, and so on alternately, the committee of ten being equally divided. Next year when all the members of the L.B.C.C. have got into the new way of things there will be no such thing as this differentiation in elections. The report of the secretary, which covered the ground fully, contained some admirable suggestions, which the meeting afterwards discussed and decided to follow out. The practice boats which were purchased two years ago from Toronto have turned out a distinct disappointment from the first, and they are now hardly worth the expense of repairing, being neither so well built nor so fast as the old ones that were sold to the St. Lambert club. Some new boats are wanted this year, but it is safe to say they will not be ordered from the same makers. The recommendation that double and single sculls be purchased met with general approval, and Messrs. Duncan Robertson, C. Gwilt and C. Howard were appointed a committee to look after that part of the work, the sum of \$150 being placed in their hands, and to further clinch the matter a resolution was unanimously adopted, which will force the club

to take a more active interest in aquatics than heretofore. It was to the effect that the funds of the club be devoted, after providing the necessary club facilities,—first, to sending competitors to the C.A.A.O. regatta, and secondly, to promote the general interests of boating and canoeing. A committee for the revision of the constitution to suit the new order of things was also appointed and the following officers elected:—Honorary president, T. A. Dawes; president, A. W. Morris; 1st vice-president, A. J. Dawes; 2nd vice-president, E. W. C. Phillips; 3rd vice-president, S. P. Howard; captain, C. E. Howard; secretary, W. A. Shackell; treasurer, J. W. Routh. Committee—E. Arnoldi, G. H. Duggan, C. Routh, F. W. Stewart, A. Shearwood, S. Jackson, W. O. Ryde, Geo. Auldjo, F. C. Fairbanks, F. Stewart. Auditors—Messrs. Irwin and Jackson.

The Province of Quebec Trotting Circuit seems no longer a thing of mere conjecture, and all admirers of the trotting horse will feel happy that the gentlemen who took the matter in hand went about it in a business sort of way. A circuit has been formed of nearly all the leading tracks in the Province of Quebec, the distances are such that nobody has cause for complaint in travelling, and the dates so arranged that owners can travel at easy stages and find very little idle time on their hands. If the present programme is carried out, and there is no reason why it should not be, the new departure will have a most salutary effect on both the trotting and breeding interests. Representatives of the principal tracks met last week and mapped out the programme of the campaign, to which was attached a most excellent rider to the effect that all members of the circuit must belong to the National Trotting Association and must rigidly adhere to its rules. This is a move in the right direction, but it is still not enough. Some few weeks ago I wrote about the advisability, or rather the necessity, of having one set of judges appointed by the N. T. A., who could cover the whole circuit, and who would thus be looked to as responsible men without any personal interest whatever, who could afford to enforce the rules without fear or favour. I have since spoken to several horsemen about the matter and the suggestion seems to have met with general approval, but in one or two cases the import was slightly misunderstood. The fact that the N.T.A. should appoint judges does not necessarily mean that the judges should come from the other side of the line and bring up expenses to the top notch. There are any number of gentlemen in this Province well known to the officials of the N.T.A., and who are thoroughly competent to fill the judges' box creditably. Appointments from among these would give general satisfaction, and as I understand that Secretary Morse has been in communication with gentlemen in Montreal it looks as if the matter would be satisfactorily elected. Mr. P. Jodoin, of Belœil, has been unanimously elected president of the new trotting confederacy, and Mr. J. B. Bureau secretary. Nearly \$18,000 will be given in purses, and that amount ought certainly be sufficient inducement to guarantee good meetings. A glance at the following schedule will show how nicely the dates dovetail, the longest jump being from Lepine Park to Quebec city:—June 2, 3 and 4, Blue Bonnets; June 9, 10 and 11, Lepine Park; June 16, 17 and 18, St. Cesaire; June 23, 24 and 25, St. Hyacinthe; July 1 and 2, Belœil; July 7, 8 and 9, Blue Bonnets; July 14, 15 and 16, Lepine Park; July 21, 22 and 23, Quebec city; August 4, 5 and 6, Longueuil.

The McGill University Cricket Club have been busy during the past week, and the annual meeting gave promise of an improved order of things during the coming summer. Last year's results were more encouraging than those of previous years, both as regards play and membership, and the prospects now are so bright that it was decided to engage the services of a groundsman, and the grounds ought to be ready for play in a few days. Dressing rooms for the players are to be put up and necessary means for watering the grounds provided. Some excellent playing talent is found this year at McGill, and when Bishop's College and School meet towards the end of this month the Montreal collegians say they will give a good account of themselves. Professor Moyses was elected president for the year; Mr. A. R. Oughtred, vice-president; Mr. F. W. Hubbard, secretary; Mr. J. F. Mackie, treasurer; while the committee of management will consist of Messrs. T. Ramsay, C. W. Dean, E. H. Hamilton and A. F. Langley. Mr. Hamilton will captain the eleven.

The West will be well off for bench shows this fall. After the Toronto exhibition will come London, which will be followed by Hamilton on September 9, 10 and 11. This is the Ambitious City's maiden effort in this line, and as the arrangements being made are very complete, and a guarantee fund being raised, there is scarcely a doubt of a most successful issue. One of the features will be the abolition of the puppy classes, which have not been marked successes at other shows, and they never will be missed at Hamilton. Miss Whitney, of Lancaster, Ont., will judge St. Bernards, mastiffs, Newfoundlands, great Danes and pugs; the spaniels will fall to the lot of Mr. Kirk, of Toronto, and Mr. Lacey of New York, will handle the rest of the classes. The dates are fixed so that there will be no clashing.

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There was joy in the ranks of the suspended wheelmen when the result of the deliberations in the Cincinnati convention were made known. The amalgamation between the League of American Wheelmen and the Amateur Athletic Union was made complete and the seventeen suspended racing men had their sentence revoked and they were once more eligible to enter the ranks as full-fledged amateurs. The only opposition to the scheme came from those who argued that such an amalgamation would practically take the overseeing of races out of the hands of the L.A.W., but the text of the agreement, if anything, is in favour of the latter body rather than the A.A.U. The re-instatement of the racing men will also be a good thing for the N.Y.A.C., of which club many of the suspended bikes were members.

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The homing pigeon will occupy a prominent position at the coming Industrial Exhibition in Toronto, and a series of races have been arranged for, to take place during August and September. The prizes for the quickest flights are challenge cups, which are being provided for competition by Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec with Kingston. Montreal and Toronto will be the termini. Intending competitors are required to give at least seven days' notice to the Secretary of the Dominion Pigeon Association, Toronto, or to Major-General Cameron, Kingston.

* * *

The military men are not to be outdone in the matter of outdoor sport in Montreal this season, and they have started in with a flourish of trumpets that is decidedly warlike. The Montreal Brigade Cricket and Athletic Club, which had been talked of for a couple of months, made its formal bow to the athletic world last week, when it was organized. It is a distinctively military institution, and nobody is eligible for membership who has not served or is not at the present time serving Her Majesty. With the material that such an organization has to draw from, one of the strongest elevens in the country should be put in the field. Speaking to Lieut.-Colonel Mattice, the writer was shown a list made up on the spur of the moment of about twenty old country cricketers who could hold their own in any company likely to be met with in Canada. "Wait," said he, "until the 1st of June, when our grounds on the Island will be in first-class trim, and you can bring anything along from Halifax to Vancouver and they will get a surprisingly warm reception. We will get to practice about the 18th of this month, and we will be in first rate form about the same time as the grounds." Major-General Herbert has taken considerable interest in the M.B.C.A.C., and was naturally elected patron. Not only that, but he has promised to wield the willow on behalf of the new club whenever called upon. All the commanding officers of the city battalions were elected vice-presidents—a wise scheme, which is calculated to make the interest general among our citizen soldiers. The other officials are: Hon. president, Lieut.-Col. Houghton; president, Lieut.-Col. Mattice; joint secretary-treasurers, Messrs. Holliday and Price. The Montreal Cricket Club will likely be the first to receive the attention of the new club, so that a challenge may be looked for in the near future.

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Ever since the formation of the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club one of the leading attractions to the paddlers has been the annual Queen's Birthday cruise, and the club's absorption into another organization makes no difference to the canoeing men of the L.B.C.C., who will go up to Huntingdon on the 23rd and paddle down the Chateauguay and across the lake to Lachine. Of course there will be the usual number of injured canoes coming down those rapids and a ducking or two, but that will only add to the fun of the run.

R. O. X.

GOTHAM GRAPHICS.

[From an occasional contributor.]

FATHER PUGNACIOUS, THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION—
HE DEFIES HEBER NEWTON TO MORTAL COMBAT—
DR. PHOENIX TALMAGE—PICKWICK INGERSOLL,
D.D., PREACHES ON SHAKESPEARE—GOLDWIN
SMITH AS A MAN OF WEIGHT—
GLADSTONE, THE ATHLETE—GOSCHEN,
THE CASHIER OF ENGLAND—THEIR PHYSIQUE
AND ORATORY.

Father Ignatius is among us again, busy buzzing and stinging our poor parsons like a monkyfied hornet. It was my luck—alas, how the years vanish!—to be one of the very first audiences Brother Ignatius (as he then dubbed himself) gathered round him in England. That must be a quarter of a century ago. Then he was truly enough a brotherly sort of fellow, touched with a harmless fad of mediæval fanaticism, very prettily finished off with a full-blown craze for the artistic. Holman Hunt had set the pre-Raphaelite fashion in painting by his "Light of the World." The young monk dashed into his unique line of business with much the same sort of enthusiasm as the more worldly variety of it which started our old friend Oscar Wilde in his fantastic mission. The one was æsthetic and fat, the other was and is ascetic and lean. Both profess the orthodox creed, though their platform performances might lead the unsophisticated to mistake them for Unitarians, the unit being their precious selves. I venture to suggest that the holy man now waging war on Dr. Heber Newton should make a second change in his name and title. Let him call himself Father Pugnacious, and an admiring people will cheerfully admire the fitness.

The Father comes of a good English family, Lynes. The name is sometimes spelt this way by Hebrews bearing the surname Lyons. It would go far to explain his singular prophetic and poetic fire if Jewish blood runs in his veins. He keeps a shrewd eye on the main chance. All these years his happy hunting ground has been among the rich in the West End of London and at the fashionable watering places. A dollar and a half is not dear for a semi-sacred performance that hits the golden mean between the Ober-Ammergau mediævalism and the modern theatre. Ignatius is hysterical of temperament; "magnetic" would be the correct slang-word of the day were he a mere secular politician. His oratory used to be of the inspired, seraphic order. Now it is an uncanny blend of Jeremiah, Paul and Daniel Dougherty. In pitching into Heber Newton and the other alleged heretics in surplices, Father Pugnacious is decidedly guilty of bad taste and blundering judgment.

"He's but a stranger here,
Wales is his home;
Where his monks and nuns so dear
Have just left for Rome."

His gloomy Llanthony Abbey is once more deserted by his unhappy family. But this is not a new experience for Ignatius. He can always find a temporary following.

Ingersoll and Ignatius would make a good working team in platform harness. Look upon this picture, and then upon this. Three hundred pounds versus one hundred and ten; "a round, fat, oily man of law," and a flat, slim, oily man of jaw; the one bald by nature, the other by art; Ingersoll robustuous, jovial, rhetorical; Ignatius sleek, plausible, overflowing with ladylike volubility. Ingersoll as an orator draws the crowd. He has been lecturing on, or rather off, Shakespeare, according to Dr. Rolfe's list of his blunders in scholarship. I hugely enjoy the reverend Colonel, whether as theologian, lawyer or converser. See him letting off those rhetorical fireworks. How vigorously he bobs his head, and ducks and springs up and grasps his "waist" in loving embrace with both arms. You see the living Pickwick in all his delightful exuberance, only Pickwickeder as a churchman. No wonder the people throng to the great Opera House to feast their eyes and ears, and roar their applause and laughter. But, though Ingersoll is irresistible when he pops on his spectacles, it is a thousand pities he has to read his speeches from type-written sheets. It ruins impromptu epigrams when they are seen to have been gotten up in cold blood.

Goldwin Smith of Toronto, was in town the other day, and it is not long since I heard him play the orator under the same Opera House roof. Now here we are sliding back to the Ignatius fold of lean kine. Goldwin Smith is undoubtedly a great man; at least, he might have been if he had tried; but he would have been the smallest girth great

man of his century. If he would deign to don the graceful costume worn by the equally great artiste in her way, Sara Bernhardt, as Cleopatra, the professional waist need run no peril of tight-lacing. Somebody may start guessing whether greatness is possible without abundance of human nature, and whether human nature can thrive to the full in a meagre tabernacle of clay. Between Falstaff and Cassius there is a wide field for the growth of the mellowing humanities. Your makers of mirth, and helpful counsellors, and writers of books that enrich our lives, have been men of great weight, as a rule, in the literal as well as the metaphorical sense. Goldwin Smith has just published his book on Canada and the Canadians. An epoch-making book, perhaps, within its limits; but, like his other writings and speeches, and like himself, it strikes one as all brain, sheer intellect, and little or no human nature. It used to be the refined amusement of country bumpkins to scoop out a big turnip, cut holes in it to rudely resemble a face, stick a lighted candle in it and fix it on the end of a pole with a sheet around it to frighten greenhorns on dark nights. Brilliance of brain is not everything. To hear Goldwin Smith read an address is much like trying to banquet on fish bones. The phosphorescent brightness fascinates you, but the animal man within craves more and more for fleshments that fill and stimulate. If the learned professor will leave a book on the fine art of developing so splendid an intellect in so frail a frame, he will lay a luxury-loving people under an eternal obligation.

Two eminent Englishmen come properly into this paragraph—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who introduced his budget the other day in the House of Commons. Both these notabilities belong to the Goldwin Smith type of intellect dominating the body. Mr. Gladstone has always been the very model of manly beauty. He is heavier than he looks, so perfectly formed and highly trained in his physique. In his old age he walks with a springy grace, erect, lithe, muscular, rarely seen in the average young man. He has all the elegance in deportment of a dancing master without a trace of his dandyism and effeminacy. Gladstone has always been a bit of a crank, as the shallow-pates dub most extra-thoughtful observers, about his diet and exercise. He explained a few years ago how he never swallows his food until each mouthful is thoroughly masticated, and he counted that thirty-two bites was his average. His tree-falling exploits are famous, but they are not comparable in practical importance with his well-observed habits of ordinary exercise. Daily walks, exercising of the muscles, and a hundred such apparently trifling points have been worth more to Gladstone than all his hatchet-throwing. We owe more to our bread and butter, and beef and potatoes, for good health than to the three or four grand dishes we gorge on at holidays.

Mr. Goschen is remarkably poor of physique, and correspondingly brilliant, if not strong, in intellect. He comes of Hebrew stock, and looks it. Pale skin, slender build, tall, stoopy, short-sighted to a painful degree. He can only read a letter when it touches the end of his large, aquiline nose. His bushy grey hair seems to spring from a low and narrow forehead, but his views are broad and his insight is keen and profound. Orator he is not, and yet there are not a score of living orators of the first rank whose speeches are so charming and profitable to read. As he speaks he seems so feeble that you half expect him to snap off in the middle into two pieces. Goldwin Smith and George Joachim Goschen are about the slimmest John Bulls Dame Britannia has produced of the top-heavy type.

Dr. Phoenix Talmage rises from the ashes of his second tabernacle fire, ascends from the tawdry stage of the Fourteenth Street Academy of Music into the miscalled pulpit of his new big Brooklyn church. He will henceforth harangue a congregation five-sixths the size of Spurgeon's. The versatile divine looks blooming well. He seems to be going in for still greater efforts, for he has discarded his whisker, the weight of which never appeared to really hamper his nimble nether jaw. The new church will have a powerful organ—of speech—in consequence. The dedication services were remarkable in many respects. Everybody wishes the genial Doctor a continuance of the good luck that follows him all the days of his pilgrimage. Could one of the deacons have popped the scrap of paper into the plate on which were these lines?

Brer Talmage, why play such a barber-ous freak!
Your coy blushes no whiskers could hide,
But now they'll o'erflow the expanse of your cheek,
And your smiles spread more freely each side.
(OLIVER AMBLE.)