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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

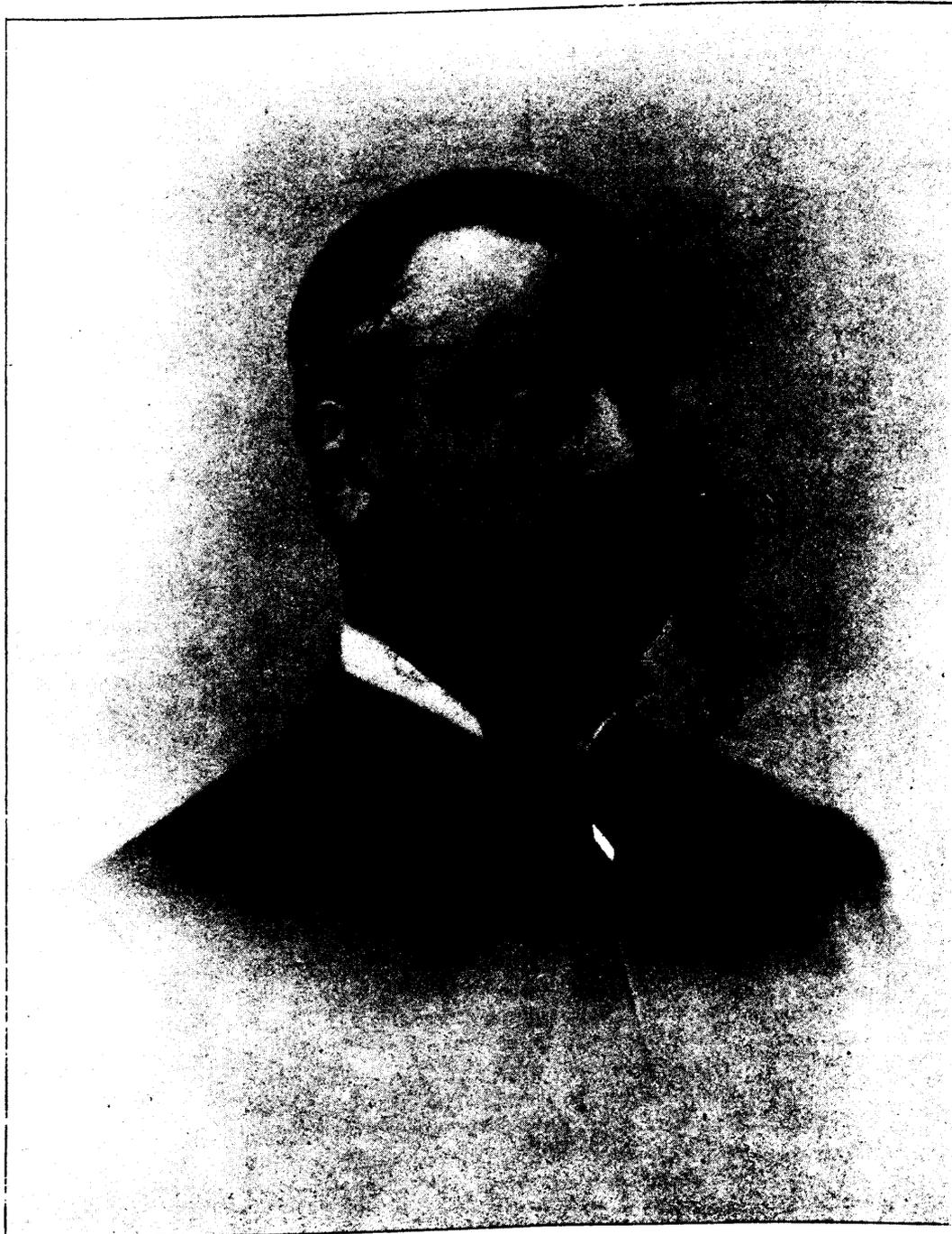
A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1889, by G. E. Desbarats & Son, at the Department of Agriculture.

VOL. II.—No. 30.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 26th JANUARY, 1889.

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HON. J. G. BOSSE,
JUDGE IN THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH AND APPEALS.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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26th JANUARY, 1889.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING
COMPANY.

We are forming a joint stock company to own and publish this journal. Its success as a commercial enterprise is now beyond doubt. The reception given the paper by the Press and the Public has been enthusiastic. The subscription lists keep swelling day by day. The advertising is steadily improving and the outlook generally is excellent. We started the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with limited means, and have, single-handed, brought it to a period when the employment of additional capital is not only justified by the work done, the results achieved, and the certainty of success, but is required for the improvement, permanency and economic production of the paper. The proposed capital of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$100, a notable portion of which is already subscribed by good business men, whose names are a guarantee of efficient and successful administration. Among these are:

Andrew Robertson, Esq., Chairman Montreal Harbour Commissioners; President Royal Canadian Insurance Company; President Bell Telephone Company; President Montreal General Hospital.

Hon. Geo. A. Drummond, Senator; Vice-President Bank of Montreal; President Canada Sugar Refining Company; President Canada Jute Company; President Montreal Board of Trade.

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Adam Skaife, Esq., of J. H. R. Molson & Co., Montreal.

Gust. W. Wicksteed, Q.C., Ottawa.

The limited time we can spare from the arduous labours connected with the publication does not allow us to call on, nor even to write to, the many friends and well-wishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, who may be both able and willing to assist in the enterprise. We therefore take this means of reaching them and asking them, as a particular favour, to send us their names, so that we may mail to them a detailed statement and prospectus. We would like to have shareholders all over the Dominion, and will be pleased to have applications for one share, five shares, or ten, from any of our friends. They will find it an investment that will be highly profitable and can only increase in value year by year. For prospectus and form of application, address the publishers.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON,
Montreal.

It is not generally known that the father of Mme. Albani, M. Lajeunesse, dwells at Chambly, in a villa given him by his daughter, who is so much indebted to him. The father is an old friend of the editor, to whom he gave all the family and artistic history of his Emma.

The biography of the illustrious Canadian artist, from the notes just mentioned, was published by the editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, several years ago, when Albani was here before. He will republish it in these columns, to accompany a portrait of the *diva*, when the time comes, bringing it down to our day.



Professor Wiggins is upholding his name as a weather seer. He states that he knew, so far back as November last, that the winter was to be mild. When asked by the contractors, at Ottawa, for shovelling snow, he told them that there would be little or no snow. The Professor says that there will be little or no snow during the remainder of the season.

We congratulate Lord Salisbury once more on having upheld the dignity of Great Britain in the Sackville matter. A minister to the United States will be sent after Mr. Cleveland's leave, and on the inauguration of Mr. Harrison. As to Mr. Phelps, American Minister at London, his departure, on January 31st, will be the occasion of a friendly display among his English friends.

Ottawa has set a good example. The Sunday closing of drinking haunts was carried out on the last two Sundays. This is not owing to the License Inspectors, who never could enforce the law, but to the free act of hotel and saloon keepers, sixty-eight of whom lately signed an address to their customers that they meant to close their bars from seven on Saturday night, and keep them closed till six o'clock on Monday morning.

We have kept our eye on those Mormon immigrants at Lee's Creek, in the Northwest, ever since they settled there, last summer, warning the Government and the public that they would be sure to carry out their abominable polygamy. They prevaricated at the start, but that was only a blind. Now the Lethbridge *News* charges that, really and truly, the outrage is openly practised, and it remains for the Government to stop the scandal at once.

That social reformer, Miss Emily Faithfull, finds fault with the so-called exchanges for women's work, on the ground that they hinder "poor gentlemen" from turning their toil to the best account, and keeping up a false pride that looks down on working for money as something beneath them. Of the craving for "home work," it is out of the question, except for artists and authors. This state of things exists, after a fashion, in Canada also.

Sir Charles Tupper took advantage of the banquet to the American Minister to refer to the actual state of the Anglo-American controversies. Public opinion in England, so far as it has matured on the subject, seems to be with Sir Charles Tupper when he declared that the 1888 Treaty will form the ground of a fair and honourable settlement. Sir Charles Tupper was well received. The *St. James Gazette* says Englishmen are agreed that the two peoples are friendly at heart, and each is proud of the other's greatness.

The proposed China-Japan mail service is to be pushed even beyond what was first meant. A movement is on foot to induce the Imperial Government to make the service from Vancouver fortnightly, instead of monthly. A strong opinion is entertained among some members of Parliament that Imperial recognition should not stop at the annual subsidy of \$45,000 already promised, but that the route would be made really efficient by establishing a first-class fortnightly service, as

originally proposed. The movement has, of course, to overcome the strong economic scruples of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The ages of the members of the Federal Government present quite a contrast. Sir John Macdonald attained his 74th birthday on the 11th inst. He is by far the oldest member of his Cabinet. The next Minister in age is Mr. Abbott, who will be 68 next March. Mr. Frank Smith comes next with an age of 66, and the other members of the Cabinet follow in this order: Mr. Bowell, 65; Mr. Pope, 64; Sir Hector Langevin, 62; Mr. Carling, 60; Mr. Costigan and Mr. Dewdney, each 53; Mr. Haggart, 52; Mr. Chapleau, 48; Sir Adolphe Caron, 45; Sir John Thompson, 44; Mr. Foster, 41, and Mr. Tupper, 33.

There is a deep lesson in the short lived governments of eighteen years of France in the last 115 years, since the death of Louis XV. Louis XVI. was beheaded in the eighteenth year of his reign. Napoleon I. was banished to St. Helena just eighteen years after the glorious conclusion of his Italian campaign. Seventeen years after the restoration of the Bourbon line, its representative, King Charles X., was forced to abdicate. King Louis Philippe was overthrown and exiled in the eighteenth year of his reign. Napoleon III. reached Sedan eighteen years after the *coup d'état*. Just eighteen years have now elapsed since the establishment of the Third Republic, and Boulanger will soon be dictator.

Dr. Freams' report on Canadian agriculture, issued this week by the Imperial Government, is sure to attract much attention. Dr. Freams strongly deprecates the movement against cattle quarantine in the Northwest, and says: Abolish quarantine and the British markets will be closed against Canadian live stock. As regards butter, Dr. Freams urges the Canadians to first supply the home demand for first-class butter before trying to compete in the British markets. He reports gratifying progress in the Quebec cheese industry, and laments the abolition of Manitoba crop bulletins as most harmful to Manitoba's interests in Great Britain. The report speaks hopefully of the progress of the apple trade with Great Britain.

Now that there is no real French brandy imported, there was a pretence that, at least, Canadian whiskey was pure. This is not so. Indeed, the bulk of Canadian rye is rank poison. The statistics of the Inland Revenue Department show that, during the years 1887-8, of the 94,243,866 pounds of grain used in the manufacture of spirits (which is whiskey), only 11,622,004 pounds were of the kind that gives the name to the greatest part of the production. No one buys corn whiskey, yet 74,285,000 pounds of Indian corn were consumed in the process of distillation. The other material used was 4,606,000 pounds of malt, 2,256,000 pounds of wheat, 92,000 pounds of barley, and 1,380,000 pounds of oats. Oat whiskey must be something truly terrible in its effect upon the human constitution.

The British Columbia papers are eagerly putting their special fish before the people of the East. The skil is chief among these, and it is praised as something above the common. The skil can never be a rival of the codfish in any respect. They are altogether a different fish. It is as reasonable to speak of pork as the rival of venison, or of the potato as the rival of the vegetable-marrow, as of the skil being the rival of the codfish.

The fish that the skil is likely to compete with, or to be a substitute for, is the mackerel. They resemble each other in many respects, the skil being the more delicately flavoured fish of the two. Those who relish a fat, juicy, finely flavoured and in every way palatable pickled fish, cannot but be pleased with the skil. So far from resembling the codfish as food, it is, in almost every respect, the exact opposite.

AN ENGLISHMAN ON CANADA.

That capital paper, the *Canadian Gazette*, published in London, lately laid before the public the notes of a young English traveller on his rambles through Canada. The following observations on Eastern Canada will be found entertaining. He goes first to Ottawa, and a very beautiful city he found it. Its buildings are remarkably fine; in fact, the Parliament buildings compare favourably with St. Stephen's, except, of course, in size, and moreover, the Canadian structure has the great advantage of keeping clean. Though built of white stone and erected twenty years ago, there is not a sign of blackening or decay. This must be due to the beautiful clearness of the Canadian atmosphere, an atmosphere far removed from the moist, satisfying fogs to which Englishmen are accustomed. The Houses of Parliament are next visited, and one thing which particularly attracted his attention was the fact that each member of Parliament is provided with a locker, with pegs for his hat and overcoat and a miniature stand for his umbrella. What a boon it would be to the English member if he knew that when the day's duties were over he would be able to take home the same coat and umbrella that he brought with him, and not inferior ones. What a blessing, too, it would be if English members had a seat and a desk all to themselves, as have the chosen representatives of Canada. Such a rush and a scramble for seats as is to be seen amongst the smaller fry at our St. Stephen's is as indecorous as it is unnecessary. The free library attached to the Houses of Parliament is one of the most unique and comfortable that can be imagined, thus exemplifying the Canadian's principle of being comfortable whatever he does. His next adventure was a fishing expedition up the Gatineau. As for the fishing, it was enough to make a fisherman's mouth water. They caught in a day and a half over six dozen fine trout, weighing up to 2½ lbs. each. It fell to our tourist to be stationed in a punt with an accomplished and ardent fisherman, and, as he had never before caught a fish larger than a minnow, and was, moreover, provided with a very large salmon-rod which he could not control, friendly relations were at first somewhat constrained. His tackle at each cast would become effectually and affectionately entwined with that of his friend; and when, after manifold struggles, he did catch a fish, his want of control over the manœuvres of the rod was such that he invariably landed it upon his companion's hat at the further end of the punt. The whole expedition was entire novelty and a very pleasant one too. Driving home they had the good fortune to be caught in what Canadians called a "shower," but what seemed more like Niagara Falls let loose. They had no coverings, so he had to sit in the carriage and look pleased while a good-sized trout stream was coursing down their necks. On leaving Ottawa he travelled through the night to Toronto, and thus made his

first acquaintance with the sleeping cars of Canadian railways. They certainly are most luxurious on the Canadian Pacific system, with every convenience that can be desired. There is, however, this drawback to calling them sleepers. Each engine, instead of being provided with a whistle, has a large bell on the engine, much of the same quality and sweetness as that of suburban churches, and this monotonous ding-dong the stoker most zealously and continuously keeps going just as you are trying to get your first doze. The party arrived at Toronto just in time to see the great Exhibition, and of course the town was *en fête*, and crowded with strangers and sightseers from every portion of the Dominion. Thereby they were afforded an excellent opportunity of seeing what a free country Canada really is, for, prior to the opening of the Exhibition, the police scoured the town high and low, arresting all persons who looked at all seedy or suspicious, and taking them before the magistrate, their only crime being that they were "toughs"—a somewhat similar expression to the English word "roughs." Those of them who looked very wicked were at once sent to gaol till the close of the Exhibition, while the more respectable ones were banished from the town for a similar period, in order that they might not be tempted to commit any offence. This would certainly seem to justify the well-known American description of a free country—viz., one where everybody looks after everybody else's business. He then went to Niagara, quoting the lines of the gentleman from New York, with the flowing locks:

O Niagarer! Niagarer!
Be sure you are a staggerer!

In many things, our tourist thinks, Englishmen might learn from Canadians. Their general use of fruit at every meal is as healthful as it is enjoyable; and fruit, vegetable and provisions are in Canada generally very good and cheap, though it is not so with clothing, furniture and other necessaries of that kind. The people were found to be most hospitable; indeed, their only regret seemed to be that they could not do more for one. Then there are curious and amusing phrases in general use in Canada and the United States sufficient to write a book upon.

THE BATTLE OF THE SWASH.

Such is the title of a little book meant as an addition to the literature of the relations between Great Britain and the United States, with the fate of Canada thrown in as a sop for the whale. The author is Samuel Barton, who is represented by a New York newspaper reviewer as a nephew of Chauncey M. Depew, and the youngest looking man of his age in the great metropolis. The book consists of two parts—an historical one of events prior to the grand feat of arms; then "the Battle of the Swash" proper, wherein the ironclads of England are knocked out of time off New York harbour by two little dynamite rams "costing only \$50,000 a piece," whereat there was a fearful "funk" in England and a whirlwind of delight in the United States. But the tables were soon turned. The British ships came back, and, standing out in the offing, beyond the dynamite rams, Admiral Freemantle, commanding H. B. M.'s fleet, issued a proclamation that he was going to bombard the Empire City, bidding all the non-combatants to get out of the way at a double-quick. And he bombarded. The Brooklyn Bridge was

knocked into splinters; the Navy Yard was riddled and the whole of lower New York was a confused pile of ruins. Congress got scared, negotiations were opened and "the only serious question of difference grew out of the insistence by the British Commissioners that the United States should assume the indebtedness of the Dominion of Canada."

At the first glance, the Battle of the Swash seemed to have been a disaster for the United States. England got all the glory and all the money, and the United States got Canada and all the experience. But the latter proved to be infinitely more than it cost, in that it exploded the absurd system of miscalled "economy" which only "saved at the spigot to waste at the bung." The book ends in this wise:—Let us rejoice that this year of grace, 1930, we have so profited by the errors of our ancestors, that we now occupy unchallenged the foremost position among the nations of the earth; and that with our 200,000,000 of intelligent, prosperous and contented citizens—we can afford to look with indifference upon the wars and struggles of our less fortunate contemporaries on the other side of the Atlantic.

Too late, alas! had the truth and wisdom of these words—written by that great founder of the Government, Thomas Jefferson—become manifest.

"Our navigation involves still higher consideration; as a branch of industry it is valuable; but as a resource of defence it is essential.

"The position and circumstances of the United States leave them nothing to fear from their land board, and nothing to desire beyond their present rights.

"But on the seaboard they are open to injury, and they have then, too, a commerce which must be protected.

"This can only be done by possessing a respectable body of artists and citizen seamen, and establishments in readiness for shipbuilding.

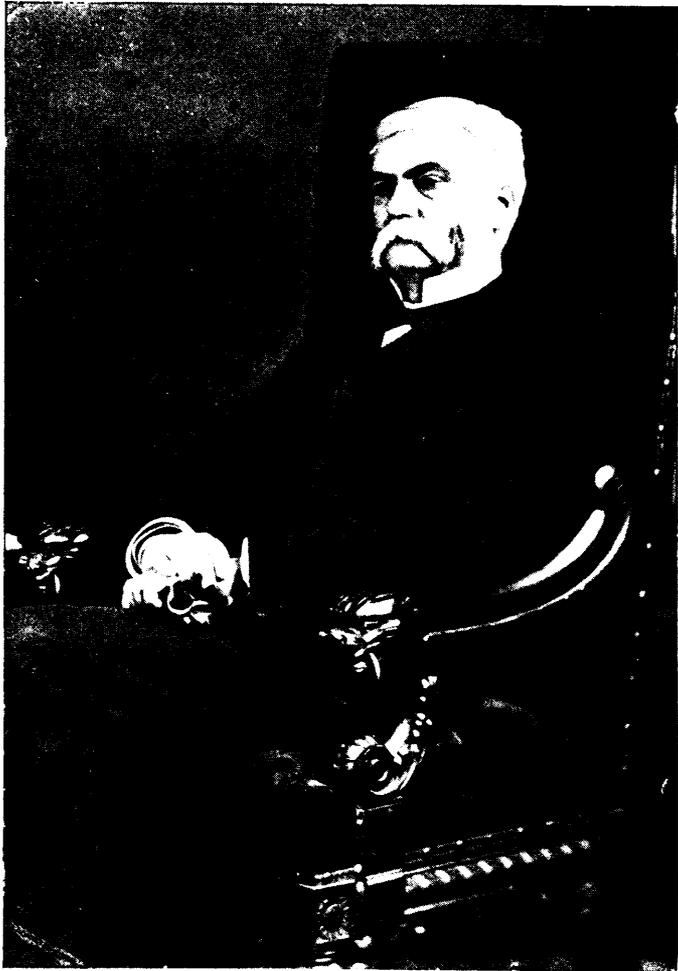
"If particular Nations grasp at undue shares of our commerce, and more especially, if they seize on the means of the United States, to convert them into aliment for their own strength and withdraw them entirely from the support of those to whom they belong, defensive and protective measures become necessary on the part of the Nation whose marine sources are thus invaded, it will be disarmed of its defense, its productions will be at the mercy of the Nation which has possessed itself exclusively of the means of carrying them, and its politics may be influenced by those who command its commerce.

"The carriage of our own commodities, if once established in another channel, cannot be resumed at the moment we desire.

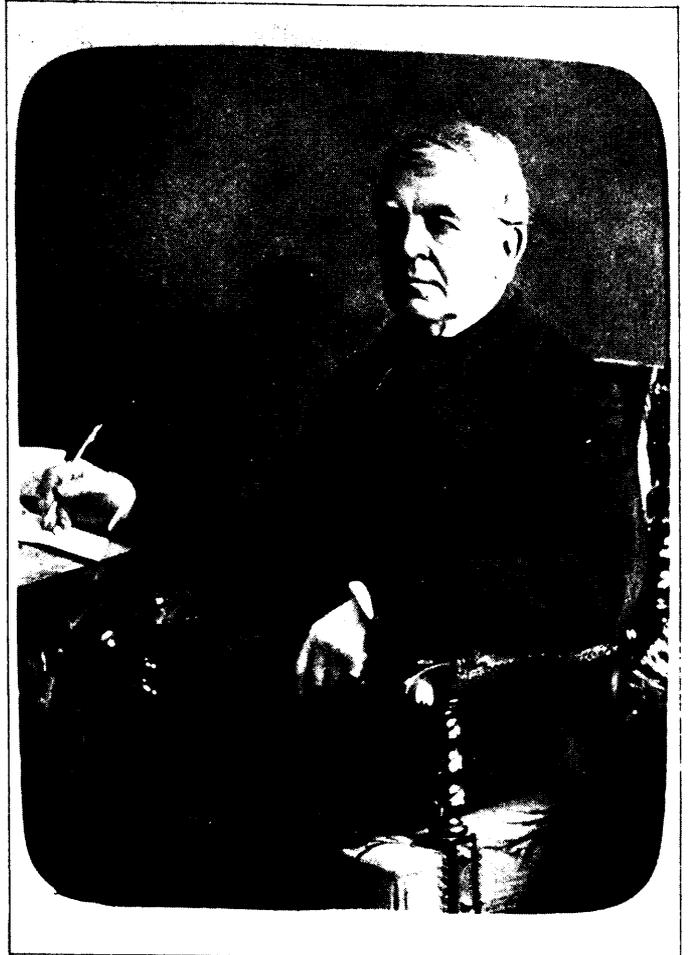
"If we lose the seamen and artists whom it now employs, we lose the present means of Marine defence, and time will be requisite to raise up others, when disgrace or losses shall bring home to our feelings the evils of having abandoned them."

The "disgrace and losses" incurred by our ancestors in this brief but disastrous campaign, had indeed brought "home to their feelings the evils of having abandoned" the great interests thus earnestly pleaded for by the greatest statesman of his day; and the absurd folly of the so-called "economy," which prompted its abandonment, was at length reluctantly conceded by the noisiest and bitterest advocates of free trade throughout the land.

From these outlines, the reader will see for himself what manner of a book this is. As a trick of



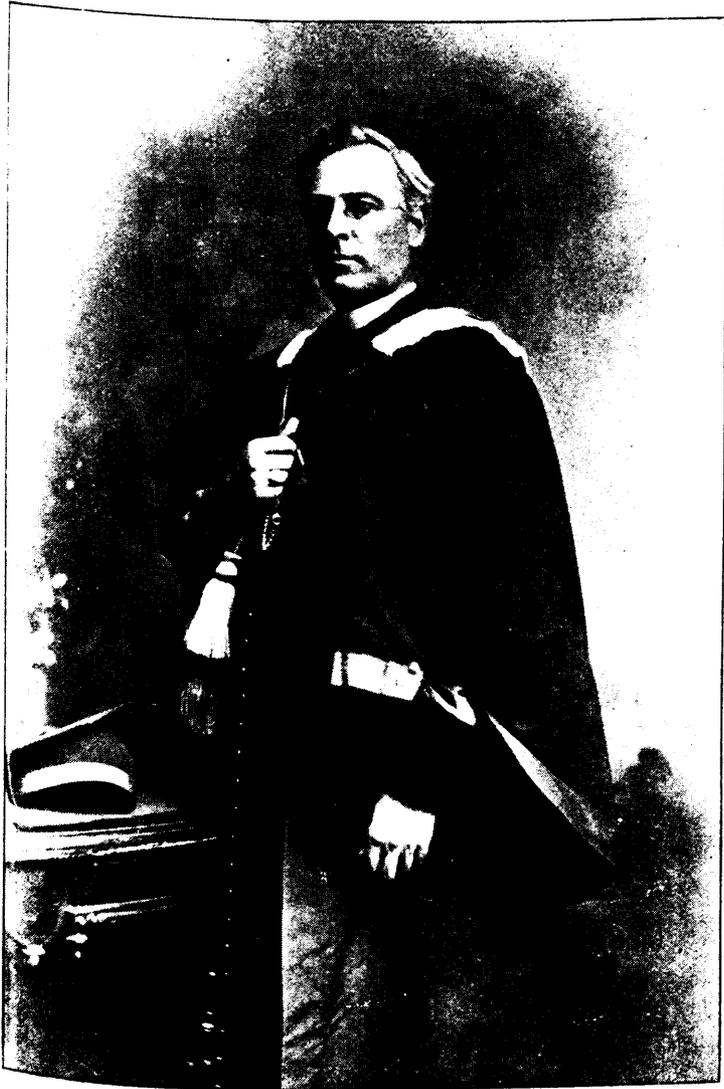
THE LATE ALEXANDER MURRAY.
From a photograph by Notman.



THE LATE JUDGE BADGLEY.
From a photograph by Notman.



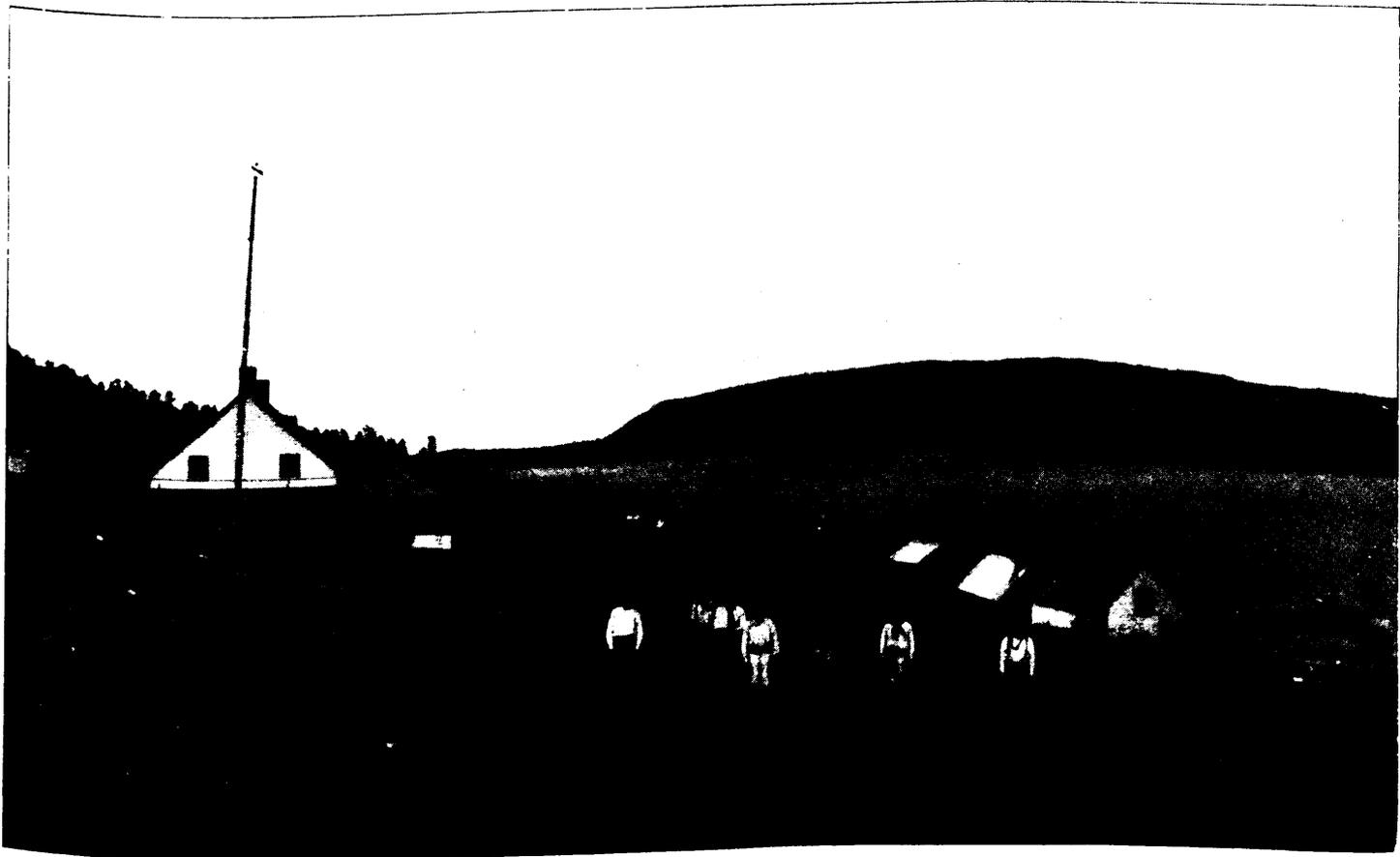
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S POST, RED ROCK, LAKE SUPERIOR.



THE ABBÉ H. R. CASGRAIN.
From a photograph by Liversois.



GRAND CHIEF BASTIEN, OF THE HURONS, LORETTÉ.
From a photograph by Liversois.



HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S POST, NEPIGON HOUSE, LAKE NEPIGON.

the mind—a *jeu d'esprit*—it cannot hold a candle to the "Battle of Dorking," which was clear-cut, artistic, pointed, and a pattern of the kind. We should have liked something really entertaining on this current question which busybodies and marplots, on the other side of the line, backed by a few on this side, are trying to foist upon a people conscious of their strength and who will not allow themselves to be bullied, humbugged or wheedled out of their sense of propriety. *Quia non movere*, gentlemen. Canada can take care of herself.

From the trade point of view, and with an eye to supply our public with cheap and handy reprints of the current literature of the day, our friend, J. Theo. Robinson, of Montreal, deserves to be greeted and encouraged for the publication of this little book, which is further made interesting by the cathartic antidote of Dr. Beers on "Professional Annexation." The book is tastefully printed and published at a nominal rate.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."
—Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

If the free and independent elector depends upon the ward meeting for his knowledge of political economy, it is hardly likely, I think, that he will be made mad on account of his much learning. But, if the ward meeting is not the best exponent of political economy, it affords, at least, tolerably good facilities for the study of human nature. A ward meeting without enthusiasm is like plum pudding without brandy sauce. It may be admitted, however, that the loudest shouters are generally the non-voters. The red hot nature of the enthusiasm is evidenced by the clouds of smoke which proceed from every mouth. When it falls to the lot of a young politician to make his maiden effort at a ward meeting, he is apt to fall into the error of endeavouring to get off something after the style of Demosthenes. Nothing could be more injudicious. Sublime passages are apt to be taken as capital jokes, and pathetic touches are met only with crocodile tears.

This winter has one possible point in its favour—"It's so English, you know." In England, I believe, they have so far enjoyed an unusual degree of frost and snow, while our own sombre season has been an unusual experience for us. To swap climates, crossing an ocean, is evidently as unsatisfactory as to swap horses crossing a stream. Our next great national arbitration may have to consider the protection of our climate instead of our fish. It is satisfactory, however, to know that our climate is still on British soil. Probably our best weather prophets are the Indians. They are reported as saying that we may expect very little snow until about the end of February. Speaking of Indians, we have had our Indian Summer; perhaps this is our *Indian Winter*.

When an article is selling very cheaply, some persons are inclined to buy it for no other reason. This is a mild type of extravagance; because anything is expensive one does not want. Other persons have an irrational objection to buying a good thing which is cheap, simply because they object to cheap things. Here is an instance: A gentleman entertaining some friends, offered them such cigars as he had. They relished the cigars very much, gave them high praise, and, being unacquainted with the brand and strangers in the place, requested their entertainer to purchase a box apiece for them. For this purpose each put down his ten-dollar bill. The owner of the original box replied that it was a cigar that he personally was very partial to, but really it was only a five-cent cigar. Straightaway each prospective purchaser re-pocketed his ten-dollar bill, and expressed his unwillingness to purchase such cheap cigars. *Vanitas Vanitatis*.



HIS HONOUR JUSTICE BOSSÉ.—On our first page we give the likeness of the Honourable Joseph G. Bossé, Administrator of the Province of Quebec, to open the Legislature in the room of Lieutenant-Governor Angers, temporarily indisposed. He was born at Quebec, on the 4th August, 1836, pursued his law studies at Laval University, did office work with Messrs. Stuart and Vanovous, and admitted to practice at Montreal on the 20th January, 1860. Making a trial of public life, he was beaten for Montmagny by Justice Fournier, in 1876. He was created a Queen's Counsellor in 1873, chosen Batonnier of the Bar of his section from 1880 to 1885; and Batonnier of the Provincial Bar in 1883. Tempting political fortune once more, he was returned to the House of Commons for Quebec Centre in 1882, keeping his seat until 1886, when he was raised to the Bench, and now sits in the Court of Appeals. Judge Bossé's father, who was a judge of the Superior Court before him, was returned, in 1862, as Legislative Councillor for Ladurantaye, and appointed a Senator on Confederation Day, 1st July, 1867. He accepted a seat in the Superior Court in 1868.

THE LATE MR. ALEXANDER MURRAY.—Mr. Alexander Murray, well known in marine and commercial circles, died on the 29th ult. in the 63rd year of his age. The news was received with much regret. Mr. Murray was a prominent man in Montreal's trade affairs, of good business ability, outspoken and straightforward in his manner, and of a nature that made him many friends. As head of the Canada Shipping Company, which his father and brothers founded, he has been identified with the prosperity of an institution that has grown with the growth of Montreal. Commencing with the well known iron clippers, the "Beaver Line" was soon compelled by the development of the trade to adopt steam vessels. These finally superseded altogether for the St. Lawrence trade, the sailing ships, and now constitute a well known and favourite shipping line between this port and Liverpool. Its success and present position are largely due to Mr. Murray's business foresight and energy. Possessed of a goodly fortune invested in a very large number of enterprises, his business capacity was widely availed of in their management. He was for several years past a Director of the Bank of Montreal, and succeeded Senator Senecal in the Presidency of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. He was President of the Dominion Type Founding Company and Vice-President of the Dundas Cotton Company and the Canada Jute Company, and a Director of the Empire Insurance Company. He was an active member of the Board of Trade and took a warm interest in all matters affecting the commerce of the port. Though well fitted for its duties, he never sought to enter public life, except as a member of the Cote St. Antoine Council, in which municipality he resided. Mr. Murray was married but leaves no children. Mr. Murray's will was filed as an exhibit, last week, and proves an interesting document in several ways. By this will, dated the 14th day of June, 1883, Mr. Murray gave, devised and bequeathed all his property, estate, rights and interests of whatsoever nature, or wheresoever situated, to his beloved wife, Dame Jane Macdonald Bridges, and to his two brothers, William George Murray and Henry Esson Murray, in trust as follows: Firstly, for the payment of his debts, funeral and testamentary expenses; secondly, to pay to the society of the Montreal General Hospital the sum of \$2,500; thirdly, to the Protestant Home of Industry and Refuge, of Montreal, the sum of \$2,500; fourthly, to the Presbyterian College, Montreal, the sum of \$2,500, to be expended in adding to the library; fifthly, to the Hervey Institute, Montreal, the sum of \$1,000 toward paying off the debt of the building, or if that were accomplished, toward the endowment fund for the said institution; sixthly, to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals the sum of \$500; seventhly, to the Protestant Infants' Home, of Montreal, the sum of \$2,000. The residue of his estate, after the payment of certain private bequests, save and except his house and grounds of Cote St. Antoine, and the furniture and effects therein, testator directed to be realized and the proceeds invested to pay the income thereof to his wife, half-yearly, it being his desire that her income should never fall below \$4,000 a year, and in case it should fall short of that amount, he directed the deficiency to be made up from that share of his late father's estate which was left to his testator's disposal; such income to cover the income of \$2,500 secured by his marriage. His house, grounds, furniture and effects, he desired his wife to use so long as she elects to reside therein, but otherwise the same to be sold, with certain exceptions as to articles belonging and to be selected by his wife, and the proceeds to form part of his residue. After the death of his wife, as he had no children, the residue is to become the absolute property of the Society of the Montreal General Hospital, subject to two small annuities, the same to be applied to the erection or maintenance of a Convalescent or Children's Hospital, in the discretion of the Governors of that Institution. By a codicil, dated May 16, 1885, Mr. Murray, in consequence of the possibility of his losing a large sum of money by becoming security, together with John Rankin, for a large sum of money from the Bank of

Montreal to the Montreal & Sorel Railway Company, and also of the large temporary diminution in the value of his investments in the Canada Shipping Company and the Dundas Cotton mills, revoked all the specific legacies given by his will, but should the result be better than his anticipation, it was his intention to make some good if he survived, and even after his death his executors were authorized in their discretion to make donations to the several institutions and persons named to the extent provided in his will, or in diminished amounts *pro rata*, if his private estate would warrant it, without risks to the provision which he had made for his wife. It is estimated that the estate will realize upward of a million of dollars, consisting of, among other assets, 600 shares in the Bank of Montreal, a large number of shares in the Canada Shipping Company, the Montreal Street Railway, the Dominion Tye Founding Company, the Montreal Telegraph Company and other corporations, as well as real estate. The result of the whole cast of the will secures to the Montreal General Hospital fully one million of dollars, a princely bequest which is the more welcome, in the good cause of benevolence and the alleviation of human ills, that it will enable the zealous and self-denying President and Governors of that Institution to carry out to the full the magnificent plans of buildings, an engraving of which appeared in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of the 12th January, 1889, No. 28.

HON. WM. BADGLEY.—The late Hon. William Badgley was born in 1807, in this city, and admitted to the Bar in 1823. Like his father, who had occupied a prominent position here, having sat in Parliament as the successful opponent of Mr. D. B. Viger, Mr. Badgley at an early age took an active part in public affairs. A staunch Conservative throughout his life, after his return from a trip to Europe in 1834, he naturally sided with the authorities against the popular movement, which he felt tended toward severing British connection. He was, however, an earnest advocate of reform, and with Hon. Mr. Moffatt, framed bills relating to registry offices, education, etc., which were rejected by the Lower House. A founder of the Constitutional Association, he, with Mr. Moffatt, Hon. Peter McGill and Mr. Andrew Stuart, of Quebec, was one of the exponents of British opinion here. With Hon. Peter McGill he contributed largely to the establishment of a Protestant University. He saw the abolition of the Seigniorial Tenure and the Union of the Provinces, both of which reforms he had advocated. As a lawyer he had a lucrative practice. In 1840 he was appointed Commissioner of Bankruptcy; in 1844, a Circuit judge, and in 1847 was Attorney-General for Lower Canada, contesting Missisquoi successfully. In 1851, he opposed and defeated Mr. Larocque and Hon. L. J. Papineau, in Montreal. His tenure of office was pregnant of many good results for his country. On the breaking up of the old parties in 1854 he announced his retirement from public life, but having been induced to run again in Montreal, he was defeated. In January, 1855, he was raised to the Bench, when he retired. He always took an active interest in scientific and charitable organizations, and was at one time President of the Natural History and St. George's Societies. McGill and Lennoxville Universities both conferred on him the degree of LL.D. He was a Past Grand Master of the Masonic Order, under the English register. The late judge leaves four sons, one of whom is an officer in the British army.

HUDSON'S BAY POSTS.—The Nepigon Lake and River, on which these Hudson's Bay posts are situated, are full of interest to the sportsman and explorer. The lake is in Ontario, 30 miles northwest of Lake Superior. The land is fit for tillage; the timber is varied and plentiful, and the fishing is inexhaustible. The Indians fish in upward of 100 feet of water, not a stone's throw from the shore. Nepigon is a contraction of the word meaning "Deep Clear Water Lake." Nepigon River is in Thunder Bay district, Ontario, issuing from Nepigon Bay, being 30 miles long and the greatest territory of Lake Superior. It may be looked upon as the continuation of the St. Lawrence beyond Lake Superior. This river affords the finest trout fishing on the continent. Its water is very clear. Red Rock is a Post Village in Algoma, at the mouth of the Nepigon, and here is one of the Posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, of which we give an engraving to-day.

ABBÉ H. R. CASGRAIN.—The mention of this name awakens the memory of some of the best, most elegant, varied and useful work, in the broad range of the letters of French Canada. The Abbé Casgrain's life is almost wholly in his books. He began by the "Légendes Canadiennes," a simple series of light touches; then wrote the "History of the Mother of the Incarnation," one of the greatest figures of New France. A similar work is the "History of the Hotel Dieu." He is one of the original Fellows of the Royal Society of Canada, and his contributions of late have been devoted to the Expulsion of the Acadians. His work, called "Un Pèlerinage au Pays d'Évangéline," embodies a first draught of information, in which the Massachusetts Colonists are held solely responsible for the deed, and since then he has gathered fresh material from archives in Paris and London further confirming his theory. Abbé Casgrain has furthermore written biographical sketches of leading men, such as Messrs. Chauveau, Garneau, Falardeau, the painter, Parkman and others. He has also been a constant contributor to the newspapers and periodicals of the province.

CHIEF BASTIEN.—We have the promise of interesting notes on Chief Bastien, of Lorette, from the pen of the best authority in Quebec, and whose name will be attached to the article.

THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.—We seize the opportunity of the opening of the Ontario Legislative Assembly to publish a grand group of portraits of all the members and officials during one of the sittings. The picture is of value and worthy of being kept as a memorial of Ontario representative men.

THE VALLEY OF THE CREDIT RIVER.—The view in the valley of the Credit River is in the township of Caledon, about 39 miles north-west of Toronto. The spectator is standing near Church's Falls, on the Credit River, looking down stream and with back to the large flouring mills of Messrs. Wheeler Bros., who do a vast business with Montreal and the East. The valley of the Credit is the source of a large portion of the building stone of the city of Toronto, including the new Parliament Buildings. The principal quarries are a short distance lower down the valley than our present view. This part of the country is opened up by two lines of railway both operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway, one of which follows very closely the course of the Credit River.

THE PARTING.—The artist of this gem of design bears an Italian name, F. Andreotti, but he must be living in Paris, as his work is distinctly of the French School. It is furthermore a scene from old Alexandre's "Three Musketeers," starting on one of his gay and valiant adventures, and bidding farewell to his sweetheart before going forth to a possible doom. He is clad in the full array of his time, the costumes of the Louis' of France and Charles II. of England, which are so perfectly beautiful that it is a thousand pities they have been allowed to die away for "steel-pen" coats, tight "pawnts," waistcoat, displaying an ocean of starched linen, and a shirt collar tightened around the neck like a halter. Our musketeer has his doublet and shorts of velvet, and his buff leather hose, drawn with studied negligence around the calves. The hat and feather are dashed with grace over a shapely brow and face; the left hand holds the sword hilt at rest, while his right is clasped in the right of the beauty from whom he is about to part. The figure of the girl is drawn in full lines of grace, in her simple white gown and scarf of gauze. By looking at the attitude of the twain, we can fancy what is passing at that solemn moment. We have not published a finer art engraving in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

THOMAS S. BROWN.—The subject of this portrait was a character in his day, who sided with the insurgents in 1837-38, and who figured in an equivocal manner at the battle of St. Charles, whence he rode away for St. Denis, at the beginning of the action, leaving his deluded followers to be mowed down by the artillery and bayonets of Wetherall. Mr. Brown was very honest with the writer about this, admitting that he saw it was a foregone conclusion and a lost cause, and he had to save himself, as a price was set on his head. Thomas Storrow Brown was born at St. Andrews, N.B., May 7, 1803, of U. E. stock, and came to Montreal in 1818, going into business. In 1837 he became conspicuous against the Imperial Government, in the way we have described. On obtaining his pardon and coming to Montreal, he engaged in the iron trade and was an official assignee and worked hard for the cause of temperance. He was twice married and leaves a daughter, Mrs. R. A. Blake, widow of the late William Blake, who dwelt with and cared for him fondly to the end.

GEORGE MIGNON INNES, Dean of Huron and Rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Ontario, is the second son of the Rev. John Boutet Innes, and was born at Weymouth Dorset, England. His eldest brother is the present Sir John H. K. Innes, and we learn from a sketch of his youngest brother, Colonel P. R. James, in the Biographical Magazine, that he belongs to the family of the Duke of Roxburgh, Earl Innes. Dean Innes received his early education at Mill Hill Grammar School, studied for the army and passed examinations at Sandhurst Military College, receiving a commission in 1849. Though devoted to his profession, evidenced by his holding the position of Adjutant of his Regiment for several years, up to the date of his Captaincy in 1867, he gave much of his time and thought to theological subjects, and his earnest efforts in behalf of every good work were given, not only to the men of his Regiment, but are still remembered in the cities in which he was stationed. In 1862 he was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Huron, the Right Rev. Dr. Cronyn, priest by the same bishop in the following year, and was appointed first Incumbent of Christ Church, London, in 1862. In 1863 he accepted the appointment of Assistant Minister of the Cathedral, Quebec; resigned and returned to London as Assistant to the Very Rev. Dean Hellmuth, in the Cathedral, in 1868; in 1870 he was appointed Canon, and in 1871 Rector, succeeding the Coadjutor Bishop on his assuming the full charge of the diocese; in 1888 he was preferred to the dignity of Dean of Huron on the death of the Very Rev. Dean Boomer. The Very Rev. the Dean is Master of Arts of Bishop's College University, Lennoxville. On several occasions he has acted as commissary of the Diocese during the absence of Bishop Hellmuth and Bishop Baldwin.

Plasters made of ordinary soap greatly relieve painful corns and bunions; and a wash of weak alum water frequently does the same for tender feet.

The "sea-foam" shampoo is composed of the following ingredients: Cologne water and ammonia water, each one ounce; alcohol, one-half a pint; water, one pint. This is a very good application, both cleansing and stimulating; after using it, it is best to rinse the hair well with warm water.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

"Old Grimes," that familiar "little felicity in verses," which caught the popular fancy as far back as 1823, was a sudden inspiration of the late Judge Albert G. Greene, of Providence, R.I., who found the first verse in a collection of old English ballads, and, enjoying its humour, built up the remainder of the poem in the same conceit.

I received a little oblong envelope, bearing a postal stamp, with Umberto's bristling hair and ferocious mustachio, and the railway stamp from Naples—Napoli, Ferrovia, and containing the card of my friend, H. Beaugrand, who is doing his great rounds of Europe. *Buono viaggio!*

A dear London friend reminds me that, in speaking of the high names dwelling at Chelsea, in aforetime, I might have included: Thomas Carlyle and the Cheyne Walk, renowned for ever more, and the house where Joseph Mazzini lived for years, charming them that called on him by his sparkling Southern speech.

Somebody sneeringly says that all the Philistines have not passed away with Matthew Arnold. And he instances Tennyson, who writes to the English papers against a railway, in the Isle of Wight, invading his poet's paradise. The Laureate says: "By such an extension no end would be served which could in any degree compensate for the loss of what remains to us of quiet beauty in this our narrow peninsula." The narrow peninsula alluded to is a quiet corner of the Isle of Wight formed by Totland Bay.

Eundo collige in prato flores. Seeing the following rare "antique" in that fit frame work, the *King's College Record*, I have plucked it for my readers to whom the name of the author is a household word:

BROWN OF ENGLAND'S LAY.

The villeins clustered round the bowl
At merrie Yule to make good cheere,
And drank with froth on beard and jowl:
"Was hæil to the Thane!
May never Breton taste our beer,
Nor Dane—"

Till the red cock on the chimney crew,
And each man cried with a mighty yawn,
As the tapster one more flagon drew;
"To the Saxon land was hæil!
May we never want for mast fed brawn
Nor ale."

The Thane took up the stirrup cup
And blew off the reaming head,
And at one draught he swigged it up
And smacked his lips and said:
"Was hæil to coultter and sword!
Was hæil to hearth and hall,
To Saxon land and Saxon lord
And thrall."

JOHN HUNTER DUVAR.

I have another point for the venerable author of "The Legend of Marathon," and Mr. G. W. Wicksteed, his *amicus curiæ*, at Ottawa. It is a query addressed to *The Literary World* about the authentic source of the words *Chairomen kai chairete*, used by the war messenger from Marathon. The same querist asks for the first mention of Julian the Apostate's dying words, "O, Galilean, thou hast conquered."

Another question is about the authorship of very fanciful lines quoted by Carnegie in "A Coaching Tour Through Britain":

The Sea is toying with his bride, the Shore,
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decks her tawny brow with shells, and
Drawing back a space to see how fair she looks,
Runs up with glee to cover her with kisses.

In one of these paragraphs recently occurred the words: "OUR FATHER lames but to heal and takes away but to benefit and restore." "Lyster," of Dunham, returns the sentence heavily underlined as above, and asks: "Where did you get this?" "It is on a *prie-dieu* chair in the Cathedral at St. Malo with the signature William Thomaseau." "Did you copy it in your fleshy tablets during your visit to St. Malo in 1865? Wherever you got it, it occurred literally to me. Struck by a tree, a year ago, the calf of my leg was so lamed that it nearly had to be amputated. But now, after only thirteen weeks confinement to the house,

I find some varicose veins, which have troubled me nearly all my life, obliterated and my limb is healed.

I am delighted to be among the first to announce the forthcoming publication, in February, by Ginn and Company, Boston, of An Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning, the work of my friend, William John Alexander, Ph.D., Munro Professor of English Language and Literature, Dalhousie College and University, Halifax, N.S., and formerly Fellow of Johns Hopkins University. The book opens with an account of Browning's most striking peculiarities in method and style, and attempts to find an explanation of these in the conditions amidst which the poet has worked, and in the nature of the themes which he treats. In the next place, an exposition is given of those general ideas pervading his work, which can only be gathered from the study of many of his poems, and yet are needful for the full understanding of almost any one of them. This exposition is contained in a series of chapters treating of "Browning's Philosophy," "Christianity as presented in Browning's Works," and "Browning's Theory of Art." These chapters are followed by a brief chronological review of his writings and characterization of his development. The various points treated throughout the introduction are illustrated by a series of selected poems furnished with careful analyses and copious critical comments. It is hoped that by thus unfolding, in a few typical examples, the characteristics and merits of Browning, the reader may at once be enabled to acquire a real knowledge of his poetry, and be prepared for further unassisted study of his work. The attention of those already familiar with Browning is especially directed to the Analysis of Sordello, much fuller and more exact, it is believed, than any heretofore published.

TALON.

AT AN ORGAN RECITAL.

Midway we sate between the nave and door,
Between the worldly tumult of the street
And the calm silence of God's pure retreat.
We heard the hidden organ pipes outpour
Their mighty waves of music. More and more
The melody encompassed us. The sweet
Tones woke my soul to see life incomplete
And strive towards God on those pure strains to soar.

Midway between the world and God we sate,
While through the dim, arched vault the music stole,
And in its rustling garments wrapped us twain.
Of thy pure soul, so free from wrong and hate,
Then woke my soul to hear the grand refrain,
And yearned to reach, like thee, life's heavenly goal.
Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

LITERARY NOTES.

"My Own Canadian Home," is the title of a stirring national song, with words by E. G. Nelson, and music by T. Morley, and dedicated to Lady Tilley. We shall cite the words of the song next week.

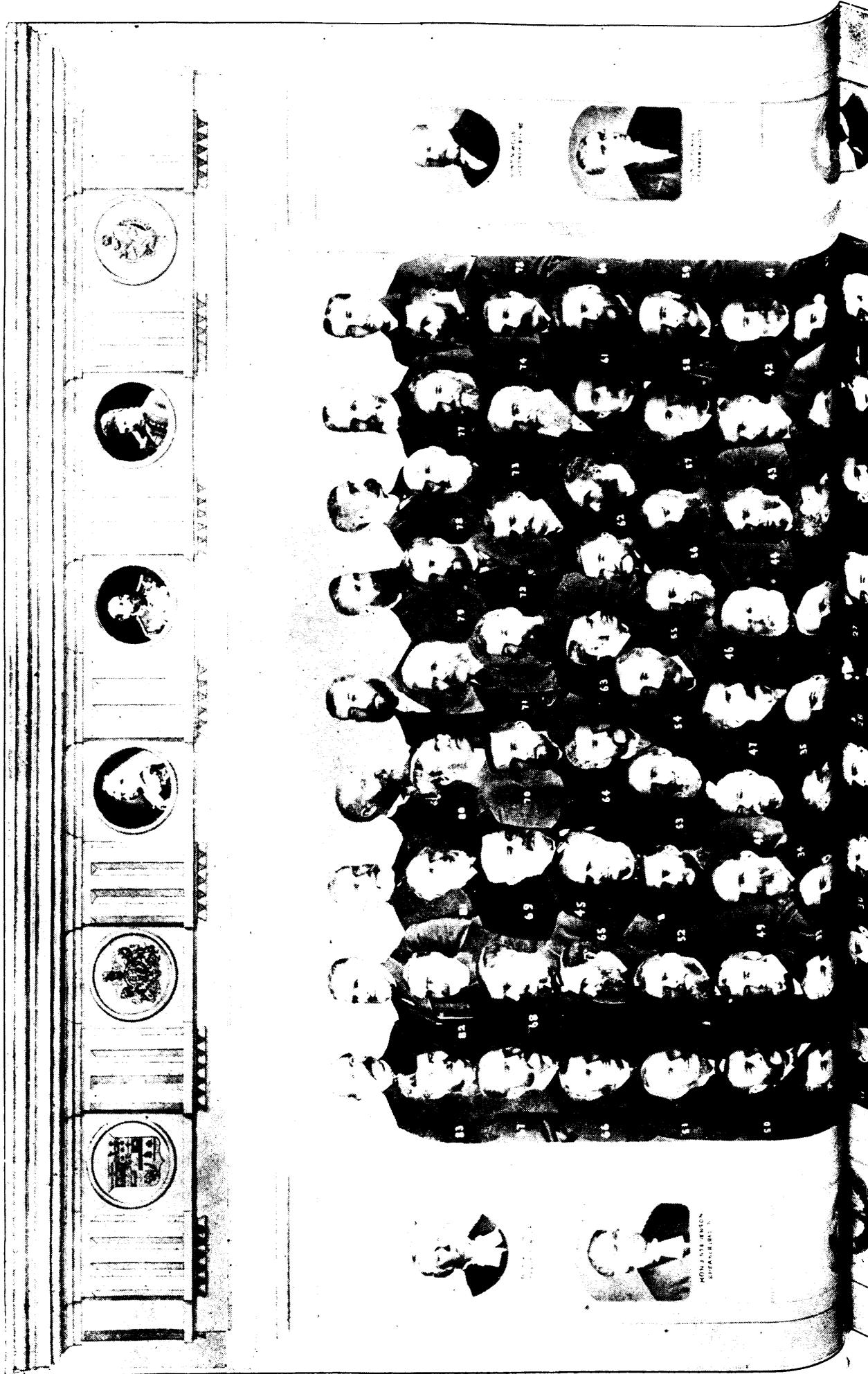
There is question of a new literary society to be attempted in this city, with the general view of fostering the movement of letters, bringing the workers together, and getting the French colleagues to contribute their large share.

The *Canadian Horticulturist* for January is further proof that we no longer want Vick's or other American publications of that kind. The illustrations are perfect in their way, and the choice of matter is such as even an outsider would enjoy. The office address is Grimsby, Ont.; yearly subscriptions, \$1; single copies, 10 cents.

"Canadiana" is the name of the new monthly, devoted to the pursuit of Historical Novelties and Curiosities, and edited by Mr. W. J. White, Founder and Vice-President of the Society. The price is only \$2 a year, and, beside individual subscriptions, it is expected that learned societies and educational establishments will patronize it.

Professor Schurman, the distinguished Canadian, who fills an important chair in Cornell University, has been invited to deliver a lecture on Canada in different cities of the United States. In accepting a splendid post in the educational world of the neighbouring country, Professor Schurman has not abandoned his principles of a loyal British subject.

President J. Seath, B.A. of Toronto, thinks that, as a means of culture, the modern languages are quite equal to the classical tongues. Particularly did this apply to the English. He eulogized the literature of the latter and dwelt on the importance of its linguistic history. French or German should be made obligatory to all students entering the universities and English should be given a higher position. All of which is quite true, but let there be no question of laying aside the Classics.



The Lady in Muslin.

Gaunt was always kind to her, as a man naturally is to a pretty little girl. Her every whim he did his best to gratify; her every comfort, so far as he understood it, he did his best to supply; she had toys in abundance, dress the same; but then Brunlow was her only companion by Gaunt's inexorable command, and perhaps the poor little heart pined for a more sympathizing friend: she certainly used to look sad at times.

Her veneration for Gaunt was edifying; and I was not long in concluding she must have been brought up by some one who had duly impressed her with such. She was devotedly fond of him also. I have seen her flush crimson with delight at kind words from him, and more than once she has treasured them up, and come repeating them to me, always adding, "Mark, do you think uncle Gaunt loves me truly?" And to my assurance of the fact she would listen smilingly, her long down-cast eyelashes quite shadowing her pretty cheek, with as much pleasure and faith as any damsel double her age.

As to Gaunt, with his usual carelessness, he troubled himself no more with explanations, or anything else. Quite content that I made no attempts at penetrating his secret, he let things remain as they were; and most carefully did he avoid the slightest allusion, not only to his connections with Cecile, but to everything concerning her.

Where she came from—why she remained with him—whether her stay was temporary or for always—he never alluded to in the remotest manner.

Cecile herself was also uncommunicative on such matters. I flattered myself I enjoyed her entire confidence, and I felt persuaded the child had either forgotten, or she had received strict injunctions to be silent on all things regarding her short past.

Poor Cecile's lot was not bettered by Gaunt's recovery. As he grew stronger our drives to—became more frequent, and we seldom returned from such expeditions till late in the evening. Even the landlady took pity on her, and came the morning after one of these long drives, as we were sitting at breakfast, and begged Mr. Gaunt to let his little niece go on a visit with her to some friend's at a short distance, adding—"the poor child was so lonesome, it would be quite a charity to let her have a romp with her former friend's children."

Gaunt was firm in his refusal, though Cecile stood by looking up at him with dancing eyes for permission. I could not help breaking through my rule of non-interference, and remonstrating with Gaunt for his ridiculous strictness. Dick was as firm as a rock, or, rather, obstinate as a mule.

We had been planning for ourselves a very agreeable little expedition, which, however, did not include poor Cecile; but after that short scene I was not surprised to see Dick take down his fishing-rod and straw hat, and, without any allusion to our intended drive, propose a morning's fishing in the boundary stream.

We selected the spot where the stream came gushing out from the dark wood, and there, under the shade of a pair of venerable oaks, we sat ourselves down on the soft turf, with fishing-rods, etc., pipes and smoking apparatus, and other personal comforts which the heat and labour we were undertaking necessitated. From this position we had a very excellent view of the garden of the cottage; and were not a little pleased, considering the "slowness" of our present occupation, to perceive shortly our neighbour making her appearance, first at the window, then on the verandah, and, finally, in the garden of her domains.

We were still very much interested in my lady; but now that we were able to seek amusement elsewhere, our curiosity was not sufficient to render the occupation of watching her at a distance so absorbing as it had been.

Perhaps Miss Owenson from behind her venetians had observed that her watchers' vigilance

flagged, and, like a skilful general, determined to change her tactics. At any rate, on that particular morning the lady of the closed shutters and mysteriously turned-away face came slowly but surely down the lawn, even to the bank of the boundary stream; then she unfastened the little gate that, with the hedge of prickly thorn, formed the side boundary to her garden, and, passing out, sauntered along the bank of the stream till she came directly opposite to us.

Gaunt had stuck his eye-glass in his eye, and pretended to be examining the end of his fishing-rod with the greatest care, taking the opportunity, however, of now and then sending a glance across the stream, which, perhaps, gave the lady courage to say, "You look so comfortable there I should like to join you, if you will give me leave."

Of course, both Gaunt and I were eager in our invitations (men like frank women, you know, on a hot morning), but at the same time expressed our embarrassment as to how she could effect it, unless she made a considerable circuit to the rustic bridge.

My lady laughed and said, "Oh! don't mind that."

At a little distance from where we were sitting the stream suddenly narrowed, and the banks, steeper than elsewhere, and overgrown with brambles, bushes, and brooms, overhung a very rushing, foamy yard or two of water.

I had often stood and contemplated the possibility of a leap across this spot; but the difficulty of descending the one bank low enough to bring the base of the other within springing distance, and the swift current of the stream lying between making the idea of a cold bath very disagreeable in case of a slip, I had always been contented with assuring myself that of course I could do it, and that there was no occasion to try. I did feel considerably surprised, then, when I saw Miss Owenson walk quietly to this spot, and begin to draw her dress securely round her previous to making her descent among the brooms and bushes.

"She's going to jump!" Cecile cried.

Gaunt raised his eye-glass. "The deuce she is! Go and stop her, Mark," he exclaimed, "for heaven's sake!"

I did dart forward, but I was too late; when I arrived the lady had already torn her way through the bushes, three-fourths down the bank, and now stood firmly poised on a ledge of clear ground, eyeing the distance, and preparing to make the spring that should bring her on the other side of the sparkling, rushing water.

"Don't!" I cried from the top of the bank; "pray don't!"

"Oh, go away! you make me nervous," she replied, looking up, with her audacious eyes sparkling as brightly as the stream. I was so alarmed at her position that my eloquence failed me; I could only reiterate, "Don't! pray stop!"

It was no use; with steady hand she cleared her dress from every entanglement, drew it tightly round her, and then gave a bold spring. The shrubs and bushes prevented me from seeing if she had arrived at her destination below, and for an instant I stood listening intently for some signs that she was safe. I was looking over, leaning against a young tree, getting every moment more anxious at neither seeing nor hearing anything, when I heard a laugh at my elbow, and, turning, there stood the lady, as elegant, calm and unruffled as if she had just passed from her drawing-room, not a sign of that leap on either herself or her dress; and to look at her, as she stood laughing in the sun, she appeared a very unlikely person to attempt or think of such a thing.

I started. "Be thankful you are safe!" I exclaimed.

"What a fuss you make about a trifle," she replied. "Strong limbs and good nerves were all that was necessary to insure my safety; and those I had, I knew."

I was silent. I don't like masculine women, and, the danger over, I was very ready to criticize the good taste of my companion for thus exhibiting her strong limbs and nerves.

She looked at me for a moment, then, turning away, began whipping the blossoms off an unfor-

tunate bush growing close by with a vigour that witnessed to her strength of muscle at any rate.

"Ah!" she exclaimed suddenly, "how well I can read your thoughts! It was shockingly unladylike, wasn't it? Well, never mind, let us join your friend. I want to learn angling."

There was something in her manner that quite disturbed my usual equanimity and self-possession. I didn't know what to say to her very good reading of my thoughts, and I was more perplexed by feeling that she cared very little for my unflattering opinion of her.

"They must have seen you make the leap," I said, as we walked slowly side by side toward the couple under the oak trees. "My friend is one of those who think as highly of such feats of strength as yourself."

"We shall sympathize, then," she answered shortly.

Gaunt came to meet us, and was profuse in his compliments at the lady's agility. He had witnessed the whole proceeding. Then, throwing his plaid on the ground, he began arranging a seat for her; and she took possession of it with a graceful *abandon*, and lounged there beside him as if they were acquaintances of years' standing.

For myself, I walked away to a short distance, where I fancied the fishing would be better.

I could hear their voices distinctly—almost distinguish the words they spoke. Gaunt's laugh came often, hers at rarer intervals, but in concert with his, and then it sounded clear and ringing, music even in my criticizing ear. Cecile's tones mingled now and then with theirs, but they soon ceased; and when I turned once to look at the group, I noticed that she had quitted her perch, and, like myself, was seeking her fish at a little distance.

Directly she caught my eye she drew in her line, gathered up her apparatus, and came slowly toward me.

"Well, Cecile," I said, as she stood silently beside me, "why have you left the lady? Don't you like her?"

"No," she answered quickly and emphatically; "not at all. Do you, Mark?"

"She's very handsome, Cecile," I replied, hesitatingly.

"So is Uncle Gaunt," said the child, turning and looking at them both.

I don't know why, but Cecile's very inconsequent remark gave me a strange qualm. I turned and looked. They were not regarding us. Gaunt was fixing her fishing-rod, and she was assisting him, her creamy fingers almost touching his, I could see; and they were both laughing.

"A quarter of an hour ago," I thought, "they were perfect strangers! What is all this?" Then, with a very impatient "Tut," I turned away. What was it to me?

"Don't fish any more—let us go and hunt birds' nests in the wood, Mark," said Cecile, softly. "It will be so cool under the trees."

I could not resist her; so, throwing down my rod, I took Cecile's willing little hand and we went rambling together into the dark shady wood.

VIII.

MARGARET OWENSON.

Margaret Owenson was indeed a puzzle, and one that, as day by day our acquaintance ripened into intimacy, became more intricate, and, at the same time, interesting.

A young, singularly handsome and accomplished woman living alone in her strange house, with strange servants, with habits and ways that bespoke a long residence, if not birth, in a foreign land, would have attracted the attention of the most careless on-looker; strange and out-of-the-way, however, as her mere outward habits were, they were as nothing to her strange bizarre character.

(To be continued.)

On the 20th of June last Queen Victoria had reigned over the United Kingdom for fifty-one years, a period which has been exceeded by only two of the monarchs of England, viz., Henry III., who reigned for fifty-six years, and George III., whose reign lasted for nearly sixty years.

ORLANDO IN OTTAWA.

SOCIAL ASPECT OF THE CAPITAL—A RETROSPECT OF THE PAST SEASON—NOTES.

Ottawa is perhaps the most ultra-aristocratic city in Canada. This might be partly attributed to the fact of its being the residence of so many officers of the Civil Service, who, as a rule, belong to the most influential families of the districts from which they were appointed, and who, mingling here different inherent attributes of patricianism, become united. Another cause tending to such an inference is the continued presence of Vice-Royalty and the influence it imperceptibly exerts, and no doubt there never has been a more refining influence felt, nor has the tone of social intercourse been more highly elevating, than during the reign at Rideau Hall of Their Excellencies the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, and those who had the honour of receiving invitations from Their Excellencies will never forget their gracious hospitality; and now, on the threshold of a new season, under a new régime, an unaccountable desire possesses me to turn and look back "once again" on the last bright season presided over by Lord and Lady Lansdowne in Canada, a season abounding in brilliant fêtes, receptions, balls and dinners without end, a season rich in happy days and generous with

"Nights of music, nights of loving,
Filled with joys too sweet to last—
Joys that, like yon starlight tender,
Cast no shadow while they passed."

Probably there never has been a season in the history of Ottawa that so many "lovely girls" were guests in the city; in fact, the flower of the beauty and wealth of the Dominion was represented, and as a strain of music at times awakens a sleeping melody, or an old letter or faded flower brings back a train of memories, a sight of the names of some of the visitors we met in the gay society of the Canadian capital may be productive of pleasant reminiscences, before the old season becomes paled in the light of the new. And how many of these the sight of whose names will recall the happy past will we meet again, and will it be in the same way, with the same sympathies, the same sentiments, as Lytton says, for a cord stronger or weaker is snapped asunder at every parting, and Time's busy fingers are not practised in splicing broken ties. Commencing with the Easterners there were guests at Sir John Thompson's, Miss Afflec and Miss Pugh; Miss Burns, who was at "The Russell" with her father, K. F. Burns, M.P.; Miss Warner and Miss Champion, who visited the Misses Thistle; Miss Trimmingham, who was a guest of the family of Dr. Wilson of the House of Commons; Miss Boyd, daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories, who visited Mr. Schultz; the Misses Macdonald, who visited their sister, Mrs. A. F. McIntyre; Miss Ethel Jones, of Quebec, who was a guest at Judge Taschereau's; the Misses Church, of Montreal, who were guests of Madame Chapleau, and Miss Olivier, of the same city, who visited Madame Langevin; the Misses Hall, of Sherbrooke, who were at the Russell with their father, R. N. Hall, M.P.; Miss Linsley, daughter of the ex-Manager of the C. A. Railway, who visited Mrs. D. C. Forster Bliss; Miss Rowe, who visited at Sheriff Sweetland's and Mrs. J. H. Thompson's; Miss Braun, of Quebec, who was the guest of Mrs. Senator Pelletier; Miss Mollie Birmingham, of Kingston, who visited Mrs. Steckel, and Miss Sullivan, daughter of Senator Sullivan, who was a guest at Government Solicitor D. O'Connor's; Miss Honan, who was a guest of Madame Laurier; Miss Roper, who visited at Major Anderson's; Miss Rankin, who visited at T. P. Frenche's; Miss Taschereau, Quebec, who was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Joseph Pope; the Misses Bowell, who were at the Russell, with their father, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell; Miss Brown, who visited Mrs. McLeod Stewart; Miss Bunting, Toronto, who visited Mrs. M. J. Griffin; Mrs. Dr. Neilson, Kingston, who visited Mrs. Ridout; Miss Shibley, who visited Miss Fuller; also Miss McMullen, Miss Kaulback, Miss Cargill, Miss Penfold, Miss Yarker, Miss Meredith, and others. Society has commenced to show signs of life

again after the period of quiet it has been enjoying after summer travel. A large number prominent in social and official life were away for extended periods during the past summer.

Mr. A. Gobeil, Secretary of the Department of Public Works, who was away for three months, has returned fully restored to health. Mr. Gobeil is one of the cleverest officers in the Government; he is a diplomat, too, and has the happy faculty of imbuing the officers over whom he presides with the principles of which he is the personification, as a successful, influential and universally liked chief.

Among other clever chiefs of the Public Works Department is Mr. Steckel, whose book on Hydraulics is recognized as one of the cleverest works on the subject published. Mr. Steckel, who is a direct descendant of one of the wealthy families of the German nobility, is of a happy disposition, and when he entertains there may be met within his hospitable walls bright lights of Science, Literature and Politics, families of judges and members of the Cabinet and Senate and of Her Majesty's Opposition as well, commingling congenially together.

Ottawa society has just lost one of its brightest faces, that of Mrs. J. H. Thompson, who has gone to Toronto to live, Mr. Thompson, who was accountant in the Bank of Commerce here, having removed to the Queen City.

Lieut.-Col. Norton-Taylor, R.N., and family, have arrived in the city to spend the winter with Mr. W. Norton-Taylor, of the Bank of Montreal. The latter gentleman is well known in cricket and tennis circles. Mr. Egerton Bourinot, recently of the Union Bank here, has been promoted and is now manager of the Merrickville branch of that institution. Mr. H. Drummond, of the Militia Department, has gone to Toronto to reside. Mr. Stunham, of the Bank of British North America here, has been transferred to the New York branch. The Marine and Fisheries Department has now the honour of having as officials the commanders of the three principal military corps in the Capital: Col. Tilton, who has just been gazetted commanding officer of the Governor-General's Footguards; Col. Anderson, who has just received his commission as commanding officer of the Forty-third Battalion, and Captain Gourdeau, commander of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards. Mr. George Sparkes, of the Interior Department, has returned from an extended trip to the old country. Mr. Armstrong has arrived in the city and entered upon his duties as accountant of the Bank of Commerce. Mr. Meredith, recently of the Union Bank here, is now in the Montreal office, and has been succeeded in the Ottawa office by Mr. McLellan. Mr. Rowley, late of the Ottawa Bank here, is now in the Brantford branch of the Bank of British North America.

On New Year's Eve one of the most brilliant private balls ever given in Ottawa took place at the mansion of Mr. W. G. Perley, M.P. The invitations were issued in the name of Mr. Perley's son, Herbert, and numbered about 200. The guests were ushered in by the side entrance, and, after proceeding to the dressing rooms and discarding their wraps, were received by Mrs. Perley in the main hall, after which they proceeded to the drawing-room, where programmes were filled in, and about 9 o'clock the strains of the orchestra caused a move to be made to the ball-room, which is a gem in itself. The floor is springy and waxed, and the mirrors, imbedded in the walls, heighten the brilliant scene presented and varied by the gay uniforms of the red-coated representatives of the Royal Military College, mingling with the beautiful dresses of the ladies and the more sombre dress of the Government official or civilian. At midnight the band played "Auld Lang Syne," as the old year died. Among those who looked well were Miss Boswell, who is a guest of Miss F. Taylor; Miss Bacon, Miss Bourinot, Miss Burritt, Miss Church, Miss Chipman, Miss Fuller, Miss French, Miss Friel, Miss Pennington-Macpherson, Miss Miall, Miss Maude Mackintosh, Miss Ridout, Miss Richardson, Miss Scott, Miss Sherwood, Miss F. Taylor, Miss Thistle, Miss Tims, Miss Waters.



Cattle have been doing better this winter on the western ranches than ever previously.

A vein of coal has been discovered near Boissevain, Man., eighteen feet from the surface.

The value of exports to the United States from Prince Edward County, Ont., during 1888 was \$435,731.59.

Two large masses of rock have fallen from the Horseshoe Fall, Niagara, making the horseshoe shape more complete.

Canada has an unlimited area in her "great grain belt" and the average yield is from 25 bushels to 30 bushels to the acre.

During the last quarter of 1888 the Ottawa mills exported over 35,000,000 feet of lumber, for consumption, to the United States.

Eighty-five million feet of lumber were shipped from Nova Scotia last year, an increase of two millions over the previous year.

Nova Scotia fishermen are fitting out a vessel to engage in the black cod fisheries of the Pacific Coast. The vessel will go by way of Cape Horn to the fishing grounds.

The *Statist* estimates that the Grand Trunk accounts to December 31 will show a surplus of £20,000 after providing interest on the guaranteed stock for the entire year.

It is understood that the Government has fully decided to adopt the fast Atlantic mail service, and that steps in the direction of the establishing the same will shortly be taken.

Negotiations with the Wood Crees for the surrender of their rights to a section of country north of Prince Albert and the entering into treaty rights with the Government are progressing favourably.

Dr. McEachran, Chief Veterinary Inspector of the Dominion, in his report to the Government imparts the information that the disease known as blackleg among the cattle on the North-West ranches is about stamped out.

Archbishop Taché asked the Minister of the Interior for a continuance of the Land Reserve of the Manitoba Colonization Society, doing business in southern Manitoba. A large number of Belgians settled on the lands last year, and a big influx is expected in the spring.

An area of sixty-five acres in the central experimental farm, Ottawa, will be laid out next spring as a botanical garden and a great deal of other work done. A large number of young forest trees from Russia, France and other countries have been received and planted.

The principal mining districts in British Columbia are those of Kooteney, Cariboo, Yale, Lilloet, Cassiar and Omineca. The richest of these in the past was Cariboo, whose fields have yielded, since the rush of 1861 up to the present date, no less a sum than \$45,000,000!

Canadian phosphate deposits are receiving much attention among the agricultural classes in view of the threatened exhaustion of the guano beds in Peru and Chili. The *Times* and *Morning Post* draw special attention to the Ottawa county phosphate, declaring that phosphate industry is only in its infancy in Canada and urging British capitalists to promote their further development.

Private advices received at Ottawa state that Mr. McLeod Stewart has succeeded in floating a company in England with a million dollars capital to develop the coal mines at Anthracite. The mines were examined in November by an engineer sent from England, and his report was so favourable that the necessary capital was at once raised. Work at the mines will probably be resumed very shortly.

PERSONAL.

John Bright, who has been improving, has suffered another relapse.

The late William Saunderson, of Georgetown, Prince Edward Island, bequeathed \$8,000 to local charities.

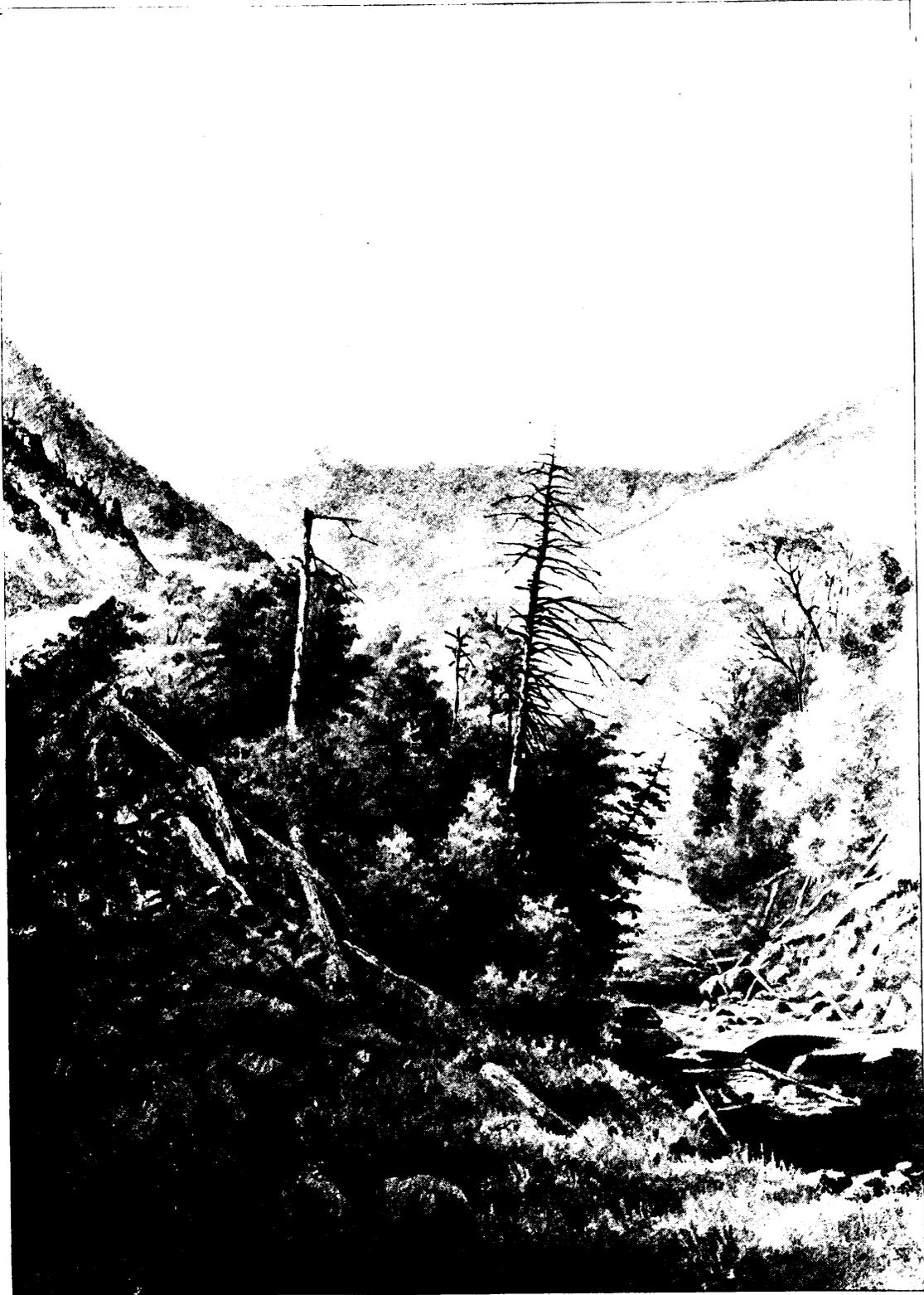
Sir John Lister-Kaye has decided to purchase ten farms of five thousand acres each from the Interior Department.

Lieut. Hon. E. Stanley and his bride are expected to arrive in Canada during the Montreal Carnival week. Lieut. Hon. Victor Stanley, R.N., will arrive with them.

A fine bust of the late "Chinese" Gordon has just been placed in the private apartments at Windsor Castle. It stands near the crystal casket in which Queen Victoria deposited Gen. Gordon's Bible.

Xavier Batoche had an interview with the Minister of the Interior and asked for the establishment of a mounted police post and Government telegraph office at Batoche village. The Minister promised to consider these questions.

Two of the old land marks have gone to the majority says the Lake Megantic correspondent of the *Sherbrooke Gazette*, Mrs. Alexander McLeod, of Winslow, and Mrs. George Stewart, of Marsboro. They were both buried on the 2nd. Mrs. McLeod was one of the pioneers of Lingwick, and was the mother of the Rev. Finlay McLeod, of Manitoba. It may well be said of her that she was a mother, in Israel; she had the old and new Testament committed to memory, and although blind for several years she could repeat any chapter in the Bible without mistake.



IN THE VALLEY OF THE CREDIT RIVER.

From a sketch by Wm. Revell, A.R.C.A.



PARTING.

From the painting by F. Andreotti.



THE EFFECT OF DRESS.—"The more you dress a Frenchwoman the better she is, and the less you dress an Englishwoman the better she is" is an old saying (slightly altered); and well-built women will do well to remember this when they seek to cover themselves with ribbons, braids and gimps, that serve only to fritter away the figure, are absolute death to the clear, fair outlines that should be followed with the greatest exactitude.

QUEEN VICTORIA is a very hard worker. She breakfasts at 9 and then spends the morning dictating letters to her secretary. At 2 p.m. she takes luncheon, then holds a court ceremony and afterward indulges in a short drive. She does not dine until 9 p.m. As her mail is enormous, she really gets through a vast deal of work in a day. Once in a while questions of State of some importance require her attention. The fact is that she has no sinecure.

BOB BURDETTE'S ADVICE.—You say you demand a domestic, useful woman as your wife. If that is so, marry Nora Mulligan, your laundress' daughter. She wears cowhide shoes, is guiltless of corsets, never had a sick day in her life, takes in washing, goes out housecleaning and cooks for a family of seven children, her mother and three section men who board with her. I don't think she would marry you, because Con Reagan, the track-walker, is her style of man.

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.—Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity—a costly simplicity if you will—but let every dress be one idea'd, and let no unnecessary or extraneous trifles be introduced in it. And after simplicity, or rather as a consequence of it, comes freshness, that most desirable quality which to a woman's clothes is much the same as a fair, healthy skin is to her face, so that to say of a woman "She always looks so fresh," is to pay the highest of all compliments to herself and her milliner.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES' NEW BOOTS.—The Princess of Wales has set the fashion for a new boot, which is intended for rough country walking, and is impervious to any amount of damp. It is very high, buttoning nearly up to the knee, of black leather, with an inner lining of stout waterproof tweed between the leather and the kid lining. The sole is about half an inch thick. It has already been introduced at Tuxedo, where it is found a great comfort in walking and tramping about in the snow surrounding the toboggan slide.

O'RELL ON AMERICAN WOMEN.—That which struck me most in America, from first to last, is the total absence of stupid-looking faces. All are not handsome, but all are intelligent and beaming with activity. In my opinion it is in this that American beauty chiefly consists. In the large cities of the East the first thing which caught my attention was the thinness of the men and the plumpness of the women. This seemed to hint that the former lived in a furnace of activity and the latter in cotton wool. This impression soon deepened into a conviction. It seemed to me that her lot was as near to being perfection as an earthly lot could be.

EXPERIMENTING WITH THE BABY.—That class of parents is unhappily large who appear to accept a child's strong constitution merely as a basis for experiments, remarks Harper's Bazaar. The child has a habit of dropping asleep as soon as he is laid in his crib? Then let him be taken from it any time to be exhibited. If he goes to sleep again so easily, the rousing him at all hours will do him no harm. He rarely catches cold? Then carry him out in all weathers, keep him out late in the evening and dress him in as thin clothing in winter as in summer. His digestion is excellent? Then by all means let him eat whatever he wants and whenever he feels like it.

HERE AND THERE.

GLADSTONE'S OMNISCIENCE.—"The way we do it now" is thus described in rhyme by R. St. J. C. in the columns of the *St. James's Gazette*:

"I want advice. Forthwith I seek
The lawyer, doctor, or I speak
To Policeman X or Bow street,
Or, maybe, fish up
A bland archdeacon, curate meek,
Or sound Archbishop.
"No matter what my want may be,
I pleasant look and pay the fee."
So spake I to my wife; but she,
"I beg your pardon,
"You're very wasteful, dear, I see;
I write—to Hawarden."

The verses not only bear testimony to the encyclopaedic knowledge of Mr. Gladstone, but they also show the accepted pronunciation of the name of his castle, as to which many people are a little uncertain. They have now a safe guide.

LEGAL TENDER.—A banker in Lille, France, had the misfortune to wet eighteen bills of the Bank of France, and in order to dry them he placed them on a board at an open window. They dried more rapidly than was anticipated. A gust of wind carried them into the street, where, unfortunately, a goat picking up odds and ends at once captured the bank bills and swallowed them. The goat was purchased and the bills secured in a very dilapidated condition, but the Bank of France recognized its obligations and redeemed them.

BLUE SHEEP.—Mr. Gladstone's study of Homer has led him to form numerous ingenious theories. One is the belief that the Greeks were colour-blind. Otherwise it would be impossible, he contends, for Homer to have spoken of "a flock of purple sheep." He was stating this view one day, when a celebrated agriculturist who was present remarked,—"Ah! but I know that in certain parts of England there are flocks of 'purple sheep.'" Mr. Gladstone expressed surprise. Inquiries were made, and it was found that these sheep were only of the ordinary brown colour.

A QUEER CZAR.—Anton Rubinstein is in trouble. The Czar of Russia has commanded him to compose an oratorio on the recent railroad accident in which the autocrat and his wife nearly lost their lives. This is a subject to which only the late Richard Wagner, among all musicians, could have done justice. The shriek of the locomotive, the crash when the train left the track, the cries of the wounded and dying and the wail of the Czar's perishing dog would have offered to Wagner splendid themes for orchestration of a weird and peculiar kind. What Rubinstein will do with his task is an interesting problem.

PHILLIPS' SHAKESPEARE COLLECTION.—Mr. Halliwell Phillips leaves all his electric plates, wood blocks, etc., to the New York Shakespeare Society. His unrivalled collection of Shakesperian treasures he offers to the municipality of Birmingham for £7000. These he originally intended to leave to Stratford, but after his dispute with the Corporation there he decided to select, instead, the principal town in Shakespeare's country. The collection is rich in early quartos, but comprises very few portraits. Mr. Phillips was strongly of opinion that no portrait of Shakespeare is genuine except the Droeshut portrait, prefixed to the first folio of which he possessed a proof impression.

PAS DE COMEDIE.—It is well known that the Queen, as well as the Princess of Wales and Princess Beatrice, have vainly tried everything to persuade the Empress to take part in the court festivities at Windsor. The other day a little ruse was tried to divert her with such mild entertainments as are occasionally provided for the family circle at Windsor. After tea a curtain at one end of the drawingroom was drawn aside, the Princess Beatrice announced that a little French comedy, "Lolotte," would be performed. The Empress smiled and remained, but the desired effect was not obtained, and now, whenever she appears at Windsor to spend a social evening, she greets Princess Beatrice with the words, "Pas de comédie ce soir, n'est ce pas, ma chère?"

A CAVE IN MANITOULIN.

A correspondent of the *Woodstock Sentinel Review*, writing from Mindemoya Lake, Manitoulin Island, gives the following particulars of an interesting discovery made by an Oxford man:

A very interesting discovery has just been made on the property of Mr. Martin Buck, ex-Reeve of Carnarvon Township, and situated on the western shore of Mindemoya Lake, Manitoulin Island. It is a large cave, some 80 feet in length, with a height varying from 6 to 12 feet, and a width quite equal, if not greater, with a smaller cave, some 50 feet in length, connected with the main grotto by a narrow aperture. This great natural curiosity was, so far as we are aware, first made known to the white settlers of this island—though long known to some of the Indians of West Bay—by Daniel Hagey, of Innerkip, Oxford County, Ont., who is now here on a missionary tour in connection with the United Mennonite Brethren Church, with which he stands identified. Mr. Hagey is not only an energetic Evangelist and "fisher of men," but also a most enthusiastic angler and sportsman. On September 21st, while in eager pursuit of a flock of wild ducks, he was arrested by a yawning gap in the limestone bluffs. On looking in, his horror may be imagined on seeing the entrance of this cave thickly strewn with whitened human bones, with several skulls in a good state of preservation, and all apparently of the genuine Indian type. A shout from friend Hagey soon brought up his Mennonite companions, Rev. Wm. Schroeder and John Evans, by whom the interiors of the cave were first explored by white men. A path was soon blazed to the scene of this natural curiosity, and it has been already much resorted to by the settlers for miles around.

How the Indian bones came to lie at the entrance of said cave must, we presume, ever remain veiled in mystery, and gives rise to conjectures of various kinds, some of which are certainly quite fanciful. But the two most tenable theories are either that a whole family of Indians were living there in the dim past, and perished from hunger, smallpox, or some similarly fatal epidemic, and were, from some unknown and unknowable cause, left unburied where they died, and their valuables subsequently removed; or they were cut off by some war party, and despoiled of all their weapons, pipes and ornaments, as the most diligent search has thus far failed to find anything of this nature, with the exception of a broken shell of large size, nicely polished, and notched in true Indian style, and also a small stone, just like an Indian flint arrow-head, with a broken-off shank, but of so soft material that some think its form is the work of nature and not that of the ancient Red Men. Mindemoya Lake has ever ranked as one of the most lovely of the many inland water-gems of this island; but the discovery of this most singular cave, with its two smooth domes in the limestone roof and its rich profusion of strange fantastic water-worn rocks, together with the mystery attached to the time-bleached remains of the "ancient braves," bid fair to make it an object of intense interest, not only to the settlers of this island, but to tourists and artists from all parts of the world.

THE WANDERING KNIGHT.

Mr. Francis Thomson, in his striking articles on "Bunyan" in the current number of *Merry England*, alludes to the mediæval work from which Bunyan is supposed to have borrowed. Of this curiosity of literature, the following is a brief outline:—

"The hero, like Bunyan's Christian, sets off on a journey, and meets with adventures. He resolves, with the advice of his bosom friend, a daredevil named Folly, to go in search of happiness. Being fully equipped, armed and mounted on a runaway steed, he soon finds himself in presence of two parting ways, and hesitates in doubt as to which of these he shall choose for his own. At length he sees two ladies approach; the one mounted on a gentle natured steed, and

DISCLOSED BY A FRESHET.

INDIAN SKELETONS, BEADS, TOMAHAWKS AND POTTERY DISCOVERED.

The south branch of the Potomac River is the Nile of West Virginia. Along the meadowlands where it flows, the soil is rich and productive, on portions of it the farmers sow, but are in doubt about the reaping, for the river may overflow and carry off the crops. At times the receding waters are not content to carry the grain, but often take deep soil, too.

A freshet, which occurred a year or so ago, unearthed an Indian burying ground. The cemetery is near the river, about eight miles from Romney, in Hampshire county. The oldest residents were not aware that the place had been the receptacle of dead braves, squaws and papooses until the river disclosed the skeletons. Many of the bones are in a good state of preservation, but crumble away when exposed. The Indians were all found in a sort of reclining position, resting on their left side. In the lap of each Indian were earthenware pots, and in these pots were found the belongings of the corpse—beads, arrow, spear, or tomahawk heads, Indian money made of bone or ivory. Some of the beads are made of bone and others of beautiful and curious coloured stones. A few are of glass. These, together with some hooks and copper trinkets, seem to have been the extent of their property. All of the trinkets are perforated. The holes in some of the beads are so small, that in the absence of cotton they must have been strung on hair. Those which the Indians are supposed to have made from bone, are in perfect preservation, even to the colouring. Residents of the surrounding country have gathered hundreds of the relics. There are, it is thought, many others not yet unearthed. Pieces of pottery of peculiar manufacture are among the other curiosities which the river disclosed

MILITIA NOTES.

The Comptroller of Northwest Mounted Police has been advised that the operations of Dakota timber thieves on the southern Manitoba frontier have been entirely stopped by the presence of the police patrol.

The next Wimbledon meeting will be held on Wimbledon Common, owing to the difficulty of finding a suitable site. The National Rifle Association finds Brookwood, the site in Surrey, would cost too much, and none other are available at once.

J. Drew Gray, late colonel in the Ottoman army, and for eighteen years war correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, writes to the Montreal press about recent adverse comment upon the Canadian volunteers. He says: Canadians to-day possess many volunteer and militia regiments which could take the field alongside of any line regiments in Europe with credit and confidence.

An officer, referring to the present army, says: "I have more than once directed attention to the excellence of the young officers who enter the English army, especially the Royal Engineers and the Royal Artillery, from the Military College at Kingston. Recently seven commissions in the Engineers were given to Canada, and now we have the beginning of a grumble here that these commissions should be so given when Canada pays nothing toward the maintenance of the British army."

THE JEWELLER.

In a gray old German city, in the Rhineland by the sea,
Dwelt, in ancient times, a singer, with his craft of high degree.

And his songs were sad and plaintive, while he wrought of gems and gold

Many a quaint device to pleasure ladye-love and baron bold.

Many years the cunning craftsman laboured at his wondrous art,

And each jewelled triumph finished drew a song from out his heart.

'Till one eve, for ever stricken, fell his deft and dainty hand,
With a blood-red ruby, carven for the Prince of all the land.

"It is just," he bowed and whispered. "Yea, O God, Thy doom is just;

These be lurid lights that beckon souls of men to depths accurst."

And afar the angel-warder, keeping watch above his own,
Murmured deep within the silence where the stars of God are sown:

Spoken well, O worthy master!—hark! the little children sing;

Thine the song—a better guerdon far than carven gems may bring.

Montreal.

JOHN ARBORY.

HUMOROUS.

A man never knows what he can do until he tries—or what he can't do, either.

Experimental philosophy—asking a man to lend you money. Moral philosophy—refusing to do it.

When er man accidentally steps on er rattlesnake an' de snake bites him, it am too late for 'pologies.

One great trouble with those who go to the bad is that they do not think to provide themselves with a return ticket.

Mother: "Charlie, what is Uncle John doing this morning?" Charlie (first visit to country): "He's murdering the hogs."

A Southern hotel advertises "A parlour for ladies 35 feet wide." This appears to be a direct bid for dime museum patronage.

A Washington barkeeper played a mean New Year's joke on his customers. He labeled a bowl of free punch "Pro Bono Publico," and none of the visiting statesmen dared touch it.

The man who spends most of his days in giving advice to his friends has no need at all to lie awake nights wondering why he isn't popular.

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to add to your defence?" Prisoner (smiling sweetly): "Your honour, I wish you a happy new year."

The minister who, sixty years ago, preached the first sermon in Chicago, still lives, and he is still of the opinion that Chicago is good missionary ground.

The law is like a hotel. It is open to all who have money. You may go in, but you cannot get out unless you leave some of your money behind you.

A geyser that throws hot mud has begun operations in Dakota. Sensational newspapers in need of an editor might secure the services of the geyser for a reasonable sum.

A man who is owing us a little bill said he would call last week and pay us if he was alive. He still appears on the street, but as he did not call, it is naturally supposed that he is dead, and is walking about to save funeral expenses.

First Kentuckian: Say, colonel, there's a Mormon elder down the road preachin' to a crowd o' young women an' singin' "Would I Were a Bird!" Second Kentuckian: Well, I kin furnish the feathers. You git some tar to stick 'em on.

Stranger (in a street car): "I see you in these cars frequently, but not at this hour." "No; this is a holiday trip. My wife sent me down town to match some dress trimming." Stranger: "Ah! glad to meet you. (Presents his card). I am a divorce lawyer."

A LARGE JOB.

The man who wants to reform the world
Of a billion souls, can guess of the labour,
If he'll begin in a very small way,
And try to reform his neighbour.

Ottawa Journal: Dakota wants a State name suggestive of warmth. What is the matter with Cayenne?—*Detroit Free Press*.

Some Canadians who have come back give it a hotter name than that.

Rev. Mr. Cantwell: "My dear young friend, pardon me for intruding, but I consider it my duty to offer the counsel. Now, we know as a fact that all vice is bad and most objectionable —." Young Spendthrift: "Yes, especially advice! Good morning!"

Clem (to Uncle Rastus): Am yo gibben dat boy ob yours an education, Uncle Rastus? Uncle Rastus: Well, I don' sen' him ter school yit, but he kin tell a Philadelfy spring chicken in the dark quicker nor I kin; dat's a practukle education. Time nuff yit fur him ter git into the classicks.

Benjamin Franklin wrote a note to a friend in England when the American Colonies declared their independence, which closed thus:

You and I were long friends. You are now my enemy and I am yours. B. FRANKLIN.

An exchange wants the name of the man who invented the wheelbarrow; but what many more persons crave is the name of the man who lets the wheelbarrow stand in the middle of the sidewalk after dark. The latter is more deserving of death.

There can be much wit in the manner in which writers subscribe themselves. When Glengarry claimed the chieftainship of the Macdonald clan, the generally acknowledged chief wrote him as follows:

MY DEAR GLENGARRY—As soon as you can prove yourself my chief I shall be ready to acknowledge you. In the meantime I am yours, MACDONALD.

Ready wit cannot be said to be natural to youth, for the answers given by precocious schoolboys are not witty, being usually the outcome either of misunderstanding or of cheek. There are exceptions, however, to this rule. A teacher asks his class what was meant by divers diseases, and was rather surprised when one of the boys answered, "Water in the head."

arrayed in the beautiful robes of Faith, Hope and Charity; the other proudly borne along on a rampant brute, and dressed up in finery and gay costume. Both these address him, each in turn; the one invites him up the rugged and narrow pathway to celestial happiness, the other to worldly pleasures and delights. Consulting his companion, who acts toward him the part of Bunyan's Talkative, he resolves to take the broad and easy way; and thus, like Bunyan's Pilgrim in Vanity Fair, he soon finds himself in the midst of this world's vanities, in the mansion of worldly felicity. After revelling here to satiety, he thinks himself at last that it is time to pause, and stepping for a moment outside of the vicious circle in which he is entangled, he begins seriously to reflect upon the worth of all worldly pleasures. Whilst so engaged, he sees, all of a sudden, that down they go into the fathomless depths of hell; and, like the Pilgrim, finds himself to be set fast in a miry slough, out of which he is helped by a lady of surpassing beauty and glory, viz., the grace of God. And here begins, from a theological point of view, the more important section of the book: that without the grace of God we cannot rise from sin, that without Jesus Christ there is no salvation—is the one great lesson stamped upon every page of the devout and learned author's work.

"Leaving the reader to follow our hero through the various details, we need but further say that in the course of these we find, as in Bunyan, that the knight is brought to trial on an indictment before a tribunal of justice; and many witnesses come forward to testify against him, whilst in self-defence he has nothing to plead. Through the operation of Divine mercy, however, he obtains his release, and, being plunged into a crystal fountain—the Blood of Jesus Christ—he comes forth cleansed from all the mire of the filthy slough into which he had fallen. He, too, meets his Evangelist, in the person of a venerable recluse, who instructs him in the practice of penance and the science of salvation. He is afterward transported, like the Pilgrim, in a triumphal car, to the Delectable Mountains, where he finds the home of Virtue, and there receives from Evangelist many instructive lessons on the supernatural virtues in their respective order. There, too, he gets a view of Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, and receives a deeply interesting instruction upon the signification of its walls, its streets, its gates, etc.

"Like the Pilgrim, he is then put on his guard by Evangelist against a certain Temporary, and taught how to hold on with Perseverance to the last. Bunyan's work terminates with a sort of dissolving view, which, while it charms the imagination, tends to detach the reader from all personal participation in the scene; but the monkish author identifies his reader practically with the knight, whom he leaves, with mind enlightened, courage strengthened, and resolution fortified, to continue to fight on in the great battle of life, aided with the graces to be obtained through prayers and the Sacraments, on which, in the course of the work, full instructions are given."

The whole treatise, from first to last, is well calculated not only to furnish entertainment and instruction to the pious Christian, but also to effect the true conversion of sinners, as the author himself points out, when at the outset he says:

"This book, when thrice 'tis well read through,
Will make of thee a creature new."

Seek not to please the world but your own conscience. The man who has a feeling within him that he has done his duty upon every occasion is far happier than he who hangs on the smiles of the great, or the still more sickly favours of the multitude.

Be very circumspect in the choice of thy company. In the society of thine equals thou shalt enjoy more pleasure; in the society of thy superiors thou shalt find more profits. To be the best in company is the way to grow the worst. The best means to grow better is to be the worst there.

It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life and leaves only weeds. A cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom, and the best way to overcome it is to look on the cheerful side of things.

D deservedly severe was the reply of Descartes to a nobleman who, seeing that he enjoyed the pleasures of the table, remarked: "I see, sir, that philosophers can sometimes indulge in good cheer." "Why not?" asked Descartes. "Do you really imagine that Providence intended the good things of this earth only for the foolish and ignorant?"

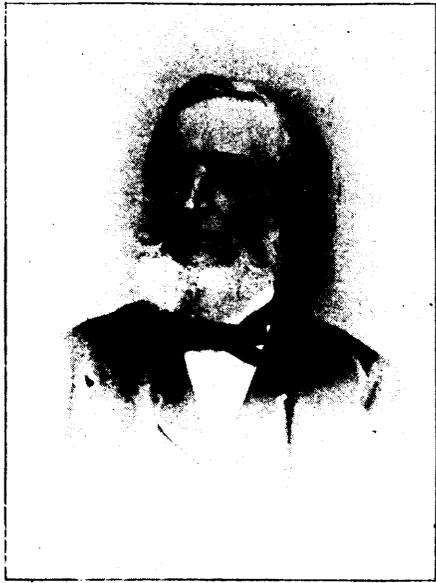
Sheridan's ready wit was equalled some years ago by another prominent politician on the occasion of the Derby being won by a French horse. The Frenchmen present, as was natural, cheered vociferously, and not content with that one of them shouted: "Waterloo avenged!" "Yes," said the statesman, who happened to hear the remark, "you ran well in both cases."

"Pa," enquired Bobby, "what's the meaning of E pluribus unum?" "Oh, it's a Latin phrase, Bobby. I used to know when I was at college, but a man is apt to forget most that he learned at college when he gets to be as old as I am." Just then a procession of college students passed the door shouting vociferously, "Rah, rah, rah!" "Tiger," yelled the old man, and he broke both suspenders before he reached the gate.

"Why, Jennie, what do you think?" she cried as she stopped a friend on the avenue the other morning. "You've gone to housekeeping, I bet." "Yes, we have! George only gets \$8 a week, you know, and mamma was doubtful, but it's all right. We can buy everything we want and have lots left. Why, what do you think turnips cost?" "I don't know." "Only a cent a pint, and I can get a small cabbage for three cents!"

Of wit bordering on the malicious there are many examples, and some of the repartees are fully deserved, while others are only calculated to give pain. Among the latter is one told at the expense of an elderly French widow, who had fallen in love with a young nobleman, whom she was never tired of praising to her friends as "handsome as one of Dumas' three musketeers." "Yes," said a lady who heard her and who was possibly jealous, "he is the musketeer, and you are 'Twenty Years After.'"

She forgot nothing. Mrs. Anglomaniac (to butler): Matthew, his Grace the Duke of Tweedledum dines and sleeps here to-night. I want everything in the most correct English way. Matthew: Ho, yes, hindeed, mum. Mrs. Anglomaniac: Serve tea in the drawing-room at five and dinner at eight and thirty o'clock. Have no napkins at breakfast to-morrow, and serve cold game patés from the sideboard. Matthew: Ho, yes, hindeed mum. Mrs. Anglomaniac: And, Matthew, see that the weather is foggy. I want his Grace to feel entirely at home. Matthew: Ho, yes, hindeed, mum.



THE LATE T. S. BROWN,
From a photograph by Notman.



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