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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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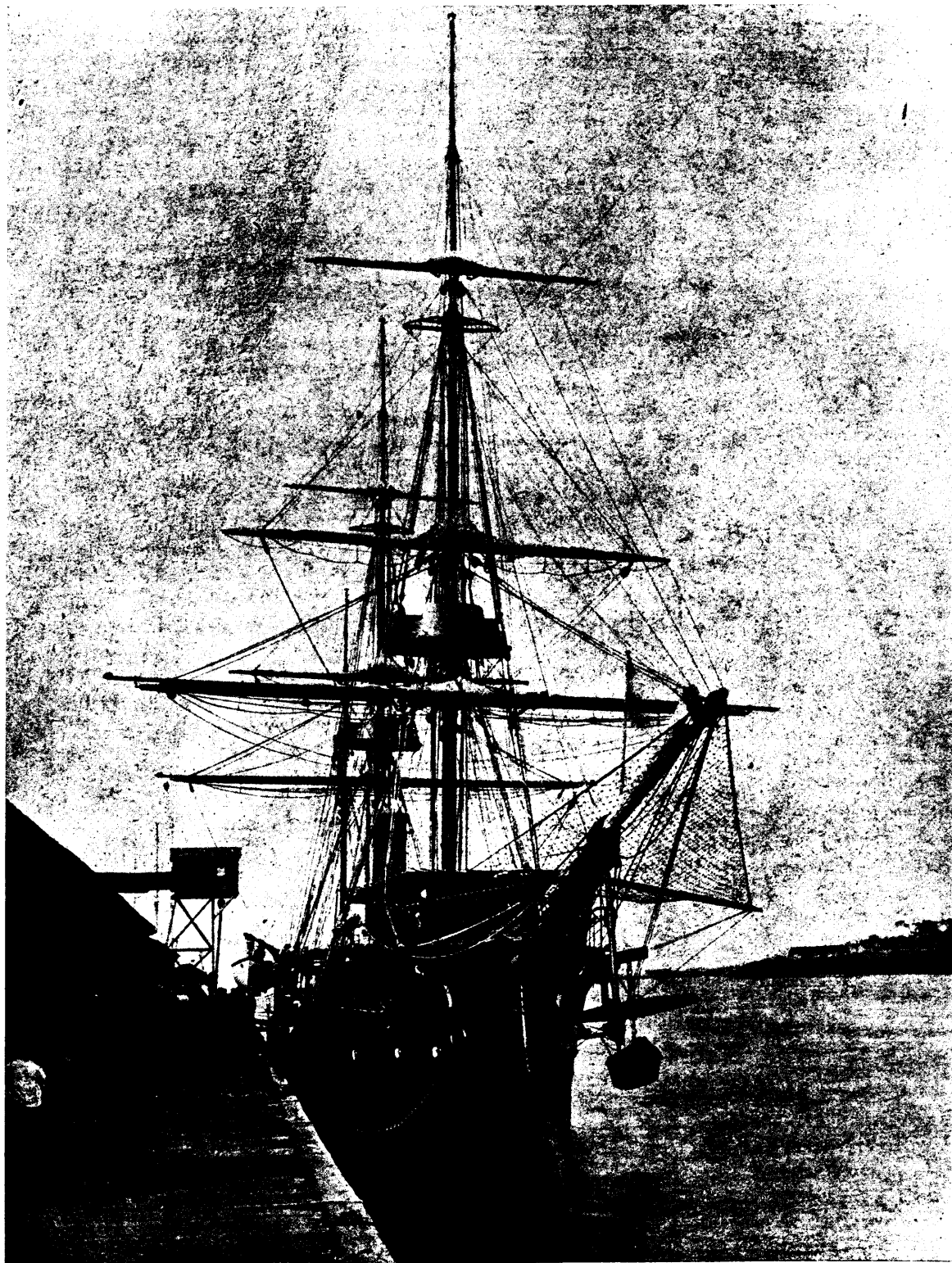
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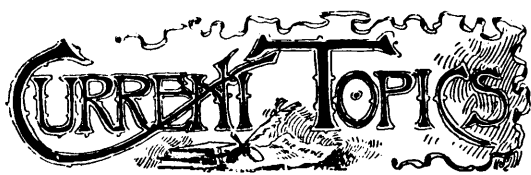
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5th SEPTEMBER, 1891.



Mrs. Trollope Out-done.

A MR. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN has been contributing a series of articles, under the title of "Wakeman's Wanderings," to an American newspaper syndicate; as several Canadian journals republish these articles each week they will be familiar to many of our readers. While they are well written and full of interest, the statements are exaggerated and the facts much distorted. A recent article on "The Lowly of Liverpool" is one of the latest instances of continued misstatement, and we would warn our readers against placing much faith in it. Any one reading the article would infer that Liverpool was a city whose population consisted almost wholly of a vast mass of down-trodden, miserable wretches, devoted to vice and drink, and not only without means of self-improvement, but totally lacking any effort on the part of the wealthy to better the condition of the lower class. Such a conclusion is entirely inaccurate. Most cities of the Old World are, from their age and limited area, naturally less capable of modern improvement than are those of America; but to suppose that the people of the great cities of England have fewer advantages and means of self-improvement or recreation is absurd, and only entertained by those ignorant of that country. Free libraries, free picture galleries and free classes of instruction exist there to a far greater degree than in the United States, and are used to a proportionately greater extent; while in recreation,—cricket, football and athletic sports generally are engaged in by the average mechanic in every English country to an extent that would astonish the ordinary wage-worker in America. It is unnecessary to here deal with MR. WAKEMAN'S statements *re* Liverpool in detail; denials and corrections would be too numerous for our limited space. It is sufficient to say that the average clerk there, the average working-man or working-woman, is as well off in most things, and better off in many, than he would be in Yankeedom; works shorter hours and has more chance for amusement or study. As for drinking customs, they are much the same the world over, excepting that while the Englishman drinks gin and bitter beer, the American drinks whiskey

and lager. A humid climate such as prevails in the British Isles permits a much greater indulgence in the drinking habit with comparative impunity.

A Distracted Republic.

The fall of BALMACEDA will be hailed with delight from every quarter. Considering the size and influence of Chili, the war that has been raging along her coasts and harbours, and to a lesser degree, on her shores, has attracted much attention, probably because it was practically the only "unpleasantness" going on in the world at the time; details of the various engagements and movements have appeared in the principal journals, and the English illustrated papers have devoted considerable space to engravings of the combats and combatants. On the ground of suffering humanity alone—apart from other interests—is the downfall of the Chilian dictator a boon to mankind. A more cruel and vindictive wretch does not exist. Since his election in 1886, he has retained power largely by means of personal intimidation, stopping at no means or measures, however revolting, to gain his ends. Since the breaking out of the revolution, now so likely to be successful, he and his myrmidons have been especially active in maltreating and torturing any whom they suspected as being in sympathy with the revolutionary party. Most of these cases will probably never be made public, but enough has been told to stamp BALMACEDA as a brute, and deserving prompt suspension from a gallows—a fate he will doubtless experience if caught. Tortures not unlike those of the Inquisition seem to have been freely inflicted on those suspected of complicity with the Congressionalists, the latest instance published being the experience of a gentleman named BARAHONA, who was thought to be favourable to the revolutionary party and to know the names of its leaders in his district. He was placed in irons, taken to a dungeon, and his arms tied together with ropes which were then twisted until every bone in his arms and chest was dislocated and broken; this was followed by other tortures a recital of which we will spare our readers. This case is only one of many, all under orders or concurred in by this worthy republican President. On commercial and political grounds also will the victory of GENERAL CANTO be welcome. Since the war broke out British commerce with Chili—which controlled nearly one-half of her total trade—has almost entirely ceased, involving a loss of millions of pounds; if the capture of Valparaiso results in the surrender of the remainder of BALMACEDA'S army, peace is ensured, and trade will once more flow through its accustomed channels. From the very beginning of hostilities, the entire press of Britain, Germany and France has pronounced strongly in favour of the revolutionists, voicing very fairly public sentiment on the question; the ultimate success of that party will therefore throw the new administration in immediate sympathy with those three great nations, which cannot but materially aid the country in recovering from the effects of a bloody civil war. In every respect the hopes of Chili for peace, for the return of prosperity, and for amicable relations with foreign countries depend on GENERAL CANTO'S success, which, at present seems almost assured.

The New York Catastrophe.

The recent horrible disaster at Park Place, New York, by which some 80 lives were lost, is a huge warning to us in Montreal and Toronto; not that our buildings are as a usual thing put up so

hastily as to merit a like fate, but that the negligence that in the New York case was the direct cause of the disaster is getting only too common on this side of the line. It is scarcely credible that a building that had been officially condemned years ago should, in a large and wealthy city like New York, be permitted to stand, tenanted day after day by scores of human beings, and its flimsy floors loaded with heavy lithographic presses and stones. An exhibition of gross official boodling,—such as the wilful neglect to strengthen or rebuild the place certainly was—should quiet much of the pride expressed by New Yorkers when discussing rival civic merits; there is not a city in Europe, even in its worst-governed and least civilized States, in which such a thing could happen. Close to the headquarters of New York officialism, it stood day after day under the eyes of Mayor, Inspectors and hosts of officers, bearing the heavy strain of great weight and jarring machinery, until the fatal hour when it could no longer support the load, but crashed down into fragments, burying so many of its occupants. And to what was this due? Some good men might call it an "accident," a "visitation of God." Nothing of the kind. The loss of every life resulting from the fall of that building is directly blameable to the atrocious civic government under which New York groans; to the existence of a "family compact" of officials bred under Tammany influence, and retained under Tammany systems, whose sole object is to make money, regardless of duty or of regard for the interests of the citizens. Not a city of Europe, scarcely another city in America, would retain such an army of boodlers; but the people of New York cannot get rid of them. They are voted into office by a Board of Aldermen who are themselves elected by the most ignorant and most careless class—not American but foreign—who hold the balance of power there. Until the electorate is placed on the basis of property or of stake in civic interests—until a system is evolved by which the men who have most financial interest in the community have most votes,—civic matters will always be at the mercy of the mob. Canada is just as liable to misrule and consequent disaster in this respect as the United States; and too much care cannot be given by civic rulers and civic officials to duties in which human life is involved, and where negligence might entail a catastrophe similar to that of Park Place. Is every factory building in Montreal and Toronto periodically inspected during working hours? Are the date and results of such inspections entered in books which are open to the public scrutiny? If not, they certainly ought to be; and the press and public should insist on such simple measures being carried out. It is absolutely essential that building inspectors be thoroughly trained architects, conversant with every detail of construction and the capabilities of lofty buildings under heavy strain. The great mass of our mechanics and artisans have a right to demand

CHRISTMAS.

It may seem rather premature to talk about Christmas in this hot weather, but we wish to impress on our readers the fact that we intend issuing early in December, the most superb holiday souvenir that has yet been offered to the Canadian public. In supplements, it will be unusually rich presenting features that have never been approached by any paper, while in general artistic and literary excellence it will be the event of the season.



THE RESIDENCE OF JUDGE HALIBURTON, AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK."
(From an old print.)



THE CORVETTE "BIS-ON."

The arrival of a war ship in port invariably causes a social stir, and there was no exception to the rule when the French corvette "Bisson" recently visited Montreal. She arrived on August 7, and remained in port until the 19th, and the whole period was a season of festivities for the gallant officers. Naturally, most interest in the visitors was evinced by our French Canadian fellow citizens, but the welcome was by no means extended by them alone. The *Bisson*, of which an engraving appears on another page, is about 195 feet long, with a breadth of 35 feet, and is of thirty-foot draught. She was in command of Captain Puech, but Admiral de Cuverville also joined the vessel here, having been on a trip to the West. She carries 125 men. The programme of festivities that ensued included a dinner and ball at Vaudreuil, given by the French Chamber of Commerce and the Club la France, at the Lotbiniere Hotel; lunch on Mount Royal, by the citizens; a civic reception at the City Hall; a trip down the Lachine Rapids, followed by a garden party at the residence of ex-Mayor Beaugrand; a march to Notre Dame Church to attend High Mass; a fete at Sohmer Park; a dinner at the Infantry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., given by the officers of "B" Company; lunch on board the "Bisson"; and a reception at the residence of Mayor McShane. The Admiral and the officers expressed much gratification at the welcome given them, and their government has since in a communication to the Mayor acknowledged the courtesy. Quite a large crowd gathered to see the corvette depart on the 19th, and there was much cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, and farewell music by the band as the vessel glided down the stream. Mr. M. Schwob, French vice-consul at Montreal, who had been unremitting in his attentions, accompanied the "Bisson" as far as Quebec.

THE HOME OF "SAM SLICK."

To literary people especially one of the most interesting spots in Nova Scotia is Windsor, associated as it is with memories of the author of "Sam Slick." There is given above a view of the old house that was the residence of Judge Haliburton.

THE LACHINE REGATTA.

Last spring the Lachine Boating Club and the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club amalgamated under the name of the Lachine Boating and Canoeing Club. The first annual regatta under the new auspices was held on August 22nd, and attracted an immense crowd of interested people. The day was fine, the water in good condition, and the spectators highly enthusiastic. The various events were well contested, —sail, paddle and oar in turn inviting the cheers of the crowd. On another page of this issue are shown a series of views taken during the progress of the regatta. It is said the crowd in attendance was the largest seen on the shores of Lake St. Louis since the Hanlan-Courtney race, a fact that proves the popularity of the club and the general interest of Montreal people in aquatic pastimes.

SCENES AT METIS, P.Q.

One of the best-known and most popular resorts on the Lower St. Lawrence is Metis, a small village in Rimouski county, Quebec, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. The permanent population is only about 250, but in summer a large number of visitors come to the place for the season, making life there very gay and attractive. In the vicinity can be seen many spots of singular beauty, several of which we reproduce; they are from photographs taken by Miss Laing. No more pleasant place exists in which to spend the summer than Metis.

GASPE BASIN.

A very picturesque old town is Gaspé, down by the sea, and yet a place of substantial business and no little wealth. It is historically interesting, as the place where Jacques Cartier landed in 1534, and it has always occupied considerable importance in the district. The great industry is catching and curing fish, salmon, cod, herring, mackerel, &c., all being brought in there in large quantities; but in addition, there are saw mills, a flouring mill and several stores. A large number of visitors spend their summer in Gaspé and it appears to be rapidly growing in popularity.

Mr. Gladstone is the owner of the largest lead pencil in the world. It is the gift of a pencil maker of Keswick, and is thirty nine inches in length. In place of the customary rubber cap, it has a gold cap. Its owner uses it for a walking stick.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Our Militia Uniforms.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—Your recent admirable illustration, grouping so effectively the defenders of our Empire, exhibits a feature of weakness in the present uniform of the Canadian militia with a clearness that makes the occasion too valuable to overlook.

It will be observed that while each of the other divisions of the "Greater Army" wears a uniform characteristic of its peculiar climate and circumstance, our Canadian representative alone loses its identity by wearing a fac simile of the corresponding Imperial branch, a uniform entirely unsuited to our climate, and having its primal adoption based on little else than accident. A step in the right direction was made a few years since by the adopting of a "Maple Leaf" pattern lace by the officers of our Infantry battalions, but why has not this move been followed by Cavalry, Engineers and Rifles? And why not extend it to the rank and file?

Is there not a grand opportunity lost of inculcating that distinctive national sentiment which constitutes the very foundation of our developing power?

Yours, &c.

YOUNG CANADA.

Kipling's New Story.

Rudyard Kipling is to introduce readers to a whimsical hero through the mediumship of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In September a strangely demented lighthouse-keeper will begin his peculiar actions. He has a weird fancy, a fearful idea that over the bright rays of his lantern, as they reach in their regular lines like a ladder far down to the rolling water, clamber and tumble hordes of evil imps, all seeking that way of ingress to his lonely, rocky castle. But he will defeat them. With anxious hand he places in the water, at the points where the rays strike, bobbing buoys over which the fiends cannot climb; and so he rests in peace. But the captains of the merchant vessels see these new and undescribed beacons in their path, fear their hidden enemy, a wrecked vessel just below the water's edge, and steer away from their course to avoid the danger. So the queer lighthouse-keeper becomes "A Disturber of Traffic."



1. Andrew Patullo (president). 2 T. H. Preston. 3. J. C. Jamieson. 4. J. B. McLean (secretary-treasurer). 5. L. G. Jackson. 6. H. P. Moore (1st vice-president).
7. J. S. Brierly (assistant secretary). 8. A. F. Pirie (2nd vice-president). 9. W. R. Climie. 10. J. B. Traves.

OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE OF THE CANADIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CANADIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION



IN the adjoining page will be found portraits of the officers and executive of the Canadian Press Association. Its name is just a trifle misleading, in that it is not the only press association in Canada—but it is the oldest. It was organized Sept. 27, 1859, in the city of Kingston, and its first

officers were:—W. Gillespy, president; J. G. Brown, 1st vice-president; Josiah Blackburn, 2nd vice-president; Thos. Sellar, secretary-treasurer; D. McDougall, honorary secretary; George Sheppard, James Seymour, James Somerville, Thos. McIntosh and John Jacques, executive committee. In 1863 it was decided to add an excursion to the attractions of the yearly meeting, a practice which has only very recently been discontinued. In 1888 it was decided to hold a winter session in Toronto, and this was done in February 1889 and again in 1890, the annual meetings still occurring in summer. At the last, however, it was decided that the annual meeting be held hereafter in February. The association has steadily progressed since its formation, and is a most valuable factor in the development of bright and successful journalism. Many men who have since attained great prominence in public life have at one time or another ranked among its members. These yearly meetings have both a business and a social aspect, and have done much not only to give the public more energetic newspapers, but newspapers of a purer and healthier tone.

The members of what may be termed the provincial press, in contra-distinction to that of the large cities, have most to gain from an organization of this character. Left to himself, the proprietor of a country newspaper might be in some danger of falling a victim to monotony, and his readers complain that he was falling behind the times. But if once or twice a year he meets his brethren of the press and they exchange confidences and experiences and debate together regarding the best means and methods of making a paper popular and prosperous and fully up to the times, the result is seen in a greater zeal and a consequently better paper when the editor returns to his sanctum. These meetings do much, too, in the matter of toning down the bitterness of party warfare and giving to the public journals that avoid the abusive style of writing, because the writers know each other and have learned through friendship that there are pleasanter occupations than calling hard names. It does not follow that men will sink their convictions or be less vigorous in pressing their own views; but they will do it in a kindlier spirit, that will make it all the more effective. In this respect, therefore, the press association deserves well of those who are the patrons of the various journals represented on the roll of membership. The following brief biographical notices will be found interesting in connection with the gentlemen whose portraits appear.

Mr. Andrew Patullo, of the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review*, was born in the township of Caledon, Peel County, Ontario, but when a child moved with his parents to Oxford County. He was educated in the public school and at the Dundas and St. Catharines grammar schools, and was the winner of the Gilchrist Scholarship in 1873, which gave him the option of attending Edinburgh or London University for three years, with £100 a year. He went to London, but owing to ill-health remained only a year. On his return he entered upon journalism in the office of the Woodstock *Sentinel*, in connection with his brother, now registrar of Oxford. The *Sentinel* and *Review* having amalgamated, Mr. Patullo became joint owner, and for the last ten years has been sole proprietor. The *Sentinel-Review* has attained a high rank among provincial journals, and its progress has been marked by a spirit of sturdy independence at such times as its proprietor did not find himself in hearty accord with his party in any particular. It is a progressive journal with a growing patronage and influence, owing to the ability and zeal with which its genial proprietor has laboured in his chosen field.

Mr. H. P. Moore of the Acton *Free Press*, is a native of Acton, where he was born in 1858. After leaving the public schools he attended Rockwood Academy, and subsequently Albert College, Belleville. His newspaper career began in connection with his brother, now the Rev. T. Albert Moore, of Hamilton, as successors to Mr. J. H. Hacking, now of Winnipeg, and who had founded the *Free Press* in 1878. In the second year the partnership between the

brothers was dissolved, and the subject of our sketch has alone conducted the paper since that time. He has made the *Free Press* a popular newspaper throughout his district, and is himself highly esteemed as a man and citizen. He has been for many years on the board of examiners of Albert College, Belleville, and is now on its board of management. For ten years he has been a member of the Canadian Press Association and in 1886 was first elected a member of its executive committee.

Mr. Alex. F. Pirie, of the Dundas *Banner*, is the son of a newspaper man, and has had a wide journalistic experience. He was born in Guelph, Ont., in 1849. In 1874 he went to Toronto and was for some time connected with the Toronto *Sun*, introducing a semi-humorous column of paragraphs that was novel and won wide popularity. He was the first writer engaged on the Toronto *Telegram*, which he edited for 12 years. Both from the press gallery of the Ontario Legislature and of the House of Commons at Ottawa, where he represented the Montreal *Star*, of which for a year and a half he was also editor, his correspondence was a bright feature of the journals represented. He has contributed to numerous periodicals, grave and gay, and has the reputation of a versatile and charming writer. Mr. Pirie was chairman of the press committee of the last Montreal carnival. He purchased the Dundas *Banner* in 1889. A good speaker as well as an able writer, he has taken some considerable part in political campaigns in recent years.

J. B. McLean, of *The Empire*, is one of the best known newspaper men in Canada. He joined the staff of the *World* after leaving school, and afterwards went on the *Mail*, becoming assistant on its commercial staff. When *The Empire* was established he accepted the position of commercial editor, and has in that capacity done splendid work for his paper. But Mr. McLean is identified with another important branch of journalism. The *Canadian Grocer*, the first weekly trade paper published in Canada was established by him in 1887; and since that two others,—*Hardware*, and the *Dry Goods Review*. He owns *Books and Notions*, the organ of the book and stationery trade, and is interested in several other papers. The trade journal business in Canada owes its success to his ability and enterprise. As a commercial editor he has probably no superior in Canada, his various enterprises making him familiar with every branch of trade and commerce. He understands printing and electrotyping, and is in the fullest sense an all round newspaper man. Mr. McLean is also a military man, holding the rank of captain and adjutant in the Royal Grenadiers. He was treasurer of the Toronto Press club for some years and is now secretary-treasurer of the Canadian Press Association. Being still under thirty, Mr. McLean may well be regarded as one of the most promising members of his profession in the Dominion.

James S. Brierley, editor and proprietor of *The Journal*, St. Thomas; assistant secretary and member executive committee Canadian Press Association was born in London, Ont., 1858. After a two year's residence in Hamilton, from 1877 to 1879, he purchased the plant of the defunct *Daily Standard* of London, and established a job printing business in that city in 1879. In 1881 in company with the late W. E. Westlake and E. E. Sheppard of Toronto *Saturday Night*, he purchased the St. Thomas *Journal* from the late Mr. Archibald McLachlin, and assumed the business management of it. In 1883 he purchased Mr. Sheppard's interest, becoming editor of the paper and in 1889 buying the entire property. He is a Liberal in politics, and his paper is one of the leading representatives of the Liberal party in the West. The *Journal*, under its present management, has become one of the best newspaper properties in the smaller cities of the Dominion. Mr. Brierley is now erecting a three and a half storey printing office, which is said to be a model of architectural beauty and of completeness for its destined purpose.

Mr. L. G. Jackson, of the Newmarket *Era*, is the son of the present mayor of Newmarket, who conducted the *Era* for 30 years, during 13 of which he was on the executive of the Canadian Press Association, three years as secretary-treasurer without compensation, and one year as president. It was perhaps but natural that his son, when his education at the local institutions of the town had been completed, should turn his thoughts definitely towards journalistic pursuits. The *Era* is now in its 40th year, and is therefore far from being an infant in journalism. During the last seven

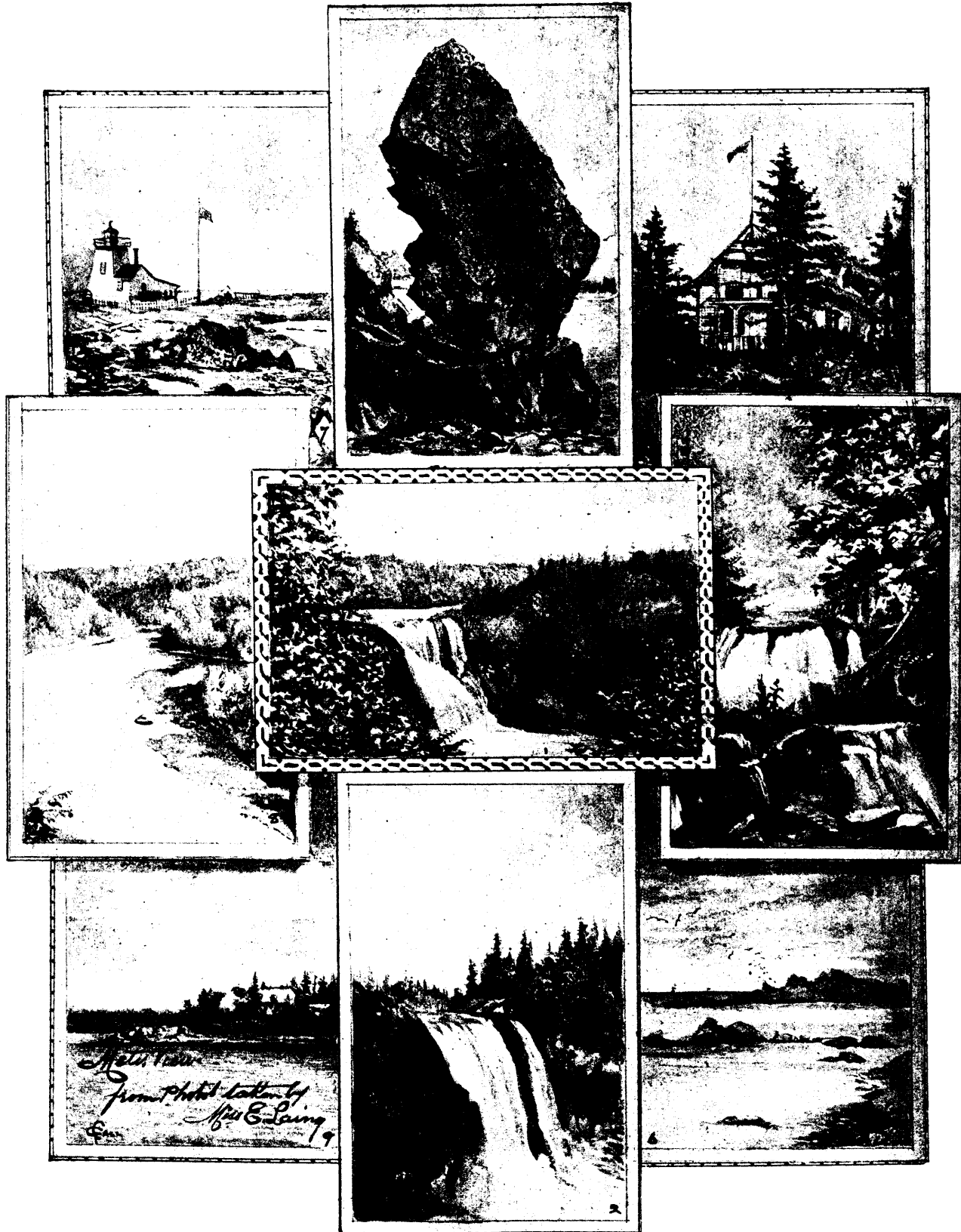
years Mr. L. G. Jackson has had sole control and his paper maintains its high position as a well conducted and enterprising newspaper. Mr. Jackson was first elected to the executive of the Canadian Press Association three years ago. His paper has established for itself a reputation for independence that goes far to extend and strengthen its influence throughout the constituency it serves so well.

James C. Jamieson, managing director and president of the *Intelligencer* Printing and Publishing Co., was born in Belleville in 1844. He was educated at Victoria University, and for a number of years was engaged in mercantile pursuits. He entered newspaper life as a reporter for the *Intelligencer* when Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, M.P. (now the Hon. M. Bowell, Minister of Customs) was proprietor of it. On Mr. Bowell's entering the Cabinet of the Dominion, he sold the *Intelligencer* to a joint stock company, and Mr. Jamieson then became treasurer, and afterwards was appointed president and manager, a position he has held for ten years. In the conduct of the paper he has left his impress, of a kind and genial nature, and has thereby done much to soften the acrimony of party political warfare. The best side of his nature is easily reached, and every appeal made to him for aiding charitable and benevolent objects finds a quick and ready response, not only with his means but through the columns of the *Intelligencer*. The latest illustration of this was the extinction of the debt on the City Hospital, which desired result was largely owing to his advocacy of it. Mr. Jamieson is married to the eldest daughter of the Hon. M. Bowell, M.P.

Mr. John Brooke Traves, of *The Times*, Port Hope, is a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, where he was born on July 31st, 1842. Ten years later he came to Canada with his parents, who settled in Montreal; and at the age of 11 years he entered the office of the Montreal *Pilot* as an apprentice under the seven year system. The result was that he mastered every branch of the trade. In 1862 he went to Port Hope to accept the foremanship in the office of the *British Canadian*, established in that year. Five years later he purchased the paper and changed its name to that it now holds. The *Times* is a clean, well edited and well conducted paper, with a wide and growing influence in its district. Its enterprise is shown in the fact that it was the first of the papers in its district to send its own reporter to the meetings of municipal bodies instead of waiting for the formal minutes of the same. It circulates largely through Durham county and the western part of Northumberland. Mr. Traves has been connected with the Canadian Press Association many years. He was elected a member of the executive committee in 1887, and on through the offices of vice-president (2nd and 1st) to that of president in 1880. He has since been on the executive committee and was for several years assistant secretary. An active worker, he shared in the agitation which resulted in the removal of the postage on newspapers, and was a member of the deputation to whom is due the amendment of the Ontario libel law by the legislature a few years ago. Liberal-Conservative in politics he has done his party excellent service.

Mr. W. R. Climie, of the Bowmanville *Sun*, is a newspaper man of long experience, and enthusiastically devoted to the best interests of honest journalism. He has been connected with the Canadian Press Association for many years, having been elected second vice-president as long ago as 1872, and a member of the executive two years later. In 1876 he accepted the secretary-treasurership, an office he held for fourteen years, a most significant proof of his devotion and of the high esteem in which he has always been held by his fellow journalists. Mr. Climie is editor and proprietor of the Bowmanville *Sun*, a bright journal that fills an important place and enjoys a large patronage in its chosen field.

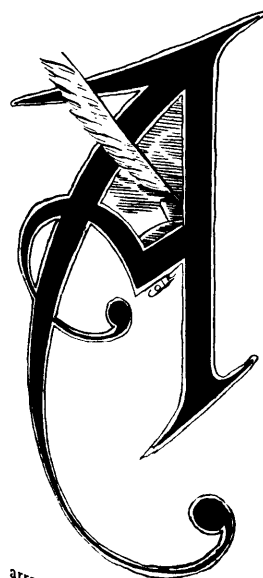
Mr. T. H. Preston, of the Brantford *Expositor*, has enjoyed a varied and successful career. He served his apprenticeship on the Woodstock *Sentinel* and Stratford *Beacon*, and was a printer in Toronto at the time of the great strike in 1871, but went in that year to the United States, where he remained till 1874, being part of the time on the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*. Returning to Canada he joined the reportorial staff of the Ottawa *Free Press*, remaining there till 1881, and being also connected as parliamentary correspondent with various Canadian and American papers. In 1881 he bought the Walkerton *Telescope*, but sold it to accept the night editorship of the Toronto *Globe* and afterwards to be its Ottawa correspondent for the session of 1882, when he became connected with the Winnipeg *Sun*, and thereafter spent eight years in Manitoba as managing director of the *Sun*. He and his associates then sold out the *Sun* and Mr. Preston purchased the Brantford *Expositor*, which he has since greatly improved.



VIEWS AT METIS, P.Q.



A Pretty Evening Dress—The Woman Question—Hands.



A pretty evening dress for daily wear at a country house is given in the illustration below. As I think I have already mentioned, lace is immensely worn now, and it is certainly a useful fashion, for it always looks well, and gives a certain air of distinction to any dress. It would be quite easy to make this dress with the material of a last season's costume. Suppose you have by you a pink bengaline (poplin) or satin dress, the front of which may not be quite as fresh as it should be, for it is the front of a gown that generally suffers first—if it is bengaline you can turn it, but in any case it is quite possible to put over it this

arrangement of lace, allowing the back breadths to fall quite straight and plain. Bows of satin are placed at each side as a little finish, and break in the straight line of the bengaline



where it meets the lace. The bodice has a well-fitted lining overlaid with folds of bengaline edged with lace, and jacket-

shaped pieces of lace are brought from the side seams, but not allowed to meet in front. Butterfly-frills of lace adorn the shoulders, and complete a very simple, but elegant little toilette. The frills of lace on the shoulders may be replaced, if preferred, by satin bows to match those on the skirt. The silk also may be of any colour—the pale colours are preferable, and a costume thus made looks better if the lace is not of a dead white but rather of a creamy, or *écru* tint. Long gloves should be worn of light grey *Suède* kid.

* * *

The woman question is a thing we hear a great deal about, but it seems to me that very few people say much that is practical and wise on the subject. In reality women and their position have so greatly advanced of late years that it is really true to say that to a great extent it must be a girl's own fault if she wastes her time in mere pleasure-seeking in which generally she fails to find any very intense delight when all is said and done. Formerly it was never thought possible for a young lady who wanted to earn her own living to turn to anything but teaching, and even that was a *détachement*. Writing was tolerated, but those who did it were looked upon as rather blue stockings, and pedantic. But now we may be very thankful that the world of society has grown wiser, and there are no harder workers than titled women who by the masses are supposed to spend their time only in amusement. In fact to many of the poorer classes, "to be a lady" means to have nothing to do, and to do nothing. I do not say that there are no idle girls who live purely for themselves, but no woman need be so, unless she especially wishes it. It is quite right and natural for young people to love fun and amusement, but if they wish to enhance its pleasure they will work hard at other times. If mothers would only take the trouble to keep their children employed—even in the holidays, I do not mean at lessons, but in some occupation that is useful, and that they can afterwards turn to account, we should not hear much about "woman questions." Charlotte Brontë said—"I wish every woman in England had a hope, and a motive." And now indeed each may, for there are so many openings that, where there is a will, there is a way.

* * *

And now a few words about hands, which have more importance than merely to have them white and carefully kept, or well gloved. To those who have ever given the most elementary attention to the matter, it is a long known fact that hands will not only repeat what faces indicate, but also what faces manage to hide. I have myself been able to detect certain characteristics by the hand, which were hardly discernible in the face. The face may hide the truth as to a person's qualities, the hand cannot. I am not alluding to one of the favourite occultisms of the day—palmistry—but simply to the curious way in which particular formations of the hand itself invariably represent certain points of character. The shape of the fingers, the breadth or contraction of the palm tell their own tale quickly enough, and further enquiry will corroborate what the forms acknow-

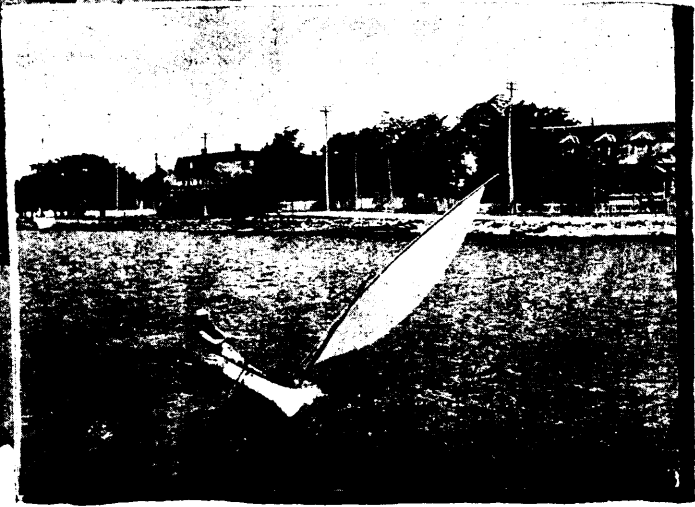
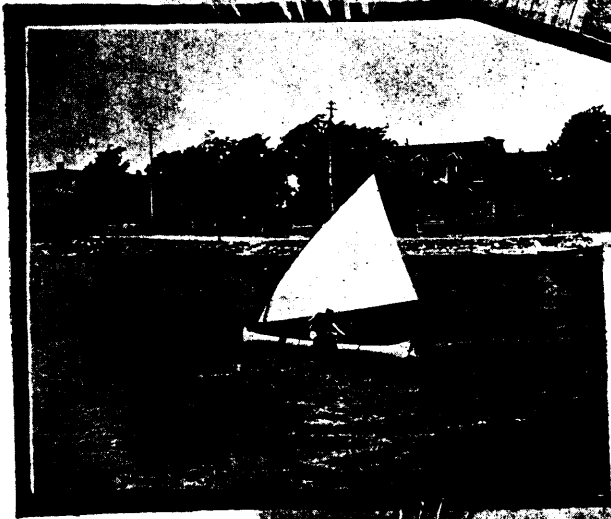
ledged as indices of certain qualities disclose. With very little trouble the eye becomes accustomed to noting whether a hand is thick or thin, hard, soft, flexible, elastic or the reverse. People are seldom found with very thick hands who are highly intellectual, or *spirituelle*—hence the direct inference when otherwise formed. Hard hands generally get through more work than the very soft ones, which denote more or less of a self-indulgent, easy-going nature, and when to a hard hand are united ovally pointed fingers, there generally exists a love of horses and everything connected with them. The most beautifully shaped hands are by no means the best, anymore than the handsomest face implies the sweetest character. I know not whether the ancient sculptors understood this, but nothing could be more directly typical of her attributes than the hands of the goddess Venus in her various statues—which people in the usual way would call a pretty hand. A large palm shows love of detail, and when thick and full at the base of the fingers, great power of resistance. A small one denotes a tendency to take things *en masse*. The thumb is the principal index to character, and when its root is large, there is great moral power. If the middle phalange (the space between the joints), is also large, it implies logical or reasoning power; and if the top of the thumb, or first phalange, is so also, originality and will,—if long, fidelity in friendship,—if small and short, vacillation and untrustworthiness. When the middle phalange is thin between the joints, you always find the owner very obstinate. I have never found these simple facts fail. Fingers follow three forms in their terminations. They are either pointed, square, or spatulus, and much depends on whether the joints are smooth or knotty. The former indicate more or less impulsiveness, impetuosity, and want of order; these are often found with pointed ends amongst all kinds of artistic people. The knotty fingers belong to very orderly people. Ovally pointed show a philosophical nature. Square topped fingers belong to those who are fond of society, exact sciences and have a great respect for authority and rank. Spatulus fingers are those of people who delight in action, manual labour, and occupation; they like science but merely for its uses; they have also a preference for quantity rather than quality. Pointed fingers love the person who governs. Square fingers like to be governed by law. Spatulus fingers prefer an autocratic, absolute government. If the top joints of the fingers are knotty, that person will have an excellent memory, and great power of ordering his ideas. I was much struck with this feature in the hand of the great Lord Brougham. The phalanges of the fingers have each their appropriate significance. If the top one is long, there exists great susceptibility and quick perception—when short, the reverse. If the second is long, logical reasoning power. If the third is long and strong, a material tendency and great ambition. These are but a few facts which in their application are almost infallible guides. I have often wondered why ladies do not cultivate the knowledge and study of the hand more than they do. They may find it useful in more ways than merely hiring servants.



SCENE FROM THE "MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."



Lachine Regatta
Saturday August
22nd



SCENES AT THE LACHINE REGATTA, 22nd AUGUST, 1891.

JESSE KETCHUM, SR., OF TORONTO.



THE following account of the life of this old and eminent citizen of Toronto and latterly of the city of Buffalo is taken from the lecture of Charles Durand of Toronto, Barrister, delivered recently before the Historical Society of the York Pioneers:

It is a pleasure to me to write a sketch of the life of this eminent and benevolent citizen, formerly so well known in Toronto, and latterly equally well known in the city of Buffalo, where he died in 1867.

It is moreover peculiarly a pleasure to write this sketch of him, because he was a personal acquaintance and at times a client in Toronto. It has become within the present and two past generations the habit, praiseworthy in a high degree, for many men blessed with a superabundance of worldly property in England, the United States and Canada to give in their lifetime often and by their wills—large portions of the property with which God has blessed them to charitable and benevolent institutions. Such was the case with Mr. Ketchum. He was one of the earliest settlers in Toronto, having come there about the year 1800, and opened the business of a tanner on Yonge street, one of the prominent streets. It was then called the town of York. He was born at a village in the State of New York called Spencertown, in Columbia County, on the 31st March 1782—of, it is said, Welsh ancestry—and was of humble origin and his parents poor. Nevertheless he always exhibited great energy and industry, and ingratiated himself with all he came in contact with. At an early age his father placed him in the employment of a tanner in his native town where he remained until he thoroughly learned his trade, and he then as a pioneer entered Canada, carrying his energy and business habits to the village of York.

He is said to have lost his mother at a very early age, being only six years old. He remained with the tanner at Spencertown until he was nineteen. His tannery at Toronto was one of the best known in Canada at the time and was the one patronized then by the whole large agricultural (newly settled) county of York. Many still living saw it at an early day, as far back as perhaps 1830. It was situated on the west side of Yonge street, and his premises ran back some hundreds of feet west to the Grand Opera House along Adelaide street and north up Yonge to Richmond street. His main tannery covered the ground occupied now by the Bible and Tract book store and the News Printing office and the site of the stores along Yonge street northward towards Queen street. Where the Tract and Bible store now stands, by digging down the remains of vats can still be found. The tanbark for many years formed the only sidewalk (and a very good one in wet weather) along the western side of Yonge street up to Richmond street. The old residents (among them Mr. Edward Murphy, jeweller), recollect very well this beautiful tan bark sidewalk.

The *Telegram* of this city has been publishing a list of old wills proved in the Surrogate court of this city, and among them is one made at a very early date by one Joseph Ketchum. Mr. Jesse Ketchum, of Orangeville, the grandson of the subject of this sketch, lately told me he believed this Joseph Ketchum to have been the father of Jesse Ketchum the elder. If so, he was a shoemaker, and died perhaps 80 years ago here. The grounds of Mr. Ketchum along Yonge and Queen streets were still larger as I shall have occasion presently to mention.

One of his brothers named Seneca, soon followed him to Canada and after living in the vicinity of Toronto (then York), at Hog's Hollow, on a farm, moved to the new locality of Orangeville, at present a fine country town of five thousand people, fifty miles north-west of Toronto, where he bought a large farm and built mills of different kinds, over fifty years ago. Here he died, and the son of the elder Ketchum (now dead too) named Jesse Ketchum (the father of the present young man of that name just mentioned) inherited Seneca's property and laid out the land into town lots.

Well, it matters little from whom we are descended so long as we conduct ourselves in the world and do acts such as my subject of this sketch did all his life, rendering his name blessed to his own and future generations. When we look back on the pages of history in England, the

United States and Canada, what a great list of human benefactors we find who have passed away, leaving legacies to their countrymen of vast amount for religious and benevolent institutions, as also of literary works and renown. Among the living, too, how many there are who are distributing their wealth and using their talents for such purposes.

In Toronto we can mention the late Senator John Macdonald, Mr. Wm. Gooderham, and among the living the Honourable Sir Donald A. Smith.

It seems to have been the aim and final resolution of Mr. Ketchum not only to live aright, to live nobly, but to make others do so and leave a line of gifts and benefactions from his properties which would for generations bless others in this great city and in Buffalo.

Before mentioning particularly these gifts, I must refer to his social and political life in Canada a little. He was a noted Reformer in his politics—not violent—but moderate and sensible, ever ready to advocate the most necessary reforms,—reforms such as the responsible government we now possess, the educational institutions with which this great country is now blessed, and temperance principles so necessary to family life and social happiness.

He was elected in the County of York as a colleague of William Lyon McKenzie in the most troublous and trying political era of Ontario, then Upper Canada, when great



political issues were agitated and when the great majority of our people were in favour of responsible government but could not obtain it from England or the then governing classes in Canada, when we wanted county councils to manage our affairs, reforms in the jury and civil laws, and to amend our marriage laws so as to allow all ministers of the gospel to marry the people of their own denominations, a privilege then refused to some, and to put in operation a noble system of education, which we now have from secularizing the clergy reserves, devoting them to educational purposes, to make all classes contented and happy. These great measures prior to 1830 he advocated in conjunction with Mr. W. L. McKenzie and other then leading reformers.

He was elected in the large County of York prior to 1830 I think twice, being one of the most popular men in the county with Mr. McKenzie. But although a politician to the extent mentioned he was an orderly, quiet man, loyal to the country of his adoption, and although here during the war of 1812-14, and during the very troublous time of the rising in rebellion at Toronto of McKenzie, Lount, Mathews, Duncombe and others, I have never heard that he acted in any other way than as a quiet, peaceable man in society even when his old colleague and many of his old County of York friends were involved in this hasty rising. But he never changed his reform principles, to which as well as his religious and temperance principles he was always firm and steadfast and lived to see these cherished principles carried out.

In 1856 at his instance, I drew a trust deed making the late Andrew T. McCord, formerly treasurer of Toronto city, and the late Mr. James J. Howard, then treasurer for the County of York, trustees to carry out his purpose con-

veying a most valuable landed property on Yonge street on which the Bible and Tract Society building and the *News* printing office now stand, the lots running back to the Grand Opera House about 200 feet deep, and along Yonge street sixty feet. He conveyed the Bible and Tract building ground by a perpetual lease amounting to a freehold at a rent of \$128 fixed, and the other lot where the *News* office stands he leased at a rent of the same amount at first, renewable, and which was renewed last year on reference to arbitrators at a rental of \$1,500 a year for twenty-one years.

The proceeds of the rent of the Bible and Tract Society House were given for the special purpose of distributing religious tracts, bibles and books, and the rent of the other lot, now renewed, was to be devoted to Sunday School literature among all the Christian churches of Toronto and the Yorkville public school forever, making no distinction as to churches. A noted trait in this gentleman's character in all things was a benevolent toleration in religion, as well as a wide view of temperance principles.

In his lifetime Mr. Ketchum was in the habit of visiting all the common schools, giving the children books. A few days ago I visited the large public school, called the Jesse Ketchum school after him, in St. Paul's ward, and was delighted to see the manner in which it was conducted, its order and commodious rooms. The head master and very efficient conductor is Mr. W. J. Hendry. There are 953 scholars taught in it by twenty-one teachers, male and female, in eighteen different rooms beautifully arranged and heated, having comfortable seats and desks for the children. In every room I saw the picture of Jesse Ketchum hung up in a gilt frame, his face looking as natural as when in life, with hoary hair and an aged but pleasant look, seeming to gaze upon the children at their lessons as it will I trust for many generations to come.

This immense and beautiful school house stands on ground given in 1856 by this generous man, for a public school, to the then village of Yorkville, a joining which he also gave one acre and one rood and dedicated it forever for a city-play ground or park for all the school children of the city of Toronto and Yorkville, thinking that in summer it would be delightful for them to assemble there (as it were in the country) and enjoy themselves in the fresh country air. Yorkville was then, it must be remembered, only a village and quite rural in its appearance. Since then, within some twenty years past, the trustees of this school have added to the grounds about three acres by purchase. In the same vicinity on Davenport Road he gave a lot about the year 1848 to the friends of temperance on which to build a hall, vested in trustees, I believe, which has been since and is now used for a temperance hall by the Sons of Temperance. These properties so given away are now worth a very large sum. He also gave for general temperance purposes about fifty years ago in the city a large plot of ground on which is what has long been known to the city as the Temperance Hall on Temperance street, a plot of great value, where temperance societies have constantly met, and where I used to meet with the Sons of Temperance in 1851. It was the meeting place of a large society called the Ontario Division of Sons, numbering nearly 400. It is difficult to estimate the moral good flowing from this gift, to the past and present generations of Toronto citizens, and here the friends of temperance are now constantly meeting.

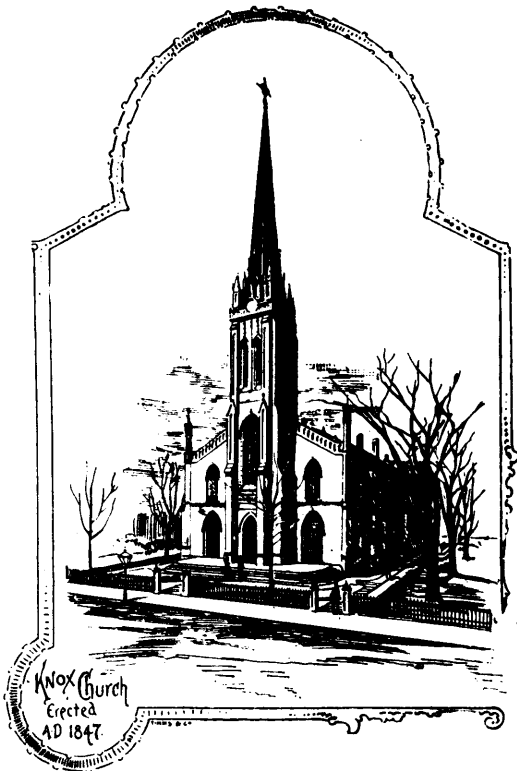
About 1850 Mr. Ketchum, having inherited a large landed property in Buffalo, from a deceased brother, went there to reside and gave out of this property great gifts to the public and that city of a kind larger than what I have just described as given to Toronto, to which I will allude hereafter.

KNOX'S CHURCH, TORONTO.

But this list of benevolent acts would be quite incomplete were I to omit to mention his gift of over two acres for church purposes, including the site and the ground adjacent to Knox's church, near the corner of Yonge and Queen streets on which this church now stands, with the ground annexed which is now rented for the use of the church. I remember this plot of ground very well in 1836-7 from an incident personal to myself then occurring.

On this plot Mr. Ketchum built a small brick church for his son-in-law, Rev. James Harris, who was the first Presbyterian minister who stately held for that denomination a service in Toronto (or old York). He came to Canada in 1820 and was inducted into this small church and held the first service on the 18th February 1822. I recollect

there were pine trees standing near the old church which stood on the site of the present one. In 1827 the Kirk of Scotland people commenced to build a church on the corner of Church and Adelaide streets, not finished until near 1830. Mr. Harris came from the North of Ireland and was connected with the Irish Presbyterian church. Now this little brick church was the nucleus of all the present churches of that at present numerous and most useful Christian denomination in our city. Branches spread from this root until this body of Christians is one of the most powerful in Toronto. Mr. Harris preached in the church and in a new one built on its site for about twenty years and until his place was taken by the late Rev. Dr. Burns. I called upon Mr. Harris in April 1837, living on this plot of ground, and at his residence, near the church, to attend at the house of the late Mrs. Sarah Bostwick, and celebrate my marriage with her daughter, in the presence of some of the old residents of Toronto, among them the Hon. Marshall S. Bidwell and old Mr. Ross of the firm of Ross & Mitchell, merchants. In 1828 Mr. Harris became the secretary of the York Auxiliary Bible Society, which Mr. Ketchum patronized and assisted, and from it great blessings have issued to Christianity in this city. Mr. Ketchum owned the whole square of land now comprising that from the south corner of Yonge and Queen to the corner of Bay on the south side, thence to Adelaide street opposite the lot owned



by the late Mr. John Doel, sr., where his brewery was, and his old homestead still stands, near seventy years old. In the deeds given for land on Temperance street named by him as such he caused to be inserted a covenant that no licensed inn or place where spirituous liquors might be sold should ever be allowed to exist, and none have ever been so built.

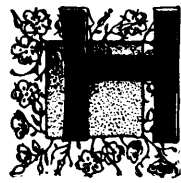
HIS GREAT GIFTS TO THE CITY OF BUFFALO.

He pursued the same course of life in Buffalo that he did in Toronto, for over twenty years, and died there on the 7th September 1867, having caught a severe cold whilst visiting the schools, the fondest object of his life. The Common Council of Buffalo attended his funeral in a body, as did the principals of the public schools and the children of the Westminster Sunday School, the public schools being closed on that day. His gifts to this city consisted of a lot on Delaware street, presented to Westminster Presbyterian Church with a money gift of \$5,000; a tract of land worth then \$30,000, was given for a Normal School site. Also in 1871 his executors, according to the will, founded by deed what is there called "The Jesse Ketchum Memorial Fund," conveying to Buffalo \$10,000 as a perpetual memorial for purposes of education and morals, and the distribution of medals and prizes among children and teachers in the schools. He used, in Buffalo, for twenty years to visit annually all the public schools as he did in Toronto, and carry with him books as gifts to the children and teachers.

From these facts in the history of the life of Mr. Ketchum we can justly draw the conclusion that he was a truly Christian and benevolent as well as a patriotic man, an example to be imitated by all men who have the means of usefully distributing their wealth in order to benefit their posterity, to please that great Almighty Spirit whom we all ought to love and adore, Almighty God. In the language of the Book of Revelations I may justly add:—"I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, 'write.' 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth.'" "Yea, saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Toronto, 1891.

Travelling Scraps.



AS anyone ever come across a travelling strap which wouldn't fit just that particular package or wrap you wish to carry? Because if you have not, and are under the delusion that you are an amiable, even-tempered person, you are groping in the dark, and have still to learn that even the sweetest temper (like the writer's) can be effectually soured and turned upside down on occasion.

My special package on this morning was just a light wrap, a soft pair of boots and two pounds of biscuits. Now, if this wasn't a guileless parcel—what is guile? My parcel was food, raiment and generosity combined—generosity, because I was taking the biscuits to a dear friend. The frankness of my minute description shows my confiding disposition—but alas! that demon strap has spoiled all. To begin—I said to myself, "I've plenty of time—nothing to pack—just put up those things in the strap, etc., etc." So I dressed leisurely and then began the fray. It seems to me that of all the awkward things to fit into anything biscuits hold the floor. You see, one doesn't want to crunch them into shapeless grotesqueness (like the animal biscuits one sees at the grocer's), nor does one wish to grind them into a semblance of thickening for gravies or oyster soup. You would not desire to say to your own dear friend, "Here, dear, are some nice biscuits I've brought you—there are two kinds"—and then open your bag and behold your "two kinds" mixed up into a whitey-brown jumble which might pass for anything, from specimens of mining product to a handful of roadside gravel. So you see, we must use no undue pressure on our biscuits. To proceed—I had these biscuits in a good stout paper bag, and I laid my nice soft boots beside it and then tried to wind them up neatly in my wrap (a short jacket.) Here was the first set-back. To make a neat looking parcel was impossible, but—never mind—the strap would make that all right. Not so—at least, not this strap. I got one end nicely fixed at last—but what about the other? Why, there was simply no end, nor anything to take hold of. Biscuits and boots and jacket all seemed to be rolled in a hard knob at one end, and the other end comprised a sleeve and a few buttons. I tried again, and spread things out a little to make the ends more even. Strap too large to go round once—too small for twice; and, remember, my biscuits must not be crushed. At last I achieved some semblance of a shawl-strap travelling parcel—something at least to take hold of, but in the time-consuming struggle I nearly lost my train. Arrived on the car, and now comfortably seated and ready to enjoy myself, I glanced at my refractory companion and discovered that it had become ominously loosened. Certainly it would stand no more carrying without another overhauling. This time I really could take my leisure—and I required both that and my temper. I got so warm that I shed my cape and then my cuffs. That strap was the slipperiest customer I ever met; (no, by the way, I discarded another one, thinking this one so much better.) I reasoned with it, as it were. Mentally I appealed to its sense of fitness. It was a nice, tidy strap and one would think it would be ashamed to be seen looking like an inebriated clothes line, vainly trying to hold together a parcel which looked equally disreputable. That strap was thick-skinned in more senses than one. The saying is, "There's nothing like leather." I endorse that cordially. After patient squeezing, patting and stretching, I got my unruly baggage into some shape again, and then came to the conclusion which I handed to you, dear readers, at the beginning of this sketch, viz.: That if anyone labors under the impression that his or her temper is sweet and unruffleable, let them try the "Shawl Strap Remedy," with biscuits, boots, etc., and test themselves. It's only right and serves to take down people's high notions of their own

dignity, and shows up how very good people can be who have no temptations to be naughty, and how very otherwise these same people can be when faced by difficulties of an exasperating nature.

Can anybody tell me why travelling brings on, with some people (generally women), a sudden and unaccountable appetite? No matter that the journey be short and that they have—as is usually the case—had a good square meal before starting, they must eat. One can understand children's wish for a biscuit, a candy, an apple or a drink of water. Travelling is a bore to them after the first half hour or so is passed. The very knowledge that they are not close to their own water tap at home and a nice, clean glass or cup to drink from makes these contradictory specimens of humanity long for a drink as soon as they get aboard. What is their own clean home mug compared to that delightful and unaccustomed tin cup, which has been between the teeth of the travelling public for, well, we won't try to think how long. So we'll let the youngsters alone. Travelling lately from Toronto to a western city, I observed a group of people who sat near me. About half an hour after we started, signs of fussiness with accompanying nods and smiles commenced, a basket was produced, and then they began business, and they simply never stopped munching until we got to Stratford, a run of about three hours. After the debris was cleared away, one of the younger women every now and then accepted a piece of candy from a young man as if to support exhausted nature. An hour afterwards as I left the car I glanced at her profile in passing, and there were her jaws working away, and I pondered upon how much longer they meant to work.

Anyone who thinks cannot fail to observe this curious habit, and I am at a loss to account for it, except it be to relieve that *ennui* of travelling which some people feel so much. The people, however, to whom I have alluded were not apparently dull or bored, for they were all chatting away gaily enough until this eating mania fell upon them, then they began to look solemn, and as if life had an object and its name was Food.

American Workmen.

Everyone agrees that the American skilled artisan puts forth more physical effort and produces more work in a given time than the English workman or the workman of any other manufacturing community. This fact struck me and many experienced directors of works most forcibly. Before concluding our tour I had the opportunity of verifying and strengthening this first impression. After watching the American workmen at Pittsburg and elsewhere I arrived at the same conclusion as to their efficiency. Their productive power is greater than that of the English workers in the same time, and their working hours are longer and their remuneration is greater. I met one of my old workmen at Mr. Carnegie's works in Pittsburg, and he indorsed my opinion. Speaking from his own practical experience:

"I am quite a different man here," he said, "to what I was in the old country; I don't know why it is so; whether I live in a stimulating atmosphere or whether it is the example set me; but I know I have got the go in me here. I can do more work; I feel that I have it in me; but I also feel and I know that it won't last. I shall be done in ten years."

No, it won't last. The extreme physical effort put forth results in greater production, but it saps the vital energies and cuts short the career. This continual work at high pressure does not pay in the end. "It won't last"; and the remark applies with equal force to the employers as well as to the workers. Competition between manufacturers is keener than in this country. They work their business at high pressure. There is a terrific struggle between them for possession of the markets. They put forth their utmost energies, and when they succeed their reward is great; but all cannot be leaders in industry. This fierce competition reacts on the men. We were surprised to find in a democratic country like America that the workmen had so little power and were to such a large extent the docile instruments of energetic employers.

The "bosses," as the foremen and managers of factories are called, drive the men to an extent that employers would never dream of attempting in this country. There are trades unions, but they do not seem able to protect the men in this respect. The "bosses" have the faculty of "driving" the men and getting the maximum amount of work out of them, and the men do not seem to have the inclination or power to resist the pressure. American manufacturers thus get the greatest possible service out of their plant.—Sir James Kitson in the *Contemporary Review*.



SCENE ON THE RIVER AT STE. ROSE, P.Q.

Ste. Rose.

Ste. Rose is without doubt the prettiest summer resort in the Province of Quebec. During the past eight years it has been growing rapidly and its future is equal to any of the many resorts that Montreal is favored with. It is a fact that but very few of the visitors to the summer resorts on the St. Lawrence know anything of Ste. Rose; whether it is owing to its cosmopolitan company or the lack of people of wealth and social position, is a question which does not affect the fact that the Thousand River Island, or la Riviere des Mille Iles, is the most charming scenery and the most beautiful of islands; the river is studded with about eighty of them, from one to seventy acres. A few of the islands have desirable summer houses. Ste. Rose has the largest grounds and club house in this province, and is without doubt the most enterprising. The club has expended over four thousand five hundred dollars in grounds, club house, bath house, swings and piers.

The village of Ste. Rose is one of the oldest in the Dominion, contains thirteen hundred of a population, has a public market lighted by coal oil lamps, and has also a system of water works without engine or other power. The great want, which has been the talk of the place for years, is the erection of a large summer hotel; such an enterprise is greatly needed. The Canadian Pacific syndicate have a large park near the depot which is weekly, during the summer months, patronized by public and private picnic parties. Ste. Rose is situated on the Mille Iles Riviere, on the Island of Jesus, in the County of Laval, seventeen miles

from Montreal, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The river has its source from the Lake of Two Mountains, eight miles above Ste. Rose. The river is about twenty-seven miles in length, and empties into the St. Lawrence at Bout de l'Île.

A Coyote Hunt in Assiniboia.

In the van was a big, gaunt coyote running for his very life, and some sixty yards behind him were two grand, rough greyhounds, racing with mighty speed, nose and nose and stride for stride, their hot, red throats scarce a foot apart, their long, lithe backs curving and straightening in perfect time as they rose and fell in the tremendous bounds of a race at utmost speed with the quarry full in view.

Behind the dogs, with muzzle and neck and back straightened almost to a line, and holding his own right gallantly, came a small bay horse. No cayuse about him; none of the rapid, pattering gallop of the plains showed in his perfect gait. He was doing all he knew and coming like the wind itself; stretching to his work till his girths seemed almost to sweep the grass, but his action was the marvellous, smooth-sailing stride of the thoroughbred—naught but hot blood, perfect sinew and best of bone could carry that pace as he had come or show such machine-like movement. Upon his back, and sticking to the saddle like wax, was a dainty female figure that appeared almost to be a part of the noble brute that bore her on, so beautifully did she ride. And so the chase swept—a living picture of wild, fierce strength, a whirlwind of graceful speed.

Nearer and nearer sweep pursued and pursuers, and the wolf is toiling now. One hound hurls himself a yard ahead,

only to be answered with a commanding burst from his mate. Again and again he finds a hidden link and forces his tapered paws to the front, and again and again his stout-hearted comrade responds gamely to his challenge and draws level, while the eager horse thunders on, running as true as steel and steadily closing his gap.

Almost below the Exile's feet the struggle ends. The wolf, with a movement almost despairing, halts and faces about, baring his long white fangs grimly, though he totters as he stands with arched back and streaming tongue. With a menacing half roar, half snarl the hounds throw themselves against him and the three roll over and over in a confused tangle, from which comes click of teeth and half-smothered snarls. Then the mass untangles and shews one dog fast to the flank and one at the throat, with the wolf stretched full length between.

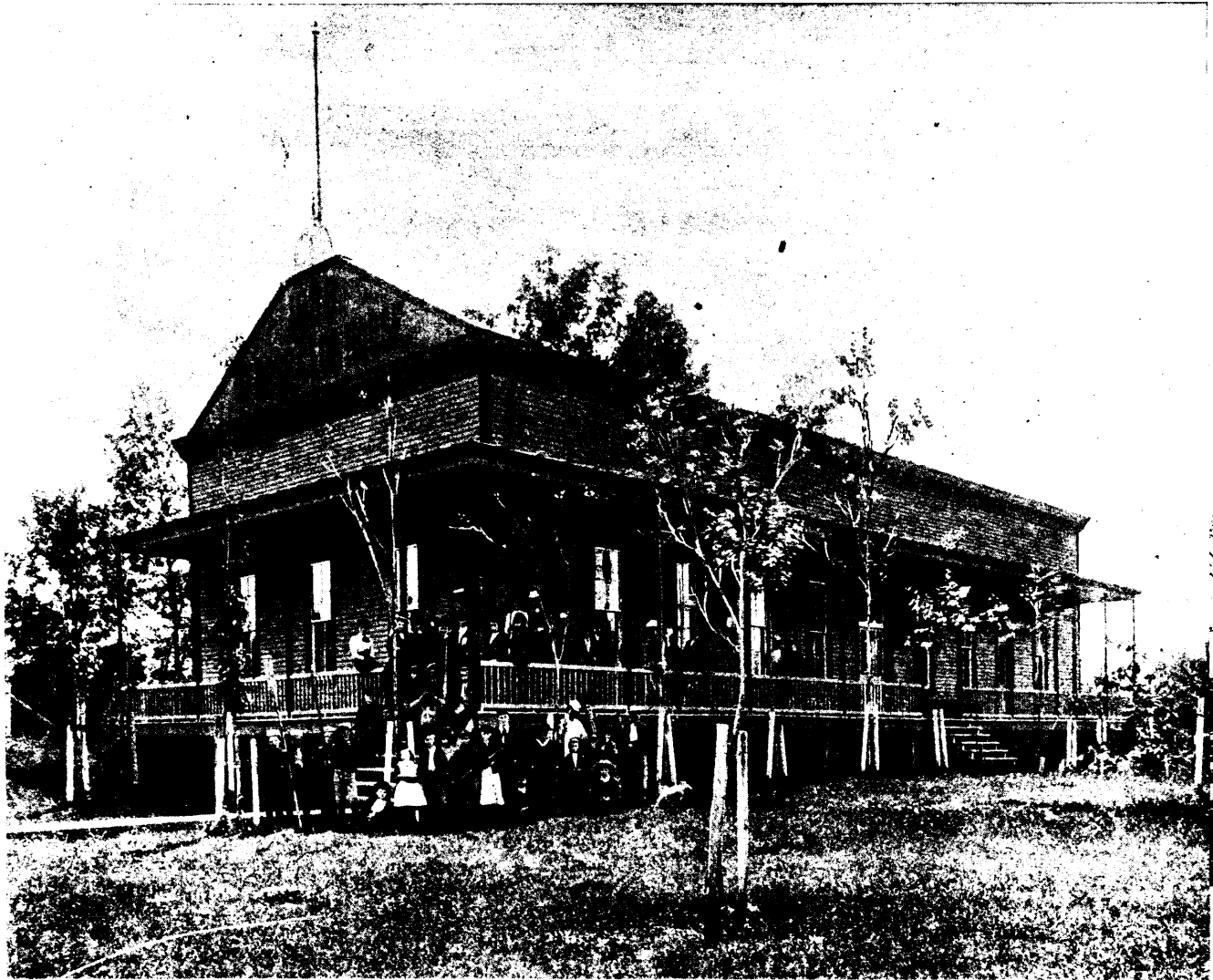
The Exile whirls his broad hat high in the air and yells, "Held! by the Lord Harry!"

Then he remembers it is not football, and shouts to the hounds, "Peg him out, boys! Stretch him, good dogs!" and ere he can reach them they have killed.

"Please don't let them get cut!"

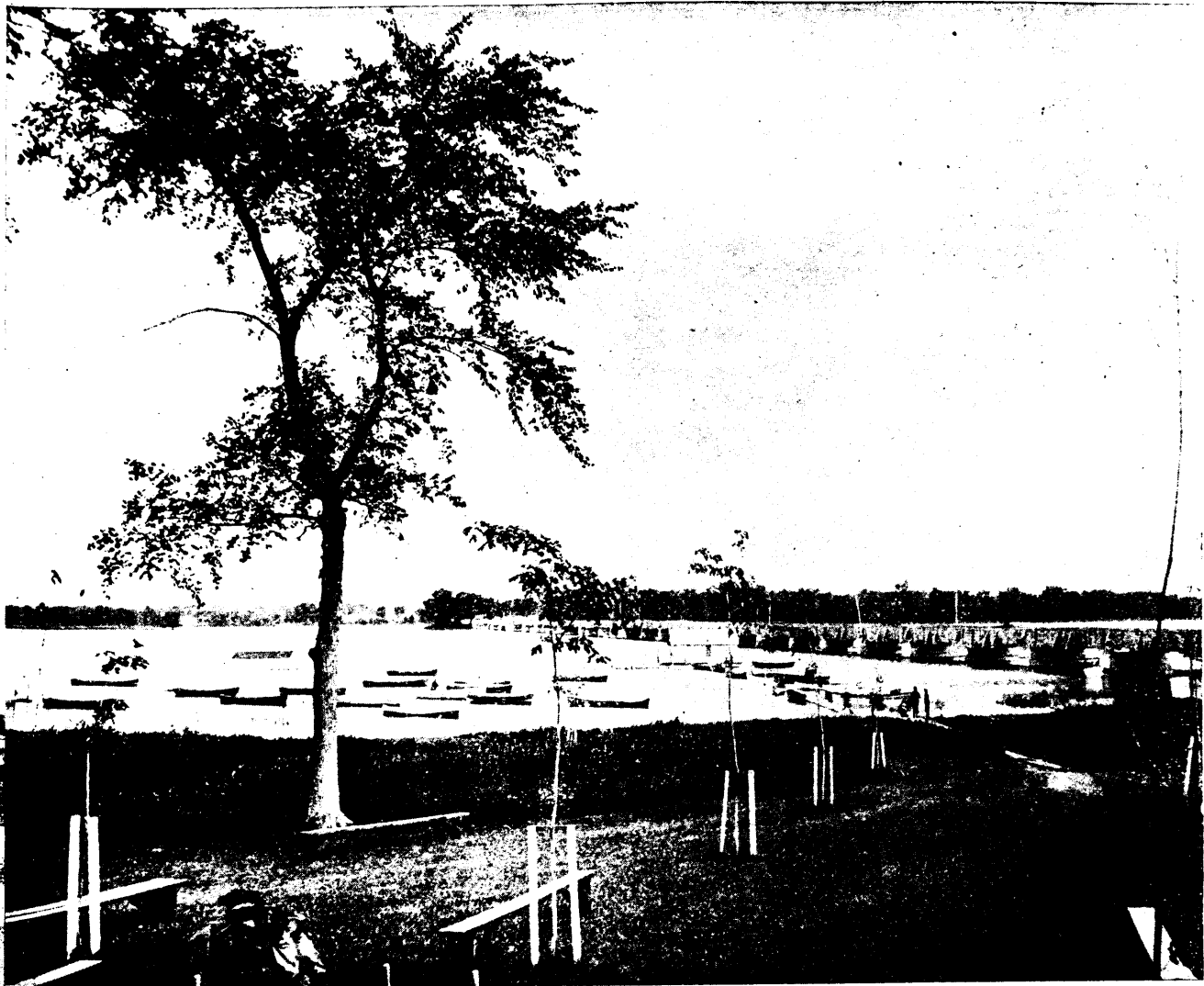
He started as if kicked. For the instant he had utterly forgotten the bay and its fair rider. Hastily bobbing his bare head, he helped her down, and soon slackened the girths for the panting bay. Brief explanations followed, and they sat and chatted, while horse and hounds recovered their wind. And this was M——'s "Prairie Belle;" and the Exile reached the ranch horribly late that night.

E. W. SANDYS, in September *Outing*.



Ste. Rose Club House.
Residence of Chas. Bouthillier, Esq.

VIEW OF
ST. ROSE



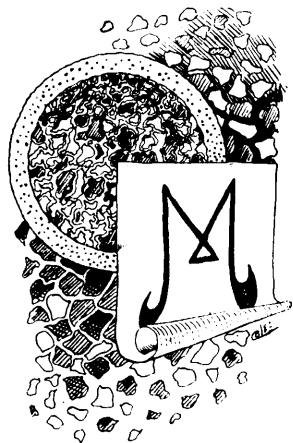
The River. Looking from the Boat House.
The River, Looking Toward the Boat House.

SIDNEY'S LOVE AFFAIR.

BY WALTON S. SMITH.

PART III.

'Twas But a Dream.



RS. Peyton, who knew Sidney as well as it was possible for such a fitful nature as his to be known, regarded him curiously for a moment. She saw that all was not well with him, but, beyond that, she could not tell. However, she contrived to keep the attention of those about her turned from him as much as possible, until such time as she judged it would be

advisable to disturb him. It is so that a woman acts; if her affection is given to a man, be it in a motherly or sisterly way (or be it when her heart's purest and best love is poured out) she delights to study his comfort, and to minister to his wants.

This, however, is not the ponderous assertion of an authority on the subject. It is the humble, possibly the mistaken, idea of one, who, now that the remark has been made, would that he had not been so bold as to hazard a guess at that which no man knoweth. For it is not possible for the mind masculine to comprehend the shifting lights and shades whereby the impulses of a woman's heart are reflected.

Frank Merton threw away the stump of his cigarette, half raised himself on his elbow, then, under cover of the gathering dusk, indulged in a whole-hearted, comforting yawn. A yawn such as a man indulges in when he fancies the eyes of the world are not upon him. A yawn that was accompanied by a spasmodic stretch of his muscular limbs—a yawn, in fact, such as his soul loved!

But a pair of sharp, resentful blue eyes had marked the action; and a clear voice came, cutting the stolen luxury through and through as with a knife.

"It is dreadfully uncomfortable to have people performing all sorts of contortions under one's feet, Mr. Merton. I would move away but that the seat is such a nice one; and, besides, I was here first."

Poor Frank came at once to attention, and resumed the yoke that social requirements have tacitly agreed all men shall wear. He straightened his limbs and sat up, looking deprecatingly at the offended damsel.

"You have snubbed me three times already," he complained, in a voice lowered so as to be inaudible to all but her for whom the speech was intended. "What have I done?"

"Nothing;" in a tone of supreme indifference. "What should you have done? I merely object to have a restless, snake-like creature writhing at my feet; it makes me nervous!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" in a huffy tone. "Nobody likes to be called a writhing, snake-like creature!"

Miss Smiling looked furtively at him, and rejoiced to see that, at last, her sarcasm had pierced his armour. For the past hour she had been casting little veiled darts at him, sending them forth venomously, from between her pretty red lips. And lo! now he averred she had snubbed him three times. And it was only now he realized that she was offended. Verily it is a marvel how thick-skinned some men are!

"Why do you sit on a fellow so?" asked Frank, petulantly, after a short silence. "As a rule you are so good natured."

"Go to Miss Caldwell, then, if you are not satisfied." The moment she uttered the words she would fain have recalled them. She fancied his wits were subtle as hers, that he would read between the lines and discover the pique that was therein, beneath the indifference.

But Frank was too deep in his own wrongs for his brain to work through the web beneath which her true feelings lay concealed.

"Go to Miss Caldwell," he repeated indignantly. "Why do you want me to do that?"

"Because," she answered, impulsively, "I know you admire her;" then she laughed softly.

Frank's good humour was restored at once; he resumed his comfortable pose and said easily:—

"I might have known you were laughing at me; somehow, though, I didn't. Really I thought you were offended. Tell you rather a good joke, though;" and he raised himself so as to bring his face nearer to hers, and spoke in a subdued, confidential key:

"Poor old Sid is terribly gone there! He was quite scared when I pretended to be struck too. I did it to pay the beggar up for the way he monopolizes you. He does, sometimes, you know," and he looked saucily at her. "I get terribly jealous, too," he added, gravely. "Of course it is nonsense. Sid is the same to every girl, but I hate to see him going on so with you; although," he added, loyally, "he is one of the best fellows in the world."

She felt her heart go out to him; the steadfast way he stood up for his friend appealed strongly to her. But sternly she repressed all outward manifestation. And thus peace was restored between the two. That he had never known of a breach to be bridged, affected not the fact of its actual existence. Nor did it prevent him from experiencing a sense of delight in the friendly bearing she observed towards him.

Meanwhile Sidney March sat on in the gathering dusk, and gradually his mind returned to its normal state. From where he was he had an uninterrupted view of Miss Caldwell. And he found himself watching her with dreamy speculation.

How beautiful she was! And how infinitely removed from those jabbering triflers! He noted that though she occasionally looked from one to the other of those about her, and at times added a listless smile to the general laugh, she was obviously not attending to their talk. And there was that melancholy look on her face. Why had she that melancholy look? Why was she so absent and dreamy? Of what was she thinking? Pondering over some half formed ideal creation of her own sweet innocent fancy, maybe. In some dim Utopia,

perhaps, where dress is never alluded to, where frills, furbelows and the like are not. There men do not pay silly compliments, and nothing jars. What a treasure of a mind the girl must have to be sure!

And Sidney, carried away by his own ideal, indulged it with such persistence that ere long he had clothed the young lady with all possible and impossible graces.

Suddenly he heard his own name mentioned. Mrs. Peyton was speaking; she had noted his abstraction, and marvelled much at its being so prolonged. Now she spoke with the object of rousing him if possible.

"Sidney told me once, one might as well try to cause a commotion in the moon by throwing stones at the man, as hope to ruffle Mr. Merton by telling him of his faults." This was apropos to a chaffing remark of Mrs. Cowan's to the effect that she thought Frank was not above the folly of sentimental musings. The talk had turned to the proneness of woman to sentiment. Frank had brought down the wrath of the sex on him by contrasting the same unfavourably with the more practical nature of man. This Sidney was made aware of in the course of a very few minutes.

Miss Smiling said: "I don't see that sentiment is anything to feel ashamed of; it simply shows that one has imagination, and a natural longing for things above the sordid, uninteresting routine. Men have to bring everything down to facts and figures in their business, and so they lose their sentimental yearning. And that it is that makes them all so prosaic." And the speaker flashed a defiant smile at the complacent Frank. The latter still reclined gracefully at her feet, his head propped up on a cushion. He returned her smile, but made no reply. Evidently the subject was getting deep for him.

Miss Smiling seemed, however, well content to be smiled at by such a fine specimen of young manhood. She looked gratified, and arranged her face so that the profile was brought into a more becoming point of view for him. The darkness had well set in, but still there was sufficient light for Sidney to take note of this little by-play. Once his attention was aroused, his eyes were sharp to a degree. But the subject was one that interested him.

"Which is the more useful of the two," he demanded, gravely, addressing himself to the company in general, "the prosaic keenness of the busy man, or the sweet dreaming sentiment of the idle woman?"

They all looked up at the sound of his voice. "Why, Mr. March! have you been listening? We thought you were asleep, you were so quiet," remarked Mrs. Cowan.

"I have been deep in abstract contemplation," answered Sidney, grandly. He noted complacently that Miss Caldwell had turned with the rest, and was regarding him with a look of something akin to interest in her eyes. Now was his chance. Evidently his remark had roused her attention. He must strike while the iron was hot, and, if possible, weld their attention into a good impression. He leaned forward a little so as to have her face at a better angle for him to note any

change of impression thereon as his words reached her, and proceeded impressively; one arm was extended towards Mrs. Cowan to emphasize his meaning:

"Mrs. Cowan, I have a great regard for you," he began.

"What a gallant speech," laughed the lady thus addressed. "I assure you I appreciate it," and she bowed mockingly.

"I am gratified, intensely gratified," averred Sidney; "but nevertheless you have this day done me a grievous wrong."

"Have I indeed? Dear me, I am so sorry! Please tell me what it was?"

"It is a long story; it cannot be properly told without a rather lengthy preamble. But if you promise to listen intently and, moreover, solemnly vow to apologize most humbly for the wrong you have done me, I will do my feelings the violence necessary to relate it."

Mrs. Cowan, with mock earnestness, gave the required pledge, and Sidney, with a furtive glance at Miss Caldwell, which he repeated from time to time as he told his tale, continued:

"Your talk about women having a large monopoly of the better and more ennobling flights of fancy was apropos to the occasion. It brought vividly to my mind the wrong Mrs. Cowan had done me; and not only me, but the world in general. I quite agree with Miss Smiling. Men, as a rule, are very prosaic, uninteresting creatures. But there are certain rare exceptions. I am a certain rare exception. Ah! laugh away, but the fact remains. I am much given to thinking deep, soul lifting thoughts. And this evening, after tea, I retired to the bank of the river and smoked a cigarette. The view was inspiring and, in fact every prospect pleased. Even my digestion was uninterrupted. When a man's digestion is interrupted, and every other prospect pleases, his soul (if he has one worthy the name) expands. My soul expanded; and my mind teemed with great ideas. Now I am so constituted that when I have great thoughts they must immediately be confided to somebody. And I prefer that somebody to be a lady. Ladies are so very sympathetic. Accordingly I hurried back here looking for a confidante. There was a pirate lurking about the front door waiting to rob me of my cigarettes. Mr. Merton is that pirate, ladies. So I even crept around to the side entrance. I came into the drawing-room. A young lady stood in one of the windows; it was Miss Caldwell. I approached her and prepared to make myself agreeable, even fascinating. A throng of original ideas were in my mind, and my tongue burned to utter them. But before I could speak a third party arrived on the scene. And that third party, presumably ignorant of my inspired mood, whisked Miss Caldwell off, remarking that she would feel lonely all alone with me there. And so my grand ideas took to themselves wings; and so the world lost many bright gems of thought. Is it to be wondered that I feel that Mrs. Cowan has done me a grievous wrong? She was that unsympathetic third party. I could shed tears, but they are unmanly."

And Sidney gazed about him with the air of one who has submitted a just complaint.

There was a dead silence. Everybody looked rather uncomfortable save Miss Caldwell. She still smiled upon him with that vague unchanging smile.

Frank was grinning from ear to ear, and young Caldwell looked stolidly at him in a way that would have disconcerted any other less self-satisfied mortal.

At length Mrs. Peyton broke the silence, speaking in a tone of constraint:

"I fear, in the hurry and confusion of your sudden arrival, I omitted—"

But before she proceeded further Mrs. Caldwell interrupted her.

"My poor daughter is quite deaf, Mr. March," she said, softly and sadly.

Sidney made no reply; he sat as one stunned. He heard the evening breeze rustle the leaves of the trees near by, and vaguely he was aware that there were stars overhead. And it seemed almost as if he were not himself—that some malicious friend masqueraded in his form whilst his own per-

sonality soared off into the darkness. All was dark, dark; there was no light; none. Where were the stars he had but now seen, and where the rustling breeze? Now the winds, strong as fate, bore him on an on. And still there was no light. And there was no human voice. But hark! Ah! there it is. Plainly he can hear it—the sound of wild, fiendish laughter. "Oh!"—with a mighty effort he shook off the trance in which his senses were enchained, and sprang up, to behold his friend Frank writhing in convulsive merriment at his feet almost. "Ha ha ha! ho ho ho!" shrieked Frank, hysterically. Mrs. Peyton's shocked disapproval but served to intensify the violence of his mirth. He was sensible of the rudeness of it; but, for the life of him, he could not control himself.

Sidney realized the state of affairs; and with admirable presence of mind, he drew out his watch ostentatiously.

"Just five minutes out," he muttered, composedly, in a tone that all could hear. Then he added, in explanation: "I told my friend a funny story at precisely four o'clock this afternoon. By a careful calculation, I reckoned that he would see the point in five hours; it is now just five minutes to nine. His mind works quicker than I anticipated. And," with a mournful catch of the breath that most of them took to be mere acting, he continued: "I have had a beautiful dream. Sometimes I weep when I awake to find my beautiful dreams but vain and fond delusion. I would not for worlds—good night all."

And catching Frank by the hand he pulled him to his feet, and the two strode off into the darkness.

In looking back along the vista of gay, rollicking youth, do you not find certain episodes standing clear and vivid amongst many half-forgotten memories? This, by your leave, Sir, is to you, oh bald-headed reader. Are any of you bald-headed readers, by the way? You who have lived and loved and larked, who regret not the folly and wanton waste of opportunity which was then, declaring it all to have been seed well sown because of the many hearty laughs engendered in these graver years by those recollections of younger days. Ah! those days of vanished youth; do you not know them? When the blood ran quick and the spirit within you was high and full of pure delight of living. Life then was but an enlarged playground, an improvement on the restraints of school. Alack that those days last not!

It will be thus that Frank Merton will regard the episode which I have just related. He, a practical, light-hearted young fellow, had no conception of the bitter blow which his friend had received. To him it was all supremely ridiculous. He was, as indeed most of us are, so constituted that when a supremely ridiculous happening came to his notice he straightaway gave way to unrestrained mirth. And moreover he did this perforce, in despite of time or place. With these few remarks, both in explanation of and as an excuse for his behaviour, let me proceed:

The next morning found Sidney March in his office as usual. He was a lawyer. True, his practice did not amount to much, but then he had not been long in the profession. And he had great hopes. Ten o'clock every morning, Sundays excepted, found him sitting in that unpretentious little office, going through the daily farce of waiting for the client who persistently refused to appear. Sidney scorned to go forth and cater for work to any great extent. Possibly had he been more dependent on his profession for a living, this scornful inactivity would have been proportionately less. His income, over and above the very small pittance that he squeezed from the law, was amply sufficient to supply his wants. Pending the arrival of the legal coup wherewith he expected to someday achieve fame and riches, my hero followed the example of better men. He posed as a busy man and cultivated an expression of intensity. The expression of intensity was a success, so much so that it became habitual; the pose of the busy man was often forgotten.

On this particular morning here referred to he had the intense look; but he had not the air of a harassed man of affairs. Indeed, he was a very limp, dejected-looking mortal; and, moreover,

there was that about him which said unmistakably, "Behold, I am an idler!"

But though he was not doing good work he was thinking deeply. And the object of his fond contemplation was that unfortunate girl; her image had become intertwined in his being as it were. Try as he might he could not banish it; but the fact was he did not try very hard. There was too much joy in thinking of her to make him wish not to think.

Suddenly there came a change to the perspective of his figure. An instantaneous transition from ease to action, from irresolution to resolution. He rose quickly from his leather-cushioned chair, stared fiercely out of his office, and said with a determined nod:

"I'll do it!"

Two hours later Mrs. Peyton heard steps on her front verandah. Steps that fell with a quick, nervous beat upon the hard boards. And withal there was that in the sound that seemed to announce a purpose in the mind of the person who made it; and actually they paused not at the door! No, the person with a purpose scorned to knock. She heard the quick, measured tramp, tramp, along the hall, then there was a momentary halt, and the noise of someone at the door—the drawing-room door. Mrs. Peyton chanced to be in the drawing-room—rather a rare occurrence at that hour. Moreover, she happened to be alone—also a rare occurrence. She half rose, as the door opened, and waited expectantly for the intruder to show himself. She knew by the footstep that it was a man. And slowly, almost timidly, Sidney March's plump face peered in; his eyes wandered about the room as if disappointed. Finally they lighted on her, and he said abruptly:

"Where is Miss Caldwell?"

"Miss Caldwell?" repeated Mrs. Peyton, amazedly. "Whatever do you want with her?"

"I want to speak to her," said Sidney, doggedly.

She looked at him reproachfully. "I really see nothing to joke about, Sidney. Because the poor girl happens to have lost her hearing it gives you no title to—"

"I am not joking!" declared Sidney, earnestly. "I am in dead earnest—never more so in my life. I want to propose to her. I want to marry her, if she will have me."

Mrs. Peyton looked critically at him; and there was a half timorous expression in her eyes as she repeated—

"Want to marry her!" She really feared the young man had lost his reason.

Sidney merely nodded; then he sat down in a comfortable chair and stared composedly at the ceiling. For all that one could divine to the contrary from his impassive face, it was quite an ordinary thing for him to propose to strange damsels in this unceremonious fashion.

Mrs. Peyton smiled as she realized that this was a new freak on the part of her eccentric kinsman, and she said drily:

"You are about three hours too late; she left this morning at nine o'clock."

"Where did she go to?"

"To New York—they are travelling for her health, you know. Or rather to try and give her distraction. The doctors have advised complete change of air and scene; she will presumably never recover, but medical science can do much now-a-days and her mother hopes for the best."

"What is the New York address?" asked Sidney, slowly.

"Don't be absurd, Sidney," she retorted, impatiently. "You are not really serious; if you are," laughing carelessly, "you are too late. Mr. Caldwell is before you."

"Her brother?"

"No; her second cousin—did you not know? It is quite a romantic story. They were engaged to be married; even the day was fixed, and almost arrived, I believe, when she was stricken with fever. When she recovered she had lost her hearing and was as she is now. He refused to be released. Indeed he wanted to marry her before they left England to travel." And the little woman rattled on and on.



CASTLE OF SAN ANGELO, ROME.

Sidney continued to stare stolidly at the ceiling; his face made no sign of the emotion that was in him. He was motionless as a stone image. Whatever his thoughts were he gave no token.

He rose abruptly at length and stalked from the room, leaving to the lady of the house the option of continuing her remarks with the four walls as an audience or becoming silent. She choose the latter. But it occurred to her that the action was rather a sharp one even for Sidney. She hastened to the front verandah to see, if possible, what direction he had taken, and beheld him pull slowly from her boat house in the direction of the city. And there ended Sidney's love affair.

CASTLE OF SAN ANGELO, ROME.



THE practical Romans, unlike the Egyptians, did not usually expend their energies on tomb building, as a means of perpetuating their fame. The tombs of Pagan Rome yet remaining may almost be counted on the fingers of one hand, and of these several are rarely visited. Of the mausoleum of Augustus, once the most wonderful monument in the Campus Martius, the massive outer wall is a ruin, and the sepulchral chambers where the ashes of Augustus, Marcellus, Germanicus, and others were deposited, are used as stables. The tomb of Bibulus, two thousand years old, still bearing the inscription that it was erected *honoris virtutisque causa*, forms part of the wall of a house in the Marforio, at the end of the Corso. "The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now"—the sarcophagus was long ago removed to the Vatican. The Baker's tomb, outside the Porta Maggiore—interesting not only as a monument of antiquity, but as a proof that even in the days when might so generally made right, it was possible for an industrious tradesman to achieve prosperity—was

only discovered in 1838, on the removal of a number of mean dwellings. The tomb of Cecilia Metella, on the Appian Way, the various columbaria of the slaves and humbler classes, and the massive subject of our illustration complete the list.

The mausoleum of Hadrian was built by the philosophic emperor whose name it bears. When Hadrian returned to Rome, after visiting the remote portions of his dominions for the purpose of consolidating the empire, he built a palace—almost a city in its proportions—and this tomb. The bridge of San Angelo, by which the building is reached, is also the work of Hadrian, though the balustrades are modern. The mausoleum consists of a circular tower, a hundred and ninety feet in diameter, resting on a square base. It is built of immense blocks of travertine—rough and bare now, but once covered with marble and gold, adorned with beautiful statues, and surmounted by a magnificent dome. During the siege of the city by the Goths, the statues were hurled down upon the barbarians; and later the dome was removed to make way for modern fortifications. For centuries the mausoleum, transferred into the Castle of San Angelo, has been used as the fortress of the Popes—the sepulchral chambers serving as prisons. The figure of St. Michael the Archangel—his right arm extended in the act of sheathing a sword, commemorates the alleged appearance of the angel and his miraculous interposition, while Pope Gregory the Great was praying that Rome might be delivered from the plague.

Among the numerous adventures of that erratic genius, Benvenuto Cellini, was imprisonment in the Castle of San Angelo. His exploits while in durance are related in his autobiography with his customary conceit, and, we may hope, a good deal of Munchausen's exaggeration. One passage in particular is worth quoting:—

"The monument contains rough statues of the baker and his wife—under the latter an inscription by the baker, in honor of his 'most excellent wife, Atistia, whose remains are deposited in this bread-box.'"

"The Pope, on a certain day, happening to walk upon the round ramparts, saw in the public walks a Spanish colonel, whom he knew by certain tokens. I, who was above at the battery, seeing a man employed in getting the trenches repaired, dressed in rose colour, began to deliberate how I should lay him flat. I took my swivel and charging it with a good quantity of fine and coarse powder mixed, aimed at him exactly, though he was at so great a distance that it could not be expected any effort of art should make such pieces carry so far. I fired on the gun, and hit the man exactly in the middle, and he was seen severed into two pieces. The Pope was highly delighted and surprised, as well because he thought it impossible that such a piece could carry so far, as that he could not conceive how the man could be cut into two pieces. Upon this he sent for me and made an inquiry into the whole affair. So, falling on my knees, I entreated His Holiness to absolve me from the fault of homicide, as likewise from other crimes which I had committed in that castle, in the service of the church. The Pope, lifting up his hands, and making the sign of the cross over me, blessed me, and gave me his absolution for all the homicides that I had ever committed, or ever should commit. Upon in the service of the Holy Apostolic Church. Upon quitting him, I again went up to the battery, and continuing to keep up a constant fire, I scarcely once missed all the time."

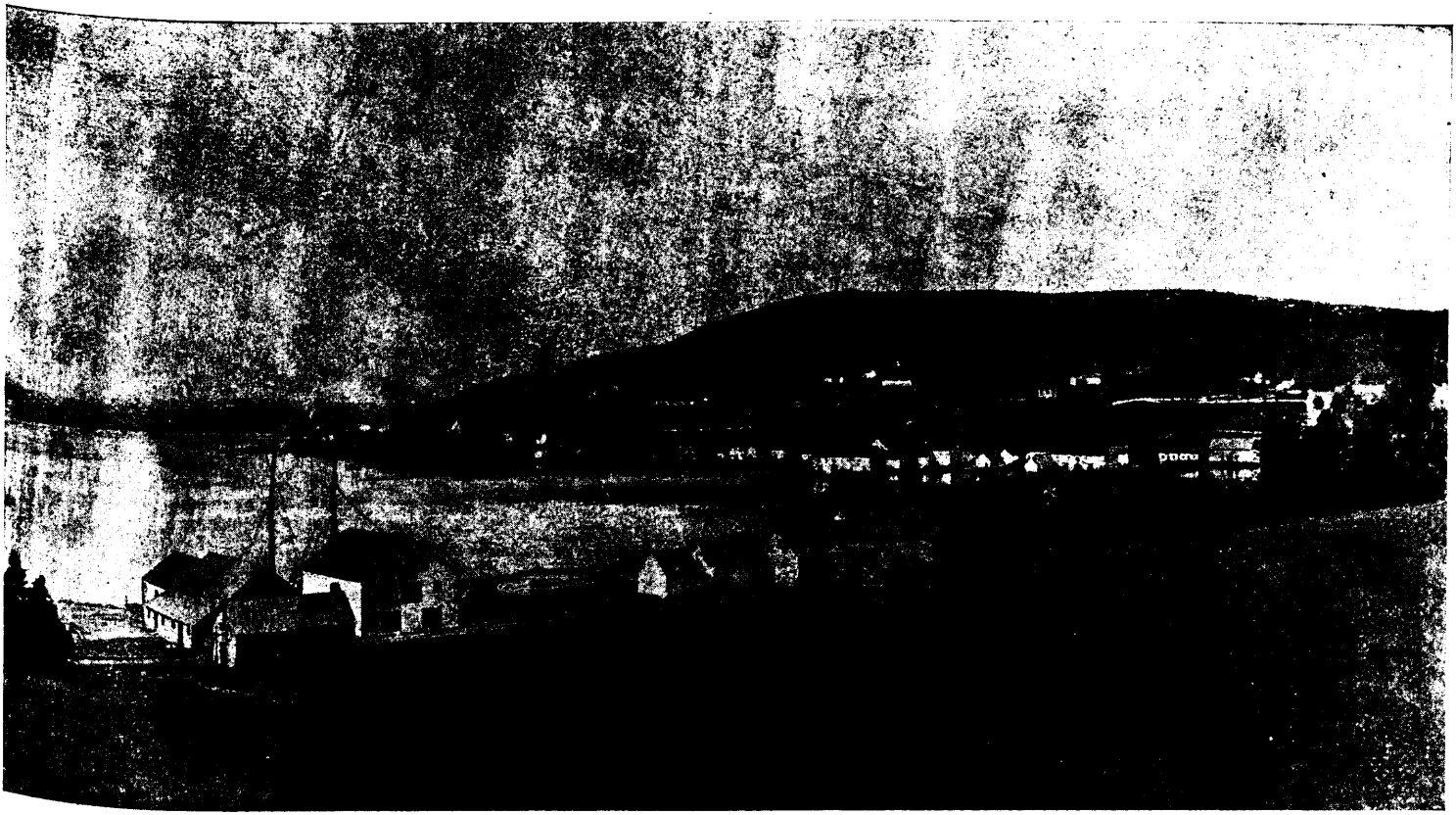
A more interesting bit of literature in connection with the tower is the well known ode ascribed to its imperial builder:

"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec ut soles dabis jocos."

How sadly well it expresses the limitations of heathen philosophy—which could dimly discern something superior to the body in the

"Gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay";
which could vaguely dream of a future for it: which was sometimes even moved to ask where that future might be. But to its earnest "Whither?" no voice gave answer, and its most eager gaze could not penetrate beyond the tomb.

A. M. MACLEOD.



GASPE BASIN.



TORONTO, 28th August, 1891.



It is pleasant to know that our city can attract so fine a musician and teacher as M. Frederic Boscowitz, who, at the instance of Mr. Torrington, has decided to make Toronto his place of residence. Some years ago M. Boscowitz was here on a professional tour, and it must be that he remembers us with satisfaction.

The hard work Mr. Torrington has bestowed upon building up a status for music in this city for so many years is at last bearing fruit; the city is becoming known as a centre of cultivated musical taste, of unusual musical advantages both as to opportunities of performance and education, and will not be long before it can hold its own in competition with many important musical centres both in this and the old world, as the excellent performance of the newer oratorios every year now goes to prove. Not overlooking the fact that there has always existed a cultivated musical taste in this city, and that we have never been without instructors of very high standing, it is in no wise derogatory from what is due to all faithful work to say that to Mr. Torrington's high ideal, pluck and perseverance we owe—Canada owes—that we can hear the highest class of music excellently performed, and popularly appreciated in Toronto to-day.

The next thing we want is a much larger hall than we at present possess, properly built for musical uses, and placed where it would be of the easiest access from all parts of the city.

I hear with the greatest pleasure of the continued success of our young Canadian composer, Mr. Clarence Lucas. This gentleman has spent the summer in England and on the continent, where he has had access to the highest musical circles, has met all the great musicians and publishers, and has been honoured by having some of his work

inserted in a book used for examinations in the Royal College of Music, London. A score or more of Mr. Lucas's compositions have been published in London, where his songs and anthems are in demand. His oratorio "The Fall of Man," is now in course of publication, and will probably be produced in Toronto during the winter.

Mrs. Clarence Lucas—professionally known as Madame Asher-Lucas—is a pianiste to the Prince of Wales, and well known in Toronto and New York as a fine performer.

The Utica, N.Y., School of Music has the advantage of Mr. Lucas's services at the present time.

Since it seems a settled thing that St. Paul's Cathedral is to have a statue of Sir John Macdonald, our late premier, it would be but fitting that the sculptor should be a Canadian. We have several sculptors among us; men who to genius ally a European training. Particularly may be mentioned Hamilton McCarthy and Frederic A. Dunbar of this city, and it is to our discredit that we know no more of their ability than we do. Both these men are better known in the older centres of art than here, in the country that is honoured by their presence. It is not fitting that we should any longer shut our eyes to our—or rather their deserts—the deserts of Canada's children, and tamely wait until for want of knowing of their existence among us, artists, not Canadians, are set to do work that is in the highest degree Canadian work. The power of the press is often boastfully upheld; let us show that we know what it can do, and that by informing England and the world that Sir John Alexander Macdonald's statue can most fittingly and very worthily be executed here, and not rest until we carry our point.

Already Mr. Hamilton McCarthy has executed a splendid bust of the late premier,—it will be remembered that Mr. McCarthy took a mask of the dead statesman's face—and the demand for it ought to be very large. It is an excellent piece of art. The pose is natural, the expression of the features gracious and unassuming as they were in life, and they who knew him best will most readily recognise this; the air of refined yet genial courtesy that distinguished Sir John Macdonald are beautifully reproduced in Mr. McCarthy's work, but perhaps the greatest claim to our regard lies in the delicacy with which the artist has reproduced the age of the premier at the time of his death, without in the least degree indicating decay or senility, either of which would have been an untrue idea. The essence of art is truth,

and in his perfect adherence to truth lies the secret of the artist's success in producing, in this instance, a classical work that is at the same time a splendid likeness. Canada is to have her statues of her premier, and certainly nothing better than Mr. McCarthy's work gives promise of could be produced anywhere.

I hear that the Chanteloups of your city are prepared to undertake the casting of classical work in bronze. This also is a splendid showing for Canada as all will admit who are acquainted with the delicacy and difficulty of the process.

The appointment of Miss Louisa L. Ryckman to the professorship of modern languages in our new Collegiate Institute on Harbord street, has several points of congratulation worthy of notice.

Miss Ryckman is a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Ryckman, now of the Dominion Church, Ottawa; she is a graduate of Toronto University, a gold medallist, and her record is one of the highest her Alma Mater has ever been able to boast. Taking the classical course, Miss Ryckman's examinations always resulted in honours, and naturally she and another, the earliest woman graduate of the university, Miss Elizabeth Balmer, are the pride of their years.

For the first time in the management of our—or perhaps any—educational system the salary of the position Miss Ryckman has been appointed to has not been lowered because she is not of the superior sex. The salary attached, namely \$1,500 per annum, goes to the teacher intact.

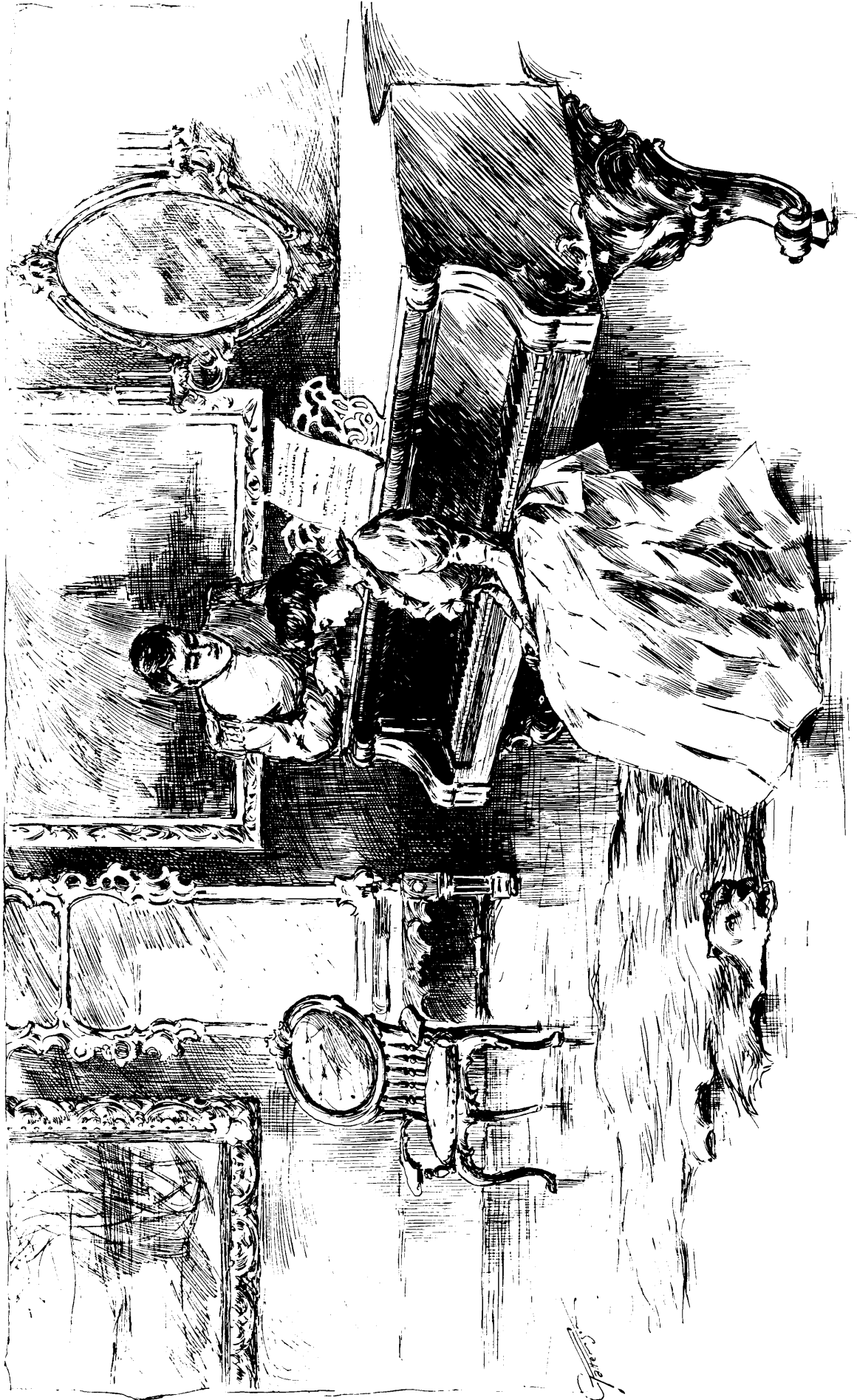
This is a matter of congratulation not only to Miss Ryckman and her many friends, but also to Canada as an evidence that she is shaking herself free of the trammels of prejudice and false reasoning.

Silk worm culture is receiving some attention in this city. Ladies in the past have tried to make money by raising silk, and others have grown it for pastime. An Italian gentleman, Mr. Michael Basso, 93 Elm street, has on exhibition several clusters of the pale yellow cocoons, and hopes to succeed in establishing silk growing as a Canadian industry.

It is said that no silk equals the mulberry-fed fibre, but as the mulberry tree grows in this province it is certain it may be cultivated for commercial purposes and therefore no difficulty on this head need be feared.

It is possible, too, that our Italian compatriots, of whom Toronto boasts a goodly number, may solve the other two difficulties of skilled labour and low rates.

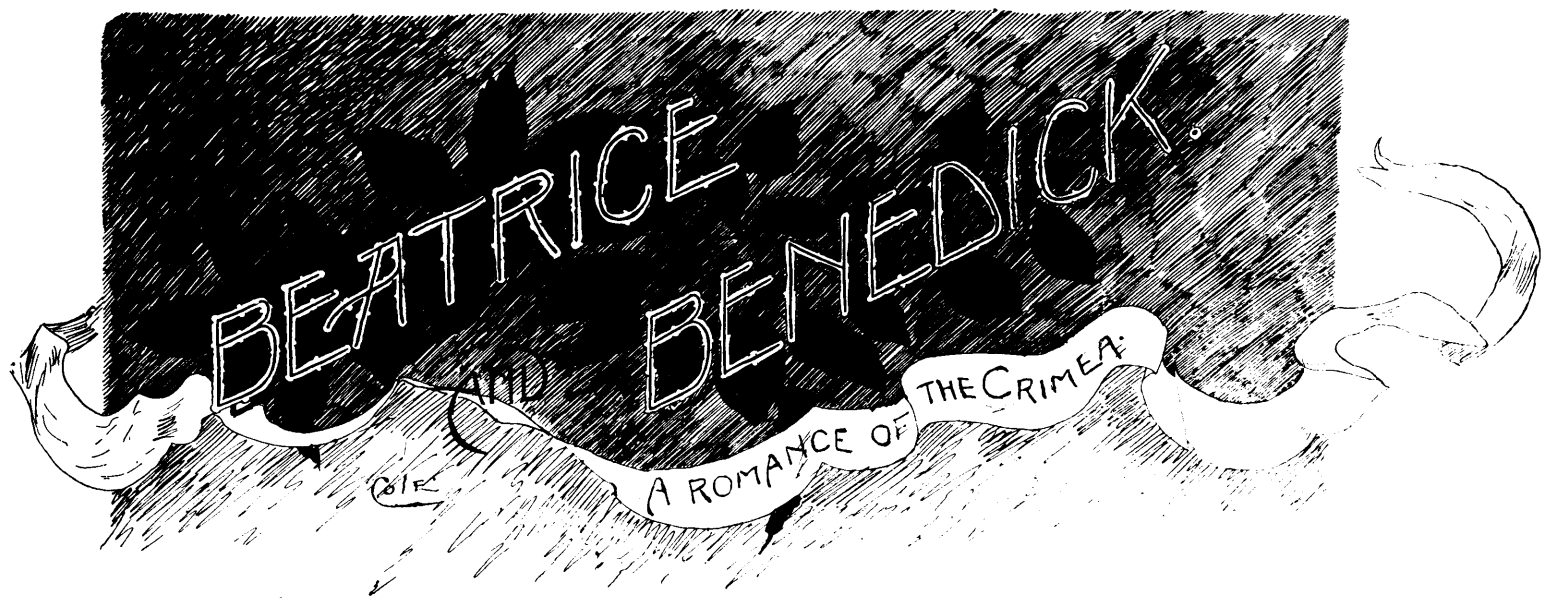
S. A. CURZON.



"Her lips moved slightly, but she made no reply" - (See next page.)

BEATRICE AND BENEDICK.

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BY HAWLEY SMART.

Author of "Breezie Langton," "At Fault," "Tie and Trick," "Long Odds," "Without Love or Licence," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER V.—MISS SMERDON GROWS
SARCASTIC.

"They have given at last, as you always said they would," exclaimed Hugh Fleming, as he entered the Lynden's drawing-room one gloomy day about the middle of November, "our orders for the East."

"Yes, I thought so," replied the young lady, as she shook hands, but in by no means the exultant tones with which people usually greet the fulfilment of prophecies. Who of us have not suffered from that ever recurring, usually detestable, "I told you so." How is it that our accession to the rewards of this life are never announced beforehand, while its evils and misfortunes are so industriously fore-

told to us? Hugh Fleming should have been in high spirits at having attained his heart's desire, but somehow he was not. He had come to pay a farewell visit—he had had a good many to pay, and had put saying good-bye to the Lyndens off to the last. Good-bye, when it is for an indefinite period, is often a painful thing to say, even though it is mercifully veiled from us that it is good-bye for ever. Still no such thought as this oppressed Hugh's mind on this occasion.

He was off to the Crimea, of course; everyone who wore a sword was bound to go there now, he would come back again in due time, a captain, perhaps a major, who knows? But he was quite conscious that saying farewell to Nellie Lynden was the hardest task that had ever fallen to his lot yet. He knew that he loved her dearly, he knew that he ought not to tell her so, and yet he was guiltily conscious that, if not in words, he had been telling her so for some weeks past, as if a genuine love story is not told long before it is put into matter of fact words. "I love you," requires no speech to proclaim it, and put what guard we may upon our tongues, no woman needs their assistance to learn it. After the first conventional speeches, a silence fell upon those two. It was not that as a rule they had not plenty to say to each other, but of late they had found the keeping up the ordinary stream of talk wearisome. Both were conscious that there was a barrier which had not been broken; but what they had both known it must end in, had come at last. The word "good-bye" had to be spoken; the initiative was with Hugh, and he was sore puzzled how to begin.

Once heard a well-known soldier who had won for himself countless decorations, asked in a club smoking room what was the nastiest bit of work he had ever had. He paused a little before he answered, and it was easy to see that he was recalling the scene to his mind's eye. "Breaking to a lady," he replied at last, "that her husband had been killed at the head of the stormers that morning." Bidding good-bye to the woman he loves is

the hardest thing for a soldier when ordered on active service.

"I suppose they have given you very short notice, to finish with," said Miss Lynden, woman-like the first to relieve the awkwardness of the situation.

"Yes," rejoined Hugh; "we are all supposed to be ready to go now at a moment's notice. We embark at Liverpool the day after to-morrow. Of course, we're glad to go; but we're sorry to say good-bye to so many who've—who've been kind to us."

"We shall miss you all very much. I hear we're to be left quite forlorn for the present, as you are not to be replaced. Is that so?"

Hugh felt the situation was intolerable.

"I don't know, and I don't care," he replied passionately. "I know I oughtn't to say it, Nell—you will let me call you Nell for the last time—won't you?"

Her lips moved slightly, but she made no reply.

"I ought not to say it, Nell, I know," he continued, "but I cannot go out there without telling you I love you. I am not going to ask you to promise yourself to me, I will only ask you to think of me, and to think kindly of me. Remember, when you read any accounts of our doings out there—remember, there is one amongst us who can never forget you, and if ever I do anything that brings me into notice, promise to send me just one line of congratulation."

It has been before mentioned that Nell Lynden was a quiet, self-possessed, self-reliant young woman, but it is just these self-reliant heroines who disappoint one so cruelly at the crucial moment. If she was self-reliant she was also a warm-hearted girl, and (I apologise for her) all she did at this critical moment was to burst into a flood of tears and gasp out—"Oh, Hugh!"

For a moment Hugh Fleming was dismayed—tears usually do discompose a man—and deeply repented him of his rash avowal, but when he saw Nellie smile through her tears it gave him the courage to become practical, and passing his arm round her waist he did what was obviously his duty under the circumstances—kissed them away.

"It was very foolish of me I know, Hugh," said the girl at last, "I know you must go, but it seems bitter to part from you just now, and then no doubt there are scores of women in my place; still, remember what those terrible lists are to us. Ah, it was bad enough to read them after the Alma and Inkerman, but when you are out there, my own, the very rumours of fighting will make my heart turn sick."

"Nell, Nell, this will never do; remember, my darling, you are a soldier's sweetheart now."

"I know," she replied, smiling, "and I am not going to be foolish any longer. But Hugh, I've

hardly had time yet to get used to the position. You will let me come to Liverpool and see you off, won't you?"

"No, I think not; you see there is no time to announce our engagement now, and I can't bear to think of you in the turmoil there's sure to be, all by yourself."

"I don't care who knows of our engagement," exclaimed the girl proudly.

"No, Nell," replied Fleming, "but that's just where it is, they will see you down at the docks and won't know of it."

"Nor do I care about that, but I do care very much about seeing the last of you."

"I can't help it," replied Hugh, "you must be guided by me in this matter. No, Nell, my dear, we will say our good-byes here. There is one thing, you know, we can write to each other by every mail."

"Ah, yes, and mind you do so. I may keep you to myself the whole afternoon now, may I not?"

"Willingly," rejoined Fleming. "I am your prisoner for the rest of the day if you choose. I suppose I had better tell your father."

"That shall be as you think best. If you don't, I must; but Hugh, what will your own people say about it?"

"Well you see," he replied, "I've kept pretty straight and never given them any trouble since I joined, and further than saying that I ought to wait till I have got higher in my profession, what can they do except congratulate me? besides if, instead of the sweetest girl in England, I was about to introduce a Gorgon to the family they couldn't say anything to me just now; why the most peccant amongst us are voted white as snow nowadays; the most uncompromising fathers have granted plenary absolution."

"It will be a sore trouble to me if your people are very much opposed to our engagement," said the girl, thoughtfully.

"But you will stick to me, Nell, won't you," he asked, anxiously.

"Yes," she replied. "I'm yours for ever; let it be as long as it may before you come to claim me; but I own I am nervous about what your people will think of it."

Hugh now set himself earnestly to dispute any misgivings Miss Lynden might have upon that score. It is unnecessary to follow the conversation of the lovers further; suffice it to say that Hugh Fleming was absent from the temporary mess which the —th had established at the Queen's Hotel, nor did any of his brother officers set eyes on him that night.

The next day was their last in Manchester, and what time they could snatch from duty was filled

by saying once more those last "good-byes," which people always feel impelled to speak when leaving their native country. Hugh, therefore, saw little of his brother officers all that day, and embarked next day hugging his secret closely to his own breast.

But there was never a man in love who did not crave to impart his madness to somebody, and few amongst us have not some friend who, though to some extent the confidant of our hopes and aspirations, is still oftener a recipient of our follies and vexations. It was so with Hugh, and by the time they had "rolled through the gut of Gibraltar," Tom Byng was fully acquainted with the story of his subaltern's love.

"Well, you've done it now," he remarked; "and all I have got to do is to offer you my hearty congratulations. Please to forget all I ever said to you on the subject; what one says to a man before he does a thing is totally inapplicable after he has done it. If this wind lasts, we shall be at Malta in no time. I wonder where they will put us up."

"From what those fellows told us at Gib., they must be pretty full there."

"Full!" exclaimed Byng. "Packed like sardines in a box, I am told; and tents in the open will most likely be our lot. Never mind: it's all on the way to the Crimea, and as for tents! why, there's nothing like getting used to them while we have leisure."

Malta, indeed, was as full just then as it could hold. Its hotels were thronged with people curious to hear the latest rumours from the seat of war—women anxious about sons and husbands. Sick and wounded officers invalided down from the front told direful tales of the difficulties of getting up provisions to the plateau still grimly held by the Allies. Both sides seemed to have stopped for breath after the furious struggle of Inkerman, and it was now rather an open question as to which were besiegers and which were besieged—whether we were investing Sebastopol, or whether the Russians had not invested the entrenched camp of the Allies. At Malta, of course, supplies were plentiful, and it really seemed almost a mockery that men were living well on that sun-baked rock, while their brethren a little way off were near starving on the storm-swept plateau of the Chersonese. That half-dozen miles of almost trackless mire between Balaklava and the front quite explained why it was so.—*Dum vivimus vivamus*.—And Malta was never gayer than it was that winter. Even those most anxious to join their comrades already in front of Sebastopol were fain to confess that there was nothing doing up there at present. As far as the English were concerned, it was the same weary, monotonous trench work, only relieved by an occasional sortie. With our Allies it was different. Stronger handed than ourselves, the French persistently continued to sap up to the Bastion de Mât—a proceeding to which the enemy offered fierce and jealous opposition.

Still everyone knew that nothing of any consequence could be attempted till the spring. Whenever British regiments are gathered together, they are sure to develop three of our national particularities, they are certain to start cricket, racing, and theatricals. If it was the wrong time of year for cricket and racing, private theatricals were just the thing, and no less than two companies were organized, that winter. Hugh Fleming greatly distinguished himself in one of these, and his Crepin in "The Wonderful Woman," was pronounced to have soared quite above the range of the ordinary amateur. But though Hugh's face flushed with pleasure at seeing himself favourably noticed in print, yet there was mingled with it a half-contempt that he should be engaged in such frivolities. This was not what he came out to do. Such pinchbeck laurels were not the things he had promised himself to lay at Nell Lynden's feet. He had yet to learn that the more you can combine relaxation with the serious business of fighting, the better for everyone; take your men out of themselves, let their trade be what it will if you want to get the maximum of work out of them. And the successful representative of Acres will most likely be well to the front in a hand to hand mêlée not forty-eight hours afterwards.

Those were halcyon days for Hugh; nearly every mail brought him letters from Nellie, in which passionate love was mingled with all the chit-chat about those he knew in Manchester. "I hear constantly," she said in one of her letters, "from Frances Smerdon. What have you, or at all events, some of you done to her. She is so bitter against you all. I heard from her only the other day and she made me quite angry. 'As for the poor —th,' she said, 'we need not fret about them, there is always a cessation of hostilities when they appear upon the scene. Papa says that he thinks nothing more will take place, and that a peace will be patched up in the spring. No, we needn't be anxious about the —th; they are very nice fellows, but they are not a fighting regiment, my dear.'"

Now if this had angered Nellie Lynden, it had stung Hugh Fleming to the quick. It was a gibe about which all the men of the corps were very sensitive. They were as smart a regiment as there was in the service, and one of the seniors of the Army List, but there remained the bitter fact that they had hardly the name of a battle emblazoned on their colours. It was luck; while some regiments seemed always in the way when hard fighting was going on, others, from no fault of their own, seemed never to be on hand on such occasions; the same with individuals, and though having once gained distinction, a man can to some extent force himself forward, yet many a young soldier has panted for the opportunity never vouchsafed him. The objurgation that escaped from Hugh's lips as he read this was anything but complimentary to Miss Smerdon. Although they had made jests in Manchester, of the premature way in which they had been *fêted*, yet there had always been a tinge of soreness at the bottom of their hearts, arising from this very subject, and had anybody thought of connecting the two, and chaffing them about it, he would have aroused the wrath of the corps with a vengeance. Hugh pondered for a little as to what could have drawn forth Miss Smerdon's sarcasm. Her father had been very hospitable to the regiment during their stay at Newport, and she herself had been popular with all of them. What could have made her turn round and taunt her old friends in this fashion?

However, spring at last made its appearance and despite Mr. Smerdon's prophecy brought with it neither dove nor olive branch, but an order for Her Majesty's —th to proceed amongst the very first reinforcements, to the front. The sun shone brightly as they steamed out of Valetta harbour. And all signs of that dreary winter seemed to have vanished. As Tom Byng said, "By Jove, how those fellows before Sebastopol must revel in this! How they must kick up their heels after all they have gone through."

Across the bright dancing waters of the Mediterranean the good ship rapidly makes her way; up the sea of Marmora, through the Dardanelles, looking perfectly lovely in all the glory of the early spring; has a good passage up the usually stormy Euxine, and as they near Balaklava a dull, monotonous boom breaks upon their ears and informs them that the belligerents have woke from their winter torpor, and though as yet somewhat leisurely are recommencing hostilities.

"Ah, Miss Smerdon will have to take back her speech I fancy, before long," said Byng, as they threaded their way into the crowded and landlocked harbour, (Hugh had read him that extract from Nellie's letter.) "I wonder whether she'd feel it should she chance to see that we've been in a big fight, and that some of us had gone under in adding another blazon to the colour."

"Ah, she's been rather severe lately on our want of laurels."

"Yes, a girl who speak of us as she does is not likely to cry for us," said Byng, sulkily.

Hugh eyed his chum queerly for a moment, and then, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, rejoined:

"Don't think you quite understand women—there was a lady called Beatrice and a man called Benedick."

"Never—except in Shakespeare," said Byng.

Hugh Fleming shrugged his shoulders and walked away without reply.

CHAPTER VI.—THE TAKING OF THE QUARRIES.

"Hulloa, young un," exclaimed Tom Byng as he thrust his head into the door of Fleming's tent, "if it was some time before we got introduced to the trenches, I'll be bound to say the big wigs are doing their best to make us quite at home in them now."

"Why, you don't mean to say we go in there again to-night?"

"Indeed we do, my boy, and if you've got nothing ready to eat you'd better come and feed with me at once. I don't know yet what's in the wind, but the Brigade Major, who is an old pal of mine, told me we were likely to have a very lively night of it."

"All right, I'm your man, Tom; I shall be ready in two minutes, and then I'll come with you."

"Yes, it's sharp practice," said Tom Byng as they sat down to dinner. "I only came out of the trenches myself this morning, but all fair enough. These regiments that bore the brunt of the winter are reduced almost to shadows. I met a fellow the other day whose regiment is in the left attack; he told me that they hadn't two hundred men fit for duty; so of course the turn comes heavy upon strong regiments like ourselves. That's the sherry, help yourself and pass it on. By the way, did I tell you my adventure on the Woronzoff Road this morning?"

"No, what was that?" enquired Fleming.

"Well, I don't know whether you've ever been down there. The left attack fellows generally take care of it. However, for some inscrutable reason we were told off for it last night. The trench crossed the road, and we have an advanced picket of a subaltern and thirty men covered by a *cheval de frise*, some eighty yards or so in advance. I was afraid it was a bit my fault, but I was new to the post, and a trifle anxious. You see when you're told to withdraw at daybreak, it becomes rather a nice point.

"I was warned that the Russian rifle pits commanded my trench and would make themselves deuced unpleasant as soon as they could see. It was my anxiety not to quit my post too soon, I stayed a little too late. As I withdrew my advanced picket, two or three fellows had a snap at us, but no sooner did I fall in my men and leaving the main trench proceed to march them up the road than the rifle pits at the top here in front of the right attack, commenced squibbing. To retreat leisurely may be dignified, but it's not what I wasn't going to lose men if I could help it, so I gave the order to double. You know that tall Irishman, Mickey Flinn; he was doubling alongside me when he suddenly exclaimed, 'I'm shot, Captain Byng—I'm shot.'"

"Come along, my good fellow, come along," cried, as I turned round to look at him. He was doubling as steady as any man in the company and gave no sign of being wounded.

"I'm shot, sorr," he reiterated, and without slackening his gait.

"Where, my good fellow?" I inquired, as we still doubled side by side. "Where, my good fellow?—where? Come on!" I once more cried.

"Right through the body, sorr," he rejoined, without in the least relaxing his pace.

"Come on!" I cried; "come on!" And how the deuce a man shot through the body succeeded in keeping up the steady double like Flinn, astonished me greatly.

"Yes, sorr," he exclaimed continuously, "I'm shot; shot clean through."

"Well I continued my exhortation to keep it up in short, keep it up was the sum total of my advice and the responses to my litanies on Flinn's part were—'I'm shot, sorr!—I'm shot clean through!' As soon as we turned the bend in the road and were out of fire, I halted my party, that Flinn's wounds might be attended to. There was the bullet mark in front, and a hole where it had come out behind, and if ever you would have said a man had been shot through, it was Flinn.

"When we came to his tunic it was the same, but when we came to himself, there was nothing but a red mark running round his ribs. The bullet must have struck a button of his great coat in front."

glanced round his body, and come out at the back. The queerest casualty I've ever seen since I've been at work in the trenches. The best of the joke is that Flinn's extremely disgusted because I haven't returned him wounded. It's not a bit that he wants to shirk duty, but he wants to know what's the use of being shot through the body if yez don't get the credit of it."

"Fall in the covering party!" interrupted the hoarse voice of the sergeant from outside the tent.

"Time's up!" said Byng. "Here, Stephens," he cried to his servant, "quick, give me my revolver! It's a pity to be asked to an evening party and not to be able to take part in the fun. Now Hugh, come along!"

A few minutes more and they were wending their way to the brigade ground where the various trench guards formed up, and were formally handed over to the colonel destined to command them.

"Who commands the —th?" exclaimed the officer in question, as he got off his horse.

"I do, sir," replied Byng, touching his cap.

"You and your fellows are for the advance to-night, and are not likely to have a dull time of it, I promise you," said the Colonel, cheerily. "The Sappers report that those rifle pits in front of our attack are getting too troublesome to be borne with any longer; we must have them to night."

"You will find us all ready, sir," replied Byng, "as soon as you give the word to go."

The Colonel gave him a good-natured nod.

His own officers always said of Colonel Croker that you could be always sure when you were about to see sharp fighting. The Colonel's manner was so deuced pleasant.

There was a delay of some ten minutes or so before they moved off, waiting for the waning light to die as near away as might be; and then under the cover of the semi-darkness the several guards moved rapidly away to their allotted positions.

Having gained the advanced parapet, Byng collected his men, and spread them in lines along the most convenient part of the parapet.

"We'll just wait another half-hour," said the Colonel, "that all may be comfortably settled in both attacks, and then the sooner we have those pits the better. Your men know they'll be wanted in earnest in a few minutes?"

"Yes, sir."

"And not a shot, mind, till we've got them. We'll carry them with the bayonet. Now wait for the word."

It was a still night, and the stars twinkled brightly, although the moon was not yet up. Pulses throbbed and hearts beat quick as the little band awaited the signal, keen and anxious as greyhounds in the leash. The big guns boomed at short intervals, and there was the usual spattering rifle fire going on in the French trenches, on the extreme left. Byng and his followers stood with pricked ears, and almost breathless from excitement, waiting the word to go.

Suddenly through the night air rang out the long expected command, "—th, Forward, charge!"

In an instant, before the bugle could sound the repetition of the order, Byng and his brother officers had bounded over the parapet, followed by their men, and with a loud hurrah, dashed across the open, straight for the coveted pits. So sudden and so unexpected was their rush that the enemy had only time to discharge a few hurried shots at their assailants. A minute or two more and Byng, Fleming, and their followers had tumbled pell mell into the little group of rifle pits it was their object to obtain and were engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand conflict with their tenants. A confused hurly-burly, in which oaths, bayonet thrusts, the cracking of revolvers, and an occasional death shriek were strangely blended. It did not last long. The dash of numbers, and perhaps a slight superiority of numbers, speedily told on the side of the English, and the discomfited enemy was soon seen flying back.

"Well," said Byng, complacently, as he and Fleming met at the conclusion of their little victory, "that was a very pretty scrimmage while it lasted. Well done, my lads, but don't think you won't be served with notice to quit before the night's out. This'll be a comfort to Flinn next time he is called to take a turn on the Worrzonoff. I hope he's not

managed to get shot through again this time."

"I'm none the worse, sorr, thank you," growled a voice from the background, "which is more than I can say for one or two of them as got in my way, but it'll take a bit more than this before the Worrzonoff's pleasant for sthrolling."

"Now, Jackson, what about the casualties? Our losses are only slight, are they?" said Byng, as the Colour-Sergeant from the left hand company came up to make his report.

"Not very heavy, sir, as far as I can see," replied the Sergeant, "but we've lost Captain Grogan."

"Grogan! Good —! Killed?" said Hugh.

"Yes, sir," replied the Sergeant. "A shell burst just as we cleared the parapet, and a bit of it struck the Captain and killed him before he had led us a dozen yards."

"Poor fellow," muttered Byng, "that leaves you senior subaltern now, Fleming. Go and take command of the other company. We're expected to hold this position till morning, remember, and by — I mean to do it."

Hugh moved off in obedience to orders, and at this juncture Colonel Croker made his appearance.

"Well done —th," he exclaimed, cheerily. "Now Captain Byng, you've got in and you must keep in. I've got heavy reinforcements drawn up in the fourth parallel, and shall lead them on as soon as you're attacked. Attacked you're sure to be in an hour or two, only they haven't got the range as yet."

And the Colonel glanced significantly at the shells flying over their heads and bursting in all directions.

"The Sappers are coming up directly to reverse the parapet and connect the pits, and the noise of their parties will still more madden the Russe."

The Colonel walked quietly back to the fourth parallel, and for the next half-hour the shot and shell flew furiously over their heads, though like the buzzing of an irritated wasp's nest, it did but little harm. On the contrary, it served to mask the noise of the now actively engaged working party.

Then came a lull, an ominous lull, it occurred to Hugh Fleming, as he strained his eyes through the dim starlight, seeking for any sign of the approaching enemy. He had not very long to wait. Soon he could discern a dark mass creeping along the edge of the ravine, whose object evidently was to get round his left flank before attacking it. Similarly, although Fleming was not aware of it, did Byng discover a small column of the enemy attempting to steal round his right flank. Byng had very little doubt that Hugh was equally menaced on the left. Directing his men to use their rifles, as he expected, he was immediately answered from the left. Finding themselves discovered, the Russians raised their battle slogan, only to be answered by the defiant hurrahs of the English. Then ensued some twenty minutes of as stubborn fighting as it is possible to witness. True to his promise the Colonel had been prompt with his reinforcements, or else the —th must have been swept out of the position they had won. Twice were the Russians hurled back, from their desperate assault, but their gallant leader succeeded in rallying them for even a third attempt. But the steel had been taken out of them, and they came on in a very half-hearted way to what they had done on the two previous occasions. Though victorious, the —th had been pretty roughly handled, in this last struggle, and not only were many of them stretched lifeless in the trench, but the stretchers had a time in conveying the wounded to the rear. Among them were two of Hugh's brother subalterns, one of whom was carried off with a smashed arm, and the other a bullet through his thigh, which, when attended to, proved to disqualify him for military service for ever. The Colonel reinforced Byng's party to the extent the position would hold. Once more he impressed upon him that he must hold the position *côte que côte*, and that he might thoroughly depend upon reinforcements led by himself, to come to his assistance the minute he was seen to be attacked.

"Till the moon rises," said the chief, "you'll have a ticklish time of it, but as soon as it's light enough, the batteries will make it rather hot for the Russians, should they venture to cross that open ground." There was little need to tell the trench sentries to keep watch that night. Little more than an hour elapsed before the enemy once

more sallied forth from their lines, and made another most determined attack. If the conflict was not so long as the previous one, it was quite as obstinate, and in the course of it, Colonel Croker, while personally leading the reinforcements, fell literally riddled with bullets, while another subaltern of the hard beset —th, was carried away very badly wounded. Twice more at short intervals did the Russians again return to the attack, and in the last of these a bullet stretched Tom Byng, to all appearance, lifeless on the ground, and the struggle ended; one of the few remaining sergeants reported to Hugh Fleming that two-thirds of the men were down, and that he, Mr. Fleming, was the sole officer left of the half-dozen of the regiment that had marched down from camp.

Black with powder, with clothes torn to ribbons, and eyes bloodshot with the thirst to slay, they were a fierce and savage looking band, upon whom the moon now looked down. It was not likely, Fleming thought now, that any further attack would be made upon them, but for all that he knew he had to keep vigilant watch until relieved. He was in sole charge of the shattered remnant of the —th. Poor Tom Byng; he never thought of his falling. And then he thought savagely of Miss Smerdon's sarcastic speech.

"The bill," he muttered angrily, "the bill ought to satisfy her. Five down out of six is pretty stiff. And we have not quite done with it yet. They will never be able to say that the —th is not a fighting regiment after this. They must put some account of such a scrimmage as this in the papers."

And here suddenly through the trench ran a whisper of, "here they come again."

In his anxiety to ascertain what was doing, Hugh Fleming sprang upon the slight parapet, an act which was immediately greeted by a report of two or three rifles, the bullets of which sang past unpleasantly close to his ears. He jumped back again into the trench, but not before he had convinced himself that so far the alarm was baseless. Some few Russian sharpshooters had crept along the edge of the ravine with a view of harassing the occupants of their late position, but there were apparently no supports behind them.

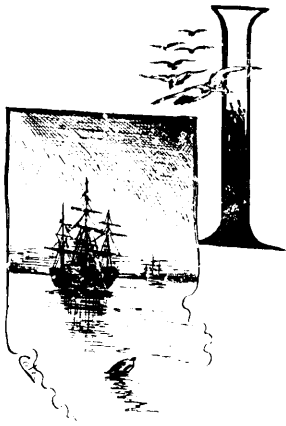
The moon died gradually away before the first streaks of dawn, and no sooner was the light sufficient than the batteries on both sides engaged in a savage snarl over the disputed bone of last night. The Russians knew well that every hour their lost position remained in the hands of their assailants so much the more difficult would it be to recover. It was clear it could only be retaken by daylight at a great sacrifice. They must wait for the next night, and in the meantime, as Mr. Finn said, "They were showing a deal of nasty temper."

It was weary work after the prolonged excitement of the night, waiting through the early morning hours for the reliefs to come down; but they came at last, and sadly Hugh Fleming commenced to lead his worn and shattered band back to camp. It was impossible to regain the right attack without exposing the party to a certain amount of fire from the enemy's guns, and the Russians were not the men to overlook their opportunity. However, Fleming was fortunate enough to accomplish this without further casualties and finally reached camp, where he found the remainder of the regiment anxiously awaiting their coming, and full of pride at the way they had taken and held the Quarries.

On the right, our gallant Allies had undergone similar experiences, but the splendid rush with which they had taken the Mamelon just before sunset, recalling the dash of a pack of hounds into cover, had not been sustained. Carried away by their impetuosity the victorious French chased their beaten foes to the very glacis of the Malakoff, but here they encountered the Russian reserves and were in their turn not only hunted back to the Mamelon, but through it, and so lost the work they had so gallantly won. General Bosquet, who was in charge of the attack, was, however, not quite the man to put up with such a failure as this. He hurled two brigades at once against the recaptured Mamelon, and after a brief but sanguinary struggle the French regained possession of the Lunette, though, take it all in all, at a fearful sacrifice of life.

(To be continued.)

SPORTS AND PASTIMES



I think it was Pope who told us originally that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," but it seems to me that a little carelessness is just about as dangerous under certain conditions; and this little carelessness accumulates danger when it is the direct result of over confidence. This has been thoroughly exemplified during the past season's work on the lacrosse field, and most important matches dating from the first one have borne out the truth of

this statement. When the Cornwalls first met the under-rated Capitals they simply smiled silently and inwardly, and murmured something that sounded like "cinch." They did not practise to any great extent, they did not have time, and it would only be a waste of good energy to work hard in preparation to meet any such aggregation as the Capital club were likely to run up against them; but when they went on the field and had the hardest tussle of the season, then they realized their mistake. They won, it is true, but it was by their dental dermal covering. They knew enough to take the lesson, however, and they profited by it, the result being that in their next match their team was in condition and won hands down, and that has been the gait kept up ever since. With some of the other clubs they did not get their lesson sufficiently early. Then the Torontos got careless, but not from over confidence; theirs was from sheer lack of confidence, and they came to Montreal, an already beaten team, and returned a thoroughly whitewashed and down-hearted team, which had disappointed alike their friends and the public, which had turned out in encouraging numbers to see the men in blue play. But the Toronto men, even after the most decided defeat they ever sustained in their lives, took heart of courage and resolved to mend things. They did mend things, and to a surprising extent, too; more particularly surprising to the men who journeyed up to the Queen City with the flush of previous victories fresh upon them, and a deceptive confidence filling their breasts that they could do as they pleased with the club they had so recently beaten. Alas, for human hopes! The men of red and grey ran up against a very large-sized snag, which not only inconvenienced them, but which absolutely wrecked the frail bark of their ambition—a straight string of victories. They had been a little careless during the week as regards practice, notwithstanding the repeated warnings of their captain that Toronto was going to have on a team of old-timers that would make them hustle. But this was taken as a good-natured bluff on behalf of the tall gentleman who directs the movements of the players. In other games the man caught bluffing is generally supposed to lose the pot. There was no exception to the rule in this case, and the players, who thought the captain was drawing to a bob-tail, lost the pot when the Torontonians showed their hand. They had on the old standbys; they had not been drawing to a four flush and missing it, for they held up a four that appeared about as good as any ordinary well constructed deck can contain, and they played havoc with the aspirations of their old rivals.

It was a grand game, too, that these lacrosse teams played. The other four, who had attempted to make Ishmaelites out of them, could stand aghast at the beating they would get at either of their hands if such a game were played. But the lesson, it is to be hoped, will not be lost, for there are two more games to be played,—one in Toronto and one in Montreal. Should the Torontos win both, there would be a tie, but that is not likely. The Montreal team all round is a stronger one than the Torontos, and they will be more careful next time. It is dollars to dough-nuts that the handsome trophy, emblematic of what should really be the championship of Canada, as far as playing merits are concerned, will eventually find its place among the many others that have a constant abiding place in the trophy press of the M.A.A.A. rooms. The play in the match under discussion was as good

as anybody could wish to see. It has been fully described in the daily papers of both cities, and the general conclusion is that Toronto won not so much by brilliant play as by real honest hard work that would have laid up anybody but sturdy athletes in the pink of condition. To use the words of the *Empire*, perhaps the best lacrosse authority in the country, the Montrealers seemed stale; "their usual dash and vim were entirely wanting; there was some good quick playing in spurts, but it was only in spurts, while the Torontos were fast and persistent." Doesn't that look like lack of practice and over-confidence? Somewhat. The result was a three-to-two match in favour of Toronto, as will be seen by the appended summary. There is a lesson in this which will probably be appreciated by both clubs. Following were the teams:

Montreal.		Position.	Toronto.	
E. Shepherd.	Goal.		S. Martin	
J. Louson.	Point.		C. G. Carmichael	
J. Patterson.	Cover Point.		J. S. Garvin	
A. Cameron.			R. Cheyne	
J. Bary.	Defence Field.		Joe Irving	
J. Michaud.			Paul Carmichael	
W. Spriggings.			John Garvin	
T. Carling.	Centre.		C. Langley	
H. E. McNaughton.			W. Gale	
W. Hodgson.	Home Field.		H. E. Sewell	
A. Hodgson.	Outside Home.		Percy Scholfield	
W. Geraghty.	Inside Home.		Geo. Keith	
W. Brophy.	Captain.		George Irving	

Games.	Winners.	Won by	Time.
First.	Montreal.	Geraghty.	4 mins.
Second.	Toronto.	Scholfield.	13 mins.
Third.	Toronto.	Gale.	16 mins.
Fourth.	Toronto.	Scholfield.	43 mins.
Fifth.	Montreal.	McNaughton.	7 mins.

The Crescents seem to be another example of exaggerated cranium. After they had once got it into their heads that they owned the earth, it was pretty hard work to get the idea out again, and when the hour of defeat came they could not stand it and practically went to pieces. Verily, it is a season of downfalls for the great ones.

The sad ending of the Capital-Ottawa match forbids anything to be said except to extend condolence to the plucky and popular captain of the Capitals.

Regarding the apparent anxiety of the Cornwalls to meet the Montrealers, there seems in my mind only one way of looking at the matter. If they were so anxious to meet the M.A.A.A. men as they now profess to be, why did they not think of it at the proper time instead of forcing out the club they are now trying to cuddle. Championship and superiority are very high sounding words, but a great many people seem to understand them now as synonyms for divided gate receipts. Whether the Montreal club will be caught by the mess of pottage in the shape of half a big gate remains to be seen. Such an action would certainly not elevate the club in the eyes of the public.

The Montreal Bicycle club are to be congratulated on the result of their annual meeting, which was a success in every respect. Only one fault was to be found, but as that seems universal on bicycle tracks, Montreal can hardly be blamed. It is almost impossible to prevent loafing in a distance race, the only way apparent being to have some sort of a duplicate prize for most laps in a race. The events were pretty well distributed. New York, Woodstock, Toronto and Montreal getting each a fair share of the prizes. It was expected that Zimmerman would be on hand, but he disappointed a large number who had come specially to see the famous New York flyer. Berlo, however, kept up the reputation of the cherry diamond. Following are the officials and a summary of the events:—

Referee—J. A. Taylor, president M.A.A.A.
 Judges—S. M. Baylis, J. F. Scriver, T. Arthur Beament, Ottawa; Major Freeman.
 Timekeepers—T. L. Paton, A. F. Webster, Toronto; W. G. Ross.
 Electrical timekeepers—D. D. McTaggart, D. J. Watson.
 Starter—Norman Fletcher.
 Clerks of the course—W. G. Robertson, Gus. Harries, F. W. Johnston, F. D. Scott.
 Scorers—L. Rubenstein, E. W. Barlow.
 Umpires—H. McKenzie, R. F. Smith.

BICYCLE EVENTS.

One mile novice—	
C. W. Lennox, Toronto B.C.	1
G. J. Daverell, Montreal B.C.	2
E. Stevens, Montreal B.C.	0
Jas. Milne, Toronto B.C.	did not finish
Time—3 mins. 10-15 secs.	

One mile novice safety.
 J. W. Tatley, Montreal B.C.
 F. B. Robbins, Toronto B.C.
 W. J. Smith, Montreal B.C.
 Time, 3 min., 4-5 sec.

Half-mile open ordinary.
 W. M. Carman, Woodstock A.A.A.
 G. S. Lowe, Montreal B.C.
 Time, 1 min., 21-5 secs.

One mile, three minute class, ordinary.
 D. S. Louson, Montreal B.C.
 Jas. Milne, Toronto B.C.
 Geo. Daverell, Montreal B.C.
 Time, 3 min., 15 sec.

One mile safety.
 P. J. Berlo, Manhattan A.C.
 A. W. Palmer, Hamilton B.C.
 E. P. Smith, Toronto B.C.
 W. Hyslop, Toronto B.C.
 Time, 2 min., 42-5 secs.

One mile open ordinary.
 W. M. Carman, Woodstock A.A.A.
 G. S. Lowe, Montreal B.C.
 Time, 2 min., 46-5 secs.

Three mile open safety.
 P. J. Berlo, Manhattan A.C.
 A. W. Palmer, Hamilton B.C.
 W. Hyslop, Toronto B.C.
 Time, 9 min., 42-5 secs.

Three mile open ordinary.
 G. S. Lowe, Montreal B.C.
 W. M. Carman, Woodstock A.A.A.
 Time, 9 min., 9-5 secs.

Two mile handicap safety.

	Handicap.
E. P. Smith, Toronto B.C.	35s.
P. J. Berlo, Manhattan A.C.	Scratch.
A. W. Palmer, Hamilton B.C.	10s.
Time, 5 min., 39 sec.	

Five mile handicap.

	Handicap.
D. S. Louson, Montreal B.C.	1m. 30s.
W. G. McClelland, Toronto B.C.	1m. 15s.
W. H. Mussen, Montreal B.C.	1m.
Zimmerman	Scratch.
Time, 16 min., 12-5 sec.	

* Not competing.

RUNNING EVENTS.

Hundred yards race in heats.—Final heat.

	Handicap.
A. L. Leithead, M.A.A.A.	18 feet.
C. A. Lockerby, M.A.A.A.	21 "
E. H. Courtemanche, M.A.A.A.	24 "
Carr	Scratch.
Time, 10-15 sec.	

Half mile race.

	Handicap.
Geo. Paris, M.J.L.C.	Scratch.
W. O. H. Dodds, M.A.A.A.	10 yds.
Time, 2 min., 3 secs.	

Quarter mile run.

	Handicap.
S. G. Waldron, M.A.A.A.	Scratch.
E. H. Courtemanche, M.A.A.A.	20 yds.
J. R. Struthers, Jr. Shamrocks.	20 yds.
Time, 51-3-5 secs.	

One mile run.

E. Mignault, Belœil.	
E. McMahon, Jr. Shamrocks.	
W. Gentleman, Shamrock L.C.	
Time, 4 min., 36-3-5 sec.	

The annual regatta of the Grand Trunk Boating Club was a marked success in almost every respect. There was only one drawback, and that was the noticeable absence of representatives of other clubs. The events were so arranged that every club on the lake side could have entered for something, but they chose to stay away. The only outside club represented was St. Lambert. This apparent lack of interest does not look sportsmanlike, and gives rise to just a much gossip as the barring out of a faster boat than its fellows. This is more particularly noticeable when the really good work done by the Grand Trunk men is taken into consideration. They are decidedly the best equipped club in this province, and they have done it all by their own ceasing endeavours. A walk through their boat house would do some of the people good who disdain to compete with them. Following are the winners in each event—

Yacht race, open.
 W. Charles' Swan.
 Jas. Cavanagh's Belle C.
 Open sailing boat race.
 W. Bromhall.
 Geo. Jones.
 Canoe sailing race, open and decked.
 A. Daverell.
 D. W. Davis.
 Single scull shell (club), two miles.
 W. Laing.
 A. Green.

Our Biographical Column.

[Many Canadian papers furnish their readers every week with portraits and biographical sketches of more or less distinguished citizens of the United States. Not to be behind in so patriotic a particular, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has acquired the exclusive right to publish a series which, it is hoped, will be found both interesting and instructive.]



The Hon. Kickshaw Crump.

It has often been remarked that genius sometimes seeks strange mediums of expression. If any one had prophesied during the period of the childhood of Kickshaw Crump that he would one day astonish the world, that person would have been laughed to scorn, for young Crump had neither the prospects nor did he give any evidence of the capacity that has won him fame in later life. He was born in the quiet village of Kamarapoochee, Florida, some fifty years ago. When a boy he had the misfortune to fall, and falling stepped on his leg and broke it. The limb was awkwardly

set and left him with a short leg and a decided limp. The other boys called him "Hop and go fetch it," in derision, and would then run away. Kickshaw was not a foolish boy and did not tire himself out running after them. He practised throwing stones at a target until he could hit the button on the tail of a boy's jacket at twenty yards. Then he went out and played with the boys. They jeered at him and danced around him like young Seminoles among the everglades, and called him "Hop and go fetch it." Kickshaw's hands went into Kickshaw's pockets and a terrific fusillade began. No stone went wide of its mark. Those bad boys with one accord bit the dust with their toe nails and dug out for home. From that day he was never called "Hop and go fetch it," except from the farther side of a tight board fence. Having got an artificial boot, which gave him an even start, young Crump entered the race for fame and fortune. Kamarapoochee was then a comparatively unknown village in the suburbs of an alligator swamp. It is now a town of large proportions, thanks to the foresight and energy of Kickshaw Crump. He conceived the notion that if the people should set out systematically and persistently to lie about the soil and climate of the locality they would draw a crowd. He started a newspaper and a real estate office and a whopper factory. As a result people came in crowds from the north. Once there they couldn't very well get away. Being there they had to make a living and lie to their friends in the North about the state of their fortunes. So the town developed and became famous. Hon. Kickshaw Crump was its first mayor and is now chairman of the treasury board. His reputation as a financier won him this position. Last year he was presented with a beautiful little gold alligator with diamond eyes, as a token of esteem, by his fellow-citizens. He is now being boomed by his friends for a seat in Congress, and his many Canadian admirers will watch his political career with the deepest interest. The Hon. Kickshaw Crump is a strong advocate of temperance, and never puts the bottle to his neighbour's lips without first making himself sure as to the quality of its contents. He has presented Kamarapoochee with ground for a large cemetery, and the rapidity with which lots are being taken up there is an ample indication of the growth of that part of the city.



AIR - THE LOST CHORD

SEATED ONE DAY ON THE ORGAN.

I WAS WEARY AND ILL AT EASE

Double scull, boys under 17, one mile.	1
L. H. Thompson and J. Smith	2
A. Nichol and J. Boaz	1
Tandem canoe, open, one mile.	2
J. Morris and A. Irving	1
W. H. Masson and R. J. Kell	2
Double scull pleasure boats, one mile.	1
A. Green and G. W. Davis	2
R. Laing and W. Laing	1
Four-oared race (club), working boats.	2
A. Green, R. J. Kell, D. W. Davis	1
A. Daverell, T. Anthony, J. Turnbull and F. Cree	2
Ladies' and gentlemen's (open) half mile.	1
W. Laing and Mrs. Fradd	2
George Wilson and Mrs. Wilson	1
Single scull skiff (open) one mile.	2
J. Beatty	1
W. H. Fisher	2
War canoe, 15 paddles.	1
Wanderer's crew	2
Minne-wa-wa	1
Blindfold canoe race, single paddle, 100 yards.	2
J. Morris	1
W. Holland	2
Swimming race, open handicap, 250 yards.	1
Handicap	2
Rae	35 secs
Laverty	25 "
Benedict	Scratch
The officials were:—	
Judges—Ald. D. Tansey, Wm. S. Rollo, Wm. Aird, H. Hadley.	
Starter—H. Patterson.	
Time-keeper—D. Robertson.	
Judges at buoys—M. O'Brien, F. W. McConnell.	

Canadian canoeists will look with the utmost interest to the international challenge race which will take place on Monday at Bensonhurst, Long Island. Mr. Ford Jones, of the Brockville Boating club, who won the sailing race trophy for the third time at Willsborough Point, has international ambition, and sometime ago challenged the New York Canoe Club to defend the trophy. At the time of writing the latter club had not named their champion, as that proud honour will devolve on the one making the best showing at a series of trial races to be held at Stapleton, Staten Island, on Saturday, Sept. 5. During the last three years the defenders of the cup have been Messrs. C. Bowyer Vaux and W. Whittock, of the New York Canoe Club; Mr. Reginald S. Blake, Brooklyn Canoe Club; Mr. H. Lansing Quick, Yonkers Canoe Club. Perhaps the wish is father to the thought; but nobody need be surprised if Mr. Ford Jones will have to defend the cup next year.

Canadian horse owners will have a few opportunities to earn keep for their cattle during the next couple of weeks. With an opening at Quebec that will last three days,—Sept. 3, 4 and 5, to be followed by a two day meeting at Bel-Air on the 10th and 12th, and winding up with the Ontario Jockey club meet, there ought to be something fall to the lot of pretty nearly everybody. By the way, after the successful spring meeting of the O. J. C. it looks somewhat shabby to hold only a one-day meeting, for it will be hardly worth while owners sending their horses any distance.

The great Futurity stake brought out some legal developments that will put a lot of people thinking. Mr. Corrigan, the owner of Huron, thought he had a right to start the colt in the race, but the Coney Island Jockey club thought differently. The Western man refused to abide by the decision of the executive committee, and, in a somewhat unsportsmanlike way, took the matter to the courts, where he secured a mandatory injunction, but still the club refused to recognize him, and would not even permit Huron to be put on the betting boards. He finished second in the race, but his jockey carried no number and he was not given the place. Mr. Corrigan is a fighter, but he will discover that he has barked up the wrong tree this time, and his disqualification will cost him a good deal more than the \$5,000 he would have won had the Coney Island Jockey Club given him what he wanted.

Cub-hunting is in full blast at the Kennels just now, and many members of the Montreal Hunt are enjoying early morning runs.

The next six day struggle to weary the competitors and the public will take place in Madison Square. This time they will be on bicycles, however, and probably the bikes will look just a shade better than the delapidated specimens who stay to the finish in a walking match.

R. O. X.



The Sagamore



IS visit to Toronto had certainly not improved the sagamore's appearance. His head was bandaged, his arm in a sling and a third bandage encased one of his feet.

"Your train," said the reporter, "must have gone through a terrible collision or something. Were you riding on the cowcatcher?"

"Train went all right," replied the Milicete.

"What happened, then? You are properly done up, old man. House fall down?"

"No," replied the sagamore.

"Perhaps," suggested the reporter, "you got

out at Montreal to have a look through Mayor McShane's model temperance city, and see for yourself how much better a license system is than prohibition."

"No," said Mr. Paul—"if I tried that I git killed."

"Well, you nearly got killed, anyhow. Did you stop off at Quebec and mention boodle to anybody? If you did, I can understand how quickly you would be thumped. They can stand anything but the mention of boodle, just now."

"No," said Mr. Paul, "I didn't."

"Did you go into a tug of war against a team of Montreal policemen?"

"No."

"Then I give it up. How did you get that head and that arm and leg?"

"Got 'um in Toronto," answered the sagamore.

"A Saturday night bang, of course," said the reporter.

"How many times have I told you—"

"Didn't happen Saturday night," interrupted the sagamore. "Happened Sunday."

"In Toronto?"

"Ah-hah."

"But Toronto is the best behaved city in America on the Sabbath," objected the reporter. "It has that reputation. You know it has."

"Can't help that," said Mr. Paul. "You kin see what I got there."

"But you told me you were going to Toronto to settle that little difference of opinion between the aldermen and the park preachers as to the best means of elevating the masses."

"So I did—and I come back agin." The last observation in a very sorrowful tone, as the speaker solemnly surveyed himself.

"Tell me all about it," said the reporter.

"I went out in that park, Sunday," began the sagamore, "to see what I kin see. Good many people there. Bimeby one man he gits up on a bench and asked me if I'm saved. I said I felt pooty good. He said I better git saved right away. Then a p'liceman he come up and that other man got down. Crowd jammed in tight all round me—some-thin' sharp stick into my back."

"That," said the reporter, "was the sting of conscience. The park preachers had a good case in you if the policeman hadn't come up just then. Well?"

"Then," said the sagamore, "bimeby crowd thinned out a little, and that p'liceman and that other man went off to play hide and go seek on the other side of the park. Then 'nother man he got up on that bench and told us this world's been cursed with superstition long enough—he's gonto let in some light on this fool talk in them churches. Jist then I got hit with big stone on my head—almost knocked me down."

"That," said the reporter "was a shaft of reason. It must have mistaken you for a superstition or something. Did it tumble all your preconceived ideas and opinions into chaos?"

"Made me pooty near crazy," answered Mr. Paul.

"I thought so," said the reporter. "It always does, in a crowd like that. Well?"



"Then," said Mr. Paul, "'nother p'liceman come 'long and him and that man went off to play hide and go seek. Pooty soon 'nother man got up on a bench and hollered out he wants to see people git their rights in Toronto. I got my arm broke then."

"You must have been struck by the breath of Liberty," said the reporter. "When it blows on a crowd like that it always does blow hard on sagamores and other survivals of tyranny and one man rule. Broke your arm, did it?"

"Ah-hah."

"Well," said the reporter, "that proves conclusively that Britons never will be slaves, anyhow. What happened next?"

"'Nother p'liceman he come up and that man got down off that bench and they started off to play tag. Bimeby 'nother man he climbed on the bench and said the Pope he was Antichrist. 'Nother man he hollered out Orangemen was thieves. Then I got knocked down and was tramped on for a good long while."

"You must have got a lick with the flat side of the sword of truth," said the reporter. "It's always dancing around at a time like that. Did they tie you?"

"No," said Mr. Paul.

"Strange," said the reporter. "There are always a lot of bonds of love and brotherhood lying around at a time like that, and people often get bound by them."

"I had to git tied up afterwards," said Mr. Paul, "but it was done with stickin' plaster."

"And did anything else occur?" queried the reporter.

"I come away," said the sagamore, "jist when 'nother man got up on bench and hollered out 'Let us pray.' I got hit with more stones right away."

"More stings of conscience," said the reporter. "The air is full of them at a time like that and in a crowd like that."

"I got away quick's ever I could," said Mr. Paul, "and come home."

"Didn't you see the aldermen?"

"Them aldermen," said Mr. Paul, "ain't gonto git no chance at me. I seen Mr. McDonald. He's first man met me when I got in town. He told me 'bout them aldermen. They're bad men. Far's I kin find out they got forty-one thousand six hundred million dollars and forty-one cents in boodle this summer. S'pose I go near them? Mr. McDonald he didn't say so, but from what I kin hear they suck eggs and when they go on their holidays farmers finds their sheep gittin' scarce. Mr. McDonald he says they pull wool over people's eyes, anyway."

"It seems to me," said the reporter, "that you must have left Toronto very much as you found it. I thought you intended to fix things up and restore harmony in the park on Sundays."

"If they ask me to do that," said the sagamore, "I go agin. I been there—I know what to do."

"What would you do?"

The sagamore took down his tomahawk and scalping knife.

"I go up there," he said, "camp in that park. Any man comes 'long and opens his mouth on Sunday 'bout religion, politics, free speech or anything else—I scalp him right away."

"And if you die in this noble work," said the reporter, "you shall have a monument 500 feet high."

The Wrong Nose.

He went into a chemist's and asked for something to ease a headache.

The druggist held a bottle of hartshorn to his nose, and he was nearly overpowered by its pungency.

As soon as he recovered he began to rail at the druggist and threatened to punch his head.

"But didn't it help your headache?" asked the man of pills.

"Help my headache!" gasped the man. "I haven't any headache. It's my wife that's got the headache!"

Seized for Rent.

A gentleman in the West Indies was agreeably surprised the other day to find a plump turkey served up for dinner, and enquired of his black servant how it was obtained.

"Why, sir," replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roasting on our fence tree nights, so dis morning I seize him for the rent ob the fence."

Stray Notes.

SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN, IF POSSIBLE.—Sym pathetic Lady Guest; "Don't be unhappy about the rain, dear Mrs. Bounderson; it will soon be over, and your garden will be lovelier than ever." Little Mrs. Bounderson (who is giving her first garden party): "Yes; but I am afraid it will keep my most desirable guests from coming."—Punch.

"THESE firemen must be a frivolous set," said Miss Spillikins, who was reading a paper.

"Why so?"

"I read in the paper that after the fire was under control the firemen played all night on the ruins. Why didn't they go home and go to bed like sensible men, instead of romping about like children?"