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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. II.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 15th SEPTEMBER, 1888.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.
10 CENTS PER COPY.



SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, K. C. M. G., LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO.

From a photograph by Topley

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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15th SEPTEMBER, 1888.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is published simultaneously in MONTREAL and in TORONTO. Messrs. ALEX. S. MACRAE & SON are in charge of the Toronto office, 127 Wellington street west where they will continue to receive subscriptions and advertisements, and attend to our interests in Western Ontario.

At the moment of going to press we are informed by wire of the unexpected demise of the senior member of the firm of Alex. S. Macrae & Son, our western agents. In him we lose a valued and faithful friend; THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, an energetic and zealous apostle; Toronto society, an urbane and popular member; the artistic world, a *connaissanceur* of extended and critical knowledge. Details are not to hand for a more extended notice. We hope to make arrangements by which Mr. G. E. Macrae will continue to represent us in Toronto.

Now that our artists have had their holidays, and that most of the R. C. A.'s have returned to their studios with portfolios full of interesting sketches, we hope to receive from them many drawings in fulfillment of the generous promises made us at the inception of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. So far, the contributions from this source have been few; but the public knows that summer is the harvest time of the artist, when he gathers materials for his winter's work. Now, our readers will be looking for some of the results. Let us hear from you, good friends.

From artists and photographers, professional and amateur, in every part of Canada we ask coöperation. Send us photographs and sketches of general and local interest. In these days of instantaneous photography, when KODAKS and other cameras are in everybody's hands, and pictures of every kind are so easily obtained, we should have views of every occurrence of any note; prints of camp scenes, sporting by lake and stream, in forest and moor; rural life, farm work, lumbering and other things too numerous to mention, pouring in on us from every quarter, so that we would have the *embarras du choix*. And then, the amateur would have the satisfaction of having his work reproduced facsimile, and of imparting some knowledge and pleasure to thousands of readers in every province of the Dominion, and even in the United States and England. Our reproductions of the Toronto Aquatic Sports in this number, show what graphic and interesting illustrations can be produced by means of the camera.

Correspondents sending manuscripts which they wish returned, if not accepted, are requested to enclose stamps for return postage.



A traveller in the land of the Hellenes says that the Greek tongue has never died out, some few learned men having always written and spoken the classical language. There is truth in this. The Athens newspapers show that Modern Greek is little different from the Ancient, and that, with an intelligent concert, it would be easy to restore it almost altogether. Every classic student knows that Greek is a much easier language than Latin, and there is no reason why the scholar should not be as well acquainted with the one as with the other.

It is intellectually useful, as well as amusing, to keep track of Americanisms, as they turn up, especially blended with known names. Here is the latest instance. In an electoral address, last week, Colonel Robert Ingersoll came out in favour of Free Tobacco and Free Whiskey. He repeated, what he had often said before, that if the Mississippi River ran rum between banks of loaf sugar, over a mint bottom, and tumblers grew on bushes, there would be no more drunkenness than there is now. The Republican managers are appalled at this overflowing rhetorical figure.

The following, as a sample of Texan eloquence, is more harmless, but every bit as full of imagery. An enthusiastic Democrat makes this forecast about Judge Thurman, in the present political race: "The old Roman is a man from way where the creek forks the last time. He will snap onto the canvass like a dog onto a rabbit skin, and he'll fight 'em like a wildcat in a tin oven. When Thurman gets up and cracks his heels together, and goes at it red-eyed, they'll find that he's a humper from Humper's Junction, and that he'll sweep the country from Maine to sundown. In my opinion, he has the elements of success in him bigger than a woodchuck."

The Halifax *Echo* has a communication from a writer who questioned the shop girls of that city, on the matter of their toil and of their wages, and who got for answer that they were all well pleased, being fairly paid and not overworked. These two advantages are worthy of being weighed, as they should be made the test of the well-being of young women whose lot it is to earn their livelihood by toil outside of their homes. Pay the girls fully and crowd not their hours of work. The Halifax young ladies added, what is true of their kind in St. John, Montreal, Toronto and other large towns, that, although they might get higher wages in Boston, they could not live as well, owing to dearer board and clothing.

The value of fruit and vegetables as food and stomachics is not so generally understood as it should be. A contemporary instances the lemon for biliousness and the relief of the liver. Half an hour before breakfast, squeeze the juice of a lemon into a glass, add a teaspoonful of sugar, fill with water, and drink off the whole. Do the same at night before withdrawing, and continue the experience, twice a day, during three months, and you will infallibly feel the good result. Doctors prescribe acids for the liver; fruit juice is more harmless than the acids of chemistry. And then lemons are cheap, and you know what you are taking.

An interesting discovery of remains of men and coffins was made, some days ago, about 100 yards north of the monument that marks the old French Fort Rouille, the first landmark of the present Toronto. There were several fragments of skulls and one brain cap almost complete, and with what was evidently a bullet hole in the back of it. The remains are those of seven men, six of whom had been buried like Christians. The seventh had been laid down in fragments, if one might judge from the scattered portions of his bones. There were several fragments of wood and some old-fashioned, large-headed wrought iron nails. The remains were submitted to Dr. Scadding, the venerable historian of Toronto.

There is a new Mormon settlement, in the Canadian Northwest, at Lee's Creek, to the south of Calgary. It consists of some twenty families, coming in a straight line from Salt Lake, and so well pleased are the pioneers that they expect thousands of their fellow Mormons to follow and better their fortunes on Canadian soil. One point is curious and worth noting. They do not practice polygamy themselves, but hope that the institution will be allowed by Canadian law, and the women seem to be in favour of this as well as the men.

The cause of Prohibition is making practical headway in Nova Scotia and setting up as a distinct political factor. There are three bodies, working hand in hand—the Good Templars, the Sons of Temperance, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The latter has just held its tenth yearly meeting at Halifax, from which we learn that there are thirty-six unions in the provinces, and that much useful work is being accomplished. The Prohibition bodies took an active part in the late electoral contest in the County of Cumberland.

Your great men are usually modest. Napoleon was an exception, but Napoleon belonged to the handful of transcendent men who are self-conscious to the point of absolute trust in their genius. Baron Von Moltke, however, is the greatest general of the age, and he is very modest. Unlike most of his landsmen, he views the chances of Germany and France, in the event of war, as pretty evenly balanced, so that the result would be in doubt. His remark is further significant as admitting that, in the late war, France was terribly handicapped and much weaker, in all resources than Germany. Indeed, France was crushed by the dead weight of overwhelming numbers, just as was the Southern Confederacy.

Our readers in the other provinces will be interested to see the reply of the old and authoritative *Journal de Québec* to Mr. Goldwin Smith: "Mr. Smith has published in an American periodical a paper in which he represents French-Canadians as having for supreme ambition to be retroceded to France. M. Smith does not know us. We hope not to be ceded again to anybody. It is not toward France that our eyes are turned. The soil which we hold was discovered, settled and civilized by our fathers, and it is to it that we remain attached. We rely mainly upon ourselves, history having taught us that such is the prudent course to follow."

Nor is this all. We come to a conclusion that deserves to be noted for reference. The paper goes on: "In the day of misfortune, none came to our help; we fought alone, and we may say

that what we possess belongs to us rightly enough, because we earned it by our own toil. What we love is Canada; we desire its greatness. This is why we do not wish to drown it by Annexation or Federation. We insist on remaining Canadians, and that is all."

At the last meeting of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association, held at Ottawa, on the 5th of last February, it was resolved that it would be desirable to hold a convention of all the fruit growers' associations of the Dominion at an early date. This is in accordance with a suggestion made by Professor Penhallow, at the last meeting of the Montreal Horticultural Society, and the Ontario fruit growers have paid the Montreal society the compliment of leaving to them the initiative of this important matter. The Montreal Horticultural Society have opened a correspondence with the Nova Scotia and other societies on the subject, and, in all probability, the first convention of fruitists of the whole Dominion will meet in Montreal in January next.

BACK TO SCHOOL.

With the mild days of September, when the white light of the sun bends toward the autumnal equinox, and a soft, hazy atmosphere soothes both mind and body, the noisy holidays quietly lapse into the opening of the school days. A most interesting sight is that of the withdrawal of the thousands of boys and girls from their games, their tramps, their hunting, fishing and flirting adventures, and at once falling into the humdrum and even tenour of the daily lesson. The spectacle is, furthermore, significant of progress, because it is not beheld everywhere, there being unfortunately countries, and districts of countries, even in this enlightened age, where no school-house is found to alternate with the homestead or the church, and no book, slate or blackboard is set before the eager eyes of childhood to break the sameness of every-day life, in town, hamlet or countryside.

Schooling has become one of the great institutions of Canada which, whoso has travelled and observed, will acknowledge to be second to no other system of education in the world. This is saying a great deal, but it is literally true, and what adds to its merit is that we have not been blind copyists. We have wisely steered our course according to our peculiar circumstances of race, creed and tongue, and made the separate school scheme virtually our own. While our mode of tuition, the choice of books and subjects of teaching, the ways of discipline and the artificial spurs of emulation in study, are mostly and rightly derived from the American schools, we have eschewed the shortcomings and drawbacks of the American Common School system, strictly so-called. It is not needful to stop for the purpose of discussing this system, to which the highest authorities of the United States—clerical and lay—strongly object, but it will be enough to confine ourselves to our mode of separate teaching, whereby the inalienable rights of the minorities, in the several provinces, are respected and guarded, and the denominational principle is carried out to the satisfaction of individual consciences and the keeping of peace and spiritual harmony in the household.

While this spirit has been deemed essential in the elementary and intermediate schools, it has likewise been instilled, to a great extent, into the

higher institutions of learning, such as the academies and colleges. A few of these are undenominational, while the majority are shaped according to the teachings and tenets of the several churches, but in all the necessity of religious instruction is upheld as paramount, and the result is a thoroughness, fulness and strength which promise well for the future intellectual and moral condition of the country.

There is ample room left for Schools of Arts and Design and Industrial Schools, meant for the large class of young men and women whose circumstances in life will not allow their cultivating the higher and gentler accomplishments of literature and science. Their call is the toil of hands; but, through these special schools, this workmanship may be shaped according to scientific rules and beautified with artistic ideals, thereby increasing their intrinsic worth and adding to the sum total of the workingman's well-being.

THE QUEEN CITY.

Like almost all the important points on the banks of the St. Lawrence River—testifying to the keenness and sagacity of the original explorers—the site of the city of Toronto was chosen by the French for a military station, under the name of Fort Rouille, and when they abandoned it, the Indians took possession. The name Toronto is said to be Huron, with the doubtful meaning of "place of tryst" or "trees rising from the water." The town itself was founded in 1794, by Governor Simcoe, the great Ontario pioneer, whose place in Canadian history has only of late been rightly valued. He called the settlement York, and proceeded at once to erect parliamentary buildings, wherein the Legislature met for the first time, in 1797. The frontier and lake town grew slowly from the beginning, lying low, on marshy ground, whence came the name of "Muddy York," and drawing little attention, outside of special circles, till the war of 1812-13, when the American forces, under General Pike, stormed the fort, with the loss of their commander's life, and captured the place, which they held, however, only a few days. After the war, York took an upward turn, which it maintained for some twenty years, till March, 1834, when, Sir John Colborne—so closely connected with the rebellion, three years later—being at the head of the Government, the town was incorporated into a city, the name York set aside, and the original Indian name, Toronto, adopted. The first election was held in the same month of March, and resulted in the return, as first Mayor, of the renowned William Lyon Mackenzie, whose exploits in 1837-38 gave the uprising in Upper Canada the title of "Mackenzie's Rebellion."

From that date up to this the city of Toronto has kept pace with the progress of the country. Until 1867, it was the exponent and standard-bearer of Canada West, so-called after the designation of Upper Canada was discarded, and before the title Ontario was adopted, drawn from the Indian lake that washed the nets of the Torontos in the beautiful bay where the waters meet. After Confederation, in 1867, the destiny of Toronto was assured. It was felt that its geographical position would command a large proportion of the inland trade of the country, both by land and water, and that, commercially and financially, there was nothing to prevent it being the second trade centre in the Dominion. Politically, its

prestige was enhanced by the choice thereof, as the capital of what our western friends are pleased to denominate the "Empire Province," whereat we all bow acquiescence and smile, carrying our complacency even so far as to accept for the fair city the ambitious title of "Queen." Nay, Toronto soars higher and claims the lofty distinction of the Athens of British North America, which Halifax is hardly disposed to grant, and Montreal can afford to waive, leaving the decision to the test of published books and the number of learned bodies flourishing in these several cities. But Toronto is a centre of which the whole Dominion is with reason proud; solid in invested wealth; brilliant in enterprise; progressive in municipal management; ambitious of the civilizing arts; and bearing the stamp of individuality—whereby you know a genuine Toronto man when you meet him—with the American push, the British thrift, blended in Canadian patriotism.

THE DOMINION CAPITAL.

This city, like other portions of the Dominion, is bidding welcome to returning tourists from their sojourn abroad, some from over the sea, the favourite resorts on the St. Lawrence, the seaside places of the United States, the Canadian mineral water localities, the salmon fisheries, and camp outings nearer home, forming a varied list of pleasure and health-seeking resorts unknown to the past generation, the rapid transit of modern locomotion by railway routes, the speedy motion of ocean steamships, and the palatial river steamers affording every facility for reaching remote and nearer distances, all indicate the wonderful change in progress which has been wrought within a comparatively short period.

Now that matters are settling down to the usual course, the Capital may be expected to resume its position again as the abode of the Governor-General and of the Cabinet Ministers, who have been absent on missions of business, combined with pleasure, and of which the members of the Civil Service have also partaken their share during the brief holiday season. The collegiate and scholastic institutions are resuming their studies, invigorated in body and mind after the summer vacation.

The environs of Ottawa abound in pleasant resorts, in various directions, for picnic parties, drives, etc., and the woods, lakes and rivers afford ample scope for sportsmen, lovers of the rod and gun, game of various species being found at comparatively short distances from the city. The Saturday trips and moonlight excursions down the River Ottawa, by the fine steamer Empress, are a source of delightful pleasure and enjoyment. Agreeable and pleasant trips are also afforded between Ottawa and Kingston, via the Rideau Canal, by steamers fitted up with every comfort and convenience that could be desired.

Ottawa, Aug., 1888.

G. S. P.

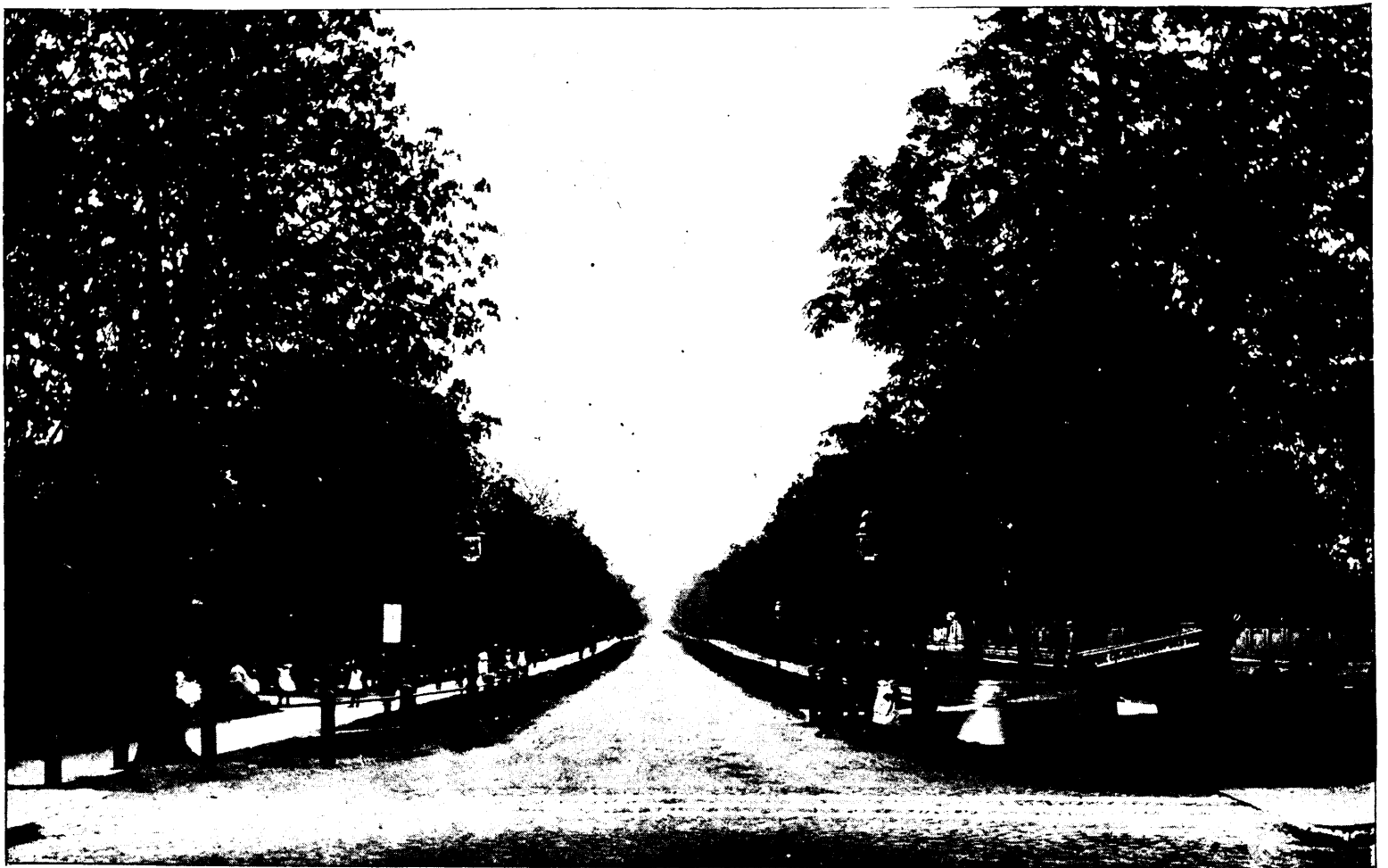
The word "blizzard" was used in Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina, in the common speech of people of Irish, English and Scotch descent, a hundred years ago. Forty years ago and earlier, in the State of Ohio, the word always meant a loud and rapidly-uttered scolding, voluble and excited, but not indicating deep or settled bitter feeling or hatred.

In 1878 a gold watch, made by Dent & Co., of London, bearing the monogram "N." was made by their firm for the Empress Eugenie for presentation to the Prince Imperial. The other day the back of the watch, still bearing the monogram, was brought to their establishment by Messrs. Weill & Harburg, who informed them that six years ago it had been bought by a client of theirs at Kimberley from a Zulu. The broken remnant of the watch torn from the poor slain Prince in that obscure Zululand donga where he met his death had found its way to its original makers; from whom, probably, it will pass to the Empress.



HANLAN'S POINT, TORONTO BAY.

From a photograph by Micklethwaite.

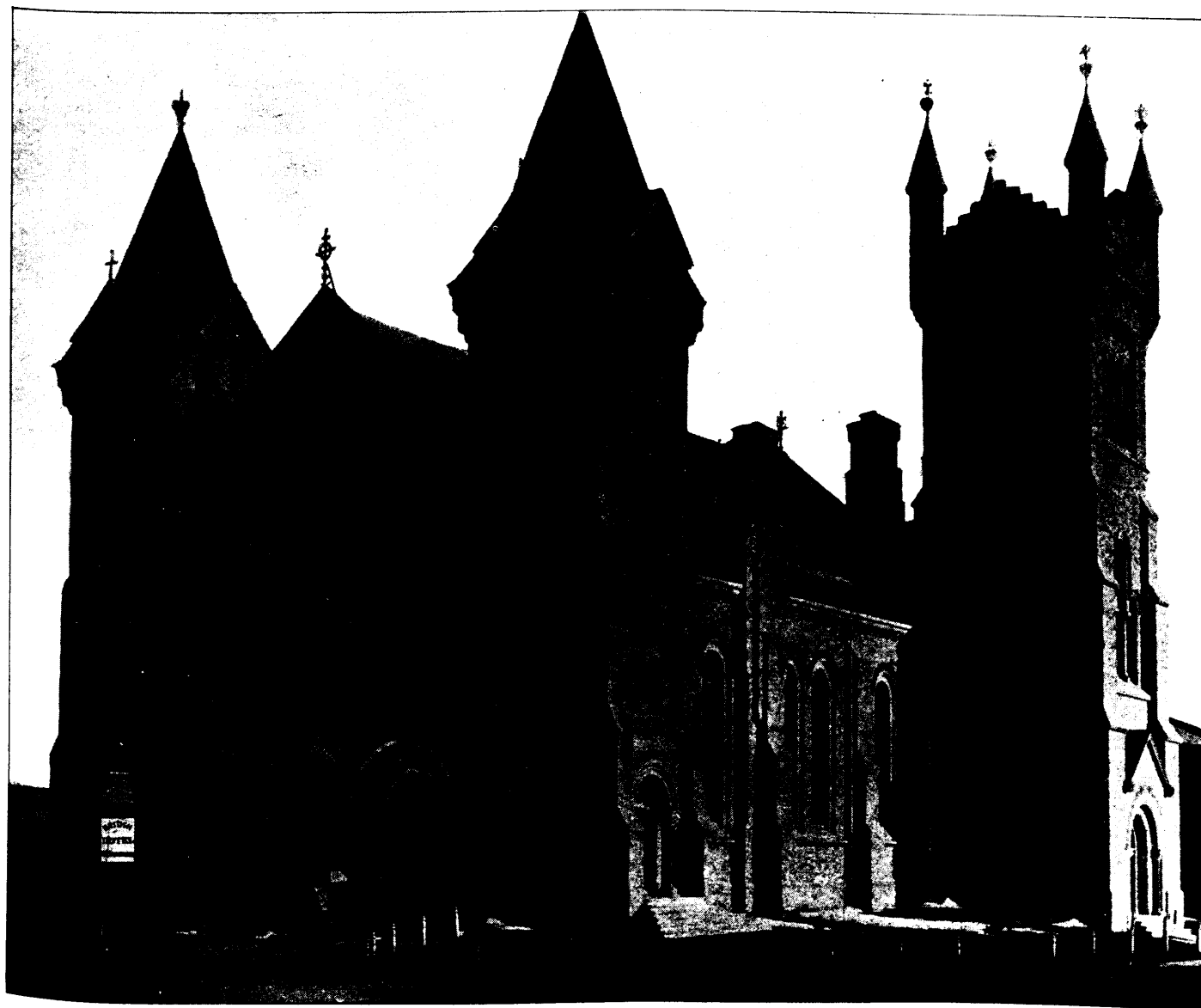


QUEEN'S PARK AVENUE, TORONTO.

From a photograph by J. B. Clougher.

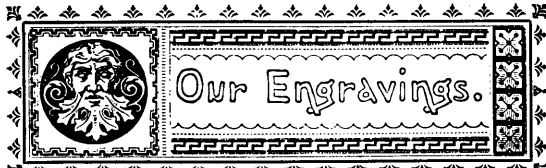


TORONTO AQUATICS OF AUGUST 25th.—THE GUNWALE CANOE RACE.



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, TORONTO.

From a photograph by Bruce.



SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.—The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario is a Yorkshireman by birth, being born in the East Riding of that large county, in 1822, but he was taken over to this country when quite young, and much of his early training was given him in Lower Canada, as he went to school at Lachine, to college at St. Hyacinthe, and closing his course at Kingston, with which he has been identified ever since. Having chosen the law for a profession, he was called to the Bar in 1843, and created a Q.C. in 1856 and a Bencher of Osgoode Hall in 1857. He entered public life in 1858, when he represented the Catarqui Division in the Legislative Council of Canada, from 1858 till 1867, and was Speaker of that body in 1862-63. He entered the Executive Council and was appointed Commissioner of Crown Lands in 1864. Sir Alexander is one of the Fathers of Confederation, and was member of the historical Quebec Conference. He was chosen to the first Confederate Cabinet, being sworn of the Privy Council in 1867, and made Postmaster-General, a position which he held till 1873, when he became Minister of Interior for a few months, before resigning with the Government in November of that year. He was leader for the Government in the Legislative Council of old Canada, from 1858 till 1867, and in the Senate from 1867 to 1873; leader of the Opposition in that body from 1873 to 1878, and again Government leader from 1878 till 1887. He was sworn in as Receiver-General in 1878, became Postmaster-General in 1879, and accepted the portfolio of Militia and Defence in 1880. In 1879, on the Queen's Birthday, Mr. Campbell was created K.C.M.G. He was Postmaster-General, 8th November, 1880; Minister of Justice, 20th May, 1881; Postmaster-General from 1885 to 1887. He was Chairman of the Commission to Consolidate and Revise the Statutes of Canada, 1883, and appointed Lieutenant-Governor in 1887. He attended the Imperial Federation Conference in London, 1887, as the representative of Canada.

HANLAN'S POINT.—A visit to the Island in Toronto Bay is worth making. At the eastern extremity will be found the Wiman Baths, among the finest on the continent; in the centre is the Island Park and the Club House of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, while at the western end is the "Hotel Hanlan," built by the world-renowned oarsman, Edward Hanlan. At Hanlan's Point there are roller coasters, a switch-back, a steam merry-go-round, and various other amusements. The whole place is brilliantly illuminated every night by electric light, and the splendid Citizens' Band, under the leadership of Mr. Bayley, plays every evening in front of the hotel. The following verses, by John Imrie, take in all the features of Toronto Bay:—
Oh, lovely scene of ever-changing hue!
Dark ocean-green, or sky-bright azure blue;
Swift o'er thy heaving bosom gaily float
The trim-built yacht, gay skiff, or pleasure-boat;
Or, here and there, a light birch-bark canoe
Lends a romance to the enchanting view.
Toronto Island, in the distance, seems
The happy fairy-land of boyhood's dreams,
Where naught but Pleasure dwells, and music fills
The balmy air with melody that thrills
Each bounding heart with ecstasy and joy,
And happiness the fleeting hours employ!
Toronto Bay, by morning, noon, or night,
Thy waters charm me with some new delight!

QUEEN'S PARK AVENUE, TORONTO.—The drive on this promenade, leading from Queen street to the University grounds, is nearly one mile in length, 120 feet in width, and contains about ten acres of land. It is handsomely planted with trees on either side, through the centre of which runs a carriage drive, flanked by a grass border of considerable width. The Avenue is one of the finest in the Dominion, or perhaps on the continent, and was laid out about the year 1829 or 1830 by the University of King's College, now the University of Toronto, and planned by the late John Wedd. In 1859, this, with the Yonge street avenue, which is much narrower, and crosses it at right angles at its northerly termination, together with 50 acres of the University Park, were granted to the Corporation of the City of Toronto on a lease for a period of 999 years, for the purpose of a public park, to be kept in order by the city. Building lots for villas of a certain description have also been laid out for leasing around this Park, and many elegant residences have been erected.

AQUATIC SPORTS ON TORONTO BAY.—In the fancy swimming contest there were five starters, and the winners were V. Armstrong, A. W. McCulloch and F. McMaster. The gunwale race was very amusing, as the reader will see from the picture. The double race was contested by W. F. Stewart and Mrs. Kertland, Ernest Jarvis and Miss C. K. Jarvis, H. C. Jarvis and Miss Essery, S. Small and Miss Sweny, J. Davidson and Miss Osler. The Small, Stewart and Davidson teams won in the order named.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, TORONTO (Presbyterian).—Scottish Norman style of architecture; cost \$86,000; architect, W. G. Storm, Esq.; is beautifully and comfortably fitted; possesses fine organ—cost \$12,000; also memorial window to late James Mistic; building completed in 1876; congregation formed in 1830; formerly worshipped in old building, corner of Church and Adelaide streets; minister, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D.; born at Bathurst, N.B., in 1843; educated at Queen's College, Kingston, Ont., and in Scotland; ordained in 1866; removed from his first charge in Peterboro to his present charge in 1870.

TORONTO BOARD OF TRADE COUNCIL.—The Toronto Board of Trade, as it exists to-day, is the result of an amalgamation of two bodies—the Board of Trade, properly so called, which dates so far back as 1845, and the Corn Exchange Association, a society of produce dealers, formed in 1866. The amalgamation of these two powerful and representative bodies, which have done so much for the trade and credit of Toronto, took place in 1884. The combined membership was then 250, but in the following year it rose to 822, in 1887 to 907, and in this year it numbers 915. The officers of the Board for 1888:—President: W. D. Matthews, jr. 1st Vice-President: D. R. Wilkie. 2nd Vice-President: J. I. Davidson. Treasurer: George Maclean Rose. Secretary: Edgar A. Wills. Council: Hon. John Macdonald, W. Christie, W. R. Brock, W. Ince, Hon. Jas. Paton, Elias Rogers, E. Gurney, Hugh Blain, H. N. Baird, W. B. Hamilton, R. W. Elliot, Robt. Jaffray, A. M. Smith, A. B. Lee, S. F. McKinnon. Board of Arbitration: W. D. Matthews, jr., Elias Rogers, L. A. Tilley, W. Galbraith, G. M. Rose, J. D. Laidlaw, B. Cumberland, J. H. G. Hagarty, Thos. Flynn, J. L. Spink, John Earls, R. S. Baird. Representatives on Harbour Commission: A. M. Smith, G. A. Chapman. Representatives on Industrial Exhibition Association: W. B. Hamilton, J. D. Laidlaw, H. W. Nelson. Solicitor to the Board: W. H. Beatty.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TORONTO.—The residence of the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Alex. Campbell, is designed in the modern French style of architecture. Red brick is the material used in the walls, relieved with Ohio cut stone dressings. The main building is three stories in height above the basement; the upper story is partially in the roof, which is constructed on the Mansard principle; the sloping sides are very steep, covered with Melbourne slate and relieved by handsome segmental domes, lighting the third story apartments. The ridge is finished with moulded sides, and the deck is laid with the same material. Toward Simcoe street the frontage is about 80 feet, and in the centre it rises to a tower 70 feet high, finished with a handsome wrought-iron railing. The roof of the tower is of the same description as that of the main building, but starts from the balustrade finished at the corners with panelled pedestals and carved vases. The frontage of the main building toward King street is about 88 feet, and the kitchen wing extends 100 more, making a total of 188 feet. Covering the main entrance, which is under the tower facing Simcoe street, is a large, handsome carriage porch, supported on clusters of Corinthian columns resting on cut stone pedestals. From the capitals of columns spring arches supporting entablatures with enriched balustrade, finishing at angles with panelled pedestals and carved vases. The verandah on the south front is treated in a similar manner. The main doorway is deeply recessed with massive cut stone arch and jambs, and broad cut stone steps, and leads into the vestibule, twelve feet square, which is separated by an elaborate screen, filled in with stained and embossed glass, from an inner vestibule or loggia of the same dimensions. This again is separated from the main hall by an enriched arch springing from fluted Corinthian columns, with richly carved caps. The inside of the building is furnished in the most elaborate style, with every modern convenience. The grounds have been much altered and improved, and approaches of Nicholson pavement put to the entrance. Total cost of the building, \$102,000.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, TORONTO.—Stands on a site of nine acres, opposite the Government House, fronting on King street, and consists of a row of neat brick buildings. This institution was founded A.D. 1829. The centre building is the College proper, containing large and well-ventilated class-rooms, a library, a laboratory and a public hall, the residences of the principal and of the various masters being on either side. The College boarding house, which has lately had a very large addition made to it, is spacious and fitted with every appliance, does not appear in the view, as it recedes from the line of the other buildings. The same may be said of the gymnasium, etc. The lawn is handsomely laid out, and its cricket grounds and playgrounds are extensive. His Excellency the Governor-General is a visitor, and annually offers the highest prize to the head boy.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

Lovers of rain, if any such there be, have recently been gratified with very plentiful and widespread showers. The previous lack of rain gave rise, among the husbandmen, to murmurs, which have been renewed, singularly enough, on account of a superabundance of rain. Thus the old truism is again confirmed, that there is no satisfying some people. But the rains came so late as to be of little service, and so plentiful as to almost drown the crops. But as the thermometer, just before the rain, had climbed up somewhere in the nineties, the inhabitants of the cities, at least, should be glad of the cool weather that the rain has brought.

Dr. Talmage has expressed his opinion that the unfortunate fishery disagreement, between this country and the adjacent Republic, is a mere

lovers' quarrel. Out of fishing for compliments, disagreements between young lovers have, no doubt, frequently arisen; in this case it arises, however, not out of fishing for compliments, but out of fishing for fish. The compliments, indeed, have come without being fished for, but they have been "left-handed."

In a very wild part of the country an obliging milkmaid, the other day, said of the road, in response to enquiries as to my destination: "It will lead you straight there, but it's an awfully crooked road." In a certain sense, her kind direction turned out to be quite true; but an awfully crooked road leading *straight* anywhere is a rather amusing paradox. She fulfilled the Scriptural prophesy about the crooked being made straight, and the rough places smooth, certainly.

When proverbs differ, what is one to believe? In his "Maxims," La Rochefoucauld says: "The surest way to be beloved, is not to love." This seems—it does, rather, at first sight—to be flatly contradictory of the old, well-worn proverb: "Love begets love." But upon further consideration, it appears that these proverbs are both true. The former is drawn from observation of the coquettish; the latter of the ingenuous. The surest way to be beloved by Lady Clara is not to love her. But with the kind heart and simple faith, which are more than coronets and Norman blood, love begets love.

In reference to lawyers, the rather curious statement was recently published, that, finding the profession over-crowded, they were, in certain quarters, leaving it and betaking themselves to other fields of labour. While other vocations are under-supplied, everyone admits that law is over-crowded; but the profession seem to be helpless in the matter. The same thing is true, to a lesser degree only, of medicine. One reason of it all is not far to seek. If one has a taste for study and would be educationally skilled at all, he must, owing to a lack of industrial schools, be skilled in a profession. It is only the professions that are open to him. As it is, there is a doctor or a lawyer to almost every respectable family. It would be well, therefore, to have schools of training in the industrial and domestic arts. Although agricultural colleges are excellent in their way, they are only one step toward that very desirable end. It is likely that such schools will, in time, be established, and when this is done the professions will, no doubt, be considerably relieved.

Anyone who is ambitious to be conversant with even the best works of fiction has set before him an undertaking which every day grows harder. To say of such works that their name is legion is to put it very mildly, and the additions to their number come with a rapidity that is bewildering. The old three-volume novel has been superseded by one volume as bulky as three. Or, like Count Tolstoi's "War and Peace," it may be in two volumes, both of them lamentably large. In fact, it is impossible, unless one is content to read fiction only, to have anything like a thorough acquaintance with the greater part of it. It would hardly be judicious, I think, to make a speciality of fiction. But in an age of specialities, there is no reason why one should not follow out some speciality in reading; and if he should furnish his library with some special regard to this, it might in one branch of literature at least, be moderately complete. Not only can one, by this method become an authority, but his time and money are economically and judiciously expended. While perhaps history and the essayists are the two most substantial branches of reading, there are many specialities to choose from, according to the bent of one's mind. And do not sigh if, according to this system, you find it necessary to leave the fiction for the holidays. For it is in the holidays that one's thoughts, relieved from business cares, may be permitted to grow a little more tender, and to dwell, if you like, upon a bride prospectively, or, perhaps, of "the days that are no more"; and so, with perfect naturalness, one will pick from the shelf a book with some such title as "The Bride of Lammermoor."

A CONFESSION.

(FROM THE POEM, "THE DREAMER OF FLORENCE.")

He ceased to speak, and from his breast withdrew
 A jewelled case and held it to my view,
 Bidding me mark the glory of the face
 That on the ivory, by a painter's grace,
 Was drawn with beauty in its every line;
 And in the eyes there beamed a look divine—
 A look that artists on their canvas place,
 When they would paint the Blessed Mary's face.
 With strange impatience, hunger-gleaming eyes,
 He took from out my hand the cherished prize,
 Held it before him for a moment's space,
 Ere he consigned it to its resting place,
 Then, leaning back upon the marble seat,
 Seemed lost in thought, while sounds of pattering feet
 Came through the archway, and a motley throng
 Passed by with ribald jest and sensuous song;
 And seeing us within the corner seated,
 With vulgar stare our quiet resting greeted,
 While each to each loose words let flow a stream,
 And one, more bold, cried out: "He does but dream."
 He, hearing the loose words, raised up his head,
 Shot fire from his eyes and murmured of the dead;
 Spoke of a time, e'er age had made him weak,
 When strength was in his arm, and o'er his cheek
 There spread the crimson blush that spoke his ire,
 And filled his eye with pride-insulted fire.
 But such quick blood his ancient veins forsook,
 And made him turn, for solace, to the book,
 That on his knee, like some inspired page,
 Gave peace of heart and cooled his sudden rage.
 "I deemed it true, and wise as well," said he,
 "That Patience is best tried in our adversity;
 But I have borne so much in all these years
 Of foul-mouthed insult, that my secret tears
 Must be recorded by some angel hand
 To bear me witness in that other land;
 To plead my cause before the throne of God,
 And make excuse for the foul ways I trod."
 "Whose face is that within the case?" I asked,
 And then across his brow there quickly passed
 A shadow of deep pain that made me feel
 Had brought to mind some anguish dark and keen,
 And as I thought, I wished they had not been.
 Ere I had time to change his course of thought,
 And recompense the wrong my speech had wrought,
 He took my hand and held it in his own,
 Looked in mine eyes, and with a sonorous tone
 Of trembling voice these words to me addressed:
 "What I now tell to you to none have I confessed.
 Tommaso da Braganzi is my name, and I am of the line
 That ever in my country's cause did shine.
 Of gentle blood and nature much too weak
 Am I possessed, but wherefore should I speak
 Of mine own faults, since none do pity give,
 But bid me mend my ways and strive to live
 Within the bounds that they map out so wise,
 Forgetting none exist unblemished 'neath the skies?
 I am the only child God to my parents sent,
 And in my early days He called them and they went.
 Then others came and held the sacred place
 That I had loved; but they were of my race
 And proved most kind. Yet life can only give
 One love that clings, that thro' all trial does live
 Unchanging and sincere, as tho' from Him above
 It has the essence—it is a mother's love.
 Time passed, and I to manhood's years attained,
 To find that by experience I had gained
 But little of life's ways, for nature does decree
 Light hearts to some, though aged they seem to be.
 I was so born, and even to this day
 I feel the young blood in my veins at play,
 Though there are times when my full years attest
 That I am near the vale of perfect rest.
 For many years in this old town I stayed,
 'Till fate allured me, and my senses played
 Full frolic with love, that like a siren's song
 Drew me to doom, and all that I had strong
 Turned weak, for I rose up and left my ancient home,
 Taking the road that leads you into Rome.
 I cannot name the days I idled there,
 But they were sweet and of my days most fair,
 For in their space I lived a while from earth—
 Oh, sweet, glad days that to mad love gave birth!
 I close my eyes and see the scene again,
 That brought my heart this never ceasing pain.
 A morn more fair ne'er to the earth returned,
 When my young blood with sudden passion burned;
 Wherein I saw the face of which you ask,
 And bound myself to sorrow's ceaseless task.
 She was my first love, and she was my bride,
 And had I hoped that ever by my side,
 Through years of sorrow and through years of joy,
 She would remain to share them. But why
 Do mortals place their faith in what they dream,
 To find that things are ruled by Him and seem
 Not as we willed, but by some strange command
 Reveal the opposite of what we planned?
 Never did bride and bridegroom taste more joy
 Than lovely Margherita and myself the day
 That we set out for Florence, for all the way
 Seemed bright with glory, and a hundred things
 Grew fairer for our coming. Birds closed their wings,
 And, bursting into song, made melody most sweet:

And e'en the beggars' eyes that we did meet
 Cast out their sadness and new light crept in
 To give us greeting, whilst the ceaseless din
 That from a hundred throats broke on the air,
 Told we were welcome back; and everywhere
 Hand pressed for hand, and speech gave back to speech,
 Such height of pleasure I scarce hoped to reach.
 Montreal. B. F. D. DUNN.

CANADIAN APPLES.

As supplementary to the facts and figures given lately by us, in these columns, we think it well to furnish our readers with the following, from Mr. W. N. White, fruit broker, of Covent Garden Market, London, addressed to his Canadian agents in Montreal:—

From various Canadian papers I notice that you are likely to have a large crop of apples, which is good news, as the prospects in this country are very bad indeed—worse than last year. In France the crops are fairly good, but in Belgium and Holland the yield will be light, and as these two countries send the principal part of their growth to this country the shortage must make a great difference in prices. News from Nova Scotia states that crops there will not be so heavy as at first anticipated. As regards the shipment of Canadian fruit, you are aware I handled, last year, nearly 40,000 barrels (the bulk of which came from Canada), and I hope to double these figures this year. For many years I have advocated that all apples be kept away from boats that carry cattle, and then to be shipped in the fore and aft parts of the vessel only. They should never be stowed close to the engine rooms. If a cold blast can be introduced to keep these apples cool, so much the better. We have had some 5,000 cases of apples here this spring and summer from Australia, the bulk of which have been carried in the cool chamber, but they arrived in various conditions, owing to some ships having reduced the temperature so low as to freeze the apples. If the temperature can be kept between 40° and 50° that will enable the apples to be turned out in good condition.

My experience of apples from Canada is quite opposite to what I have seen stated in your papers. Last year I was receiving apples by the Thomson line and the Allan, and also Ross's lines, from Montreal to London, and as these three lines are now competing for this carrying trade, they try their utmost to bring this class of freight in good order. I was receiving a large quantity from the neighbourhood of Hamilton and other points in Ontario, and have very strong reasons to regret some apples coming *via* New York. Just at the finish of last season one of my senders in Ontario, finding our market good, offered 2,000 barrels, shipment of which I advised, knowing that the market would still keep good. At that time there was a question whether they would make the connection with the last boat leaving Montreal, and they were sent *via* New York. They were handled in the usual manner, and those 2,000 barrels came forward and sold at a loss of £300 on account of their bad condition consequent on the fruit being frozen in transit and before being put on board the steamer. Had these apples been forwarded by one of the lines of steamers leaving Montreal, they would have shewn a profit of £400, thus making a total loss on these 2,000 barrels of apples, on account of shipment *via* New York instead of Montreal, of £700. The boats from New York to London are slow boats, and if any one is desirous of shipping from New York to this market, it is advisable to take the fastest boat *via* Liverpool on through bill of lading. Apples sent *via* Liverpool from New York arrive here in three and sometimes six days less than they do by direct boat, and come to hand in much better condition. At the same time I do not advise Canadian fruit being sent *via* New York until the port of Montreal is closed, when the risk of frost must be counted on. Many consignments of fruit arrive here in bad condition through bad packing and careless management before being shipped. This is more often the cause than anything else. Canadian fruit, when tightly packed and put on board the steamer without being chilled, will, in nineteen cases out of twenty, arrive here in good condition.



Natural gas has been struck at Whitby, Ont.

Vancouver Island coal is to be mined at the rate of 2,000 tons a day.

A site for the graving dock at Kingston has been secured within the city limits.

Apples are an enormous crop throughout Western Ontario and the Niagara district.

Montreal's assessment of real estate for 1888 footed up a total of \$109,584,395; of this \$18,460,570 is exempt.

Steam threshers and self-binders are as common amongst the Indians on the Oneida reserve as with the whites and are as well managed.

The total export of goods from the Dominion of Canada during July was as follows: Produce of Canada, \$8,904,222; other countries, \$700,911.

Canadian tobacco is being attacked and seriously damaged this season by an insect that the French newspapers call the *bête à tabac*—tobacco beast.

The experimental farm at Ottawa is preparing a collection of cereals, grasses and potatoes grown during the season for exhibition at the coming fairs in Canada.

It looks as though boat seining by shore fishermen in Prince Edward Island would have to be abandoned altogether for the old and cheaper mode of hook and line.

The old method of mackerel catching off Prince Edward Island by hook and line will come into fashion again, as very few fish have been caught by the seiners, while those using the line have done well.

The fruit crop in Nova Scotia is reported as exceedingly good and a large increase in exports is expected. The exports of apples from Canada to Great Britain has increased from a value of \$44,406 in 1867, to \$649,182 in 1887.

It is estimated that Europe will need to buy from 70,000,000 to 80,000,000 bushels of wheat this year, and the United States will not be able to supply a very large proportion of that quantity. Here is Canada's chance.

Prof. A. R. C. Selwyn, Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, has gone to Sudbury with a number of scientists and capitalists to examine the mines in that district. Two more important discoveries of gold were made there, one being exceedingly rich in free gold on the surface of the vein.

The Canadian Coal Colonization Company of London is sending to Alberta a fine shipment of nine hundred rams to be mated, the ewes being purchased in Montana. The number of pedigree animals contained in the shipment is said to never have been equalled in the annals of the export trade.

LITERARY NOTES.

Herbert Spencer is still at work on his autobiography.

Jeff Davis' daughter is an aspirant for literary honours.

Miss Braddon is 50 years old, and she has written just fifty stories.

The life of Sir George Cartier is being written by Mr. J. Tassé, of *La Minerve*.

Sara J. Duncan, known as "Garth Grafton," has left for China and Japan, for literary purposes.

George Iles, lately of Montreal, writes a glowing account of his travels in the Northwest and British Columbia.

Banff *Life*, published in the National Park, is gone, and has been replaced by a bright little paper called *Mountain Echoes*.

The French Academy has given a gold medal to the Queen of Roumania, known to the literary world as "Carmen Silva."

J. K. Foran's Conalcon poem, in our last, is a feat of strength, displaying both originality and a strange mastery over rhyme and rhythm.

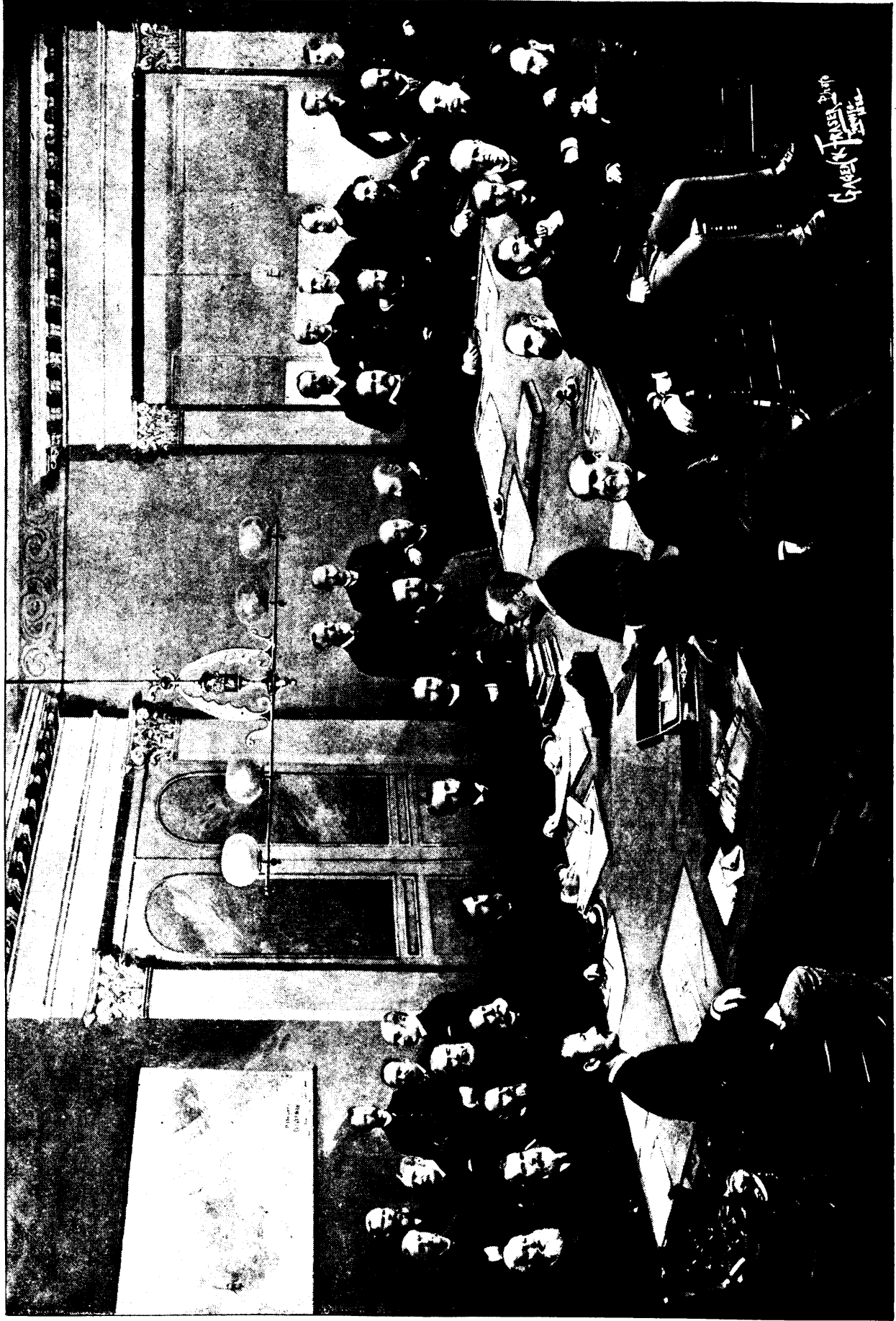
The sketches and verses contributed to our columns by distinguished ladies, such as "K. A. C.," Misses Helen Fairbairn, Hattie McLennan and others, have drawn deserved notice.

We have received a booklet, entitled "Souvenir," comprising the early life, pastorates, consecration and other characteristics of Rt. Rev. Dr. Baldwin, Bishop of Huron. We shall review it.

The "Pilgrimage to Kevlaar" is one of Heinrich Heine's sweetest and simplest ballads, and the English thereof, in the present issue, is another of Mr. George Murray's wonders of literal translation.

Professor Gordon Christie, of the University of Paris, is now visiting Canada. He is a great-grand-nephew of the late General Gabriel Christie, Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Canada, 1799; also great-grand-nephew of the Earl Lindsay of Balcarres.

Mr. Henry Lawson, lately connected with the *Star*, has left to assume editorial charge of the *British Colonist*, Victoria, B.C. Mr. Lawson belongs to the good school of Lower Province journalists, who have distinguished themselves in the older provinces.



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COUNCIL OF THE TORONTO BOARD OF TRADE.

From a photograph by Gagen & Fraser.

LADY AND GENTLEMAN CANOE RACE.



THE START.



THE FINISH.

FANCY SWIMMING.

SPORTS OF THE TORONTO AMATEUR AQUATIC ASSOCIATION, AUGUST 25TH.

THE SPECTATORS.

Circumstantial Evidence.

BY WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
"And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

—Gray's Elegy.

I.

"So you positively refuse to accept that sixpence, eh?" demanded an elderly lady of austere appearance, of the clerk as he threw the coin on the counter with a denial for the third time.

"I'm very sorry, ma'm," he replied with serio-comic gravity, "but that coin is an unmistakable counterfeit. You have been grossly imposed upon, madam. If you know the party or parties, who had the audacity to take advantage of your confiding, ingenuous disposition, deliver 'em up to justice, ma'm. Demand restitution, or put in operation the terrors of the law." This phrase struck him as a good expression capable of infinite expansion, so he repeated it with peculiar emphasis—"the terrors of the law—the law!"

"Young man, don't you make a laughing stock of me. I won't have it. It is not at all clever, though you may imagine so. It only shows how deplorably depraved was the manner of your bringing up. You have an impudent, uncontrollable tongue, and a bad base nature. Do you think, for one moment, I would allow any one to cheat me?"

With the threatening look present in her eyes as she put this question, and the formidable looking umbrella, of immense proportions, which she always carried, quite regardless of barometer, grasped firmly in her right hand, I do not mind confessing personally I should not have cared to make such a dangerous experiment.

The clerk replied deprecatingly, that in this wicked world virtue could not always shield the defenceless and innocent from the assaults and cunning of the unscrupulous, but he imagined that it would require an exceedingly bold base villain to obtain any advantage over the lady before him.

The aggrieved lady did not appear to consider this gallant reply altogether unequivocal; at any rate it by no means pacified her.

"Very well, sir," she said with smiling sarcasm, and an unnecessary stress upon the "sir," "I shall take the earliest opportunity of informing your employer of your outrageous conduct. I will teach you to treat your superiors with befitting respect, young man. And what's more, I shall immediately withdraw my custom from this establishment."

"Pray, ma'm, don't punish the innocent with the guilty. Don't, for Heaven's sake; be so heartless as to involve my respected and trustful employer in financial difficulties on my account. Remember, he is a married man and has a large and hungry family to support. Don't —." But the injured lady had sailed majestically out of the store.

When she had withdrawn I burst out laughing, and being of a rather facetious turn of mind, enquired of the clerk, whom, in my character as a regular customer, I knew very well, whether he felt the ground slipping from under his feet. He smiled faintly. It is a part of a dry-goods' clerk's ordinary duties to beam smiles upon his employer's patrons. This, doubtless, accounted for the fact that my witticism elicited but a very weak smile, as I entertain not the least suspicion but that the poor fellow was immensely tickled, and made up his mind that I was a humorous old fogey. I may say that this is my own firm conviction, and it is shared by my aged and doting mother, so that there can be no manner of doubt about it. Of course, after his long day's work the clerk had positively not enough smile left in him to do more than summon a faint ripple to the surface. He worked every day of the week, with the exception of Sunday, from 8 a. m. until 10 p. m., so that, by about half-past nine in the evening (the time of this episode), his faculty for contracting the muscles of his face at the quasi-witticisms of every chance purchaser was pretty well

worn out. It is hard work, this keeping up an appearance of perennial and beaming delight at the sight of each new face, and the sound of the strange voice, for the sum of 15s. per week.

He reached down a box of manuscript foolscap, and then, turning to me, whispered, with a theatrical "Hush!" as if he were on the point of communicating a state secret of the greatest importance in a whispering gallery: "She's the greatest natural curiosity of this locality."

"Oh, yes. Miss Charity Savall is quite a celebrity in her way. The name and fame of Miss Savall has spread from one end of Knobbing to the other."

"Quite so. That coin has been equally as ubiquitous, if not more so, but I regret to say that the good lady has up to the present met with scant success. Smith, the butcher, told me, only last evening, that he nearly accepted it between a couple of florins, but he happened to spot it in time. Why, sir, you will hardly believe me when I tell you that it has visited this store no less than three times. It's a fact. Once the maid-of-all-work brought it, and this evening's attempt is the second the old lady has made in person. On each occasion she tendered it to a different clerk, but as we had previously held a council of war upon the matter, we are now all under the constant apprehension of being reported to the governor and dismissed."

"But how did it pass into the possession of Miss Savall? She's generally pretty wide awake."

"Ah, that's a mystery, that only Time, which the copy book say proves all things, can possibly solve. Poor, deceived woman, that coin has aged her considerably. I can see it is preying upon her mind, and bearing her down, gradually but surely under its weight, to an untimely grave. It would be necessary to have a heart of adamant not to be moved with pity for her condition. I would dearly love to advise her to try an omnibus conductor in the dark, but I daren't. The barrier which the cold formalities of Society have placed between us—here he struck the counter with his clenched fist—"this is the galley to which I am bound slave for life. The harshness of a cold, unfeeling world, sir, frustrates the benevolent promptings of my sympathetic heart."

Bestowing a consolatory "Such is life—good night" upon the good-hearted radical, I retraced my steps to my lodgings. Although I had intended burning a prodigious amount of midnight oil upon my return, as the immense package of foolscap paper indicated, I spent the remainder of the evening with my feet on the fender, in front of a bright, cheerful fire. I prefer to be on terms of intimacy with my reader, instead of laying the law down *ex cathedra*, so he can, in imagination, draw another chair up to the other side of the hearth, and join my family circle, consisting of myself, my pipe and Pip, my terrier. Pip is the sole companion of my forlorn bachelorhood, and when I settle down to work, he comes and puts his soft, cold little nose upon my knee, just where it can easily insert itself into the palm of my hand, during the pauses of composition, and, by Jove! his love and sympathy inspire me. The kind reader who wades through this sketch may be inclined to doubt it, but I maintain that my Pip possesses powers unequalled by any other dog in the universe.

Somehow I could not get Miss Savall and her troubles out of my head all that evening, and as I watched the tobacco smoke from my churchwarden roll and curl up the chimney with the blazing, roaring flame, I kept repeating to myself my farewell to the clerk at the store: "Such is life!" But I am bad company to be thus moody, dear reader, after having invited you to spend an hour at my fireside—mine and Pip's. Perhaps, too, you are a fair young thing in petticoats, which makes my remissness more heinous.

Well, then, as this history concerns Miss Charity Savall, being a refutation of the calumnies of her detractors—she had enemies; what good woman has not?—I will proceed at once to give the reader a brief, unprejudiced description of her appearance and a few of her most characteristic virtues.

II.

She certainly had never been pretty, but then she was of refined and aristocratic appearance, with severely classical features. There was a slight resemblance in her to the Mater Dolorosa of Velasquez—at least she often said so, and as she dabbled in art, and I do not, I am not in a position to contradict her. She had the thin arms of the Fornarina, the dream-look of Raphael's Santa Cecilia. No, no! Despite my intense ignorance of Art matters, I must protest. She positively lacked the dream-look. It was replaced with a wolfish, kind of Napoleon-in-exile expression, which obtained for her the respect of all the domestics who entered into her service, and acted as a sort of accident assurance policy for the sanctity of the lump sugar and the currant wine. Her mouth was small and pursed, and she had a sharp chin, which, from an artistic point of view, was most dismaying. She wore those peculiar stiff curls, which, to me at least, always seem curiously suggestive of old maids and their manner of life. You can, to a great extent, gauge a woman's character by her fashion of dressing her hair. Miss Charity was tall, straight-backed as a life guardsman, and her *embonpoint* had been warped in early youth by her extreme regard for the proprieties. She had always been remarkable for the icy niceness of her manner, and her oft proclaimed virtue struck one as being worn, like a becoming garment, to draw attention, rather than from any intense inward love of virtue for its own sake. Her age was somewhere this side of fifty, and she was constantly heard to aver that no earthly consideration would ever induce her to relinquish the state of single blessedness which she had so long enjoyed. No rash male has ever, I believe, run the risk of incurring Miss Savall's haughty displeasure by offering her the hateful chains which would drag her bounding spirit down to the narrow impertinencies of domestic joys. Her published lectures on the subject of Women's Rights should be in the library of every intelligent man. They would be read with great profit, and I heartily recommend them—they are so tastefully bound. All works published solely at the author's expense, I notice, have a tendency to gorgeousness in their external get-up. I mention these works because her views upon matrimony are eloquently expressed therein.

In some respects, it must be confessed that Miss Savall is an unsatisfactory subject for a strictly veracious historian. In direct contradiction to all the established canons of fiction, she utterly failed to inspire love and devotion wherever she went. Her name, unlike those of other maiden ladies in our orthodox novels and Sabbath school stories (which are generally supposed to be founded upon fact, like the present history), was not generally beloved and respected by all the neighbourhood. She had no secret sorrow from the Past (with a capital P), which weighed upon her soul and cast a lurid shadow over her angelic countenance. She was not the patient, kindly recipient of all the girls' love stories, giving them advice and sympathy, and she did not smile in a sad, sweet way, as thoughts of what might have been crossed her own memory. A sigh seldom escaped her lips, unless she was deprecating the follies and vices of her neighbours, which she never failed to hear of, or mounting a steep flight of stairs, or paying a bill, which would admit of no further rebate. She was not the constant nurse at every sick bedside in the town, lightening the sufferer's troubles with her cheery presence, and bringing creature comforts with her. She detested sick rooms, they were "so stuffy," she said, and moreover, she had an abnormally strong horror of "catching things." For all this she was a large-souled woman, one of those to whom the petty circumstances of every day life are irksome, but who, in a metaphorical and general sort of way, are willing to take the whole of God's creatures to their bosoms. She wrote a great deal for the "Afghan Regeneration and Flannel Petticoat Brigade Mission Society," and annually distributed thousands of her productions—in packets at 2s. per thousand. In this way she did a great deal of good and earned no little reputation. She

held an important position upon the board of control of the aforesaid association, and was a power of good in the community. Her place in church was never unoccupied, and she took an active part in all the charities connected with the church, but she was one of those good Samaritans who unselfishly devote their whole lives to soliciting donations, and have, therefore, no time to subscribe themselves. She was in the enjoyment of a moderate—some people said a very splendid—annuity, most of which she saved for the future benefit of the Crown. Like most good people, she was annoyed by many undeserving poor relations and sycophants—mercenary creatures, who would have intruded upon her privacy and exchequer had they dared. But she renounced them all, such was her love for the Sovereign-lady who is the ostensible head of the British constitution. Worthy woman! In consequence of these estimable traits, some envious person made her the subject of vulgar jests, and, metaphorically speaking, many a time and oft was she rebaptized, over Knobbing tea-tables, with names neither complimentary nor elegant. This negative kind of pen portraiture might be indefinitely pursued, and, indeed, I think, if it was more generally employed by some of our leading novelists, it would greatly assist in rendering some of their metaphysical, psychical, etc., creations a little more intelligent.

III.

My purpose in this sketch is to refute the vile calumnies cast upon an innocent and highly respectable woman, and I will endeavour to present my brief in the briefest possible manner. From the mass of conclusive evidence before me, I select one anecdote, the relation of which will, I think, establish my case beyond all further controversy.

It was but a few days after the conversation faithfully reported at the commencement of this history, and while the incident was still fresh in my memory, that I was in London, one afternoon, on business. Whilst standing at the corner of one of the great crowded thoroughfares, waiting for a break in the traffic to allow me to cross to the other side of the street, I suddenly became aware of the presence of Miss Savall at my side. It was a cold, wet, miserable November day, and the lady was too goloshed and water-proofed to recognize me. At this moment a very small, wizened face looked up into hers, with a piteous request for alms. It belonged to a ragged young gamin, of Lilliputian dimensions, whose tattered garments offered quite inadequate protection against the inclemency of the weather. He carried in one hand the insignia of his office—an institution, by the way, quite peculiar to John Bull's great metropolis—a stumpy little birch broom—whilst with the other he incessantly touched his bare and shaggy little head.

"Pity poor Jack, mar'm. Gim'me a copper, please, mar'm."

Miss Savall, as is customary with all well-bred folk, when refusing alms, had eyes only for the opposite side of the street, and the ceaseless traffic. It seemed as if there would never be a break, and "poor Jack" still stood, with dogged persistence—the outcome either of his professional training, or a real despair—begging for a copper. "I've 'ad nuffin' to eat all day, mar'm; s'elp me 'evins I ain't. Do gimme a penny?"

At last a policeman stepped into the middle of the road and arrested the stream of vehicles. Miss Savall was just preparing, skirts in hand, to make a rush for it (ladies are always precipitate where there is no danger) across Jack's clean swept crossing, when his appealing, dirty little face touched her heart. A bright idea struck her. Her virtuous skirts fell from her hand, and after a frantic dive into her pocket, she produced her purse, and taking therefrom a bright little silver coin, handed it to poor Jack. Astounded at such munificence, he invoked numberless blessings upon her head, with a volubility perfectly impossible to any but a boy educated on the streets of London. She modestly rebuked him, and once again, gathering up her skirts, resumed her journey, with the happy, unconscious air of a person

detected with his hand in another's watch pocket. Charity in public always make delicate souls feel criminal.

When once his benefactress was fairly swallowed up in the crowd, Jack darted across the street, under the horses' noses, to a cook-shop opposite, and disappeared in the steam emanating from the different viands prepared, or in the course of preparation, within. Cook-shop edibles are in an eternal course of preparation.

I had gone but a very few steps, when Jack suddenly passed me, in charge of a policeman, looking the very picture of misery. He was not crying, and he did not heed the laughs of the little tail of idlers, who are at once attracted by an affair of this description. He proclaimed his innocence with all the fluent oratory of his class, but I could see that he had not the *insouciance* of guilt—there was a touch of real despair in his appeal. Astonished at this sudden change in his fortunes, I stepped up to the officer and enquired what was the youngster's offence.

"It's none o' your business," replied that gentlemen, with professional courtesy, "so don't meddle."

I take no credit to myself, but I thereupon determined to make it my business, and so followed in the wake of the procession to the police station, and when the gaping crowd was left at the entrance, I mounted the stone steps and entered the office.

When the boy was placed in the dock, before the inspector, he was charged with attempting to pass counterfeit coin. The policeman handed a coin to his superior officer, which I asked permission to examine. A fat man, in a greasy apron, now came forward and explained that he was the proprietor of the cook-shop, and that was the coin upon which he made the charge. I took it in my hand for a moment. It was a sixpenny piece! The boy looked at me imploringly, and said, half aloud: "It's a darned snider, sir." A very cursory examination of the coin made me give inward corroborative evidence, and the worst and suspicious part of my nature suggested that I had seen it before.

"It's all right, sir," said I to the inspector. "The boy is as innocent as you are. I'm the real culprit; I gave him this sixpence, without knowing it to be a bad one. Here's my card." The potentiality of a card is wonderful. I had to burden my shoulders with this act of charity, because to have imputed it to another person might not have been sufficiently conclusive to obtain the boy's release, at any rate, not until he had spent a night in a cold cell.

"Oh, very well, sir. I'm very sorry that you have had so much trouble." (My gray hairs, it will be understood, obtained for me this certificate of respectability.) "You can take the boy; I'll keep the coin."

Upon regaining the street, Jack's eyes filled with tears for the first time, and looking up into my face, he said, with a slight huskiness:

"Sir, you're a trump, that's wot you air! I should ev got six months, as sure as eggs is eggs. You're a trump!—and, say, don't you know a thing or two?"

Placing a few coppers in his dirty little palm, I left him at his crossing, and told him to call at my office next day.

That boy's curious blessing—for it was a blessing—gave me an appetite for my lonely tea, and I have no doubt that it was with increased relish that the philanthropical Miss Savall sipped her Souchong and ate her water cress that evening. I do hope the recording angel was not neglecting his duties that miserable afternoon, if only for the utter discomfiture of the good lady's enemies upon the Day of Judgment.

* * * * *

Jack, the reader will be pleased to hear, is now progressing favourably on board Her Majesty's ship Warspite. I went to see him last "Speech-day," and had the gratification of witnessing him walk up, before the visitors and whole ship's company assembled, to receive the medal for good conduct.

Quod erat demonstrandum.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

TRANSLATED FROM HEINE.

I.

The mother stood at her lattice,
The son lay on his bed;
"Come, gaze at the holy pilgrims,
Wilhelm, arise," she said.

"I am so ill, my mother,
I scarce can see or hear;
On my dead Margaret musing,
My heart, alas! is drear."

"Arise, we will go to Kevlaar,
The book and rosary take;
The Mother of God will heal thee,
'Thy poor heart must not break."

The pilgrims wave church banners,
And chant in a solemn tone;
And so the procession passes
Through the Rhenish town Cologne.

In the crowd the mother follows—
She leads her son, and he
Joins with her in the chanting,
"Blesséd be thou, Marie!"

II.

The Mother of God at Kevlaar
Is dazzlingly arrayed:
To-day she is busy healing
The sick who have sought her aid.

They lay their many offerings
Before her shrine in prayer—
Limbs, feet and hands all modelled
In wax-work clean and fair.

And whoso a wax hand offers
Is cured, if his hand is maimed,
While he who a wax foot bringeth
Is healed, though his foot was lamed.

But the mother took a taper,
And fashioned thereof a heart;
"Take that to the Holy Virgin,
And she will ease thy smart."

The son knelt down to the Virgin,
And offered the heart with sighs;
A prayer broke forth from his spirit,
And tears broke forth from his eyes:

"O Virgin, Queen of Heaven,
Thou pure and holy maid,
To thee I breathe my sorrows,
For thou my woe can'st aid.

I dwelt with my tender mother
In the Rhenish town, Cologne,
That many hundred churches
And chapels fair doth own.

And near us dwelt my Margaret,
But dead she lieth now—
A waxen heart I bring thee,
My wounded heart heal thou!

Heal thou my heart that is broken,
And, singing fervently,
I will pray both late and early,
Blesséd be thou, Marie!"

III.

The sick son and his mother
Slept in a lowly room,
When lo! the Virgin lightly
Stepped inwards, through the gloom.

She bent above the sick man,
And on his heart did lay
Her gentle fingers softly,
And smiled and went away.

The mother saw in a vision
What happened in the dark,
And wakened from her slumber,
For the dogs did loudly bark.

Her son lay stretched before her,
And the light of morning red
Fell on his cold, pale features—
The breath of life had fled!

Then, her hands the mother folded,
She felt, she scarce knew how—
And she whispered low, devoutly,
"O Mary, blest be thou!"

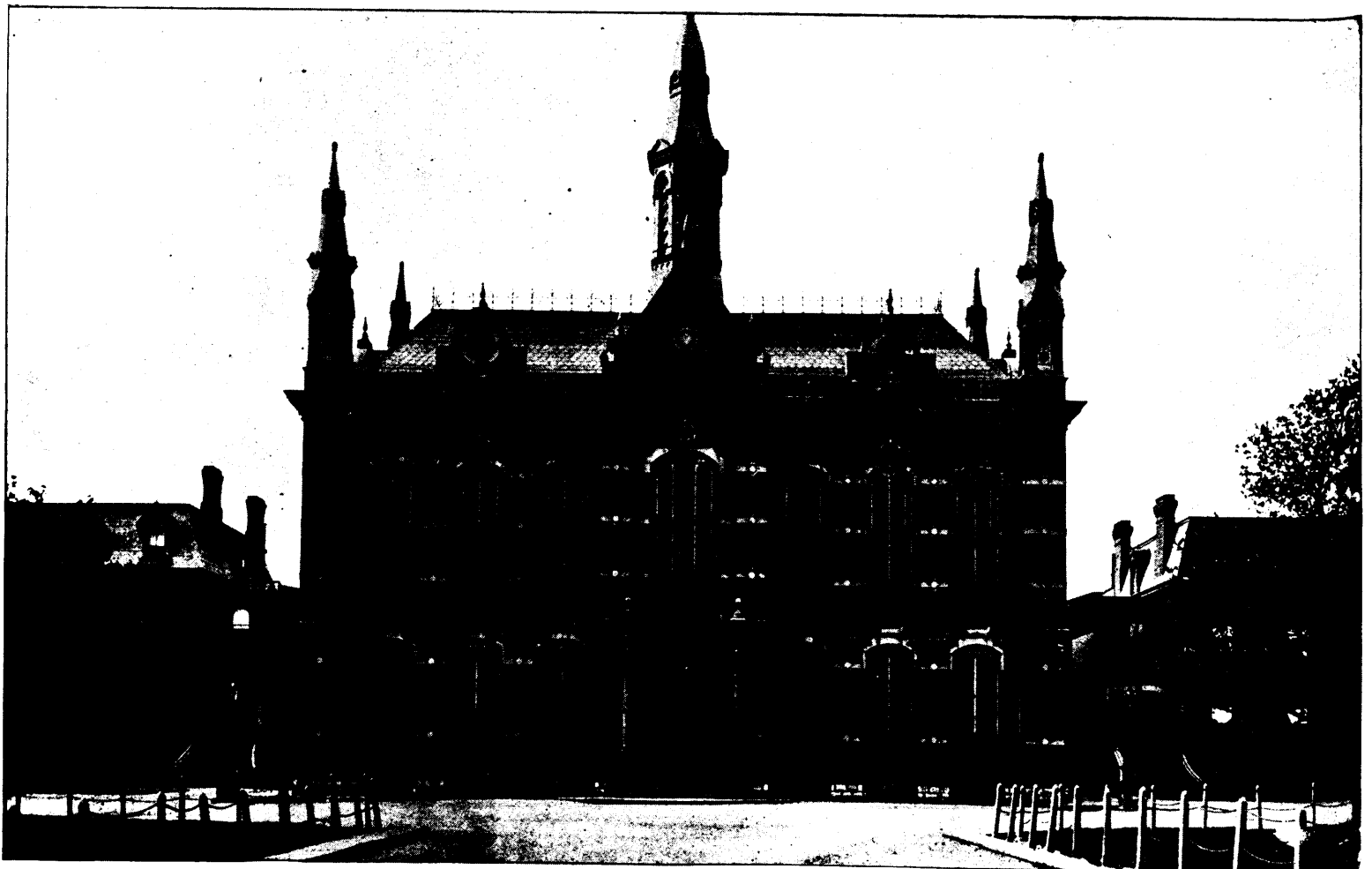
GEO. MURRAY.

The smallest church in the world is on the Isle of Wight. It is of Saxon architecture, 24 feet long, 11 feet wide, and barely high enough for a tall man to stand upright.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TORONTO.

From a photograph by J. B. Clougher.



UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, TORONTO.

From a photograph by J. B. Clougher.



"SARK."

From the painting by Edwin Douglass.

Photograph supplied by Alex. S. Macrae & Son, Toronto, Directors for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.



Sir Wm. Dawson is back from the seaside.

Mr. Mackenzie Bowell has delayed his return from British Columbia by a fortnight.

It is no secret that Sir John Macdonald has, on personal ground, perhaps more than once declined a baronetcy.

Sir William Howland, who has been making the rounds of Manitoba, reports very favourably on the wheat crop.

Professor Tanner declares that this year's wheat and other harvests will be the greatest ever reaped in the Northwest.

The Governor-General's first state ball, at the Quebec Citadel, was a brilliant and successful opening of the fall entertainments.

Madame Laurier was born Lafontaine, and has been married twenty years. Her charming manner added much to her husband's success in Ontario.

Mr. John B. Freeman, M. P. P., the Liberal whip in the Ontario House, will soon leave Canada for California, and expects to be absent two or three months.

Dr. Cochrane, the indefatigable Chief of the Home Mission Board of Western Canada, is spending a short time with his friends at Houston, Renfrewshire.

John Edward Hibbert Binney, son of the late Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, and curate of Wolverhampton, Eng., was, last week, united to Beatrice Elizabeth Liechtenstein, youngest daughter of Senator Almon.

Rev. E. E. England, of Pictou, N. S., has in his possession a three-shilling piece over 200 years old, with the "William and Mary" stamp on it. It is doubtful if a similar coin is to be found in Canada.

At St. Mary's, Halifax, the marriage of James W. Power, son of the Hon. M. J. Power, and sporting editor of the *Recorder*, and Miss Agnes B. Wallace, daughter of Mr. James P. Wallace, was celebrated last week.

When Sir John Thompson was in his office the first time since receiving his knighthood, the Premier was one of his callers. "Well, how is Sir John this morning?" was his enquiry. "You ought to know that best," was the repartee, and the two Sir Johns indulged in a little laugh.

He was a Canuck minister,
And sat on Justice's seat,
Until he took a fishing hook,
And straight began to treat—
But not to drink; and lest you think
No noble man is he,
He now is dight a gallant knight—
This "Thompson with a P!"

It is hard to see the wit of these verses, but they are from the *New York World*, all the same.

The Halifax Garrison Chapel was crowded, on the 3rd, to witness the marriage of Captain Spencer D. Maul, of the York and Lancaster Regiment, and Laura Harvey, eldest daughter of John H. Harvey. The groom served in the Egyptian war, and has a medal and clasp and the Khedive's star won for his part in the actions at Etmagfar, Tel-el-Mahuta, the two actions at Kassasin and the fight at Tel-el-Kebir.

BABES IN THE WOOD,

"Please, mamma, may we go in the woods and have some lunch in the little basket? Oh! do say yes, mamma; it is such a nice day to be out in the woods."

This was eagerly asked by one of three little boys, who were spending their summer vacation in the country on a fruit farm, where there are also lovely woods, with great, tall redwood trees, towering up 100 feet, and even more, toward the blue sky and God who made them, and here and there a madrona tree grows, with its bark peeling off in its own peculiar way, leaving the tree bright red and as smooth as satin; now and then the bark clings in flakes of pale yellow. Close by we find the beautiful bay tree, with its long, pointed, fragrant leaves, and all about such lovely ferns. Beyond the woods is a mountain, very steep and rugged.

These woods were a great temptation to the boys. Stuart was so anxious to go, and Herbert and Romney came running in and added their pleading to his.

Their mamma decided that they could go, but said: "It's too warm for you to walk all the way, so you had better take Old John." He was a steady old horse, who had done his share of work, and the children were allowed to ride him about the ranch.

At this the boys clapped their hands and shouted: "Oh! that's fine! We can have Old John and take turns riding."

So their mamma put up some lunch for them. She knew boys have a way of getting hungry, whether walking or riding. They kissed her good-by, and started off in merry glee.

Old John looked at them with his gentle eyes, as much as to say: "Do you really think this is fun, boys? I had much rather lie down under a big oak tree in the pasture and take a nap until dinner time." But, nevertheless, he went along in his careful way, and as their mamma watched them go down the hill, she caught a glimpse of a hat waved in the air, heard the sound of their last "Good-by, mamma!" shouted with the full force of sound lungs, and the echo across the hills caught it, and back it came to her as she turned away, with a glad heart to see her boys so happy, and went about her morning duties.

The hours passed without her realizing how long they had been gone, and they did not know how long it was, either. They went to the woods and, after running about awhile, decided to eat their lunch, and then went up to a spring to get a drink of clear, cold, sparkling water. They caught it in their tin cups as it trickled down over the rocks and passed through a bed of green ferns that left it clear and cold.

Just as they finished drinking Stuart said:

"Say, boys, let's climb the mountain. I don't think it looks so very steep. We can take turns on Old John."

"All right," answered the others; "but what if Old John can't climb?"

"Oh, I guess he can," said Stuart. So the others got on the horse, and he trudged along beside them.

Old John picked his way very carefully over the stones and through the brush. After awhile Stuart was so tired the boys got down and he took his turn on Old John, and so they pushed on and up.

At last they reached the top of the mountain. It was very nice to be so high up. They could see the broad Pacific sparkling in the sun. They were tired, but didn't mind, and thought it was fun. Somehow little boys can do so much for fun and play, but get tired very quick when it comes to working. I wonder why it is.

Well, by this time it was after 12, and their mamma began to feel uneasy, because they didn't come home, but grandpa said:

"I expect they have found a nice, cool place under a tree, and, being tired, have fallen asleep. They will be home in a little while."

But alas! they were anything but asleep. They now became tired looking about and watching Old John eat grass and leaves, and all at once found they were very hungry, and tried to find the path they had gone up by, but couldn't find it. They hunted and hunted, and as they looked down the mountain it looked so much steeper than when they went up in the fresh morning air, with light hearts. It seemed to them so steep that if they tried to go they would just fall over and roll down and down over the stones, and they didn't like the thought of that. In a little while more they lost all their courage, and sat down and cried; then, as they became more and more lonesome and afraid, their cries became screams. At last they were worn out, and so were forced to be quiet for a while.

Old John kept eating in a contented way. It did not matter to him now whether he was on the mountain or in the pasture, for he found plenty to eat. After a time the sun went down, and it began to grow dark; then the boys broke out crying again. Old John looked at them as if to say: "What is the matter? I'm going to lie down under this big tree. There are lots of dry leaves and I shall have a nice bed." So he lay down and stretched out his legs and made himself very comfortable.

The boys came to the conclusion they would have to stay in the woods all night, so when they had exhausted themselves a second time with crying and shouting, they were so sleepy they couldn't keep their eyes open; so they lay down between Old John's legs and put their aching heads against his body and pushed their feet down in the warm leaves.

All at once Herbert called out: "Boys, we must say our prayers"; so they got down on their knees, folded their dirty little hands, and with trembling lips said: "Now I lay me." It seemed to comfort them, and telling Romney to lie in the middle, because he was the smallest, they nestled up close together and were soon sound asleep, worn out with their long tramp and crying.

Old John, too, fell asleep, unheeding the weight of their heads, which by degrees slipped down to the ground, they were so tired. They tossed about, and each turn made a few more leaves fly up and fall down over them, so they were well covered from the night air.

Well, all this time their mamma had been very sad. Grandpa went away right after dinner, never doubting the boys would be home in a little while.

Just as the big moon came up from behind the very mountain where the boys lay asleep, grandpa and the men drove in the yard. When they found the boys had not come home they all started out to hunt for them. The moon was so bright that they did not need any lanterns. They hunted all through the woods, and then grandpa said: "They must have tried to climb the mountain and lost their way." So they all started up, following the trail, but no boys could be found.

At last they reached the top and began to hunt about. All at once they found Old John, lying under the tree fast asleep, but the boys were so covered with leaves that they didn't see them. Grandpa was very tired and said he must rest, while the other men looked about still more, so he sat down by Old John's feet. In a moment something moved under him; he felt about and found a little foot. He started up and called the men. They pushed the leaves away, and much to their delight found the three boys, but they were so sound asleep it was hard to wake them.

At last they opened their eyes and were very glad to see grandpa's kind face. The men each took a tired, sleepy boy in their arms and were soon down the mountain, Old John following, as they had roused him up after finding the boys. At the edge of the woods they found the horses where they had tied them, and were soon home.

Mamma took her boys upstairs and put them to bed without a word of reproof. Her heart was too full for words other than of thankfulness.

In the morning the boys came to her and Stuart said: "Mamma, we boys have been talking over getting lost yesterday. It was awful, mamma, and we were so tired and scared; but we think now it was very naughty of us to go up the mountain alone, and we know we made you feel bad, 'cause you cried when we came home, and we feel very sorry. Will you forgive us, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear boys," she replied; and then they told her all about it, and promised not to wander away again, and they kept their promise. They still had nice rides on Old John, but did not go far away.

One day, after Romney had been riding a good deal, he came to his mamma and said: "I think there is something the matter with my spine." She was quite startled, and undressed him to see what could be the matter. She had to laugh when she found two big blisters, not exactly on his spine.

He said: "Now, mamma, if you had them you would not laugh, for they hurt awful bad!" She put salve on them, and in a day or two they were all well.

One night Old John did not come home from the pasture. The next day the boys went to look for him, and, much to their sorrow, found him under a tree, cold and dead.

They ran crying to the house. Grandpa comforted them by saying: "Well, boys, I am sorry about Old John, because you loved him and enjoyed riding on him, but he has done good service and is very old, and I really think we ought to be glad, for he might have been real sick, as he was once, and you wouldn't want him to suffer?"

"Oh no!" said the boys, "but we wish he could have lived and been well. We sha'n't forget that he helped you to find us when we were lost in the woods on the mountain, and covered with leaves, real 'Babes in the Wood.'"



Mrs. Seguin, the opera singer, is dead. Seguin is a French-Canadian name from Iberville.

Alexander Salvini, son of the great tragedian, is the most accomplished swordsman on the stage.

Gilbert and Sullivan have finished their new opera, to be brought out in London in September.

A London violinist, named Carrodus, has just bought the Stradivarius violin used by Paganini for \$3,400.

Max Heinrich, the baritone, well known in Canada, has gone to London to sing and expects to stay there.

M. Couture, choir master of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, is now in England making a special study of cathedral music.

W. E. Fairclough, organist of St. George's Church, Montreal, who recently graduated as a Fellow of the College of Organists, of London, Eng., has arrived, with his bride, in Canada.

QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

X.

THE VILLANELLE (Continued.)

The reader asks for a few more examples of the Villanelle. We will bend to this desire, giving some chosen from the best hands, and on the most appropriate subjects. Austin Dobson has the following on a Nankin Plate:—

"Ah, me! but it might have been!
Was there ever so dismal a fate?"
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

"Such a maid as was ever seen!
She passed, though I cried to her: 'Wait!'"
Ah, me! but it might have been!

"I cried, 'O my Flower, my Queen,
Be mine!' 'Twas precipitate"—
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

"But then... she was just sixteen,—
Long-eyed,—as a lily straight,—
Ah, me! but it might have been!

"As it was, from her palankeen,
She laughed—"You're a week too late!"
(Quoth the little blue mandarin.)

"That is why, in a mist of spleen,
I mourn on this Nankin Plate.
Ah, me! but it might have been!"
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

And this, from the equally "conynge" pen of Edmund Gosse, is timely to the coming fall season:—

Wouldst thou be content to die
When low-hung fruit is hardly clinging
And golden Autumn passes by?

Beneath this delicate rose-grey sky
While sunset bells are faintly ringing,
Wouldst thou be content to die?

For wintry webs of mists on high
Out of the muffled earth are springing,
And golden Autumn passes by.

O now, when pleasures fade and fly,
And Hope her southward flight is winging,
Wouldst thou be content to die?

Lest winter come, with wailing cry,
His cruel icy bondage bringing,
When golden Autumn hath passed by;

And thou, with many a tear and sigh,
While life her wasted hand is wringing,
Shall pray in vain for leave to die,
When golden Autumn hath passed by.

Just for the sake of Bonnie Belle, as Samuel Minturn Peck sends her a Villanelle, let us read it and enjoy its gentle spell:—

Just to please my Bonnie Belle,
With her winsome eyes of blue,
Lo, I sing a Villanelle.

List the merry music swell!
Haste, ye rhymes, in measure true,
Just to please my Bonnie Belle.

Have a care to foot it well,
Tripping like a fairy crew,
Lo, I sing a Villanelle.

Come from where the Pixies dwell,
Dance with sandals dipped in dew,
Just to please my Bonnie Belle.

In her ear, the tiny shell
Let my peerless passion sue;
Lo, I sing a Villanelle.

Will she listen? Who can tell?
Does she love me? Would I knew!
Just to please my Bonnie Belle,
Lo, I sing a Villanelle.

We have not yet quoted Oscar Wilde, in this series, although he excels among the votaries of Provençal verse. The reader will, therefore, doubtless be pleased to read this Villanelle to old Sicilian Theocritus, prince of pastoral poets, as the crown of this issue's paper:—

O singer of Persephone!
In the dim meadows desolate,
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still through the ivy flits the bee,
Where Amaryllis lies in state;
O singer of Persephone!

Simaetha calls on Hecate,
And hears the wild dogs at the gate;
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still by the light and laughing sea
Poor Polypheme bemoans his fate;
O singer of Persephone!

And still in boyish rivalry
Young Daphnis challenges his mate;
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Stern Lacon keeps a goat for thee;
For thee the jocund shepherds wait;
O singer of Persephone!
Dost thou remember Sicily?

A PASTUREAL POEM.

Gustavus Adolphus Benjamin Lee
Said he wanted to learn to milk,
And the rustic swelled with inward glee;
"You'd better borrow some pants," says he,
"And rig yourself like Bill and me."
But, no; he wa' none of that ilk.

Do you think that a chap at the top of the tree,
Who to college has been for years,
Cannot learn in a trial or two after tea?
Just give me that stool and you quickly will see
How soon you would lose if you'd bet me a V.
But, no; you have nothing but jeers.

So he sat on a stool that was made like a T.
And the cow in the pail put her tail,
Then, feigning she wanted to kill a mosquito—
To, she slashed with an action quite free;
You would think that she wanted to murder a bee,
For she handled her tail like a flail.

Gustavus said something beginning with D,
Took his crushed hat (made of silk),
And murmured: The question at present with me
Is not whether $X = Y + Z$,
Or whether the moon is in perigee,
But will benzoline take out milk?

Huntingdon, P.Q.

MACK.

MILITIA NOTES.

General Cameron wants the Government to build him a dwelling at Kingston.

General Middleton is making an effort to settle the trouble in the Governor-General's Foot Guards in Ottawa. He declares that no breach of discipline has been committed.

Lieut. Chamberlin, of the 45th Batt., has paid \$25 duty on the cup he won at Wimbledon and got the cup. On the return of the minister he will apply for a refund, which may be made by order-in-council.

Gentleman Cadet Edmund Charles Hamilton, from the Royal Military College, Kingston, has been appointed second lieutenant in the Third Hussars, and William Charles Gifford Henneker a second lieutenant in the Connaught Rangers.

On the authority of Mr. Percy Wood, we are informed that the casting of the Sharpshooters' Memorial, to be erected in Ottawa in commemoration of the suppression of the last Riel rebellion, was completed by the founders on August 1st, with the result that a casting of peculiar excellence has been obtained. The work will shortly be shipped to Canada, and Mr. Percy Wood will be present at the unveiling in Ottawa. Mr. Wood has presented a cast of his bust of Professor Owen to the Canadian National Gallery, and it will be placed in the collection at Ottawa.



"Do they have round dances at this hotel?" "Yes; but they do not permit the boarders to have square meals."

It is not always safe to hire a kitchen girl on the strength of her assertion that she is a good poker player.

The experience of ages has shown that it is useless to expect a man to be a good, practical, consistent Christian when his standing collar doesn't fit.

The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster upon his younger brother than she did on him.

Western Town Boomer—"We're bound to have a big population here." Stranger (mired in a principal street)—"Yes, fellows who get in here once will never get out again."

"I hear you have broken with Miss Strong?" "Yes, I found that she was a woman with a will of her own. It was a question of breach of promise or promise of breeches, and I chose the former."

"I am so glad your sister enjoyed her visit to us, Mr. Smith."

"Oh, well, you know, she is the sort of girl who can enjoy herself anywhere, you know."

A correspondent says: "My name's Somerset. I'm a miserable bachelor. I cannot marry, for how can I hope to prevail on any young lady possessed of the slightest notion of delicacy to turn a Somerset?"

Ambitious Musician—"I have fame at last in my grasp." "How so?" "You know that Mendelssohn's wedding march helped amazingly in making his fame." "Well, what of it?" "I shall write a divorce march."

Dumley (who has given Featherly a cigar from his private box)—"I've smoked worse cigars than these, Featherly."

Featherly—"Ye-es, Dumley, I s'pose you have; but you must remember that you are an older man than I am."

Ragged urchin (to druggist's clerk): "Pa has taken a dose of that linnymunt you gin lim, an' he's corfin' an' sneezin' fit to bust hisself, an' he says he's a coming to knock merry blazes out o' you; so gimme a nickel an' run fer yer life!"

"Clara," said the old man, from the head of the stairs, "say to that young fellow that a storm is coming up."

"All right, sir; thanks," responded the young fellow himself. "I hadn't noticed it. I think I'll wait and see if it doesn't blow over."

Horace Greeley told this story of himself. Soon after he went to learn the printing business, he went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text: "My daughter is being grievously tormented with a devil."

"You seem to have quite a sum in your bank, Bobby," remarked the visitor. "Yes," said Bobby, "ma gives me ten cents a week for coming to the table with clean hands and face." "Ten cents is a good deal of money for a little boy to earn every week." "Yes, ma'am, but I have to do a large amount of work for it."

Equal to the occasion. He (summering in the country)—"Shall I assist you over this wire fence, Maud?" She—"No, I can do very nicely by myself; and in the meantime, Charley, I wish you would study that bank of clouds in the west and tell me if it looks like rain."

A line or two may appear in a newspaper that may make a man an enemy to the newspaper for life. He will stop his subscription, but this act does not deter him from reading the paper. It simply changes him from a subscriber to a borrower, a filcher of the editor's work without compensation. There are a number of individuals who will read this item and appreciate its pith.

Woman with satchel enters car, sits down; enter conductor, asks for fare; woman opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, takes out dime, shuts purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, shuts satchel, offers dime, receives nickel, opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, puts in nickel, closes purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, closes satchel; "Stop the car, please!"

"Darringer, have you a half dollar that you don't want?"

"Why, certainly. Here it is."

The next day:

"Say, Darringer, that half dollar you gave me was a counterfeit?"

"Yes, Bromley. You asked me if I had a half dollar that I didn't want."

She (blushing)—What did papa say last night, George, when you went to gain his consent to woo and win me?

He (somewhat embarrassed)—Well—er—to tell the truth, Clara, in some way we got to discussing politics, and I forgot all about the other matter. Ah, darling, are you sure that you will always love me as you do now?

She (coldly)—I beg of you, Mr. Sampson, let us talk about the tariff question.



THE POWER OF LOVE.

SHE: Why, Mr. Dehyper! you must not let Freddy make such a nuisance of himself.
 MR. D. (who has always detested children, and is painfully particular about his dress): Not a bit of a nuisance! We are having a gorgeous time. Hey Freddy?
 Gasps for breath and prances off up the stairs again.

Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island; the construction of locks, &c. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, &c.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October, next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$20,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, &c.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. This Department, however, does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.

By order,
 A. P. BRADLEY,
 Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
 Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway

has provided its usual extensive list of tourist tickets to the various summer resorts of Canada and New England, which may be obtained at its different agencies at very reasonable rates.

Among the most desirable localities covered by these tickets may be mentioned Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore, and San Francisco. The sleeping and dining cars of the company's transcontinental trains are proverbial for their comfort and luxury, and now that the hotels at Banff, Field, Glacier, Fraser Cañon and Vancouver are all completed and open for guests, every want of the traveller is carefully provided for.

Tourist tickets to the above mentioned points are good for six months and permit stop over at pleasure.

From Montreal the rates are:
 To Banff and return. - \$90 00
 To Vancouver, Victoria, Tacoma, Seattle, or Portland and return, 125 00
 To San Francisco and return, - - - 140 00

From other stations the rates are proportionately low.

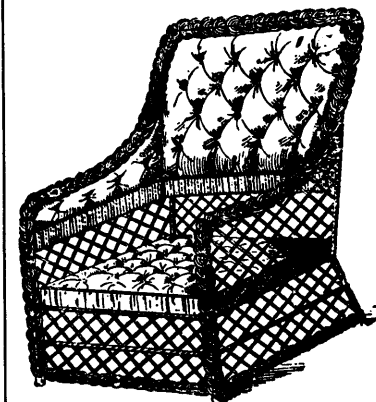
Descriptive books may be obtained of Company's agents, or by addressing the Passenger Traffic Manager at Montreal.

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St. Lawrence Canals.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on Tuesday, the 25th day of September next, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal. And for the deepening and enlargement of the summit level of the Cornwall Canal. The construction of a new lock at each of the three interior lock stations on the Cornwall Canal between the Town of Cornwall and Maple Grove; the deepening and widening of the channel way of the canal; construction of bridges, etc.

A map of each of the localities together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after Tuesday, the 11th day of September next, at this office for all the works, and for the respective works at the following mentioned places:—

Galops. For the works at Galops, at the Lock-keeper's House, Galops. For deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickenson's Landing; and for the new locks, etc., at lock-stations Nos. 18, 19 and 20, at the Town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places mentioned.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$6,000 must accompany the tender for the Galops Canal Works, and a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$2,000 for each section of the works on the summit level of the Cornwall Canal; and for each of the lock sections on the Cornwall Canal a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$4,000.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
 A. P. BRADLEY,
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Department of Railways and Canals,
 Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.