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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1888, by G. E. Desbarats & Son, at the Department of Agriculture.

VOL. I.—No. 22.

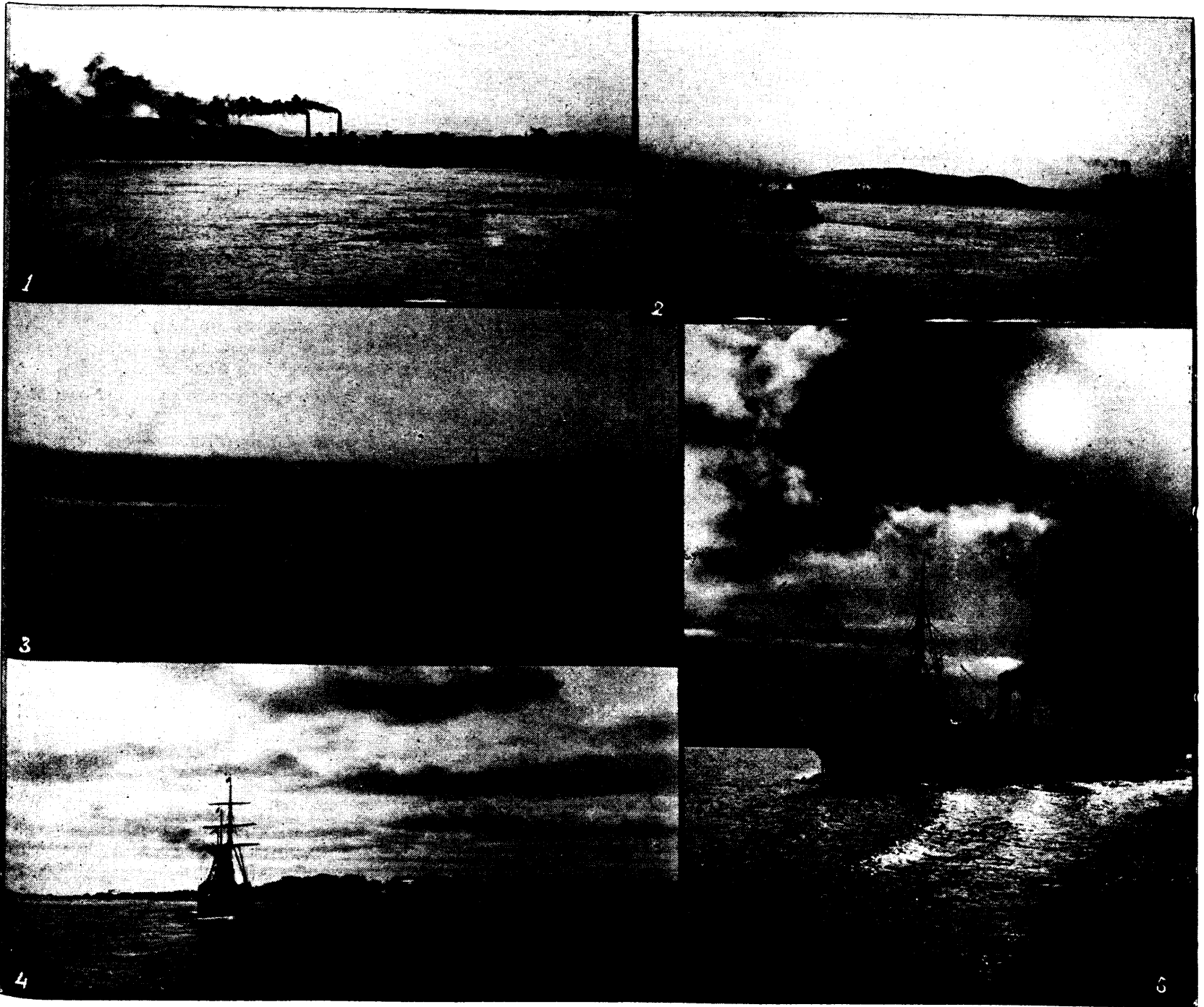
MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 1st DECEMBER, 1888.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.
10 CENTS PER COPY.

OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

TRIP TO QUEBEC ON BOARD THE ALIAN LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP "SARDINIAN," 7th NOVEMBER, 1888.

Views and groups from photographs taken for THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED by Messrs. Notman & Son.



SOME VIEWS ON THE WAY DOWN.

1. 6.45 A.M. Leaving the Harbour; The Hochelaga Cotton Mills. 2. A steam dredge at work; The St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery. 3. Longue Pointe; St. Benoit Asylum; The Insane Asylum. 4. Three Rivers. 5. Beaver Line SS. "Lake Ontario" convoying the "Sardinian."

The Dominion Illustrated.

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1st DECEMBER, 1888.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

SPECIAL.

During the month of December we will give to new subscribers the current first six months, twenty-six numbers, of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, making a volume of 416 pages, containing over 250 beautiful engravings, and a great amount of interesting and instructive reading, ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR, the conditions being that the subscriber remits, *at the same time*, \$4.00 for a full year's subscription, beginning 1st January, 1889. In other words, we offer eighteen months' subscription for \$5.00, or again, we give away three months' subscription gratis. Persons wishing to form clubs can obtain their own subscription FREE, by sending us the price of *four* subscriptions, as now offered.

This offer is open for December only, and should be taken advantage of *early*, as our stock of back numbers is limited.

We may be allowed to draw special attention to this and the following number of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED as samples of the completeness and accuracy with which by our process we can illustrate current events of interest. We hope shortly to be in a position to do this even more promptly; but as it is, to have produced, in such a short space of time, the twelve large engravings which illustrate the inauguration of the 27½ foot channel, including over a hundred perfect portraits, and forming a complete record of the celebration, is a performance worthy of note.



Further research into the matter shows that of the two heroes of Balaklava Lord Lucan commanded the cavalry, and Lord Cardigan a division thereof. It was the latter that led the charge of the Light Brigade, and the former that charged at the head of the Heavy Brigade, with no less danger and bravery, and covered the retreat of the Earl of Cardigan. Lucan was slightly wounded, and Cardigan was thrust through his clothes with a lance.

Quakers are unknown, except by name, in Canada. At least, we never heard of any settlement of them this side the boundary line. Even out of Pennsylvania, they are quite scarce in the United States. But in their first haunts, on the banks of the Monongahela and Susquehanna, "the old-time, broad-brimmed, sugar-scoop Quakers" still flourish in all their glory, and keeping all the tenets given them by George Fox in 1634.

The St. John *Evening Gazette* and the *Critic* of Halifax are speaking out against text books used in Canadian schools, which set forth historical events garbled by American writers, and, among others, "Lossing's Field Book of 1812." This work, however, is not to be found in schools surely, and there can be no objection to it in our libraries, as all of that author's illustrated books, chiefly "The Field Book of the Revolution," a great space of which is devoted to the Maritime Prov-

inces and Quebec, are very valuable indeed for reference. What we have to guard against jealously is the distortion of Canadian and British history in American text books.

The time does not seem to have come as yet when Canadians shall be independent of outsiders, British or American, in the supply of all manner of scholastic literature, but for elementary books in grammar, history, geography, arithmetic, the rudiments of mathematics, manuals of the several natural and exact sciences, it were desirable that they should be home made. There are publishers in Toronto and Montreal who have the capital, the business connections and the professional men to put forth such series of school-books as would not be surpassed anywhere, and would instil into Canadian youth, from the earliest age, the rightful love of country and faith in its future.

Last week we gave the return to the Newfoundland Legislature for Bonavista of Mr. Morison, as a "pointer" looking toward the confederation of that island with Canada. We have another good indication from the Rev. Dr. Howley, Prefect Apostolic of the western coast of Newfoundland. He says that the question of union is a living, active issue, on which the next fall elections of 1889 will likely hinge. It will depend a good deal on the fish catch at the time. If bad, union will be carried; if good, it may be staved off a little longer; but it must come sooner or later.

We are informed by telegraph of the general feeling in England to the effect that three of its most renowned men are not likely to live through the coming winter. The eldest of these is Dr. Newman, who is allowed to be the greatest master of English speech in our day; Alfred Lord Tennyson, by all odds the first poet of the Victorian reign; and plain John Bright—thus he wishes to be called, after the Quaker way—who stands at the head of British orators since the time of Fox and Pitt. These three men have each run a long and glorious career, but their loss will be keenly felt all the same.

The force of mind always asserts itself. After two years of silence Mr. Blake comes back renewed in health and strength, and within the past fortnight has made two public utterances, one in speech and the other by the pen. In the first he laid down in luminous evidence, before the Supreme Court, the law and the right in regard to Northwest railway question. In the second he writes a letter to the Ingersoll Branch of the Imperial Federation League that, as between Annexation and Reorganization (a clumsy word), he goes in for the latter, because this country, not from material considerations only, but because we are proud of being a part of the Empire, is prepared to submit to the legitimate sacrifices that may be entailed upon her in any scheme of Reorganization.

The Pacific Cable scheme is making headway in English public opinion, and the public steps already taken in its behalf will go far toward pushing the Imperial authorities in the path of encouragement thereto. A conference on the subject held last week was largely attended, those present including many leading Australian merchants. The Earl of Winchester acted as chairman. Sir Donald Smith proposed a motion approving the company's proposal, which Australians and others warmly supported. The admission was universal that the existing telegraph is quite inadequate. The resolution was passed

unanimously. It is hoped the meeting will induce the Government to expedite the survey.

A few papers have taken to giving the Governor-General more suggestions, and something in the shape of a lecture, for insisting, in reply to addresses, on the need of blending all narrow questions of race into one broad national spirit. Lord Stanley has displayed both wisdom and patriotism in his public utterances, and he may rest assured that he is backed by the overwhelming opinion of the best people throughout all the provinces, who are and want to be Canadians before and above every thing else.

The Dalhousie College *Gazette* asks when the students will get back their gowns, and descants on the merits and uses of the distinctive garb, which tradition has made sacred in their eyes. "How was it that the heart of the honest Scots beat quicker at the sight of a tartan or the blast of the slogan; or the eye of the Greek kindled as it looked on the trophies of Milhiadu." It is hinted farther that, because of the absence of the old gown, Dalhousie is perhaps losing valuable men, who, called upon to choose between two colleges equal in other respects, but one having the robes, would not hesitate to choose the latter.

As was to be foreseen, that clumsy story of the New York news mongers that President-elect Harrison was already hatching a scheme for the purchase of Canada, at so many millions, out of the surplus of the United States Treasury, is flatly denied by that gentleman himself. Mr. Harrison may not be a brilliant man, but he has a balanced character, common sense, and that happy knack of letting well alone, which has served him in the several phases of his public life, and which will likely bestead him in his higher career as incumbent of the White House.

A sentimental opposition to the new Mormon settlers at Lee's Creek, in the Northwest, is shown in some quarters. There surely is no ground for that. Polygamy was left out of the calculations from the start, and, while the intending immigrants presumed overmuch in going to Ottawa for special relief from customs duties for their household goods, they professed their intention of submitting altogether to the laws of the country. They have means, with experience in farming, and ought to be welcomed as brothers.

CURIOSITIES OF MEASUREMENT.

In our last number we inserted a very interesting engraving of the Eiffel Tower, now being erected at Paris, as one of the attractions of the great exhibition to be held there in 1889, the highest building in the world, the Washington monument at Washington coming next. We also added on the plate the heights of some of the other lofty structures for comparison, which may be carried a little further by comparing the tower with some of nature's structures, the mountains of the world. This would show the height of the tower to be one-eighth of that of Mount Washington (8,000 feet); about one-fifteenth of that of some of the highest of the Alps and one twenty-ninth of that of the highest of the Himalayas, so that nature beats Mr. Eiffel very considerably, wonderful as his work will be. But a comparison of the mountains with the size of the earth itself throws them into the shade, and shows what small excrescences they are on this great globe we inhabit. We see by the papers that the Paris exhibition is to contain something that will facili-



Gaily clad in scarlet, printed in long primer and on good paper, is the "Hand Book for the Dominion of Canada,"* containing, besides, four maps—one of the G. T. Railway, the other of the C.P.R.; and that of the Dominion, and of the Geology of Montreal. The chief and only responsible writer is Mr. S. E. Dawson, author and publisher, but articles are furnished by such specialists as Mr. A. T. Drummond, Thos. McDougall, Joseph Gould, D. A. P. Watt, Sir William Dawson and Doctors Harrington and George M. Dawson. The reader, after perusing a comprehensive introduction on the history of the country, is led, step by step, from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia. As the work was originally prepared in 1884, for the meeting of the British Association, at Montreal, a little more space is given to the older parts of Canada, but nothing of importance is overlooked in any part. If there is any class of work that may be called handy and useful, it is a manual of this kind, where, in a small compass, in a limp-covered book, that is easily carried in the pocket, you have all that you seek and all that you need about every place in Canada which you may be interested in. But it is not the traveller alone to whom this book may come in aid. The business man, the student, the statistician, and the general reader who wants his information supplied, at first hand, and authoritatively, also will find it indispensable when once they come to use it. And the price is nominal

We have lying before us four good-sized volumes, in paper, being the fyle of the first year of the new Laval quarterly, *Le Canada Français*, issued at Quebec, under the management of Mgr. Thomas E. Hamel, F.R.S.C., and with the co-operation of a committee of professors. The work is devoted to Religion, Philosophy, History, the Fine Arts, Science and Letters, and those who would see for themselves how thoroughly these high subjects are treated—with what scholarship and grace of style—cannot do better than procure this periodical, which is issued at the extraordinarily low price of \$2.00 a year, or 50 cents a number, forming a bound volume of 500 pages of text and 200 pages of appendix, containing historical documents, published for the first time and here only, from the archives of the Quebec Seminary, Laval University, and the collections of such indefatigable searchers as the Abbé Casgrain. A list of the names of contributors will still further enlighten our readers who are acquainted with the chief writers of French Canada—P. J. O. Chauveau, Judge Routhier, Mgr. Méthot, Abbé Gosselin, E. Marceau, M. de Foville, T. Chapais, Abbé Casgrain, Abbé Laflamme, N. Legendre, Abbé Bruchesi, A. Poisson, P. LeMay, J. Desrosiers, A. D. DeCelles, A. Valée, L. Fréchette, Gérin Lajoie, Abbés Many, Paquet and Beaudoin. Address Mgr. T. E. Hamel, Manager, Quebec Seminary, for subscriptions and other business.

Every one interested in growing fruits, flowers or in forestry will find it to his advantage to take the *Canadian Horticulturist*, a beautiful monthly journal of high standing, devoted entirely to these subjects, and containing articles written by the leading fruit growers, florists and foresters in Ontario. The journal is to be enlarged in the month of January; the paintings and engravings of fruits and flowers continued and used even more liberally. Altogether, it is to be made as interesting and attractive as possible. It is published by "THE FRUIT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION OF ONTARIO," at \$1 per annum, which also entitles the subscriber to the privileges of membership of the Association, including a copy of the annual report of the meetings and discussions, given *verbatim*, and a share in the distribution of trees and plants for testing in various parts of Ontario. Subscrip-

* Hand-book for the Dominion of Canada, etc. By S. E. Dawson. Second edition. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 12^e, pp. 325.

tions should be sent to L. Woolverton, M.A., Grimsby, Ont., Secretary of the F. G. A. of Ontario.

We have several other reviews in hand, but lack of space forces us to put them off till next week.

HISTORICAL MONUMENTS.

Allow me to add to the list of historical monuments, given in your last issue of the 10th inst., that of Private Watson, who fell in the Riel rebellion of 1885. The monument was erected by the people of the pretty city of St. Catharines, where Watson and his family were long resident and highly esteemed. It stands on the City Hall green, is about fifteen feet high, as near as I can judge, and consists of a soldier, in full uniform, of the 90th Winnipeg Rifles, standing on a pedestal, each face of which is adorned with trophies. The front bears the words:

Erected to the memory of
ALEXANDER WATSON,
90th (Winnipeg) Battalion Rifles
Canadian Volunteers,
And his companions in arms who fell in
Battle during the Rebellion in the
Northwest Territories, A. D., 1885.

On the opposing side stand:

Duck Lake.
Fish Creek.
Cut Knife.
Batoche.

On the left side are given the names of those who fell during the rebellion, and on the right the regiments engaged, the whole forming a handsome and inspiring monument and one of which St. Catharines may be justly proud.

I also observe that your list does not contain the monument in the Queen's Park, Toronto, to the memory of the heroes of Ridgeway, the Toronto volunteers who fell in the Fenian raid of 1866. This is a most admirable monument, and one deserving the attention of the visitor to Toronto, who will also find a corresponding memorial of great beauty in the chancel windows of the Convocation Hall of Toronto University.

May I also avail myself of this opportunity of informing your readers that there is a plain and simple memorial standing to the memory of those who fought at that wonderful engagement at Beaver Dams, when thirty took five hundred prisoners. Without going into the story, which may be found in Col. Coffin's Chronicle of the War of 1812, I will merely state that the stone, a plain but sufficiently imposing pyramidal structure, of Queenston limestone—the hardest stone known—stands a few yards from the Welland Canal and near to the magnificent swing-bridge, erected lately by the Niagara Central Railway near to Thorold, a pretty town not far from the village of Beaver Dams itself. The stone covers the bones of soldiers who fell in the fight—both British and American—and which were exhumed when the new Welland Canal was being excavated. Some say the contractor for the stone-work erected the memorial at his own cost, and some that one of our historical societies assisted in the pious work. However that may be, the monument is worthy of the attention of the patriot and the historian, and ought to be cared for by having a plateau of green sward, enclosed by iron palings of a sufficient height to prevent climbing, set around it, and some one appointed to look after it to keep it neat and whole. The position of the stone, historically, could not be truer. The main struggle of the short and sharp fight took place, says Col. Coffin, "in David Millar's apple orchard"; and the topography of the place, as preserved in the local maps, shows that the stone stands on that very ground. The only inscription the monument bears is:

Beaver Dams,
24th June, 1813.

The whole ground is historic, but into this I must not enter for very obvious reasons.

Toronto.

S. A. C.

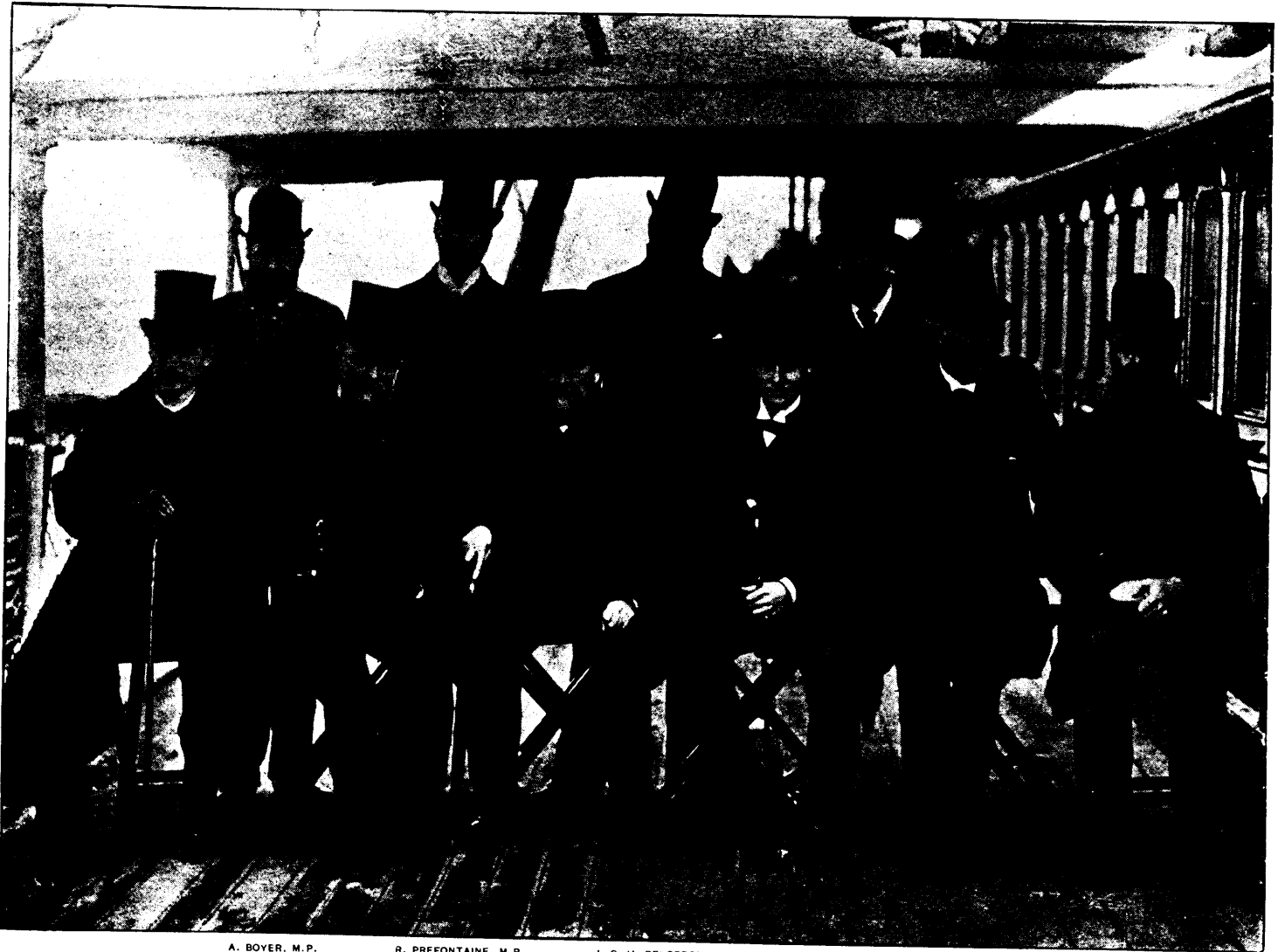
tate this latter comparison. Every day there is to be a terrestrial globe of thirty metres in diameter, about 100 feet high, and we suppose that on this the mountains will be shown in relief, and on a scale which will serve for comparison with each other, but will probably be much larger than the scale of the diameter, just as an engineer shows the true elevations and depressions of a line of railway on a larger scale than the horizontal distance. Some years ago there was exhibited, in London, a globe of 60 feet diameter, but turned inside out, the spectators being inside it, and the countries, seas and other geographical divisions being shown on the inside, elevations and depressions included, the latter being shown on a greatly enlarged scale, but even then being very small, indeed, as compared with the size of the globe. The comparison was very interesting and instructive. We cannot all see either the said Paris or London globe; let us try whether we can use a globe of no very formidable size, and yet get some idea of the comparison which we have mentioned. Suppose we have one of forty inches diameter (thirty-six inches is not uncommon, but forty will work more easily into our competition), then, taking the diameter of the earth at eight thousand miles, each inch of our globe will represent two hundred miles, and one mile will be represented by the two-hundredth part of an inch. Now, to get a tangible exhibition of this small quantity, let us take any printed book of which the edges of four hundred pages, when the book is close shut, will make one inch in thickness, that of each leaf (two pages) will then be the two-hundredth of an inch; and a scrap of such paper as the leaf is made of, pasted on the earth, will represent a mountain one mile high (5280 feet), or two-thirds of the height of Mount Washington, or more than five times that of the Eiffel tower, and less than six thicknesses of such paper will represent that of the highest mountain in the world, and not far from the greatest depth of the ocean, which is now considered to be rather more than the height of the loftiest mountain. We shall thus have a fair idea of the comparatively small elevations and depressions in the earth's surface, and of the very slight increase in them respectively, which would drown whole continents, or leave the bottom of the ocean bare, and we shall have some idea of the comparative size of man and that of the world he inhabits, for a thickness of our supposed paper will represent more than eight hundred times his average station, and yet man's stature and powers are admirably adapted to the world he has to live in, and neither giants nor pigmies would be so well suited to it as he is.

The election of officers of the Press Association of the Province of Quebec was held last week. The financial position of the association is very satisfactory. The treasurer's account shows a balance on hand of \$305.

At the last meeting of the Montreal Numismatic and Antiquarian Society Mr. de Lery Macdonald exhibited the original manuscript of the first poem ever written by a Canadian. The poem refers to Courcelles' famous mid-winter expedition against the Five-Nation Indians in 1666. The author was the future lieutenant-general of the Prévôté of Quebec, René Louis de Lotbinière, then a young man and who had accompanied Governor Courcelles as a volunteer in that campaign.

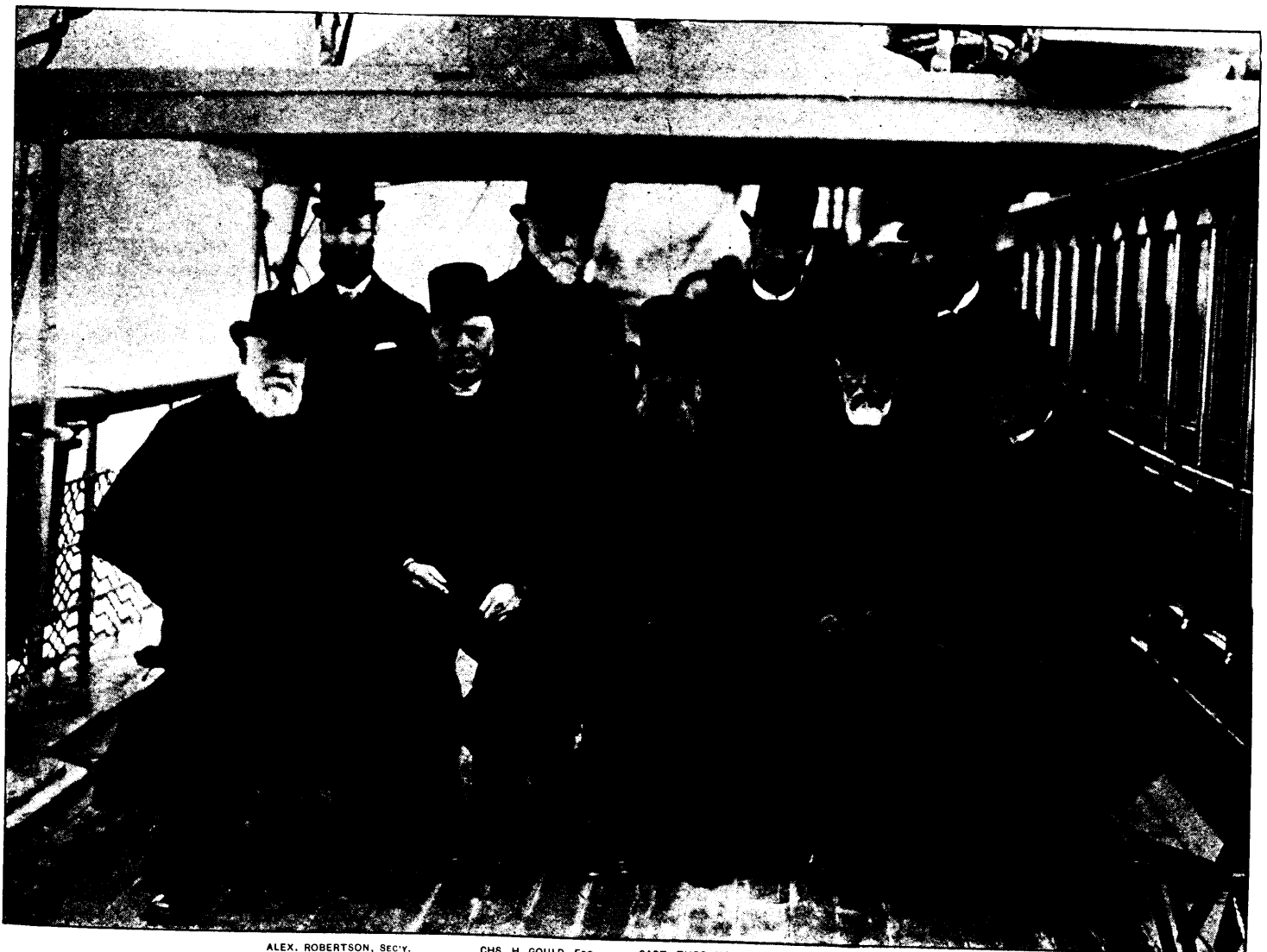
Mr. J. H. de Ricci is the author of a new work on the Fisheries Dispute and Annexation of Canada, dealing with the whole question since the Declaration of Independence. The work, it is stated, has its *raison d'être* in a remark of Sir Charles Tupper in his recent Sheffield speech, commenting upon the evident want of information among a considerable section of the press of this country upon the exact bearings of the dispute. An appendix gives the respective cases of the United States and Canada.

OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL.



A. BOYER, M.P. R. PREFONTAINE, M.P. J. G. H. BEGERON, M.P. CAPT. LABELLE, M.P.
 F. VANASSE, M.P. A. DESJARDINS, M.P. HON. SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN, M.P., HON. CHS. TUPPER M.P. J. J. CURRAN, M.P. A. TAILLON, M.P.P.
 MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS. MINISTER OF MARINE.

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT PRESENT.



ALEX. ROBERTSON, SECY. CHS. H. GOULD, ESQ. CAPT. THOS. HOWARD, HARBOUR MASTER. JOHN KENNEDY, CHIEF ENGINEER.
 HUGH McLENNAN, ESQ. HENRY BULMER, ESQ. ANDREW ROBERTSON, CHAIRMAN. ANDREW ALLAN, ESQ. J. O. VILLENEUVE, ESQ.

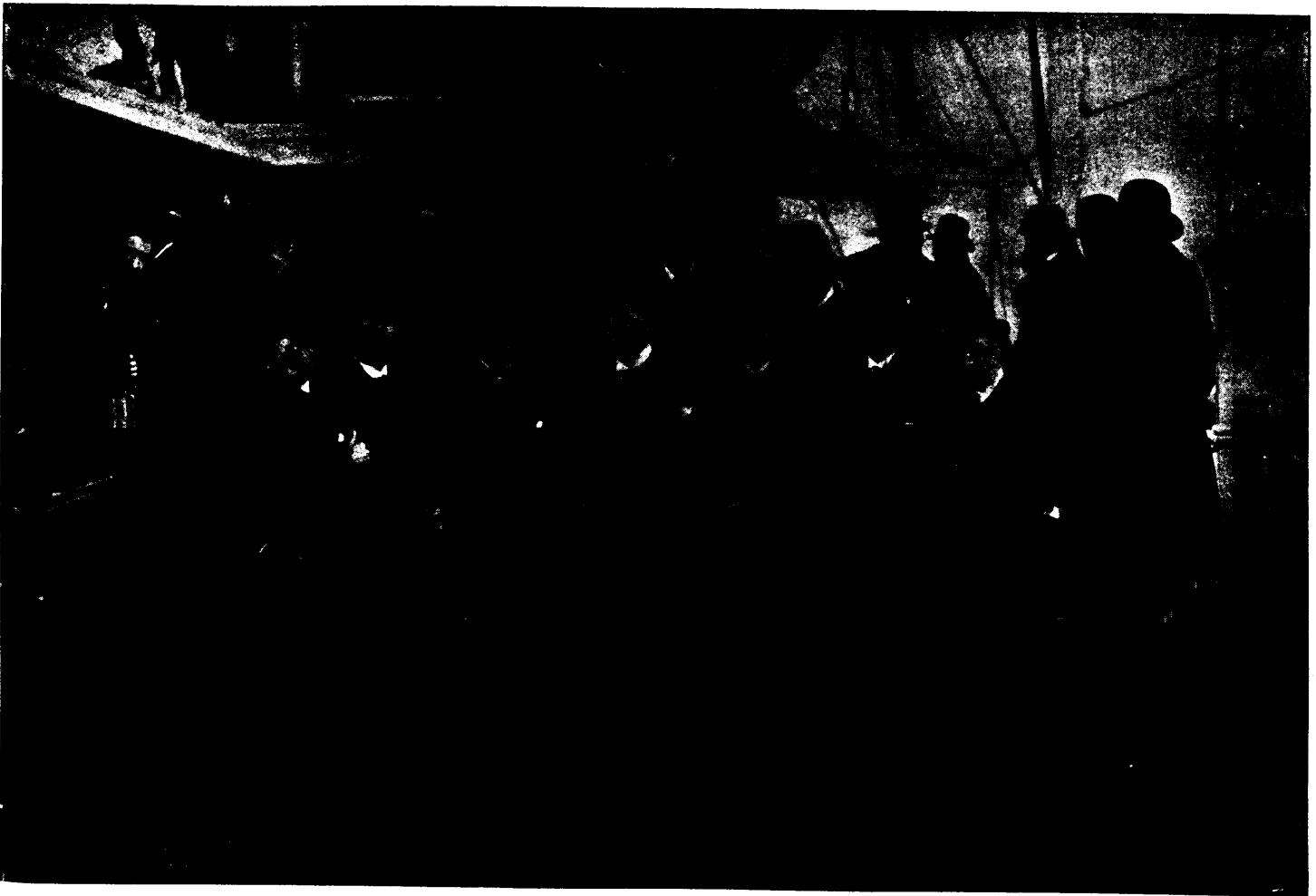
MONTREAL HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS PRESENT.

OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL.



ST. GEORGE K. BOSWELL, R. 3^d ENGINEER. H. F. PERLEY, CHIEF ENGINEER PUBLIC WORKS. JOS. FORTIN, PRES. OF PILOTS.
 R. R. DOBELL, ESQ. P. B. VALIN, ESQ., CHAIRMAN. LT.-COL. FORSYTH. EDM. GIROUX, ESQ.

QUEBEC HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS PRESENT.



DR. LEPROHON, F. YANAËSE, M.P. A. DESJARDINS, M.P. CHS. P. HEBERT. A. A. TAILLON, MAYOR, SOREL. W. R. ELMENHORST.
 SPANISH VICE-CON. ALD. JEANNOTTE. A. DE MARTIGNY. J. M. DUFRESNE. M. LEFEBVRE. J. J. CURRAN, M.P. WM. SMITH.
 J. G. H. BERGERON, M.P. CHAIRMAN. G. E. DESBARATS.

MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF MONTREAL, AND OTHERS.



THE OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL.—The 7th of November, a bright, crisp morning, at 6.30 sharp the splendid Allan Line steamship Sardinian is unmoored, towed into the stream, and glides down the broad St. Lawrence, to test the depth of the channel. The method adopted for this purpose is simple and conclusive. A huge piece of timber, about 18 inches square and 50 feet long, has been firmly lashed to the side of the ship with ropes and chains, 27½ feet of its length being submerged in an upright position. If its lower end do not strike or scrape the bed of the river (and if it should, the vessel would tremble from stem to stern), then the feat is accomplished; the Montreal Harbour Commissioners have made the St. Lawrence safe for vessels drawing 27½ feet of water. The deck was well crowded, and when the sun came out with genial warmth, the Sardinian's passengers settled down to enjoy themselves. Among those present were:—Sir Hector Langevin, Minister of Public Works; Hon. C. H. Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fisheries; Messrs. Andrew Robertson, (chairman), Henry Bulmer, J. O. Villeneuve, Hugh McLennan, Charles H. Gould, Andrew Allan, Harbour Commissioners; and Alex. Robertson, secretary; Acting-Mayor Clendinning, Alphonse Desjardins, M.P.; J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P.; Senator Ogilvie, Thomas C. Keefer, C.E.; John Sirois, C. Herchell, C.E., of Holyoke, Mass.; Wm. Smith, deputy minister of marine; D. O'Brien, R. Prefontaine, M.P.; G. Balcer, secretary of the Three Rivers Harbour Commission; Charles Garipey, G. M. Kinghorn, M. Lefebvre, Hon. B. D. Babcock, Mayor of Cleveland; W. B. Anderson, engineer of the Marine Department; P. B. Valin, chairman Quebec Harbour Commissioners; A. Trudel, editor *L'Etendard*; Henry F. Perley, chief engineer Department of Public Works; D. H. Henderson, Ald. J. D. Rolland, A. A. Ayer, W. R. Elmenhorst, Jas. Williamson, G. E. Jaques, Capt. Labelle, M.P., Professor Bovey, E. B. Hannaford, chief engineer of the Grand Trunk; R. M. Esdaile, A. F. Riddell, R. W. Shepherd, W. M. Stewart, F. A. Routh, H. Wallis, mechanical superintendent Grand Trunk Railway; City Surveyor St. George, T. D. Hood, James Slessor, A. B. Lavigne, J. Kennedy, chief engineer Montreal Harbour Commissioners; D. McCarthy, Sorel; H. Buchanan, A. A. Taillon, Mayor of Sorel; H. Harvey, editor *Trade Review*; W. G. Sproule, G. R. W. Notman, G. Baird, W. W. L. Chipman, Ontario Bank; G. E. Desbarats, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED; H. Archibald, J. H. R. Molson, B. Beaudet, Capt. Douglas, R.N.R.; W. L. Scott, Capt. R. W. Shepherd, W. S. Kennedy, J. R. Dougall, editor *Witness*; Daniel Wilson, A. D. Milloy, E. Schultz, Austro-Hungarian Consul; Ald. Richard White, J. O'Neil, J. C. Sinton, G. Lessard, L. Bruille, deputy harbour master, St. Louis; Ald. M. Malone, G. A. Robertson, Thos. Long, Calcutta; Lieut.-Col. Forsyth, Quebec Harbour Commission; E. L. Bond, A. Demartigny, R. R. Dobell, G. M. Dufresne, City Clerk Glackmeyer, Harbour Master Thos. Howard, Jos. Howden, C. B. Leprohon, M.D., Spanish Vice-Consul; Alexander Murray, Wm. Muir, Chas. McLean, C. Cantin, Collector of Customs Ryan, City Comptroller Robb, E. Roy, L. J. Seargeant, Jas. G. Shaw, Ald. Stevenson, Hon. L. O. Taillon, Ald. Villeneuve, Molyneux St. John, editor *Herald*; Geo. Hadrill, secretary Board of Trade; W. D. Master, Alex. Milloy, F. Gardner, W. P. Wonnham, E. D. Pease, Bank of Halifax; Lieut. W. H. Smith, R.N.R., steamship Parisian. The party consisted altogether of about 120 persons. The steamer's masts were gaily decorated with flags and bunting, and everybody was in the highest spirits. A more successful outing it would be hard to imagine. Off Longueuil breakfast was announced and was done full justice to. The deck, after breakfast, was the favourite parade. During the early part of the trip Mr. Desbarats, of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, utilized the time in obtaining several groups for the next issue of the paper. The Board of Harbour Commissioners, the M.P.'s, with the two ministers, the aldermen and the Press were honoured. As we slip down the river, past the miles of wharfage, the early morning is beginning to glow with promising brilliancy. The smoke is rising from thousands of homes; as we pass the great Hudson Cotton Mills, their twin chimneys are belching forth a murky cloud. Here we risk a plate, and photograph the waking city, still enshrouded in the morning's mists. A little further down, as we pass one of the Harbour Commissioners' steam dredges, we take a shot at her, and secure, at the same time, a view of the fast receding Mount Royal, and of the huge buildings of the St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Company. These two views, taken from mid-stream, before 7 o'clock, and bespread with the glory of early morn, serve well to give people at a distance an idea of the ample width of our St. Lawrence, away up in the heart of the continent, a thousand miles from sea. Six miles below Montreal, we pass the pretty church of Longue Pointe, of which we get a picture, together with the *St. Benoit*, or St. Benedict, asylum for infirm, epileptic and aged men, and, we are told, for inebriates also, kept by the Brothers of Charity. In the background is the *Asile St. Jean de Dieu*, commonly known as the Long Point Insane Asylum. Later on we get several beautiful photographs of the Canada Shipping Company's steamer

Lake Ontario, of the Beaver Line, which, on her way to the ocean, convoys the excursion, hovering sometimes on the starboard, sometimes on the larboard quarter, and, again, dropping dead astern, as we see her in the picture taken as we pass Three Rivers. Here the tooting of a score of steamers and tugs, saluting our passage, makes diversion. Few of us had ever seen Three Rivers by daylight, and the impression made by the shimmering of substantial buildings and shining roofs, through the lace-like veil of trees, was very pleasant. The shipping men viewed, with an eye of envy, the great piles of lumber stacked along the shore. But the feature of the morning was, undoubtedly, the photographing of the groups. There was an amount of enthusiasm and good humour displayed by those subjected to the process that spoke volumes for the excellence of the breakfast they had on board. Volunteers were found to muster and convene the members of the several bodies, and, at the signal, all came forward with alacrity, although they had, for the most part, to sit in the sharp north wind, on the shady side of the ship. Thus the genial Captain Labelle convened the ministers and members of Parliament, who all look happy and comfortable in the picture we give of the group. As the names are all given beneath the engraving, it is not necessary to repeat them here. Sir Hector and Mr. Taillon look rather chilly. They were chilly; but they bore up like men. We next record, with photographic accuracy, the Montreal Harbour Commissioners present on this occasion. The legend under the picture gives the names. We wish we could have had the Commission complete. We miss Mr. Edward Murphy and Mr. Victor Hudon, unavoidably absent, and Hon. Mr. Abbott, away in England. We hope to have an opportunity of giving their portraits later on. Mr. Alex. Robertson, secretary of the Board, was the convener. Next come the Quebec Harbour Commissioners, kindly marshalled by Mr. Edmond Giroux. Their presence on board was a source of great satisfaction to the guests, as betokening a friendly and liberal interest in the great work. Mr. J. M. Dufresne, president of the French Chamber of Commerce, of Montreal, mustered his own men, and to show he was not exclusive, managed to get an Irishman, an Englishman and a German into his group. The shippers, forwarders and merchants naturally formed a numerous body on this occasion. Mr. Wm. Stewart, of the Montreal and Kingston Forwarding Company, took charge of them and gathered a representative group of shipowners, shipbuilders, ship captains, forwarders, bankers, manufacturers, sugar men and vinegar men, Customs officers and Post officers, to share his immortality. And every one of the twenty-four is a perfect likeness. Now comes the Press gang. They all speak for themselves, generally and frequently, and often, as on this occasion, all together, but not, as on this occasion, un-animously. Here they were all of one opinion—that they were having a fine time. Excellent engravings of the members and officials of the City Council of Montreal, of the Civil Engineers present, of Senator Ogilvie, Mr. Seargeant and Mr. Allan, and a very artistic picture of the Steamship Lake Ontario, will be published next week, together, probably, with large portraits of the Minister of Public Works and of the chairman of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners, accompanied by the continuation of our narrative and commentary.

HISTORY OF THE WORK.

Previous to the date of Confederation, July 1st, 1867, the ship channel had been improved at various times, until at that time there was, throughout the whole distance between Montreal and Quebec, a minimum width of 300 feet, with a depth of 200 feet at ordinary low-water. Shortly after that the growing trade of the St. Lawrence, and the increasing size of vessels, demanded that the ship channel should be further deepened, and an act was passed by Parliament in May, 1873, authorizing the Government to contract a loan of \$1,500,000 to defray the expenses of completing the ship channel from Montreal to tide-water, above Quebec, to a depth of not less than 22 feet at low water, and a width of not less than 300 feet, the work to be performed under the superintendence of the Department of Public Works, either by the Harbour Commissioners or in such other manner as the Governor-in-Council might determine. It was further provided that the interest on the loan fixed at 5 per cent. should be paid by the Harbour Commissioners out of the revenue of the port of Montreal. Operations were commenced in the spring of 1874 with one dredge and a stone-lifter, and contracts were entered into for the building of six large elevators or ladder dredges, and also for the purchase of tugs, scows and other plant required. The new plant was finished and set to work in the spring of 1875 and was kept steadily at work during the season of navigation of each year, until the close of 1878, when a minimum depth of 22 feet had been attained at all points, except between Cap Levant and Cap Charles, where it was necessary to take advantage of the tide. Up to that time there had been spent for new plant \$523,902, and for working expenses \$628,610, or in all \$1,153,312. It was then decided, in view of the rapid increase in the size of vessels engaged in the Atlantic trade, and the moderate cost of carrying on the dredging with the plant already on hand, to continue the deepening of the ship channel to 25 feet at low water. Work was, therefore, continued until the fall of 1882, when a depth of 25 was attained at all places, except Cap la Roche and Cap Charles, where it was necessary to take advantage of high water of an average tide. In the straight parts of the channel, between No. 1 lightship and the white buoy, Lake St. Peter, the dredging was 325 feet wide; in the straight parts elsewhere it was generally 300 feet; but in the bends, and all important places, it was widened out to 450 feet or more. The quantities of dredging done in deepening from 20 to 25 feet were: Shale rock, 289,600 cubic yards; earth of all sorts, including boulders lifted by dredges, 8,200,000 cubic yards; large boulders, lifted by stone-lifting barges, 16,700 cubic yards; making in all 8,508,400 cubic yards. The channel in Lake St. Peter, the largest piece of dredging in any one place, is in all 17¼ miles in length, 300 to 450 feet in width, and involving the removal, since the beginning of dredging in the present channel in 1851 to 1882, of about 8,000,000 cubic yards. The outlay for the deepening from 20 to 25 feet was for dredging plant \$534,809, and for working and other expenses \$1,245,321, or a total of \$1,780,130. No sooner, however, had a depth of 25 feet been reached than the Harbour Commissioners decided to prosecute the work still further, and in the following year, 1883, application was made to the Government and Parliament for a loan of \$900,000 for the further deepening of the channel to 27½ feet. This was granted, and for the past six seasons of navigation the work has been actively carried on. The Chief Engineer, in his report at the close of 1887, said:—"It was hoped

that all except Cap Charles and Cap la Roche would have been practically finished by the close of navigation, and to accomplish it the greater part of the dredging fleet was worked night and day. Its accomplishment was, however, found impossible, owing mainly to unusually great interruptions by storms and for repairs, and to the dredging in several places having proved harder than was anticipated. Above Cap la Roche several small pieces of dredging remain to be done, but there are no considerable sections, except about 2½ miles of very soft clay in Lake St. Peter, and about ¼ of a mile, mostly detached lumps, at Point aux Trembles, *en haut*, all of which can be finished by the time of low water next summer." The work has this season been prosecuted to a successful completion at all points, and the 27½ foot channel from Montreal to Quebec has been formally opened. The following statement shows the growth of the sea-going shipping trade at Montreal since the work of deepening from 20 feet at low water to 27½ feet was begun:

	1873		1887	
	No.	Tons.	No.	Tons.
Steamships	242	245,237	600	807,471
Ships	72	65,823	6	8,684
Barques	164	75,594	68	43,273
Brigs	18	4,660	2	1,115
Brigantines	59	8,581	7	2,031
Schooners	149	12,583	83	8,194
Totals	794	412,478	767	870,773

VIOLA.—This is one of the sweet visions of Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy of Art. The shapely head stands well balanced on the shoulders, and is crowned with a wealth of straight hair, as black as the raven's wing. The broad side-face, relieved by the Grecian nose and nostril, full lip and large eye, combine to make a face that arrests the gaze of the beholder. The necklace of pearls, large as apricots, the graceful sweep of the white sleeve, bound by the embroidered bodice or corsage of black velvet, bring out the figure gracefully, as far as the bust goes. Who is this Viola, and what countrywoman is she? Every one of our readers may guess as he lists, but we have a fancy of linking her with the arch and fair heroine of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night, or What You Will." Viola was an Illyrian maid, and she won her suit—the hand of Orsino, the Duke of Illyria—by personating a page, under the name of Cesario. Who knows but that the demure girl whom we have before us, thoughtful and ingenious as she seems, is now planning her plot with the coast captain and his sailors:

I prythe (and I'll pay thee bounteously),
Conceal what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke.
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.

And the Duke was taken in at once, and he fed his soul on the music of love:

That strain again; it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour!

COLERIDGE is at the head of the Lake of Bays, Muskoka, and is the end of the free grant road known as Bobcaygeon Road. It is the place where hunting parties hire canoes to start on their fishing and shooting excursions to Hollow, Bear, Round and Kimball's Lakes, where deer and bear have been very plentiful, sad inroads upon which have been made by insatiate hunters. Zach. Cole, the first settler, after whom the place was named, is a characteristic specimen of the Canadian pioneer. He died last winter, after a chequered career of twenty-five years in this spot. The drawing which we reproduce is a pen and ink sketch by Mr. Thos. Mower Martin, R.C.A., from which this artist intends to paint a large water-colour picture of the scene.

CALGARY.—Here is another of the wonders of the Northwest. Five years since there would have been nothing of Calgary to show in a photograph. To-day it is spread before us, within sight of the Foot Hills, within easy distance of the great Rancho territory, with all the appliances of a modern town—a railway, a river, churches, schools, newspapers, public buildings. The people have unbounded faith in their growing town, saying that Alberta is the sirlain of Canada and Calgary the tenderloin of Alberta.

A SKETCH IN MONTREAL HARBOUR.—The engraving on our cover is a fitting accompaniment to the main features of this number. A tug is towing into midstream a heavily laden steamer about to sail for Europe. The photograph was evidently taken in the spring, at high water.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Rameau, the French Publicist, has received a diploma from the Laval University conferring on him the title of Doctor of Letters.

The Abbé Bois, curate of Maskinongé, and one of the most learned collectors of Canadian antiquities in the Province, is lying dangerously ill.

The *Progress* is the name of a bright and able literary weekly published at St. John, N.B. Among the contributors are C. G. D. Roberts, M.A.

The *Almafilian* is a neat little monthly paper, of quarto shape, published at Alma College, St. Thomas, Ontario. It is edited mainly in the interests of the young ladies of the institution, but has also a considerable subscription list outside.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Gerald E. Hart has in mind to put forth a second edition of his important work on "The Fall of New France," with notes and additions suggested by the wide range of review which the volume has received.

The Montreal Society for Historical Studies opened its winter session last week with two interesting papers, one on "The Family Compact," by Mr. John Fair, jr., N.P., and the other on "Marquette," by the President, Mr. John Talon-Lesperance.

The call on the University of Toronto to give its new chair of English Language and Literature to a native Canadian is getting general throughout the country. The two names that are chiefly in view are those of Professors Roberts, of King's, N.S., and Alexander, of Dalhousie.

A writer in the Montreal *Gazette* draws attention to the fact that there is not a single chair of Canadian history in the whole range of the seven Provinces of the Dominion, and in the three or four dozens of colleges and universities. It is remarked that the point is one which might well be considered by some of the wealthy gentlemen interested in the seats of learning in Canada.

The Haliburton Society, of King's College, Windsor, N.S., will shortly issue its first volume of Proceedings, which will consist of a biographical and critical study of "Sam Slick," by Mr. F. Blake Crofton, author of the Major's Big Talk Stories, and a brief introduction by the President, C. G. D. Roberts. The work can be had of the secretary, Mr. George F. Thomson, King's College.

Messrs. Durie & Son, publishers, of Ottawa, are about to undertake the publication of an English edition of the "Life and Speeches of the Hon. J. A. Chapleau." A French edition was given to the public a year ago, and English speaking Canadians will, no doubt, hear with pleasure that the public utterances of the Secretary of State, from Confederation to the present time, will be made accessible to them.

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

In a sketch of the present issue, entitled "Sam Slick and Old King's," the reader will find an account of "The Devil's Punch Bowl," in a clump of wood surrounding King's College buildings, a geological curiosity which is found in many parts of Canada. A friend invites me to write to Mr. Heneker, of Sherbrooke, for a photograph and description of the falls and the "pot"—the same phenomenon as at Windsor—of the Magog, under the cliff in his garden.

My friend adds that the place he refers to is the most beautiful in Canada which he has seen, except the view of the church which he got built at Milby. Sherbrooke is truly one of the most pleasantly situated towns, with remarkably scenic land and water-scapes, of the Dominion, and if Mr. Heneker, or any other gentleman there, sent us photographs of such views, we should be happy to place them before our readers.

An American paper, speaking of the statue lately raised by Scottish men to the memory of Gordon, and described in this paper lately, finds it strange that such a soldier should be made to carry, instead of a general officer's sword, a rattan or cane under his arm. The writer forgets that the hero of Khartoum never drew his sword and seldom bore it, and that throughout his singular career in China, his rod of command and power was the very wand which has been retained as a reminder of his singular ways.

A gentleman of Quebec, bearing a well-known name, sends me the following note: "The Trilets, in your paper, have tempted me to try my hand at them, and I have turned out some, which I send you for approval, hoping you will not find them very weak for first attempts. Wishing you continued success and ever-increasing circulation, I am, etc. Please suppress my signature." I shall do so, but begin this day by giving the first of the neat pieces which were enclosed in the letter:—

VANITAS VANITATUM.

I declare 'tis a shame,
What a time she has taken!
Thy sweet satin crème,
I declare 'tis a shame,
She is greatly to blame,
And deserves to be shaken!
I declare 'tis a shame,
What a time she has taken!
I suppose I must go,
But will feel like a fool,
There'll be crowds that I know,
So I guess I must go,
Though I'll look but so-so,
If I wore my old tulle;
I suppose I must go,
But I'll feel like a fool.
I should not have gone
I feel so diminished,
My train got all torn,
I should not have gone;
If I could have but worn
The dress that's not finished!
I should not have gone
I feel so diminished.

It is a pity that the last verses should be weakened by the limp rhyme of "gone" with "torn" and worn."

H. J. writes that he has a very curious old engraved portrait of a tall slim man—*habitant* cast of features—long hair flowing over his back, clothes all patched. The curious part is his coat, which shows five tails hanging near his heels, in each of which seems to be a weight or something else to keep them down. He holds one up in his left hand. Underneath are the simple words: "Cholera Doctor." It is said by some of our old residents to have been published in cholera times, about 1834 or 1837, in Montreal, but exactly for what purpose? Will some correspondent enlighten us?

My readers will be pleased with the following from one of the brightest pens in England:—

WHO WAS IT?

(The very latest thing in drawing-room ballads, with apologies to Mr. F. E. Weatherly.)

The flowers were bright, the fields were gay,
And every lambkin was a skipper,
Who was it sought those fields to play?
Why Jack —

Who found him looking glum and grey,
And thought his accent gruff and foreign,
Then raised his hat and went away?
Sir Charley —

Who was it leapt across the stile,
His eye ablaze with wrath and frenzy,
And made old Bismarck green with bile?
Morrell —

Who was it, when Vox Populi
Did every oath the language hath use,
Refused to budge, but winked his eye?
Why, Henry —

Who is it lets me year by year
Still keep my worn-out liver gag on,
In spite of cynic's jest and jeer?
Good old Pen —

Who is it has for bread to jest,
Though oft with aches and pain beset, sir,
And pulls a face, but does his best?
Why, patient, gentle Dagonet, sir.

The first four blanks can be safely filled by "Jack the Ripper," Sir Charles Warren (Chief of Police), Morell Mackenzie, and Henry Matthews (Home Secretary); the fifth is "Pendragon" (Harry Sampson, editor of the *Referer*), and "Dagonet" is the *nom de guerre* of George Sims, the writer of the above lines, in the *Referer*.

Professor Roberts writes that the name of the beautiful verses "Tout de L'Amour," published in this column, on the 10th November, is Sophie M. Almon, daughter of the Honourable Senator William Johnson Almon, one of the distinguished men of Nova Scotia. Miss Almon, although young, has done some charming work, as I am told by one who writes from knowledge, and I have no hesitation in thinking the same, from the single example which I refer to above. My readers will be glad to learn that the young lady is getting ready a volume of poems for the press.

As I have already said, Miss Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts, with whom we became acquainted last week, is a young sister of the poet-professor. Her mother was a Miss Bliss, grand-daughter of Judge Bliss, nephew of Emerson's mother. Bliss Carman is a cousin of the Roberts' on the Bliss side. Barry Straton, author of a small volume of very musical verse, and who will appear in Lighthall's *Anthology*, is also a first cousin of the same family, through the Blisses. Professor Roberts says that, on both sides, they have the *caeothes scribendi*. Nay, not so.

Ingenium cui sit, cui mens diviniior atque os
Magna sonaturum

To such as these we give the meed of the poet,
since the days of Flaccus. TALON.

TRYING TO CATCH A HUSBAND.—We must give all the nice, modest girls we know credit for not consciously endeavouring to catch husbands. If men fall in love with them and desire to marry them, and they are the right sort of men, and the girls can love in return, well and good—they marry and hope to be happy ever after, but they will not run after men, or think in everything they do or say. "Can I catch a fish with this bait?"



Chief Justice Sir Andrew Stuart and family are going to spend their winter in Florida.

Robert Alder Strong, assistant commissioner of public lands in Prince Edward Island, is dead.

Sir Donald A. Smith has been, since his arrival in England, confined to the house with a slight cold for a short time, but is now strong and well again.

The death of Sir John Macdonald's maiden sister at Kingston has caused profound sorrow among her large circle of friends. The deceased was a most estimable woman.

Lucius R. O'Brien, the well known Canadian artist, and Mrs. Parker, sister of Mr. C. Brough, local manager of the Bank of Montreal, were married at Toronto last week.

The Young Men's Association of St. Andrew's church, Montreal, have published Dr. W. George Beers' speech on "Professional Annexation" in pamphlet form for their bazaar.

Richard Carr, who shipped the first load of grain to England from California, by the ship "Great Republic," died at Victoria, B.C., aged 71. He arrived in California in 1848 from England.

Hon. Edward Blake, in reply to a correspondent who asked him to speak at a meeting in favour of Imperial federation, declined to do so, or to have any connection with public advocacy of the movement.

The Governor-General and Lady Stanley of Preston will spend the first three days of next month in Hamilton, and will hold a reception on Saturday, Dec. 1st, and open the Arts exhibit on Monday, Dec. 3rd.

It is estimated that the settlers in Manitoba and the North-West this season will be double the number for 1887. The total amount of foreign arrivals there since last spring is approximately given as exceeding 9,400.

Mr. W. J. MacDonell, the aged Vice-Consul of France, who is best known in Toronto by his connection with many public charities, has been honoured with the distinction of being created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour of France.

The fame of the Canadian Pacific Railway has spread to Africa, and J. E. Thompson, of Toronto, who is Consul-General for Liberia, has received a despatch from the Liberian Government asking for particulars as to the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Mr. Wm. Mussen, a very old resident and man of worth, died at his residence last week. He had been for many years a justice of the peace and clerk of the Division court. He was universally respected and was most highly respected. The deceased was a captain of the 37th Battalion.

The pupils of the Industrial School at Fort Qu'Appelle, N.W.T., presented Major McCibbon with an address on the occasion of his recent inspection. The address referred in touching terms to the death of the Inspector's son, the news of which reached Major McCibbon during his inspection.

Sister Joseph, one of the Grey nuns at St. Boniface, Manitoba, is about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of her assuming the habit of a *religieuse*. This event will be the more interesting as the lady is the last survivor of the four nuns who were sent as the pioneers in the present North-West missions.

The chiefs of that section of the Oka Indians, which removed to Gibson Township, Muskoka, some years ago, were in Ottawa on business with the Indian Department, after transacting which they proceeded to Oka for the purpose of endeavouring to persuade the remainder of the Indians to join their brethren in Muskoka.

Mr. James Cook, who was for several years reeve of Rawdon, died at his home in that township, aged about 70 years. Mr. Cook, who was an Irishman, had lived about forty-five years in the township. He was perhaps the best political organizer in this part of the country. Mr. Cook leaves a name which will long be held in honour.

John A. Cameron, better known as "Cariboo Cameron," died at Baker's Bay last week. He left Toronto two months ago. He was an old pioneer of the province, and arrived in Toronto in the year 1860. He was one of the first men to enter the gold fields of Cariboo and secured a large fortune in the mines. He then left for Eastern Canada and lost nearly the whole of his fortune in commercial speculation.

Colonel Francis Duncan, C.B., Conservative member of Parliament for the Halborn division of Finsbury, is dead. Colonel Duncan was an M.A. and LL.D. of Aberdeen University, an honorary D.C.L. of Durham, and also bore an honorary degree from King's College, N.S. He was well known in Canada as the author of pamphlets on colonial subjects, but was principally famous as re-organizer of the Egyptian artillery.

Sir John Lester Kaye, who has arrived at Winnipeg, reports all buildings, cattle sheds, &c., on his eleven farms are finished. Crops at Balgonie were excellent. Samples of flax were sent to England by Sir John and tested as to the quality of fibre, with the result that it was better than fibre used in Ireland, which brings \$350 per ton. Machinery has been sent out for the purpose of scutching straw and producing fibre. Sir John says the fibre will produce the finest linen. He intends making binding cord from the coarser quality of fibre, and soon will supply the whole of Manitoba and the Territories. Thirty-three thousand sheep now in Oregon will be brought to the Kaye farms next summer.

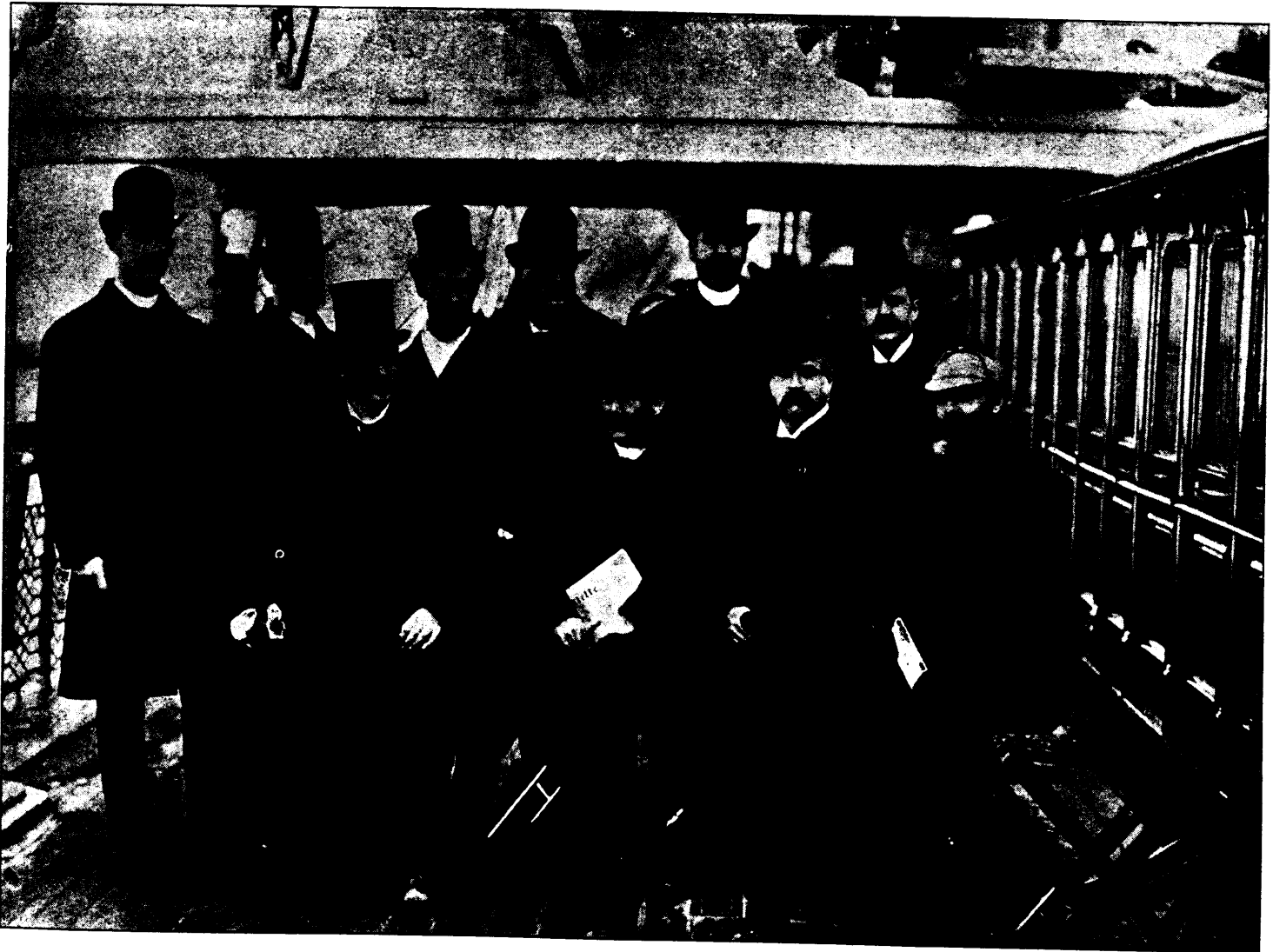
MINDFUL OF THE MEN.—A correspondent of a ladies' paper has hit upon a real want of civilization. She proposes to come to the aid of the desolate bachelor by establishing a mending-shop where all sorts of repairs, from darning socks to relining a dressing-gown, could be undertaken. Bachelors living in chambers or in college find great difficulty in getting their linen repaired. It is proposed to take two rooms in a central position, where articles needing repair might be sent, and where menders could undertake the work. But the project is a dangerous one, since it can only result in bachelors becoming even more contented with their lot than they have been hitherto.

OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL.



W. F. WONHAM. W. CHIFLAN, ESQ. WM. STEWART, K. & M. F. CO. JOHN L. LEWIS, SURVEYOR. J. M. DUFRESNE.
 F. W. HENSHAW, ESQ. ALEX. MURRAY, ESQ. J. G. SHAW, PORT WARDEN. C. L. PEASE. PROF. BOVEY. WM. SMITH.
 M. LEFEBVRE. ALEX. MILLOY. C. F. BEAUCHEMIN, SOREL. JOHN O'NEILL, COL'R. W. R. ELMENHORST.
 CAPT. SHEPHERD. GEO. M. KINGHORN. JAS. WILLIAMSON. C. CANTIN. G. E. JACQUES. R. W. SHEPHERD, JR.

A GROUP OF FORWARDERS AND MERCHANTS.



AUG. TRUDEL, "L'ETENDARD."
 G. E. DESBARATS, "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."
 JAS. HARPER, "WITNESS."
 H. BERTHELOT, "LE MONDE."
 H. J. HARVEY, "TRADE REVIEW."
 W. F. RITCHIE, "HERALD."
 F. VANASSE, M.P., "LE MONDE."
 R. WHITE, "GAZETTE."
 M. ST. JOHN, "HERALD."
 J. R. DOUGALL, "WITNESS."

MEMBERS OF "THE PRESS."



VIOLA.

By Sir Frederick Leighton.

Photograph supplied by Mr. G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

Something in the Wild West.

A WEIRDITY.

BY WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

III.

At dawn they reached the village of St. Porcus, from whence our hero intended going by rail to New York. The rain had ceased and the birds were carolling overhead. His fair burden slumbered in his arms, and it is with regret that we are obliged to state that gratitude did not prevent him from giving her superb Roman, upon which the rising sun shed a warm tinge (it was the sun!) to the utter neglect of the rest of her fine countenance, an occasional tweak when her heavy breathing culminated in a prodigious snore.

When they halted at the railway depot, an old decrepit negro approached them. Our heroine awoke, trembling violently. "Aha!" she cried, "I expected this. We are betrayed! We are surrounded by murderous redskins, who hunger for our scalps. Come, let us fight for dear life!"

The Mystery smiled audibly, as did also the "band of murderous redskins," who muttered under his breath, "Snakes!"

"No such luck, my pretty," replied our hero. "It is the author who has betrayed us. The Indians are wanting. They certainly should be dancing around us in their war paint, yelling like fiends and flourishing their tomahawks; but, as a matter of fact, our only visible foe is this old vagabond, who wishes to inveigle me into paying a dollar for a wretched breakfast at this miserable shanty."

Poor, excitable, highly-strung little creature! She had naturally expected a desperate encounter, and her nerves, wound up by the events of the night to their uttermost tension, collapsed and left her prostrate. Her head sank upon his breast with a dull thud, that almost unhorsed him, and she sobbed as if her heart would break. One little hand lay confidently on his shoulder; the other was in his coat pocket, groping for the flask. Ungrateful, heartless man!—he had removed it.

When she had somewhat recovered, our hero dismounted, and she slid with graceful timidity into his arms, and then sank down helpless in the road. He was a brave, strong man, used to sudden alarms and scenes of bloodshed and danger, but such occasions thoroughly unnerved him. He stood for a moment regarding her fainting form with infinite compassion in his fine eyes, and then, turning slowly on his heel, said to the negro: "Bring my horse along. I guess he's tired out, poor fellow. Put him up and give him a rub down and a feed of corn. Then you can fetch a truck for the gal. This night's adventures have almost conquered her indomitable spirit at last. Shove her in the baggage car with the luggage. We've got three days' travelling before us, and her nerves may possibly get more settled before we reach our destination."

"Poor girl!" said Cæsar. (Most niggers in stories are Cæsars. We don't know why, but it is so.) He bent tenderly over her as he released her silk neckerchief and put it in his pocket. "Poor child!—how warm it is!" He had removed her hat and stripped it of all its artificial flowers and feathers. "Poor wild flower of the West; child of Nature; lily of the prairies, sullied by the advancing tide of civilization. Ah! this civilization!" he sighed, as he endeavoured to untie the knot in the corner of her pocket handkerchief, which contained her little stock of money. It was very tight and resisted his efforts to untie it, till his sigh became merged into a western adjective. At last he tore it open, and discovered a few ten cent pieces and some coppers.

"Poor creature! Another victim of poverty. How many noble natures are debased and broken in thy mill!" He placed the coins carefully in his waistcoat pocket, looking toward the glorious ball of red fire gradually rising higher and higher in the east as he did so, with the remark: "I shall be dry to-day." His object in relieving her of this dross was to place a slight obstacle in the way of any other person who might entertain the

nefarious design of picking her pocket. Generous, worthy soul! True virtue is only to be found in the breasts of these victims of prejudice and oppression.

"Ah! you find that trick uncomfortable, do you?" She had exhibited a desire to get off and walk. "Take that, my lady!" This remark was accompanied by a persuasive blow from a valise, which had the desired effect.

IV.

A train was on the line, having been stationed there since an early hour the previous evening. The cars contained a few discontented passengers, who showed an inconsiderate haste to be moving.

After a further delay of some four hours—which the company, with infinite tenderness, allowed for refreshment—the train began to move. Our hero, who was seated and looking out of the window at the landscape, turned to a mild-looking young gentleman, who was regarding him rather intently through a pair of green spectacles, and said, with a flourish of his hand: "We are now dashing through the Wild West—figuratively speaking."

"Yes," replied the other, blandly. "I am told the Company annually loses millions of dollars through the bursting of locomotive boilers caused by the over-pressure put upon them in an endeavour to travel at an unprecedented rate of speed. I suppose one ought really to pity them, because of the consideration they display toward their patrons, to whom time means money. Still, to practical men of business, this policy seems absurd, and to the shareholders who are interested in the rolling stock, it must be exasperating. I thank my stars I'm not a shareholder. The fault undoubtedly lies with the board of control, whose ideas are too far in advance of the age in which we live."

The conversation flagged for some time. Then our Mystery asked his fellow passenger for a light. The young man handed him a box of fuses. He took one out, struck it, and regarded it with a sweet, sad, half-cynical, yet amused smile, as it turned from a bright red to black. At last he flung away the burned out fuse and enquired of his companion whether he had a weed about him.

The stranger handed him his cigar-case. He took out a couple and handed it back, saying, half apologetically: "I'm a rare one for chawing up my cigars, I am, and don't get so much out of one as another man will. Do you know, I have to smoke two cigars to another's one in order to obtain the same amount of solacement and peace of mind? It's a fact! Of course, I like to be put upon an equal footing with my fellow men, and, therefore, I always do my level best to obtain my share of the world's comfort. Fact is, the world owes me a living, and she's somewhat in arrears. You don't object?"

After some further conversation our hero, who seemed not in the least fatigued by the events of the past night, proposed a game of cards. The mild young man readily assented and they played several games, in the course of which Mr. Verdant naturally lost a good deal of money and acquired possession of some valuable bills.

They played till six o'clock in the evening, when the train stopped at Walkington Junction.

"I'm going to get a drink," said the mysterious one, rising.

"I'll come with you, old man."

"Do," said our hero, pleasantly, but inwardly furious. He had suddenly changed his mind about going to New York, and intended passing through the refreshment room and boarding the train going west.

"I mean to," replied the lamb, suddenly flashing a bright revolver in our hero's face. "Come, Mr. John Smith, *alias* Charles Morton, *alias* William Johnson, *alias* Colonel Sharp, etc., etc. I want you on a charge of conspiracy and robbery."

The spectacles were off; the veil was lifted!

"Excuse me, sir," stammered our hero, growing visibly paler, as a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, "but you are mistaken. I—I—really this is too ridiculous—a most ludicrous position to find one's self in were it not so painful

to a sensitive nature. But there! I forgive you freely, young man, for committing so serious a blunder. Believe me, I bear no malice. I have not a card about me unfortunately, but I am Something in the Wild West."

"Oh, yes, I know all about that. I hope you will pardon me also, as I, too, have left my card case on the kitchen dresser. However, I have a warrant here for your arrest, which will sufficiently prove my identity and yours. I am your old friend Marvell, of the New York detective force, and now that I have got the bracelets on you and you begin to look like your old self, we'll go back to the car and talk over old times. Come along!"

It has been well said of the great Garfield family that the spirit of change and adventure was so strongly implanted in their breasts that they "hungered for the horizon." All great minds experience, to some extent, the same yearnings. As a boy, our hero had always a desire for a free, unfettered life in the Wild West, but never had he felt such a violent craving for the horizon as when Mr. Marvel dragged him back to the car, minus refreshment. It is a truly pitiable sight to see a lion pacing his narrow den with the energy of despair, or a poor bear lead off with a ring through his nose, especially when you reflect that could he be free for a few minutes you might possibly be the object of his attentions. But it is a more pitiable sight to see a wolf stripped of his sheep's clothing. 'Tis then that he really does look sheepish.

For one moment our hero looked positively guilty, but he immediately recovered himself, and, with head erect and firm step, he hied back to the car. The fire of the Immortals glowed in his fine eyes as he glanced with unutterable contempt upon the mean, curious crowd which gathered around him in his hour of trial. Thank goodness! Virtue is ever its own reward.

* * * * *

We could prolong this romance indefinitely, but the editor has intimated that it is not sufficiently blood-curdling, and that we must curtail the reader's enjoyment, crowd on all sail, and run into port at once. It is hard, but unfortunately we are not newspaper proprietors, or—my stars! the romances we would write and publish!

The indulgent reader will doubtless understand us when we state that it is a most difficult task to curdle an editor's blood. We hinted as much to our editor, but he is inexorable. As the nearest port happens to be leaving the whole matter a classic fragment, we are obliged to obey his mandate and write the *finis*, which, we confess, saddens us, for, as the sailors say, "More days, more dollars." We are not yet the tyrants of obsequious publishers.

However, we are permitted to say a few last words, explanatory of the foregoing romance, and generally anent what is known as dime literature. This pernicious class of literature, or printed matter, in our opinion, has a deteriorating influence upon the manly and self-reliant courage of the rising generation. Through intense study of this unexciting balderdash, our youth has lost its greenness. Youthful highway robbers and bold boy-buccaneers, like the noble savage, are vanishing from our midst. It is saddening to reflect that in the police returns for twelve months, only 75 per cent. of the crimes are committed by juvenile delinquents. The spirit of adventure is fast being eliminated from youthful breasts, and it is impossible to say or guess how much of this incalculable evil is to be laid at the door of these caterers of cheap sensational literature. Nay, we will speak boldly. If fathers do not wish to see their boys grow up soulless, respectable citizens, why let them spend their time storing their minds with such trash?

It was the ambition of our life to remedy this. In our youthful ardour we aspired to rank among the greatest reformers of the age. Wicked enginners and capitalists, with the soul intention of demolishing stage-coaches, and consequently the knights of the road, have over-run the world with railways. Still, could we but wield as powerful a pen as certain of these colonels of world-wide reputation, who write for dime libraries and who are

greatly responsible for the appalling decline of juvenile crime, we would not misuse our talents. We would move heaven and earth to double the statistics. Revolvers and bull's-eye lanterns should be in every well educated boy's pocket! We would—But what is the use of these vain regrets? What is the good of being ambitious when one has not power and imagination to support one? Ah! ours has indeed been a life of blighted hopes.

THE END.

THE ROMANCE OF SIR RICHARD.

Read before "The Tuesday Night Club," November 27.

PROLOGUE.

By brake and bower, by fen and field,
And lakes that Nature's bosom pearled,
With shadowy lance and silver shield,
Came riding Night into the world.
The stars in countless myriads glowed,
Like jewels, in his sombre helm,
And earth grew silent as he rode
Again through his reconquered realm.

The Wind, his unseen trumpeter,
Gave challenge to the recreant Day;
There was no answer, save the stir
Of leaves, that turned to see the fray;—
No answer; and the Wind was still,
And all the leafage fell asleep,
While Night rode slowly up the hill
Into the ruined Norman Keep.

O'er pointed arch and crumbling wall,
In tangled wildness, crept the vine,
And in the empty banquet hall
In flower-cups swam the dew for wine.
A moonbeam, like the hand of fame
That points to greatness through time's gloom,
Fell on a sculptured knight, whose name
One still could read upon his tomb.

What lovers' fancy ruled our brains
That we should seek the ruined hall,
And listen for the minstrel strains
Were wont to cheer the vassals all?
Why stole we from the lighted room,
The merry laugh, the graceful dance,
To sit with Night beside the tomb
And speak of days of shield and lance?

The only minstrel was the owl,
The only vassal was the bat,
The shadows, like gaunt monks in cowl,
Stood round the place wherein we sat;
And, while my shoulder propped thy head,
Thy fair hand put the vines aside,
And I, in quaint, old metre, read,
How brave Sir Richard lived and died.

"He was a noble Christian knight"—
So wrote the long-forgotten bard—
"A doughty champion of the right,
His lady's smile his sole reward.
This noble follower of the cross
Before Jerusalem was slain.
All Merrie England mourns his loss,
Nor hopes to see his like again."

So fair the night, so great our love,
So sweet the joy of solitude,
We stirred not from the tomb, but wove
Sir Richard's romance as we would.
"The lady fair am I," saidst thou,
"Sir Richard, dearest, shalt thou be.
As well would Richard mine, I trow,
As he for his love, fight-for me."

Then played we twain a mimic play
(And in the moonlight deemed it real),
Of bygone days of chivalry,
Fair dames and knights in burnished steel.
I told how lonely watch I kept
One night—that same pale moon above,—
And thou at jousting how I swept
The lists, and crowned thee Queen of Love.

I.

THE VIGIL.

All day the courtyard teemed with men,
All day the tinkling hammers rang,
All day, from many a windy den,
Skyward the ruddy forge-fires sprang.
The day it was before the tilt,
And swarthy armourers showered their blows
On lance and shield, on blade and hilt,
From dawn till night-dews washed the rose.

The king was come, with all his court,
The tourney with his smile to grace;
Perchance to break a lance in sport,
Or clothyard in the white to place.
All England's noblest knights were there,
Each eager in the lists to prove
His skill, and crown his lady fair
The Queen of Beauty and of Love.

Darkly the moated waters swept
Around the castle's massive pile,
That night when I my vigil kept
Of knighthood in this gloomy aisle.
The yew tree tapped the tinted panes,
The sad owl hooted in the glade,
And Philomel, in plaintive strains,
Her secret to the night betrayed.

Midsummer lightnings, sweetly shy,
Low in the far horizon burned,
Like love-light in thine hazel eye,
When mine upon thy face is turned:
And as amidst the gloom I stood,
With the departed great, alone,
A moonbeam, through the solitude,
Came creeping on, from stone to stone.

I pondered on the noble dead,
And on the greatness of my race;
And where the moonbeam lay I read
How one chose death before disgrace.
Then, as the light crept softly by,
I read the legends, one by one,
And vowed that, unto death, would I
Of noble sires prove worthy son.

I thought upon the knight's estate
I was to enter on the morn,
His love of truth, of wrong his hate,
His pity for the feeble born.
I thought how ready was his blade
To set Oppression's victims free;
And then my noblest thoughts, sweet maid,
As steel to loadstone, turned to thee.

Companion of my boyhood hours,
Thy memory cheered me in the gloom,
As the rich scent of scattered flowers
Of half its sorrow strips the tomb.
Methought thou wast beside me there,
Within the dimly lighted aisle,
Thy voice on the enamoured air,
The shadows routed by thy smile.

Methought I heard thy bird-voice say:
"Hold fast to every noble thought,
And, as this night shall find the day,
So shalt thou to the light be brought."
Methought thou gavest me words of cheer,
Methought I felt thy soft caress,
And duty shone before me clear,
And vanished sin and wretchedness.

Then, suddenly, the risen Sun
Stood radiant on the marble floor.
The night its shadowy course had run;
At last my lonely watch was o'er.
I left the precincts of the dead
And to the dewy courtyard passed,
Before the king to bow my head,
And rise Sir Richard, knight at last.

II.

THE TOURNAMENT.

All through thy dreary watch-night, love,
I sat within my turret room,
And prayed the heavenly Lord above
Protect thee in the charnel gloom.
I saw the moonbeam as it crept
To light the sculptured legendry,
And envied it, because it kept
A night-long vigil, dear, with thee.

When laggard morning came at last
And thou, the flower of chivalry,
Wast summoned by the trumpet blast
To combat in the mimic fray,
I went to see thee at the tilt,
And, though I knew how strong thine arm,
To cheek my warm blood played the jilt,
For fear that thou shouldst suffer harm.

I saw the king the signal give,
I saw thee spur against the knight,
And cried: "They can not meet and live!"
And veiled mine eyes to hide the sight.
But when uprose the vast concourse,
One-minded in its praise and mirth,
I peeped. Unharm'd upon thy horse
Thou wast, thy foeman borne to earth.

And ever, as the day wore on,
Thou hast, methought, a charmed life,
For of the noblest knights was none
Could overcome thee in the strife.
Thou wast as moveless as a rock
That, compassed by an angry sea,
Undaunted, meets its fiercest shock
And hurls it back confusedly.

The day was drawing to its end,
And Night was tilting with the Sun,
When thou before the king didst bend
And take the crown that thou hadst won.
Adown the lists I watched thee ride,
One instant did our fond eyes meet,
And then, of England's knights the pride
Laid the gold trophy at my feet.

EPILOGUE.

"What said the king?" I, laughing, cried,
"Did he not take thee by the hand
And say, if I was England's pride
Thou wast the fairest in the land?
And when uprose the shining sun
Upon my first of happiest days,
Did he not see us twain made one,
And loud as any cry thy praise?"

'Twas thus Sir Richard's life we wove
And brought it to a happy end,
For happy lovers ever love
All other lovers to befriend.
Then ere we from the subject turned,
I, as befits a poet true,
From what of knighthood we had learned
A moral for the present drew.

I said: "We still have knights as great
As those who fought that tourney morn,
Who love the truth, hold wrong in hate,
And pity show the feeble born.
Still lends the modern knight his aid
To set Oppression's victim free,
And in his soul some lily maid
Still whispers: 'Seek nobility.'"

We rose in silence from the tomb,
Scarce needing speech our thoughts to share,
And slowly from the castle gloom
Passed out into the midnight air.
Arm twined in arm, and souls linked fast,
We sought the revellers again,
While Night kept vigil with the Past,
Each happy in its own brief reign.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

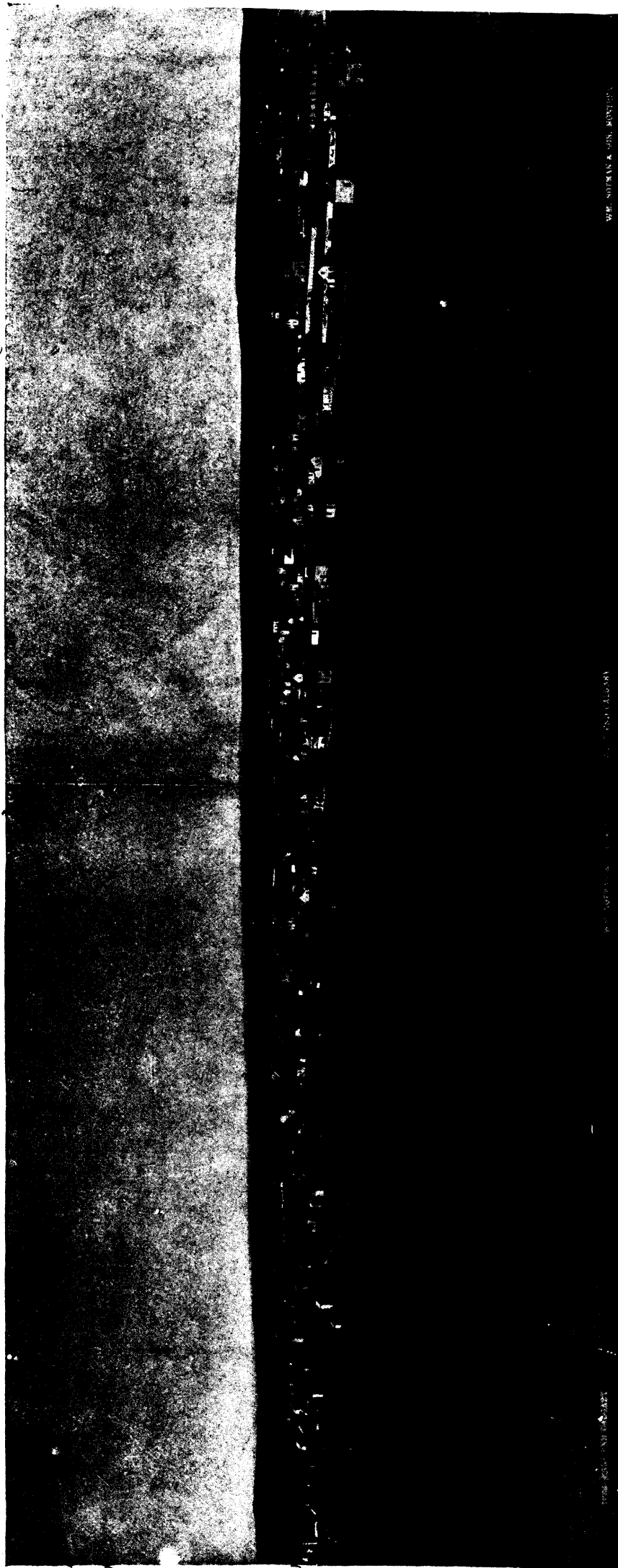
SORROW.

AN ALLEGORY.

One day, when I was sad, my spirit went
In quest of sorrow in the autumn woods,
Whereon the frost had pressed its brumal ban,
Despoiling of its emerald hue the sward.
Thick strewn banks of moss with sorrel leaves,
And spreading silence where sweet songsters sang,
I found her at the runnel's rush-lined side,
Walking the sodden leaves and weeds among.
Her trailing robes, in half-neglected style,
Bespoke the absence of her thoughts from things
Which other women, in all moods, regard.
Resigned she looked and given to musing much
Upon the miseries of her lone life;
Yet when I'd gazed awhile at her calm face,
I saw that she was not betroubled aught
With moping melancholy's grievous fits,
But by them was enhanced in beauty, deep
And lucid as her own complacent soul.
In her ripe countenance I thought I saw
Maturing a full harvest of that grain
Dropped by God's Spirit on such fertile hearts
As can receive and nourish tender truths,
Which would not thrive if sown in barren soil.
Life was with her a time of frost or drought,
Broken at intervals by pleasure's sun
Or plenteous dew, in whose nocturnal fall
Refreshment came unto her drooping faith;
And hers it was to keep alive through these
The precious instincts of her sweeter self;
To ward off each inclement blight and save,
With her blood's vital warmth from with'ring chills,
The hundredfold attainment of the crop,
Which at its reaping repays anxious care.
No solace sought she from the mortal side,
But that same influence broadcast she shed,
Tuning her words to each poor sufferer's woe,
As if she drew from some mysterious source
Abundantly beyond her need, and so
Became the channel for a stream of peace.
Where'er she moved a blessing seemed to come,
And whomso'er she blest, believed as she
What comfort she bestowed was not her own.
Pensive I grew, and deeper delved I in
The holiness with which her presence filled
My sphere, until I turned to find her gone,
Leaving no shadow on the path she took.
A fruitful gladness, welling from my heart,
As I returned did permeate me through;
It shone, like a bright halo, o'er my mien,
And lighted up my face; I felt, as one
Permitted for a while with angel's speech,
Quitting the hallowed spot transfigured by
The fulgent rays of their sublimity.
Since then, though sorrow meet me in disguise,
I know the matron of the sombre woods,
And strive to greet her with an outstretched hand,
Thinking of what that meeting to me brought,
And how the sweetest characters are those
Most intimate with sorrow's benison.

Toronto.

WILL T. JAMES.



CALGARY, ALBERTA.

From a photograph by Notman.



COLERIDGE, MUSKOKA, ONT.

From a drawing by T. Mower Martin, R. C. A.



Our Homes.

EARN HER LIVING.—Certainly we can imagine few things more praiseworthy in a woman than a determination to earn her own living, to live her own life, to meet her own expenses if she is not a person of independent means, but has to be supported by others, whether or not the others work for their own living as well. And to our own mind it is far more unworthy for a woman to sit down and be supported by another than it is for her to support herself in any honest manner whatever.

MARY AND THE POET.—Mary Anderson has lately paid a visit to Lord Tennyson. The poet received her kindly, and during her visit she was appointed high priestess of his lordship's pipe. She filled and lighted it for him, and had conferred upon her the title of "Ministering Angel of Tobacco." Lord Tennyson is very fond of the sylvan beauties of the New Forest, and it is his habit, it is said, to sit for hours, wrapped in a great cloak, beneath a favourite beech tree, listening to Miss Anderson's American jests, "crooning, chuckling and even laughing" with amusement.

AN ARCTIC BELLE'S ATTIRE.—In a lecture in Brooklyn on a late evening, in relation to the Polar seas, William Bradford gave the following description of an Arctic belle: A red silk handkerchief was tied around her forehead and ribbons fluttered from the knot of hair which stood up on the crown of her head. Her boots were as red as her handkerchief and quite as spotless. Her trousers were of the choicest and most shining sealskin, neatly ornamented with needlework and beads. Her jacket was also of sealskin met with trousers at the hips, where it was fringed with a broad band of eiderdown.

GUARDIAN OF THE HOME.—The assertion has become almost a commonplace that woman is the natural guardian of the home. The more she is prohibited from all external spheres the more she is recognized in her aspect of home keeper. If, then, she is responsible for the home, she should look at it in all its aspects. The husband usually spends there but a few hours of his waking day, while the wife spends but a few hours away from it. It is she, therefore, who should study the material side of the home, and all the constant changes brought to it by the changing customs of society and by new mechanical appliances.

THE THIMBLE.—A household magazine tells that the thimble was first the thumb-bell, because worn on the thumb; then the thimble, which sank gradually into thimble, and that up to a recent period it was made only in brass and iron. Now, in addition to those metals, they are made from gold, silver, ivory, horn, glass, and steel, and even occasionally pearl, especially in China, where pearl thimbles bound and tipped with gold are much liked by wealthy ladies. But the most magnificent one of all is that which was first ever seen in Siam, in shape of a golden lotus bud and studded with diamonds to form the name of the young queen to whom it was a bridal gift from the king.

THE DINNER WAGGON.—The piece of furniture known in England as a "dinner waggon" and in France as an *étagère* has obtained recognition on this side of the Atlantic as a desirable accessory. It consists of a series of open shelves on which are placed the extra napkins and *serviettes* to be used. The first heavy napkin is taken away and a more delicate one brought with the Roman punch, or whatever is offered in its stead. With the game comes a fresh one, and when the dessert arrives so does a new napkin. The *étagère* holds the salad bowls, spoons and plates, the dessert dishes and finger bowls. The jellies for the meats, relishes, radishes and celery come on the vehicle which our British friends designate by the cumbersome name of "waggon."

A WALK IN NOVEMBER.

Come, while the rare November sun
His transient warmth and light bestows,
And in the brief hour just begun,
Our pleasant ramble yet may close.

The herd-cropped meads we'll pass beyond,
Nor pause by those deserted walls,
Where love was once the household bond,
Where now no homebred footstep falls.

Once gleamed with hospitable flame
That ruined casement, black and bare,
So some forlorn and ancient dame
Was once a welcome beauty there.

Nor martial beau, nor lady gay,
Light feet to festal music time,
But stealing through the dim decay,
Such echoes haunt my silent rhyme.

Enough to-day our daily load,
There lingers here 'too sad a charm;
Along the willow-bordered road
That winds throughout the German Farm,

And past the old white porch we'll go,
Where autumn's sweet hop-tassels cling;
The great dog will our greeting know,
The small one to our hand will spring.

The bachelor-brethren, quaint and kind,
Will somewhere in our pathway stand,
With simple gallantries that find
Accepting smile and ready hand.

We'll hear the home and neighbouring news—
(The "wood-road" much their comfort mars)—
And fair Niece Rena's marriage views
Are doubtful still as Eastern wars.

We'll note the wood-pile's growing size,
Praise the gay foal, and heifer mild,
And taste the orchard's garnered prize,
Which late the roving boy beguiled.

Then out upon the distant slope
That toward the valley-ground declines,
Past groves, now barren as the hope
We nurtured 'neath dead summer's vines.

Yet still amid the leafless boughs
Cock-robin flits, with pensive strain,
Where flowery spring first heard his vows,
Some tender echoes still remain.

Nor will we for a late-lost joy
Always the present calm deny;
Nor willfully unwise destroy
The remnant pleasures fleeting by.

Oh, till we suddenly discern
Below—the noble inland bay
Locked by the mountains, dark and stern
With shadow, this November day.

The village church, whose distant spire
Gleams white and tall 'mong odorous firs,
Where words, oft touched with holy fire,
The rustic's simple bosom stirs;

The quiet village hills behind,
With field and pasture sprinkled o'er,
Where blooming June with lilacs lined
The pickets round the cottage door;

The rift on yonder wooded height,
Where golden glimpses rest awhile,
Like sorrow's cheek serenely bright
With resignation's chastened smile.

So grouped, and tinted, breaks the whole
Familiar scene of hill and vale;
This resting-place the appointed goal,
Whose promised visions never fail.

Here, on this great moss-covered stone
We'll sit, and, as we, silent, gaze,
Bless Him who planned it all, and own
How He hath kept us all our days.

The clouds in coloured light are drest,
Afar the fires of twilight burn;
The young moon glimmers in the West,
As homeward we our faces turn.

Thither we carry brighter cheek,
And happier thoughts than late were ours,
We kept to-day a spirit meek,
And found no thorn beside the flowers.

Montreal.

A. C. J.

BEAUTIFUL WHITE SLAVES.—We have wasted a good deal of sympathy upon the Circassian girls who are sold to the highest bidder in the Turkish slave market. They have been brought up with an eye to this fate from babyhood. They are expected to make the family fortune; are given the daintiest food, and their health and beauty are matters of constant solicitation. Warm, perfumed baths and silken clothing keep their skins soft and fresh, and they are allowed to do no work. The rest of the family usually fare hard, eat coarse food and do no rough labour.



Dominion News.

General Middleton last week inspected the Seventh Battalion. A valuable deposit of coal has been found at Oslow, near Truro, N.S.

Bedson's buffalo herd may possibly remain in Manitoba if the new owner can secure liberal ranching privileges.

Morrisburg, Ont., has voted \$25,000 bonus to the St. Lawrence Paper Company for the establishment of paper mills there.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company have decided to build car works at Stratford, in connection with their machine shops there.

A despatch from Deputy Minister of Marine Smith says the new steamer "Stanley" will run between Summerside and Point du Chene as long as navigation remains open.

The ambitious town of St. Johns, on the Richelieu, has voted a bonus of \$500 a year for ten years to Day Brothers, to remove their steel stove factory from Montreal to St. Johns.

The election to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons for East Northumberland took place on the 21st, and resulted in a victory for Mr. Cochrane, ex-M.P., being elected by a majority of 53.

The town of Brownville, N.B., is showing its mettle. The Canada Pacific Railway has commenced extensive repair shops, storehouses and other buildings. The C.P.R. is to be free of taxation for ten years.

Robert Barber, of Toronto, Government Inspector of Factories, laid information against the Era Preserving Company under the Ontario Factories Act charging them with unlawfully employing in the factory six young girls and six women before six o'clock in the morning and after nine o'clock at night. The company pleaded guilty and was fined.

Several years ago the editor of this paper fled at Ottawa, for an American friend, a patent for the manufacture of a sad iron, heated and kept hot by gas or gasoline, generated from a small cylinder, lasting from two to three hours. To-day the lively town of Sherbrooke, on the St. Francis, has secured the works for exactly such a patent, the Wishart patent self-heating laundry iron and other kindred household appliances.

The total number of cotton mills in Canada, not counting cotton-batting and wadding factories, manufactories of waddings, etc., is 25, having an aggregate of 11,282 looms and 510,700 spindles. In 1885, when the last edition of the *Canadian Textile Directory* was published, there were 24 mills with a total of 9,702 looms and 461,748 spindles. In the last three years, therefore, only one new mill has come into existence, but the weaving and spinning capacity has increased by 1,580 looms and 57,952 spindles.

BOOTH AND THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A friend tells us an anecdote of Booth, the tragedian, which we do not recollect having seen in print. Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres and theatre going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company reseating in the drawing-room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favour, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer.

Booth expressed his willingness to do this, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotion that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned tremblingly upward, were wet with tears.

And yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, till at last the spell was broken, as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth: "Our Father, which art in heaven," etc., with a pathos and solemnity that thrilled all hearers. He finished. The silence continued.

Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his rapt audience, till, from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman, their host, stepped forward, with streaming eyes and tottering frame, seized Booth by the hand. "Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day to the present time I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer; but I have never heard it—never!"

"You are right," replied Booth; "to read that prayer as it should be read has caused me the severest study and labour for thirty years, and I am far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production."

SAM SLICK AND OLD KING'S.

We regret that the space in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is bounded, as we should have liked to give the whole of Dr. T. Allen Jack's eloquent paper on the above subject. We have done the next best thing, and that is, to group the chief incidents of the narrative.

I.

THE HALIBURTON HOUSE.

The Haliburton House at Windsor, N.S., is surrounded by trees, which screen it from the view of passers-by. There is a pond, also enclosed by trees, between the house and the road, which is now in a most picturesque state of neglect, and which possesses somewhat gloomy associations. It is called Piper's Pond, from the tradition that some youthful reed-blower was drowned in its depths very many years ago, and occasionally his wraith is said to be seen breathing weird music in cloudy moonlit nights. After passing through several hands, the house is now occupied as an hotel or boarding-house. The apartment in which the meals are served is peculiar, inasmuch as, with the exception of a glass door leading into the garden, there is no means for lighting except through windows in the roof above. The windows on the ground floor all open, like doors, upon the surrounding lawn and garden, and let in plenty of air. In one room hangs a portrait of the Judge, which is said never to have been removed since his occupation, and is considered to be an admirable likeness. On the roof is an observatory, from which a good view may be obtained of the surrounding country. Between the back of the house and the River Avon is a stretch of upland pasture, and here, in a late afternoon in June, you can form some idea of a land flowing with milk and honey. And then there are the locust trees, which are still numerous. A large garden, well stocked with cherry trees, and gooseberry and currant shrubs, forms a not unimportant part of the holding, and old-fashioned flowering plants, which, though somewhat neglected, show signs of commendable vigour, are to be found on the skirts of a roomy lawn and elsewhere.

II.

THE THREE ELMS.

But all the attractions of the place are not contained in its actual bounds. Between the college and the old lodge, at the entrance to the Sam Slick House and at a distance of less than three hundred yards, there are three grand old trees, unrivalled in the Maritime Provinces, if not in Canada, for stateliness of form and richness of foliage. They stand far below the level of the way, in a deep ravine, where half a century ago the collegian used to play cricket, in memory whereof the College Cricket Club retains its original name, "The Three Elms." It has been neglected, and it is now somewhat choked by a leafy jungle, which the fertile soil and genial climate of the locality have encouraged and no pruning hook has checked. Beyond this point you enter the shade of coniferous trees, where there is generally a resinous smell, and in summer, except in blazing or steaming hot weather, a comparatively cool temperature. The road through the grove terminates a few hundred yards from "the three elms," on the margin of the college cricket field, and in sight of the college and the Hinsley memorial chapel, passing, as it emerges into the open, two picturesque houses, on either side, occupied by professors. On the left, near one of these and hid in the grove, is the "Devil's Punch Bowl," a deep, conical depression, of a kind not uncommon in the plaster formation for which Windsor is noted, but of greater magnitude than similar cavities. "The Devil's Punch Bowl" has a wicked name, and is always considered to be capable of producing weird sights and unnatural sounds for the benefit of students seeking the college at late hours and on dark nights. Its traditions are numerous, and all awful, but somewhat tangled. Crossing the cricket field, you reach the pretty stone chapel erected as a memorial to the late Canon Hinsley, who occupied the chair of Divinity at the College. This chapel stands at the eastern end of the col-

lege, and the two buildings occupy the crest of a hill overlooking a spacious valley, bounded on the south by a chain of mountainous hills running parallel with the ridge, and about two miles distant.

III.

OLD KING'S.

The old college building is divided into five compartments, known as the President's, Chapel, Middle, Radical and North Pole Bays, of which Middle Bay possesses a portico and the other bays only porches. Although built of wood, it is substantial in appearance, while, architecturally, it is effective and decidedly academical. To the right stands Convocation Hall, a neat stone structure, in which the eocoenia is held, and containing the library and museum, the latter comprising a valuable collection of rare old china, accumulated during many years by Mrs. Weldon, widow of the late Mr. Justice Weldon, and daughter of Judge Haliburton, and given by her to the college. This collection deserves a careful inspection by British Americans, as many of the specimens which it contains were brought to the country by Loyalists, and have escaped the iconoclastic tendencies of generations of housemaids. The academy or collegiate schoolhouse lies some distance to the left of the college buildings, in a hollow surrounded by elms, and is an attractive structure of stone. The elms, which are very plentiful about Windsor, are here seen in great numbers, of a wine-glass or feathery form, while the fields are very generally divided from the highway by hedgerows of thorn, and the cottages are often covered by climbing roses and woodbine. The connection between the Judge and the University is perpetuated by the resident alumni of the latter, through a literary club, which has been in existence and done good work for some years, under the name of the Haliburton.

IV.

NOTABLE ALUMNI.

Considering its age, which, however, is greater than that of other colleges in Canada, and in view of its limited financial resources, King's has within a century produced a goodly number of eminent men. There are Porter and McCauley among the older scholars; Cochran, Gray, Millidge, Walker, Hinsley and Hodgson among the Divines; Sir Charles Tupper and Senator Almon, distinguished alike for medical knowledge and statesmanship; among judges, the Parker brothers, Gray, of British Columbia, and Townshend; while in the Indian hero Inglis, and the gallant Welsford, who found glory and death at the Redan, she has produced soldiers worthy of praise by any bard. Nor is there reason to believe that the productive power of the college is showing signs of exhaustion. The recognized leader of the New Brunswick Bar is a Kingsman, one of the professors is the best known of Canadian poets, and many of the graduates occupy the front rank in the learned professions in the Maritime Provinces and elsewhere. Windsor, Old King's and Sam Slick seem indeed to be connected together, and, in tracing their connection, we are led to dwell slightly upon the past. But, without a past, how hard it is to form estimates as to the future. It must always afford pleasure to the colonist, possessed of some leisure and love of letters, to visit the few places about him, where the bustle of progress is not wholly capable of destroying the calm which the memory of past fame serves to create and foster. To such a one Quebec is *par excellence* his Mecca, but may not the old town of Windsor serve as his Medina?

CARE OF THE BODY.—Most of those who die between 25 and 60, unless they die by accident, die by some indiscretion—such as the over indulgence of appetite, or the neglect of food when needed, or the overstrain of business, or exposure to changes of the temperature without corresponding changes of clothing. It is intelligent caution that saves sickness; and this caution ought to be in possession and exercise before middle life. It is so much easier to prevent serious sickness than it is to secure recovery from it. Hence it is that many who are deficient in vigour in early life outlive the vigorous and careless.



What length should a lady's dress be? A little above two feet.

A liberal education is one that has cost the boy's father a great deal of money.

In High Circles—First Tramp: "I say, have you taken a bath?" Second Tramp (anxiously): "No! Is there one missing?"

A dear friend was once expatiating to Talleyrand on his mother's beauty when the mean wit said, "Then it must have been your father who was ugly."

When some one said that Chateaubriand complained of growing deaf, Talleyrand replied: "He thinks he is deaf because he no longer hears himself talked of."

Snook (yellow-bearded)—"I say, old fellow! I'm going to have my beard dyed to match my new brown suit." Jook—"Dye it green, why don't you, to match your head?"

"Ah, Lionel, that poem is beautiful!" "Yes, Agatha, it is the crowning effort of my life." "And, Lionel—my Lionel! it will bring you fame, eternal fame, will it not?" "Yes, Agatha—and perhaps \$2."

"Pa," asked the small boy, "what is a heroine?" "Your mother is a heroine," replied the parent. "How a heroine?" "Why, she married your father when his income was only \$300 a year—and she knew it."

At Nice—M. le Baron (complacently)—"Weally, Miss Amidon, I cantw see what makes Mees Jenkins fleert so outrageously wiz me! What can I do to get rid of her?" Miss A.—"Propose to her. She's a girl of sense."

Paterfamilias—Why, Ethel! You don't mean to tell me you want to marry that bald-headed Prof. Wiseman! Ethel—It is true he is bald, but think how many young men of to-day are bald on the inside of their heads."

A New York couple were recently photographed while the marriage ceremony was being performed. The photographer probably thought that it would be much easier to get them to "look pleasant" at that moment than at any other period during their married lives.

There is in some a dispassionate neutrality of mind which, though it generally passes for good temper, can neither gratify nor warm us; it must indeed be granted that these men can only negatively offend, but then it should also be remembered that they cannot positively please.

Fenelon, who often bothered Richelieu for subscriptions to charitable purposes without any success, was one day telling him that he had just seen a capital portrait of him. "And I suppose you would ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu with a sneer. "Oh no; I saw there was no chance—it was too like you."

Tomme: "She's the coolest girl I ever met." Dickke: "How so?" Tomme: "Why, I tried to kiss her and something sharp in her hair nearly put my eyes out." Dickke: "Well, what of that?" Tomme: "Nothing; but she said, 'that's the kind of a hairpin I am.'" Dickke is trying to discover the point of it yet.

First baggageman—I say, Mike, all av these trunks belong to the wan woman. What d'ye s'pose is in them? Second baggageman—Sure, Jerry, an' it's her wardrobe. She's a celebrated actress. First baggageman—And what's in the small hand bag that goes wid 'em? Second baggageman—Be gobbs, Jerry, oim thinkin' that's what holds her janius.

Isaacson—You gomplain because dhose pants haf shrunk a leedle?

Bowwow—A little! De tings are like tights, sure!

Isaacson—Vy, dot was de beauty of my clodhings, dey vas loose und easy in the summer, but dey grow closer und comfortable vhen de cold veddar comes on. Ain'd you got any style apoud you anyvay.

A barbarous example for the parsing class is given by the *Minneapolis Tribune*: The ship stuck fast on the bar. The young member of the Bar sat upon a stout bar on the upper deck, wishing that the bar of conventionality did not bar him from speaking to the young lady. His longing was increased when the young lady sang a bar or two from his favourite opera. She did not notice him, however, and he went down to the bar to drown his chagrin.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew does not like the West. Recently, while on a visit to Chicago, he called the clerk of the hotel and, pointing to a boy, said:

"Sir, I want you to discharge that fellow."

"Why? What has he done?"

"He has insulted me."

"But how?"

"Why, I heard him speak of me as 'his jags.'"

"Oh, that's nothing," responded the clerk.

"And," continued Mr. Depew, "I think that he also referred to you as 'his jags.'"

"He did, eh? Well, that settles it. He goes this minute. By the way, whenever your jags wants anything don't forget to ask for it."



GOOD ARITHMETIC.

FRED.: Now, Sally, if I give you five apples, and you eat two, how many will you have?
 SALLY: Five.
 FRED.: Why no, Sally. If you eat two you will only have three.
 SALLY: Yes I shall. I'll have free in my hands and two in my tummy.

A well known author exclaimed, "During my life I have been guilty of only one mistake."
 "Where will that end," inquired Talleyrand.

It was when the late Professor Proctor was an English school examiner that a little girl defined the difference between a man and a brute as follows: "A brute is an imperfect beast; man is a perfect beast."

Merchant—"What do you mean by using such language? Are you the boss here, or am I the boss?"

Clerk—"I know I'm not the boss."
 "Then if you are not the boss why do you talk like a blamed fool?"

"Those stockings are all wool, I presume," she said, as she requested the clerk to wrap her up a half-dozen pairs.

"Oh, yes, Miss," he answered in thoughtlessness, "they're all wool and a yard wide."

"Sir!" she exclaimed indignantly, and before he fully realized what he had said she whisked out of the store.

"Dot was the worst poy in Brooklyn," shouted a frenzied grocer. "He puts 'take vun' on dose oranges every tay ven I don't see him, and I lose money."

"Whose boy is he?"

"Dot I don't know, but he ain't fid to live, he ought to bee shoted. I've got a poy of my own," he further remarked, "so I knows choost vot a pad poy is!"

Randolph could say a mean thing for a purpose. One day the cranky old Virginian met a disagreeable enemy on the sidewalk. The fellow came blustering up, and, occupying most of the walk, said:

"I never turn out for scoundrels!"

"I always do," said Randolph, politely stepping aside. (Laughter). Randolph was justified in this.

A friend of Mr. Blaine once asked Conkling if he would take the stump for Blaine in the campaign of '84.

"I can't," said Conkling spitefully, "I have retired from criminal practice."

Mr. Blaine got even with Conkling by telling a story about Conkling's vanity. "One day," said Mr. Blaine, "when Conkling and I were friends, the proud New York senator asked Sam Cox whom he thought were the two greatest characters America ever produced."

"I should say," said Cox, solemnly—"I should say the two most distinguished men in America have been General Washington and yourself."

"Very true," said Conkling, but I don't see why you should drag in the name of Washington." (Laughter).

When women cannot be revenged, they do as children do—they cry.

Women never weep more bitterly than when they weep with spite.

The Arab who invented alcohol died 900 years ago, but his spirit still lives.

The newest style of dude collar is called "The Pirate," because it is an adept at cutting throats.

Old Lady (in shoe store)—Have you felt slippers? Small Boy Clerk (solemnly)—Yes, ma'am, many a time.

There was an old game played on believing Spiritualists years ago by those naughty sisters—the old game of Fox and geese.

The conventionality of youth: Mr. White-tie—"Ah, won't you give me a kiss my little man?" Louis (hiding bashfully in his mamma's gown)—"You do it, ma."

Customer—Is that horse fast? Dealer—Well, he's not so fast as he used to be; but he's a fine horse yet. "He looks awfully old." "Y-e-s; he was fast in his youth, you know."

Husband (after church)—"Did you notice, my dear, how late Mrs. Cadwallader and the two Misses Cadwallader were?" Wife—"Yes, and as they all wore the Psyche knot for the first time, it is easily explained.

The graceful way in which Ida Green, of Covington, licked a postage stamp won the heart of Moses Smith, a Colorado cattle king, and next week they are to be married. When she comes to lick him, he may sing a different tune.

"'Tis the way of the world," the maiden cried;

"'Tis the way of the world to be glad.

"'Tis the way of the world," the old man sighed,

"'Tis the way of the world to be sad."

"What did you find in the pockets?" inquired Mrs. Hankthunder, anxiously. "There was a small hymn book," said the coroner, "together with a handkerchief, some postage stamps, a few tracks on total abstinence." "It wasn't the colonel," exclaimed the Kentucky lady, greatly relieved; he's probably coming on the next boat."

He loved a blushing maiden,
 But his soul was full of fear,
 So he spoke into a phonograph
 The words he'd have her hear.

Her father moved the lever,
 And before the day was done
 That phonograph was guarded
 By a bull dog and a gun.



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