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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

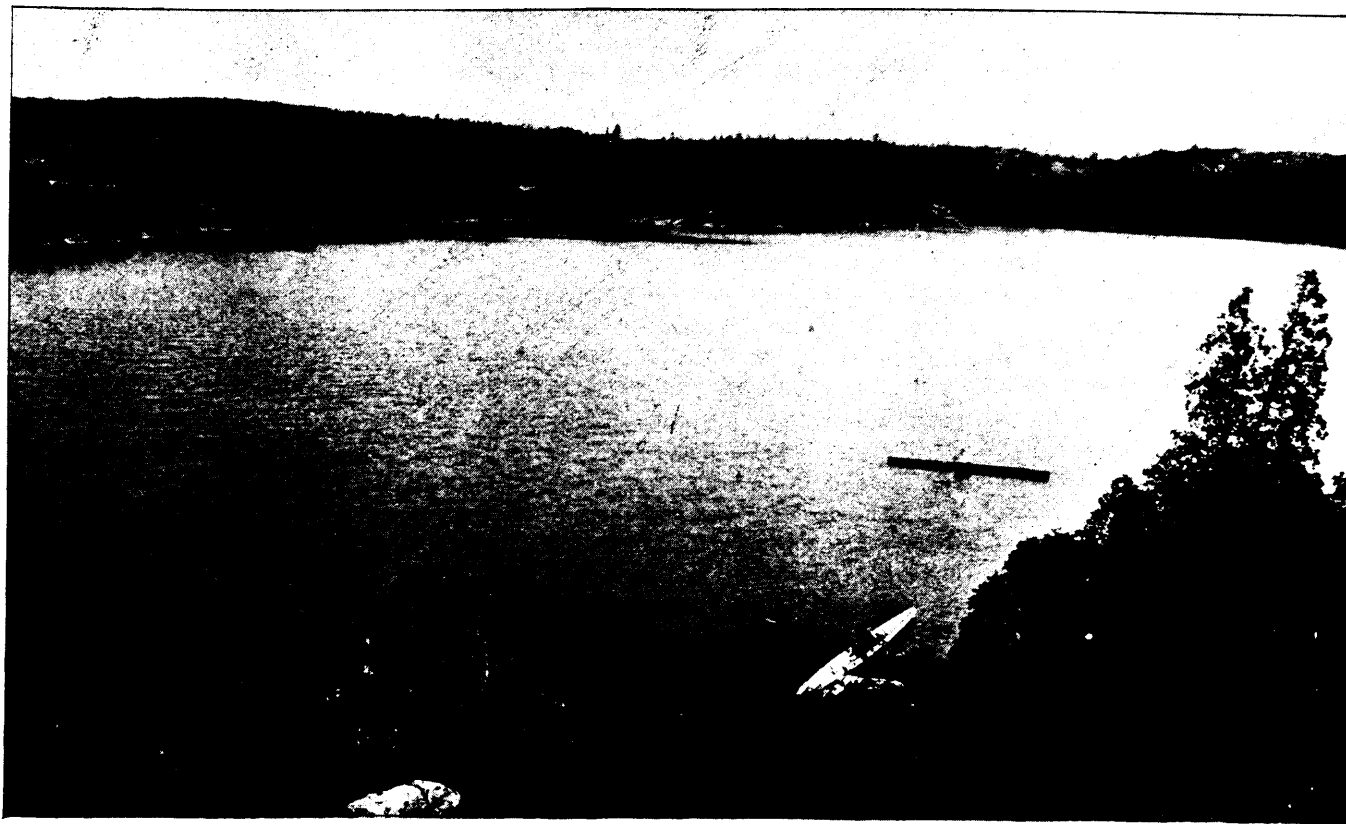
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

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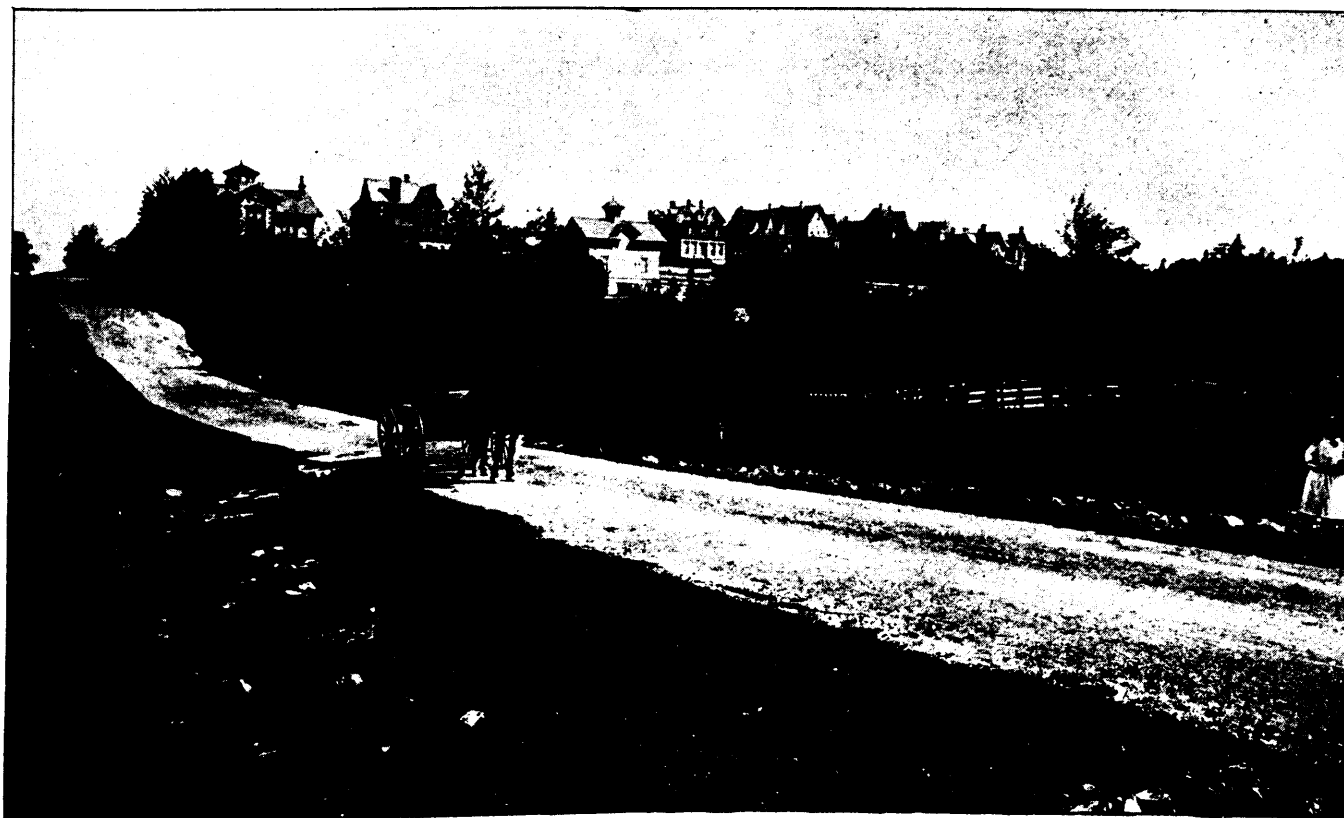
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LILY LAKE, NEAR ST. JOHN, N.B.



VIEW ON HOWE'S ROAD, NEAR ST. JOHN, N.B.

From photos. by A. Steeger.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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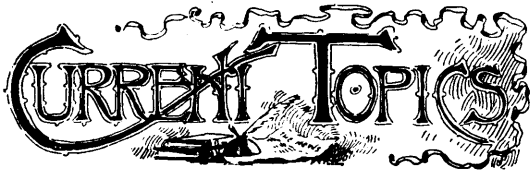
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A good deal of Cardinal Gibbons' recently published book, "Our Christian Heritage," is devoted to the labour question. After setting forth the principles that should actuate both employer and employed, he exhorts the workingman to cultivate a spirit of patient industry and to take an active, conscientious interest in the business in which he is engaged, as the more he contributes to its success the more likely is he to be compensated for his services. At the same time His Eminence reminds employers of what they owe to labour, many of them having begun life in the service of others. To both classes he recommends the avoidance of that feverish ambition which is incompatible with peace of mind. It is said that Pope Leo will shortly issue an important encyclical on the same subject, which will comprise the result of two years' research and reflection.

Rumour has been busy with Mr. Blaine's Pan-American Congress. According to one story, the delegates from the Tropics and beyond them have been using their opportunities to a purpose somewhat different from that which the Secretary had in view. If it would benefit them to have certain restrictions between their own States and the northern Republic abolished, they seem to think that it would profit them still more if all customs barriers were removed and the nations, north and south, and east and west, were to enjoy the freest interchange of each others' commodities. This is just what Mr. Blaine doesn't want. The United States, in his opinion must remain protectionist, and it was mainly to help North American manufacturers that he wished to have subsidized lines of steamers established between his own country and those of the centre and south. It is whispered that some of the United States delegates share the heresies of the open-minded southern visitors.

The 5th of November will henceforth have a new significance for the people of Canada, for it was on that date of twofold association with the house of Stuart that Mr. Mercier chose to consummate the settlement of the Jesuits' Estates. Nothing was omitted that would give eclat to the occasion and invest it with the prestige of a great historical event. The venerable head in Canada of the Company of Jesus was present in person, while Cardinal Taschereau was represented by Monsignor Deau; Archbishop Fabre, by the Rev. M. Racicot; Laval University, by the Rev. Mr. Gagnon, and the Government, by the Premier, the Hon. Col. Rhodes and the Hon. Mr. Gagnon. The sums paid were as follows: \$160,000 to the Jesuit Order; \$100,000 to Laval University, Quebec; \$50,000 to Laval University, Montreal; \$20,000 to the Apostolic

Prefecture of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; \$10,000 each, to the archdiocese of Quebec, and the seven other sees of the province, and \$5,260, interest due to the Jesuit Fathers. After the disbursement the Hon. Mr. Mercier delivered an address, in which he defended and explained his policy both as an act of justice and the solution of a long vexed problem. Father Turgeon, S.J., then addressed those present, expressing his gratitude to the Premier, and insisting, with evident pride, on the loyalty of his order to the British Crown.

In no respect is the humanity of British law and usage in the present day in more marked contrast with the reign of terror that Sir S. Romilly so earnestly denounced in the beginning of the century than in the discipline of the army and navy. The improved conditions of the service do not, however, prevent desertion, which is still a pretty frequent offence. Some time ago the chaplain of a London prison questioned 616 men then in confinement for this cause as to the motives that had led them to abandon the colours. The reason alleged by 161 was simply disgust with barrack life. Of the rest, 114 ascribed their defection to drink; 100 to the desire to better themselves; 72 blamed bad company, and 51 had overstayed their leave and were afraid to return; 48 found the tyranny of the non-commissioned officers intolerable; 41 disclaimed any intention of deserting, and alleged that they had been kept away unavoidably and through no fault of their own; debt had forced 14 to take to flight; 12 had gone because they were refused furlough, and one man had got married without the authority of his superiors. A considerable proportion of the soldiers who desert regret the step sooner or later, and some of them give themselves up. A case of this kind occurred lately in this city, when a deserter from the Battery at Quebec, after four years' wandering all over the world, surrendered himself to the authorities and was sent back to his old quarters. He must have been a popular fellow for he received a hearty welcome from his old comrades.

An effort has been made of late by the Washington authorities to revive an industry which, though it has not in our day attained any marked success, is one of the oldest on this continent—that of silk culture. Readers of Prescott will recall that as early as the year 1531 Cortez had silk worms imported from the Old World for the purpose of naturalizing sericulture in Mexico. He had the satisfaction of seeing his experiment succeed, and, under the domination of subsequent governors, the silk of New Spain was woven and the fabrics made from it sent to Europe. In the early years of the British colonial period, King James the First, who, as our readers know, was the sworn enemy of the "weed," set up silk production as the rival of tobacco-growing in Virginia. It was an unequal contest, however. The silk industry waned and disappeared, while its competitor thrived apace and endures to this day. The French Huguenots, who established the silk loom in Ireland, also tried to make it at home in the Carolinas. John Law, the father of many enterprises, included silk culture in his scheme for the development of Louisiana. Pennsylvania had a trial of it later, and New England silk was worn by lords and ladies in the middle of last century. Franklin's versatile mind was drawn to the subject and he wrote a treatise on it. After the Revolution the industry was gradually resumed, and in the first quarter of this century it made good progress. Paterson, N.J.,

was called the Lyons of America. In 1854 it was started on the Pacific Coast, and for a time was popular. But, though silk production was never entirely given up, and sometimes received an impulse that seemed to promise great things, the yield was trifling, compared to the demand for manufacturing. In 1880 the importation of raw silk was 2,562,236 lbs; the value of silk goods of native manufacture, \$34,519,723—a figure which has largely increased of late. The Agricultural Department of the Government has been trying to revive the industry, and in this task, it has the co-operation of several societies.

In a communication on the relations between Canada and Australia, Mr. Douglas Sladen, after expressing his preference for Melbourne to Sydney as the representative Australian city, points out that Australia, having no soft wood, imports all her deal articles, and that her consumption of boards, doors, sashes, etc., is gigantic, since, outside the large towns, nearly all the buildings are of wood. Her consumption of canned salmon is also gigantic, Australia has no salmon, and Australians are inordinately fond of it. She imports all her dried fish, and lately imported a vast quantity of wheat from the United States to make up for a bad season. Australia has the most perfect appliances for the reduction of precious metals, and a ship, short of cargo at this end, might fill up with valuable ores. On the other hand Canada uses an enormous number of wooden bridges and wooden quays, exposed to the sea-worm, in addition to ordinary rotting from damp. Australia produces a timber, the jarrah, on which even the sea-worm—the limnaria and teredo—can make no impression, and a variety of hardwoods of rich dark colours, exactly suitable for the great furniture-making industry of Canada. Australia, continues Mr. Sladen, imports a great quantity of machinery and iron and wooden utensils from the States, which Canada produces equally well. Canada every year demands more and more the inimitable fine wools of Australia. Canada imports opossum and native bear skins, to make cheap fur coats in the place of the exhausted buffalo. She requires kangaroo-hide for her boot manufactories. The wool and hardwood from Australia to Canada, and the canned and dried fish and softwood from Canada to Australia, would ensure cargoes, apart from small items and the occasional large shipments of wheat to Australia. It must not be forgotten that Australia is one of the world's greatest consumers of softwood and canned fish, and that Canada only supplies her with a fraction of what she consumes; whereas if there were direct steamers, she would probably supply the whole.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison, than whom there is no higher authority on the subject, protests with characteristic vigour against the present disaster-inviting high-pressure wires employed by the electric light companies. His denunciation of the system in vogue is all the more emphatic because he deems it unnecessary, ascribing it to mere greed, the object being solely to save outlay for ground and wire. He is convinced (and he ought to know) that a perfectly safe system in which only low tension currents would be employed can be made remunerative. The safeguard that he recommends is not the putting of the wires under ground, which, he is assured for reasons that he gives, would aggravate the danger in many ways, but the exercise of authority by state or civic governments in the regulation of the pressure. If such

regulation by means of strict laws properly enforced is possible in England, he does not see why it should be so hard to secure in America. All who are interested in the subject ought to read the article in the *North American Review*.

Among the many epithets that have been applied to the age in which we live, the latest and not the least appropriate (especially in view of the tendencies of industrial and commercial enterprise in the United States) is that of the age of trusts. Those who have made up their minds that the tendency in question is in the natural course of things and therefore resistless, have received a shock from a decision of the New York Supreme Court at its general term last week. The case was that of the People against the North River Sugar Refining Company, which had been dissolved by Judge Barrett on application of the Attorney-General. An appeal was taken, and the General Term sustained the judgment of the lower court. The decision was based on the proved fact that "the governing object of the Association was to promote its interests and advance the prosperity of its associates by limiting the supply when that could properly be done and advancing the prices of the products produced by the companies." Such being the case, and the objects in view being "the removal of competition and the advancement of the prices of necessaries of life," the Company is "subject to the condemnation of the law by which it is denounced as a criminal enterprise." The plea that other combinations might compete with it and counteract the effects indicated was not admitted, the aim and practical result of the company's operations being to make competition impossible.

The result of the late elections in Newfoundland will probably be to throw the French shore question back into the vexing complications from which Sir Robert Thorburn's policy had set it free. Sir William Whiteway, who has won the fight, is determined to annul the Bait Act, and thus to place the French shore fishermen once more at the mercy of their alien rivals. In England, possibly, the change will be welcomed, as France had remonstrated (as was natural) against the operation of the excluding law. But with the restoration of the French to their old privileges, the Newfoundlanders of the coast are placed at a serious disadvantage, and all the old controversies and disputes will be renewed. The situation is deplorable at best, and it is a pity that two friendly powers, like France and England, cannot come to a definite settlement, which would free the Queen's loyal subjects in Newfoundland from an anomalous and intolerable position.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL OF CANADA.

During the last few years the study of constitutional questions in Canada has yielded some important works. The late Dr. Todd, the late Mr. Doutre, Mr. E. Lareau, Dr. Bourinot, the late Judge Loranger, Senator Trudel, the Hon. Judge Wurtele, the Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Mr. Recorder DeMontigny, Mr. P. B. Mignault, and a number of others have written from different points of view on our constitutional history and practice. The subject has also been attracting considerable attention in England, where a work on "The Constitution of Canada" has just issued from the Cambridge University press. That these works should be all in entire agreement or that their combined wisdom should leave no question unsettled is hardly to be expected. The sources of authority to which they

refer us for the law and custom of the constitution are the same, but their interpretation of some of those sources varies. There is one point on which this variation is especially marked—that of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada. Some of them seem to regard it as equivalent to the Cabinet. Others leave the matter in doubt, and others do not appear to have given it any consideration. According to the 11th section of the British North America Act there was to be a council to aid and advise in the government of Canada, the members of which should be from time to time chosen and summoned by the Governor-General and sworn in as Privy Councillors. The members of this council might from time to time be removed by the Governor-General. Now, it is well known that the only persons so far nominated to the Privy Council have been members of the successive governments which have been in power since 1867. But Privy Councillors retain the title of "Honourable" after retiring from office, and, moreover, provision is made for such ex-cabinet ministers in the table of precedence. Members of the Privy Council, who are not of the cabinet, take rank immediately after the chief judges of the courts of law and equity. It is evident, therefore, that the Privy Council and the Cabinet are not identical. The Privy Council consists of the whole number of persons who have been sworn in as members of that body on taking office in any administration since the federal system was established. That is implied by the rules of precedence, both original and amended, and it is simply the following out of British usage.

The English Privy Council is, it is true, a much more comprehensive and complex body than that of Canada. A certain number of persons, besides Ministers of the Crown, are ex-officio members of it. It includes, for instance, the members of the royal family, the two archbishops and the Bishop of London, the judges of the Court of Appeal and other high officials. Ireland also has its Privy Council, which comprises, besides the members of the cabinet who are associated with the government of Ireland, certain judicial dignitaries and other important functionaries. Scotland has not had a Privy Council since the sixth year of Queen Anne's reign. To the British Privy Council persons may be admitted as a special mark of distinction, such as was conferred on Sir John A. Macdonald. The Council, through its committees, discharges certain important duties, both administrative and judicial. The Board of Trade, the Committee of Council on Education, and the Judicial Committee (which has been a permanent court of ultimate appeal since 1833) are instances of the jurisdiction which it thus exercises.

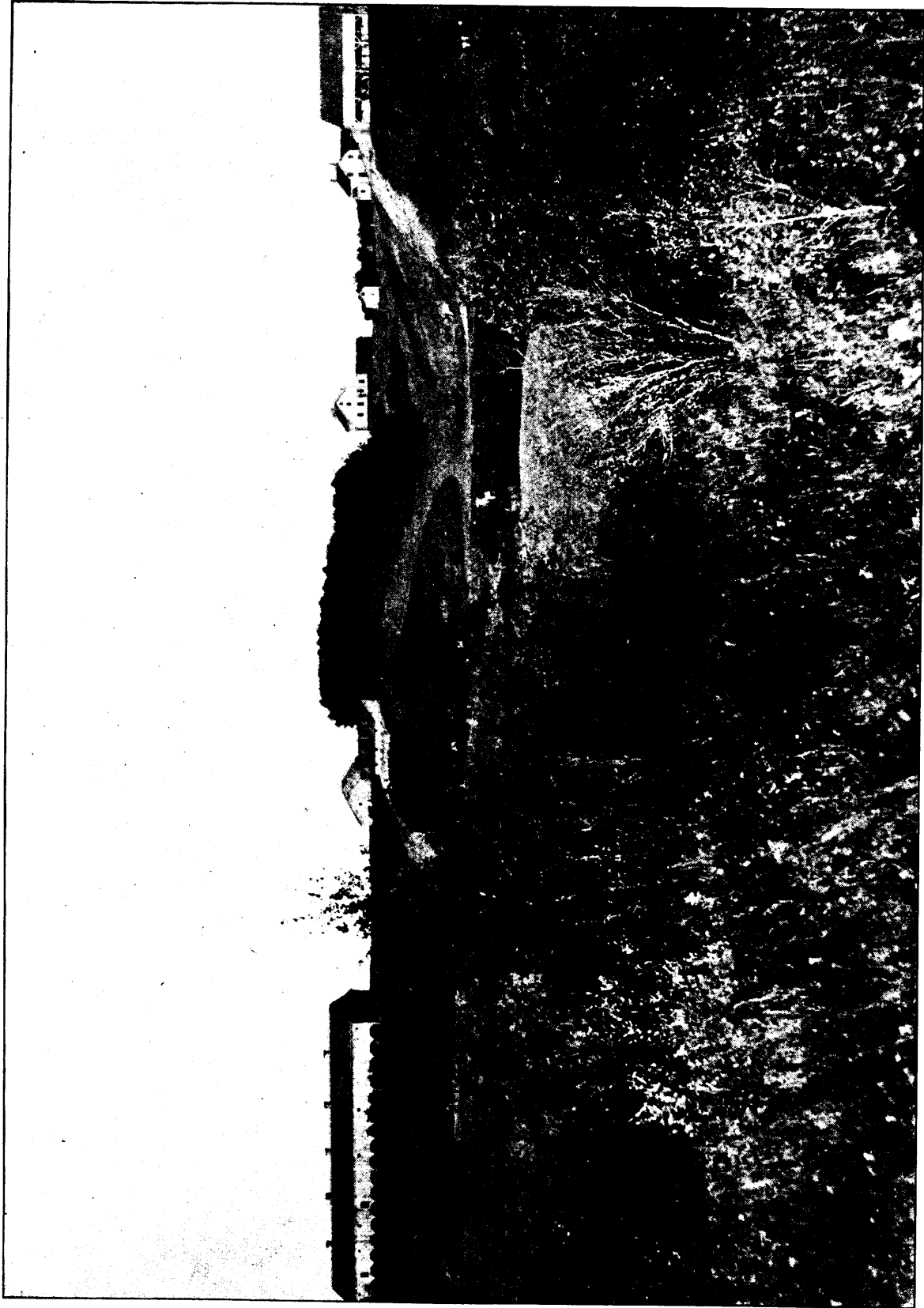
Some of the writers whom we have quoted seem to look upon the cabinet as the legal reality, privy councillors as such being, in their estimation, doubtful entities that "come like shadows, so depart." Mr. Munro says, for instance, that "these 'honorary' members are not in law members of the council." It is, on the contrary, the cabinet that has no place in law. One of Mr. Gladstone's most interesting essays bears on the anomalous position of that body and of its head in the British Constitution. It has been called a committee of the Privy Council, but such a description is inaccurate. There are, as we have just seen, several such committees, but the cabinet is not one of them. It has "not even this sanction to sustain its existence," says Mr. Gladstone. "It has and acts simply by understanding, without a single line of written law or constitution to determine its relations

to the monarch or to the parliament or to the nation, or the relations of its members to their head or to one another." As to the "Premier," Mr. Gladstone says: "He has no official rank except that of a Privy Councillor. His rights and duties as head of the administration are nowhere recorded. He is almost, if not altogether, unknown to the statute law." It is in harmony with the political genius of Great Britain that these points should have been left indeterminate by the framers of our Constitution, to be settled according as tradition and usage and our peculiar needs might suggest. We believe, therefore, that Mr. De Montigny, with whom Mr. Gemmill agrees (or *vice-versa*), is correct when he defines the Privy Council as composed of all the members already nominated, and the cabinet of those members of it who are actually *en fonction*. Whether, in the course of time, our Privy Council may, like its model, be turned to account, as a whole, for the service of the nation, by being parcelled out into committees, is a question for statecraft. If we allow for different conditions, its composition is not unlike that of its English exemplar. It is made up of members of either house of Parliament, of judges of the Supreme and other courts, and of Lieutenant-Governors. For the consideration of a certain class of questions a committee composed of such statesmen *emeriti* would be better qualified than the ablest minds in Great Britain, lacking as they must, their familiarity with Canadian needs and their sympathy with Canadian aspirations.

WHAT MACKEREL FEED ON.

The contents of the stomachs of mackerel were preserved on two days only, May 10 and May 13. The size of the fish was from 11 to 13½ inches in length. On the first day mentioned the quantity of food taken from the stomachs averaged 4 drams to a stomach; on the second day it averaged 5⅓ drams, except in the case of one specimen, which afforded 8 drams. The average quantity of food to a stomach, therefore, agreed very closely with the average results of surface organisms when towing with the 12-inch net. These deductions, however, are based upon too few observations to have any special significance. It is well known that the surface organisms serving as food for mackerel and other pelagic fishes are very unequally distributed, and are constantly changing their position, appearing and reappearing under the varying conditions of the water and atmosphere. While sometimes they are apparently absent over wide areas, at others they form dense clouds, plainly distinguishable by their colour. Such swarms would readily attract the schools of rapidly-swimming fishes, while they might easily escape the notice of a fishing vessel moving slowly from place to place. It is also probable, from previous observations of the Fish Commission, that the mackerel feeds to some extent below the surface. As to the character of its food the mackerel probably exercises little discrimination, but swallows all the smaller objects occurring in its path. Certain species, or groups of species are, however, much more abundant than others, and these are recognized as its common or appropriate food. Such are the copepods, the pelagic amphipods, some of the pteropods, and perhaps *Sagitta*. On the present cruise several species of copepods, *Themisto bispinosa* of amphipods, *Spiralis*, species of pteropods, and *Sagitta elegans* were the most common and wide-spread, and they were all abundant in the stomachs examined. —*Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission*.

The first part of an illustrated serial edition of Dr. Cunningham Geikie's "Holy Land and the Bible" will be published soon, by Messrs. Cassell & Co. The designs for the illustrations have been prepared by Mr. Henry A. Harper, of the Palestine Exploration Fund, who has spent several years in the East preparing drawings for the work.



VIEW OF THE STOCK FARM, BINSCARRIG, MAN.

J. F. Rowe, photo., Portage La Prairie, Man.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE LETHBRIDGE COLLIERY.

C. MaGrath, photo.



PART OF FORD STREET, LETHBRIDGE, N.W.T.
ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE COAL SHAFTS, LETHBRIDGE.

C. MaGrath, photo.



LILY LAKE, ST. JOHN, N. B.—This charming sheet of water is about a mile from St. John, and is naturally one of the chief attractions of the neighbourhood. What lovelier scene could heart desire than that calm mirror with its frame of foliage? Artists have haunted it, anglers have searched its depths, oarsmen and oarswomen have impelled themselves across its glassy surface, and bathers have revealed like naiads in its refreshing waters, but no community of enjoyment can render it commonplace. It is a blessed sight after the dust and din of the city, the contemplation of which inspires tranquillity and contentment—just such a scene as poet, painter, lover, find rapture in. We do not wonder that St. John people are proud of it.

ON HOWE'S ROAD, ST. JOHN, N. B.—There is no fairer district in Canada than that of which the city of St. John is the centre. Both the harbour and coast and the scenes through which one passes on the roads to the interior are full of charming surprises. The variety of surface gives repeated chances of points of vantage from which the landscape may be surveyed. Cultivation has done much to soften any harshness in the natural features, so that the charms of an English country side are combined with the striking boldness that is so picturesque. The Fort Howe Hill commands a view of scenery that fully accounts for the attachment of St. John people to their native city. The glimpse of a well-known exit and peopled upland afforded by our engraving faithfully (though partially) illustrates one phase of this diversified scenery.

BINSCARTH STOCK FARM.—This fine establishment, so characteristic of the North-West, is not far from the line of the Manitoba and North-Western Railway. The visit of the vice-regal party to it and the reception and address to the Governor-General, with His Excellency's reply, were given in our last issue.

THE LETHBRIDGE COLLIERY.—This important colliery—the property of the North-Western Coal and Navigation Company, limited—which produces that coal known throughout Manitoba and the North-West Territories as "Galt Coal," has been in operation since 1882. Its active development, however, properly dates from the autumn of 1885, when a narrow-gauge railway—owned and operated by the same company—from the C.P.R. at Dunmore, near Medicine Hat, to Lethbridge, a distance of 109½ miles, was completed. This company owes its existence to the exertions of Sir Alexander T. Galt, G.C.M.G., who with other gentlemen in 1881 secured coal leases in Alberta, on both the Bow and Belly rivers. In the year following, after a thorough examination of these leases, it was decided to open a mine on the east bank of Belly River, where the town of Lethbridge now stands. Early in 1883 the North-Western Coal and Navigation Co., limited, with a capital of £50,000 sterling, was formed for this purpose, and during that and the following year about 3,000 tons were shipped by way of the Belly and South Saskatchewan rivers to Medicine Hat, and there tested on the locomotives of the C.P.R. These tests proved the value of the coal as a steam producer; but, owing to the season of river navigation being so short and uncertain, it became necessary to abandon this mode of transfer and to build the narrow-gauge railway. To do this, the company increased their capital to £150,000 sterling, and bonded the road to the extent of £160,000 sterling. It was formally opened by the Marquis of Lansdowne, then Governor-General of Canada, on the 24th September, 1885. Prior to the mining operations above mentioned, coal was extracted on the west bank of Belly river opposite the present Lethbridge Colliery, by the late Nicholas Sheran, who probably was the first coal operator in Western Canada. Mr. Sheran, early in the seventies, settled at the St. Mary's river, about six miles south of Lethbridge. This point being near the St. Mary's crossing of the Benton-Macleod trail, the freighters on their return trip to Benton used to load their "string teams" with coal and sell it on their arrival in Benton. In 1879 Mr. Sheran moved down the Belly river and established himself on the west side of the river, where the lower trail crossed, leading from Macleod to Benton. Here he conducted a ferry during high water, at the same time mining coal, which he sold at \$5 a ton to the freighters, who afterwards retailed it in Benton at \$20. The output of the colliery of the North-Western Coal and Navigation Co., since 1885, has yearly increased, even far beyond the expectations of the promoters of the scheme. Their monthly pay-sheet is now in the neighbourhood of \$20,000. This, it need hardly be remarked, is a considerable sum of money to be put in circulation in the town of Lethbridge, where but a few years ago, before the construction of the C.P.R., desolation reigned supreme. Owing to the very large and increasing demand for coal in the Smelting and Reducing Works in Montana, the N.W.C. & N. Co. have now good opportunities of placing their coal on that market. In the summer of 1888 several car-loads were shipped for the purpose of testing, by way of the C.P.R., St. P. M. & M. and N.P.R.—a distance of nearly 2,000 miles—to various smelters in Montana, which by a direct road could be reached in less than 300 miles. The results of these tests being favourable, negotiations are now in progress for the construction of a railway from Lethbridge to Helena, Mont.

As for the coal supply at Lethbridge, it is practically unlimited. In the report of progress of the Geological Survey of 1882-84, Dr. Dawson estimates the quantity of coal underlying one square mile at the "Coal Banks," the present site of Lethbridge, at 5,500,000 tons.

LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA.—The upper part of our engraving shows a part of Ford street, Lethbridge. This, the youngest town in Alberta, is not by any means the least important. The population is now about 1,200 souls. The town is and has been from the first in a most healthy condition. The monthly pay roll of the North-Western Coal and Navigation Co. aggregating some \$20,000, is altogether circulated in the town. Lethbridge is, moreover, the distributing point for the thriving settlements around Pincher Creek, Macleod and the Upper St. Mary river. It is noteworthy that an important Indian battle was fought on the site of Lethbridge in 1871, between the Crees and Piegiens. It appears that a party of Crees were down from the north hunting buffalo and had strayed westward, after game, into the hunting grounds claimed by the Piegiens. At a point on the river, about 12 miles west of Lethbridge, these Crees came suddenly upon a small party of Piegiens, and, not being aware of the presence of a larger band a short distance up the river, they attacked the Piegiens. In a very short time those up the river were communicated with and a war party sent out to fight the Crees. The latter, upon finding the forces of the Piegiens considerably augmented, retreated across the country and gained a deep ravine which enters the valley of the river opposite where Lethbridge now is. The Piegiens, on the other hand, after much trouble, succeeded in securing a shorter and adjoining ravine, separated by a ridge from 75 to 150 feet, from the one occupied by the Crees. The horses were kept in the bottom of the ravines, while the braves crowded to the brow of the ridge and exchanged shots whenever the men of either party were venturesome enough to show their heads. Others, meanwhile, kept throwing rocks into the air so as to fall on their respective enemies. After four hours of this system of warfare, in which probably one dozen were killed, the Piegiens decided to force a fight. A charge was accordingly made across the ridge upon the Crees, who fled down the ravine towards the river. A number of the Piegiens returning, mounted their horses, and moving rapidly across the ridge, drove the Crees out of the ravine, down which they were running, and over a point of a hill, the descent of which is from twenty to thirty feet, and almost perpendicular. Over this the Crees, on foot and on horses, rushed headlong into the river. While endeavouring to ford, the Piegiens slew their foes most mercilessly. Those who succeeded in gaining the opposite bank took refuge among some poplars and thick willows. Here they were virtually surrounded by the Piegiens, who withdrew as the evening approached, being satisfied that a sufficient number of scalps had been secured. Evidences of that bloody fray may still be seen, as small cairns of stones were placed where the different braves fell. These are visible, especially along the brow of the ravines occupied in the earlier part of the engagement by the respective parties, and in the ravine down which the Crees were driven. The lower part of this engraving shows one of the many entrances to the Lethbridge colliery. These entrances are situated at stated distances along the foot of the bluff forming the east side of the river valley. Out of these the coal is hauled by mules and horses to a common point, whence it is conveyed out of the valley by means of an inclined railway, and is afterwards dumped over screens into the railway cars.

KATHCHEN.—Perhaps Kate or Kitty, or Catherine, sweet in sound and pure in meaning, would better suit English ears. But what's in a name? Certainly this rose of youth and beauty will not be robbed of her sweetness and colour by any re-christenings. Who is she? And what is she thinking of? Some of our ingenious readers will doubtless have no difficulty in answering these questions.

OLD ST. GABRIEL STREET CHURCH, MONTREAL.—This venerable church, the eventful history of which forms the theme of a bulky volume written by the Rev. Robert Campbell, D. D., who ministered in it for many years and is still the pastor of the congregation that worships in its successor and namesake, is a familiar object to Montrealers. Its early annals are not lacking in features akin to romance, several of its founders and early adherents having been North-Westerns, and some of them, like the Mackenzies, Frobishers and others, famous men in their day, who have earned an honourable place in the story of Montreal's development. The church was erected in 1792 by Messrs. Telfer and McIntosh, the congregation having, however, existed for several years previous. The land on which it stands was purchased from Mr. Hypolite Hertel, with the exception of a strip of twelve feet in breadth which formed part of the Champ de Mars, and was granted by the Government of the day. Its dimensions are 60 feet by 48 feet, and it has a capacity of seating 750 persons. The old bell is said to have been the first whose tones called a Protestant congregation in this province and Ontario to Divine worship. The first minister was the Rev. John Young, of Schenectady, who remained till 1802, when he was succeeded by the Rev. J. Somerville, who founded the well known course of lectures in connection with the Natural History Society. In 1817 he received the Rev. Henry Esson as assistant. The Rev. Edward Black in turn became coadjutor to Mr. Esson, and held that position till 1833, when he ministered to the congregation of old St. Paul's. The Rev. W. Leishman was the next minister—the Disruption having meanwhile caused a secession. He

was followed by the Rev. William Rintoul, the Rev. David Inglis, the Rev. Dr. Kemp, and the Rev. Dr. Campbell, the present esteemed pastor and historiographer of the church and the many Presbyterian churches of which it is the honoured mother.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, FREDERICTON, N. B.—The handsome city of Fredericton, formerly St. Ann's, was selected as the seat of government for the newly made province in the year 1785. It is favourably situated for both rail and water communication, and apart from its political importance, is the centre of some thriving industries. The structure, presented in our engraving, is solidly built of grey free-stone. Its fine Corinthian façade has won it the admiration of experts in architecture. The building which it replaced (a view of which may be seen in Dr. Gesner's "New Brunswick") was of wood. Though clumsy and inconvenient compared with its successor, it had many associations with the early years of the province, which it had served as a Senate-house for more than half a century. The present edifice is thoroughly provided with all the essentials of a building of its class, and it also affords accommodation for some of the courts. The house adjoining, which is fire-proof, is used for a legislative library. Besides some valuable works, it comprises a number of interesting portraits. The departments of the Government have a building to themselves on Parliament Square. Fredericton is noted for the abundance, variety and beauty of its trees, and not the least attractive feature of the grounds of the Parliament and associated buildings is the tasteful arrangement of a variety of luxuriant and charming growths. The elms of Fredericton are not surpassed in grace by the fairest examples of that species which this continent affords. Those who are concerned in antiquarian lore will find in the New Brunswick capital and its vicinity occasional reminiscences of old Acadian times, though, as elsewhere in Canada, landmarks of the past are gradually disappearing.

LONDON, ONT.—On another page our readers will find engravings of some of the finest public buildings and most picturesque localities in London, Ont. There is none of our leading centres of population and business, the history of which is more interesting than that of the Forest City. It can also claim to be one of the oldest of the settlements that have grown up under British domination. It is now nearly a century since Governor Simcoe, arriving at a spot where two rivers united their waters, was struck with the scenic beauty and natural advantages of the situation. "Here," said he, "is just the site for the metropolis of my province. It is in a central position, in the midst of a region of rare fertility, having ample means of water communication with east and west and south, with grounds well adapted for public edifices, private residences and commercial buildings." But those first thoughts were succeeded by a multiplicity of considerations, which eventually deferred the execution of the plan thus outlined to another generation. It was not till Col. Talbot's enterprise was in progress that the survey was carried out. Some writers place the date at 1818; others at 1827. It is generally conceded that the survey was made by Col. Burwell, and whatever year be fixed for the starting point of its career, London, once it had become a local habitation and had received a name, did not lag on the path of progress. In 1828 the Westminster Bridge was completed, and by 1832 a thriving community had taken root in the neighbourhood. Persons still living can remember when the early post office was kept in a small log shanty by Major Schofield. We can imagine what it would look like, if set alongside the present splendid structure (see engraving) which was completed in 1884 at a total cost (including alterations and repairs) of nearly \$70,000. The Custom House is still more impressive from the architect's standpoint. The total expenditure on this building (which has undergone important modifications, comprising a considerable extension, during the last few years) since 1867 has been over \$100,000. It is now one of the finest buildings of its kind in Ontario. The Court House is, however, the most striking architectural feature in this group of public buildings. Its castellated character at once attracts attention, and we understand that it was really designed on the model of one of the strongholds of the Talbot family. The other scenes in these illustrations of London call for no special description. They have all their historic—some of them their romantic, and one of them, at least, its melancholy—associations. Ida's Nook (see engraving) suggests a trysting-place of lovers, and, doubtless, many a vow has been breathed in its woodland stillness. Mr. George Taylor, the present mayor, is a gentleman of taste as well as wealth, if the view from his garden (see engraving) be taken as an example of his choice of outlook. Mount Pleasant Cemetery (see engraving) has that hopeful sound which the word "cemetery," in its original form, had to the Greeks who first used it, for ΚΟΙΜΗΤΗΡΙΟΝ (Koimēterion) means nothing more than dormitory or sleeping-place. And the glimpse of it afforded by our illustration tends to justify the name of Mount Pleasant.

Whether the memory shall be a beautiful chamber of peace or a torture chamber of despair will depend upon the soul's obedience or disobedience to the admonition, "Remember thy Creator."—*Christian Leader*.

Faith in human nature is not merely faith in what it is, but still more faith in what it is to be. Compare Christianity with Christ, and you will see the difference between the Christianity of the present and that of the future.—*C. Everett*.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN ON ONE OF AMERICA'S
GREATEST POETS AND CRITICS.

"Have you met so and so?" "I suppose you have met so and so?" is the first question an American asks of a literary traveller. And after Whittier and Oliver Wendell Homes there is no one about whom one is asked this question oftener than Edmund Clarence Stedman. For Stedman is the centre of literary life in New York—its bright particular star—one of America's great poets and her greatest critic. His great book on the Victorian Poets is in about its fifteenth edition, and is considered the best work on contemporary English poets that has been written, and some of his poems like "Pan in Wall Street," and "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry" are known to every man and woman who reads in the United States—and the adults who don't read in the United States are a scarcely appreciable proportion. These two poems are too long to quote here, even if it were not superfluous. But his noble "Undiscovered Country," worthy of the pen that wrote—

Only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

and his pathetic "The Discoverer" and "Provençal Lovers"—the latter the best thing of its kind in the English language—are given below. A strange, picturesque career, a fascinating personality is Stedman's. It is no wonder that his battle pieces are so full of fire—vivid—for he was a war correspondent in the great Civil War. After this he saw, to use his own expression, how fools make money and made a great fortune, becoming one of the best known figures on Wall street as broker and banker. Then by no fault of his own, but by that of one in whom he placed implicit confidence, the whole was swept away, and he had to begin life again. Now his muse speaks too seldom, for his energies are taken up with editing the whole corpus of American literature—the great encyclopædic Library of American Literature, which he is editing for Mark Twain's firm, Charles L. Webster & Co. This is the most stupendous thing of the kind ever attempted. But America can ill spare one of her greatest poets for the editorial mill—it is cruel that he should not have the leisure to be writing lyrics and ballads, to form part of the household words of his country. What makes Stedman such a fine critic is the unusual combination of the generous, enthusiastic, poetical heart with a relentlessly clear and judicial intellect. His judgment detects every flaw in taste or workmanship, but his generosity makes it impossible for him to thrust a poisoned dagger where he finds these holes in the armour of his brother-poets. For to Stedman his brother-poets are brothers. It is delightful to know Stedman, to mark what an eager, enthusiastic poetical spirit burns in that spare body, what a keen intellect is revealed by that bright, intellectual face with its magnificent crown of silver hair. If he had but the leisure, no one would have a better chance of succeeding Whittier as the poet of the American people. For Stedman is essentially in touch with his people—an American of the best kind, cosmopolitan in his friendships, patriotic in his sentiments. He is proud of America, proud of being an American, satisfied with the people of America, but he feels that Europe is the complement of America—that America is an outline sketch, which wants the light and shade of Europe added to make it a complete picture.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills, and meadows low,—
Ah, if beyond the spirits' inmost cavel,
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us,—
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who could endure?

THE DISCOVERER.

I have a little kinsman
Whose early summers are but three,
And yet a voyager is he
Greater than Drake or Frobisher,
Than all their peers together!
He is a brave discoverer,
And, far beyond the tether
Of them who seek the frozen Pole
Has sailed where the noiseless surges roll.
Ay, he has travelled whither
A winged pilot steered his bark
Through the portals of the dark,
Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,
Across the unknown sea.

Suddenly, in his fair young hour,
Came one who bore a flower,
And laid it in his dimpled hand

With this command:
"Henceforth thou art a rover;
Thou must take a voyage far,
Sail beneath the evening star,
And a wondrous land discover."
With his sweet smile innocent

Our little kinsman went.
Since that time no word
From the absent hath been heard.

Who can tell
How he fares, or answer well
What the little one has found
Since he left us, outward bound!
Would that he might return!
Then should we learn
From the pricking of his chart
How the skyey roadways part.
Hush! does not the baby this way bring,
To lay beside the severed curl,
Some stray offering
Of chrysolite or pearl?

Ah, no! not so!
We may follow on his track,
But he comes not back,
And yet I dare aver

He is a brave discoverer
Of climes his elders do not know
He has more learning than appears
On the scroll of twice three thousand years—
More than in the groves is taught,
Or from farthest Indies brought;
He knows, perchance, how spirits fare,—
What shapes the angels wear,
What is their guise and speech
In those lands beyond our reach,—
And his eyes behold

Things that shall never, never be to mortal hearers
told.

PROVENÇAL LOVERS.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE.

Within the garden of Beaucaire
He met her by a secret stair,—
The night was centuries ago.
Said Aucassin: "My love, my pet,
These old professors vex me so!
They threaten all the pains of hell
Unless I give you up, ma belle;"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Now, who should there in heaven be
To fill your place, ma très-douce mie?
To reach that spot I little care!
There all the dropping priests are met;
All the old cripples, too, are there,
That unto shrines and altars cling
To fetch the Peter-pence we bring;"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There are the barefoot monks and friars
With gowns well tattered by the briars,
The saints who lift their eyes and whine:
I like them not—a starveling set!
Who'd care with folk like these to dine?
The other road 'twere just as well
That you and I should take, ma belle!"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"To purgatory I would go
With pleasant comrades whom we know,
Fair scholars, minstrels, trusty knights
Whose deeds the land will not forget,
The captains of a hundred fights,
The men of valour and degree!
We'll join that gallant company,"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There, too, are jousts and joyance rare,
And beauteous ladies debonnaire,
The pretty dames, the merry brides,
Who with their wedded lords coquette

And have a friend or two besides,
And all in gold and trappings gay,
With furs and crests in vair and grey,"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Sweet players on the cithern strings,
And they who roam the world like kings,
Are gathered there so blithe and free!
Pardie! I'd join them now, my pet,
If you went also, ma douce mie!
The joys of heaven I'd forego
To have you with me there below,"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

WIMBLEDON.

In 1857 Brown Bess was still in use in India; in 1862, so imperfect was the Government manufacture that thirty-four rifles issued for use at Wimbledon did not pass the Government test; in 1860 but few men in England had ever fired a rifle; those who shot best, shot badly; the match rifles of that day, except Mr. Whitworth's, were of a very inferior quality. But little was known of ammunition, of wind gauges, of the flight of bullets; while the experience of rifle shots was almost restricted to the few deer stalkers who shot their quarry at very short distances. Our match rifles and those who use them now take the highest rank in the world; the Government rifles are of infinitely better quality. Our Wimbledon shots have beaten all previous records, while the science of shooting is known and thoroughly understood, I think, by more men in these islands than in any country in the world. As Sir Henry Halford said not long ago: "We have taught the army to shoot"; and to the National Rifle Association is it mainly due that many hundreds of thousands of men in this country have added rifle shooting to the pastimes of England, and though cricket and football are our national games there are more men in the country who shoot than play cricket. So far as numbers are concerned the rifle has more than taken the place of the bow.—
Murray's Magazine.

THE CAPTIVE'S QUERY.

Ah! Maiden fair, with waving hair,
And dark eyes deep and true,
Your searching glance, like Cupid's lance,
Has pierced my heart's core through.

It matters not, tho' I'm forgot,
And you are far from me,
I cherish yet, with fond regret,
My sweetest Memory.

As to a stream, the sun's bright beam
Brings beauty, light and grace,
So to my life, amidst its strife,
Has come Thy form—Thy face.

Thy winsome smile, devoid of guile,
Thy pure and artless mind:
A fountain bright of love and light,
Thy heart so warm, so kind.

O! Maiden fair, with waving hair,
And dark eyes deep and true;
Must I despair, or may I dare
To hope for love, and you?

Toronto, October, 1889.

T. E. MOHERLY.

SIBERIA.—A report from Vardoe, dated September 27, states that the steamer Labrador, Captain Wiggins, had reached the mouth of the Yenesei, where she waited twelve days for the river steamer, but in vain. She has now arrived back at Vardoe without having discharged. The Labrador had on board the crew of the lost Arctic yacht Lyset.

WOMEN ARE NOT HUMOURISTS.—Women as a rule are not fond of jokes; they listen to clever stories with simulated amusement and forget them immediately. The reason for this lies in one of the essentials in the make-up of woman—her profound and tender sympathy. Humour deals with the weakness of humanity: it exposes foibles and punctures tender skin. Humour sets the world laughing at some blunder of a man. It is woman nature to cover up, excuse and reform. Follies are too serious in her eyes to laugh at. If women were humourists they would not be the most earnest church workers, the most tender of nurses, and the most sentimental and refined portion of humanity. The same inherent quality which would make a true woman, a real woman, shrink as judge from pronouncing a death sentence, or as soldier from shooting an enemy through the heart, makes it impossible for her to become a humourist. Wit a woman may have, wit she does possess, and is a formidable adversary with her stiletto points of irony and satire. But humourous in the common acceptation of the term, in the careless, rollicking, stinging art of current quips and jests—never.—*Washington Post.*





KATHCHEN.

From the painting by A. Seifert.

IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF "THIRTY-SEVEN.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1889, by Sarah Anne Curzon, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

CHAPTER X. AN ARREST.

Morning had passed into noon before Harry awoke. A glance at the window showed him the hour. Springing from bed, he hurriedly dressed, and was descending to the dining-room when he heard footsteps and voices outside.

His mother at that moment entered the hall with a look of alarm.

"What can it mean, Harry?" she cried. "There is a party of men coming to the house, two of whom are constables."

Before Harry could reply the door was thrown open and the men crowded in, evidently in a state of great excitement.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Harry. "May I enquire the meaning of this visit? Nothing official, I hope, Cline," he continued, addressing one of the constables.

"Yes, but it is, though," said the man, approaching Harry and seizing him roughly by the arm. "You are my prisoner in the Queen's name."

"What do mean, fellow!" cried Harry sternly, and throwing him off among his companions with such vigour that he lost his balance and fell.

The man sprang to his feet shouting in a frenzy of rage and vindictiveness:

"At him, my men! At him! he resists a peace officer; I will handcuff him for that."

The men, thus addressed, approached Harry, who, stepping back, placed himself against the wall and said:

"Look here, my good fellows, you most of you know me, and that what I say I perform. Have a care, therefore, for if one of you attempts to lay a hand on me, I will knock him down. If you want to arrest me show me your authority and I will go with you quietly, but attempt to put no indignity on me or you shall repent it. And first let me know of what I am accused."

"Of the murder of young Arnley," said one of the men.

"Of what?" cried Harry, starting forward; but his attention was called to his mother, who, with a piercing scream fainted, and fell upon the floor. Harry lifted her carefully, declining the assistance of one of the men, carried her to her room, where, under the care of an old and faithful servant, she at length showed signs of recovery.

Returning to the hall where the constables and their companions awaited him, Harry beckoned Cline aside and inquired if it were indeed true that Arnley was murdered. But that worthy, sore from his recent discomfiture and full of the conceit of office, rudely replied:

"Oh, you'll get no good by putting on a long face. You'll find out soon enough whether he's killed or not."

"Cannot you answer a fair question?" rejoined Harry sternly.

"Oh, none of your tall airs here, my young spark! You just come along or I'll put the darbies on you."

"Show me your warrant, my man; at present you are acting illegally, as you ought to know."

In his hurry and excitement the constable had forgotten this part of his duty; he now produced the document with sullen insolence, and upon examining it Harry found the warrant properly made out and signed, but by a magistrate whom Harry did not regard as above suspicion with regard to the MacKenzie agitation, and this awakened a suspicion of treachery in his mind.

Requesting the constable to wait while he spoke to his mother, who had recovered from her indisposition, but was painfully effected by the circumstances, Harry proceeded to leave a few necessary directions in case of unforeseen accident, but Mrs. Hewit had made up her mind to accompany her son before the justices and would hear of no other arrangement. All Harry could do was to persuade his mother to wait until Edwards could take her in the carriage.

Upon arriving at the village where the magistrates were assembled, Harry's suspicions, already awakened, were strengthened. A large crowd had already assembled, among whom Howis, Stratiss, and Davis, with their partizans, were conspicuous.

Of the three magistrates, two had already become notorious for their violent support of the Mackenzie agitation, while the third was a weak, ignorant old man, who was far more fit for fattening pigs and calves than for deciding a case.

After some preliminaries, Harry was asked if he was ready.

"No, your honours, I am not, and must, therefore, ask the court to wait until some people arrive for whom I have already sent."

"We cannot wait on you, young man," said one of the magistrates named Pugh, in pompous tones. "Our duty is to proceed with this, I may remark, most unfortunate business."

"But I must insist that the court wait until I shall have the opportunity, due to a prisoner, of summoning assistance."

"Your objection, young man, will pass for nothing," returned Pugh, "the court cannot defer proceedings on your account."

"What do you mean, sir?" said Harry, eyeing the magistrate firmly. "Am I not the party accused? Was I not brought here for examination? And have I a single witness here? Why ask me if I am ready unless you give me time to prepare?"

"You should have been prepared," cried Pugh loftily, evidently in high dudgeon at being met boldly by one whom he had hoped to see cowed and terrified.

"Sir," said Harry, with a smile of scorn, "is that your justice? I 'should have been prepared.' I, who am but just arrested, and on what evidence I know not. It shows at once that you have condemned me unheard, and confirms what I have already suspected, that it is but a trick of you and such as you to secure my detention and imprisonment. I object, sir, to you sitting on the case at all, more or less."

"Beware, sir," cried Pugh, in a voice choking with rage, "such language to the court will not be tolerated, and if you do not find that the present charge gives you more than detention or imprisonment, you will be able to throw much more light on the case than I fear you can."

After a few minutes' consultation between the three magistrates, Pugh again turned to Harry, saying:

"By the kind courtesy of the court you are allowed one hour to prepare; at the end of that time see that you are ready."

"The court is bound to grant me as much time within reasonable limits as I desire," replied Harry.

Pugh eyed him sharply for a moment, and then rapidly exchanged significant glances with Howis, which Harry was not slow to observe. Taking a seat at a table he wrote the following letter to Dr. Leslie:

THE COURT-ROOM, LINEHAM.

DEAR SIR,—If you have not already heard, you will be surprised to learn, that I am under arrest and awaiting examination at this place for murder—the murder of Frank Arnley. That the charge is the result of a plot got up by the agitators in order to get me out of their way I am fully convinced. Last night three of the Samos brothers, together with Frank and myself, destroyed a pile of arms belonging to the traitors, which Frank and I had accidentally discovered hidden in Davis's mill during the afternoon. Davis had seen us at the mill, as we stopped there to rest after a hunting tramp, and no doubt recognized us again at night, for we had a fight.

On our return we parted with the Samoses at their own place, and continued our way together, parting at my house two hours before daylight this morning, Frank preferring to go home rather than give his uncle cause for anxiety.

I know not what testimony the prosecution has to bring forward, nor who are their witnesses, but it seems pretty certain that poor Frank cannot be found. Whether he has been murdered or kidnapped I cannot determine, but as you are a

magistrate and a man of influence I wish you would do me the favour to come to my aid. Howis, Davis and their crowd are here in full force, and two of the magistrates are as deep in the plot as any of them, I am convinced. They have already shown me much harshness, and will give me as little chance as they dare. My mother, who is greatly agitated by this untoward affair, is just arrived, alone, for I regret to say my brother is not at home just now.

Trusting to your kind assistance,

I am, dear sir,

Yours faithfully

HENRY HEWIT."

Despatching a messenger on his own horse with the message to Dr. Leslie, Harry occupied himself in the interval by watching the crowd that filled the court room, and more especially the demeanour of the chief conspirators, who, as though afraid to lose sight of their prey, remained at hand until the trial should begin.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LESLIE'S.

The residence of Dr. Leslie lay on the shore of a beautiful lake, of which there were several in that picturesque locality. It stood off from the main road a mile or more, and was approached by a gravelled road under an avenue of noble trees, lords of the primeval forest. There they had stood for centuries braving the winds of heaven and the frosts of the cold north, in the summer throwing a grateful canopy of cool verdure over the way-worn traveller and a yielding nesting place for the robin, the oriole, the cat-bird, the beautiful song-sparrow and the indigo bird, and in the winter intoning in magnificent diapason the solemn music of the winds.

The cottage, wreathed on every side with woodbine and roses, rested among its flower-beds like a bird in her nest, and though chill winds had stripped the wide verandas of their tapestry, there remained an aspect of hospitable welcome for the visitor in the thick mats that lay before the doors, and the garden chairs that had not been removed from their sheltering nooks.

A small conservatory at the south-west angle of the house betokened wealth and taste, and ample stabling at a distance spoke of leisure and convenience.

Dr. Leslie had been drawn to Canada while yet a young man by the description of the natural beauties of the then newly-opened province of Canada West, and finding the life to his taste had settled in a pretty village with the intention of repeating the cultivated beauties of his English home amid the wilds of the west. His genial temper, large-hearted benevolence and skill in his profession soon won for him great consideration among his neighbours of all classes, and a large practice. He married a Canadian lady of great beauty, and with the exception of the loss of two little sons Dr. and Mrs. Leslie enjoyed to the full all the blessings of a happy married life. Three years before the time of which we write Dr. Leslie had proceeded to England, accompanied by his remaining child, his daughter Alice, to receive a large property of which he had become possessed by the death of a relation, and was about to return, accompanied by an orphan nephew who, he fondly hoped, would comfort the yet unhealed wound of Mrs. Leslie's heart, when the news of her sudden death reached him. Father and daughter hastened back at once, but Dr. Leslie never got over the shock of his wife's loss. He gave up his profession, bought the place on which he at present resided, and mixed but little in society. The little boy, Walter Somers, proved to be a great solace to the bereft father and daughter, and soon became the pet of the household. To Alice Leslie the tender and sympathetic friendship of her mother's friend, Mrs. Hewit, was a source of great comfort; together they could talk of the dear lost one, and to the elder lady the younger one could turn for guidance in the bringing up of her little charge, and for support in all circumstances in which a woman's friendship is most desirable.

Dr. Leslie also had the highest regard for Mrs. Hewit, whose husband had been among his earliest and most intimate friends, and it was, therefore,

natural that the young people of the two families should be very much thrown together. The absence of Alice with her father in England had broken up the boy and girl aspect of the young people's friendship, but only to replace it by the more strong and tender attachment of love. Henry Hewit had no sooner lost his old playmate than he discovered that his heart had gone with her, and upon the return of the young lady had hastened to assure himself, as soon as the agitation attending upon the painful nature of the circumstances had in a measure subsided, that Alice had not learned to do without him. He had begged to be allowed to speak to Dr. Leslie on the subject of an engagement, but this Alice had deferred for a year more, in consideration of her father's feelings. That Dr. Leslie looked upon the intimacy between his daughter and Henry Hewit with tacit approval was evident, therefore much of the reserve that must otherwise have existed between father and daughter on the subject was removed.

On the afternoon in which the events narrated in the previous chapter occurred, Dr. Leslie was seated in his own sitting-room, before a blazing fire amusing himself with his *protégé*, Walter, while Alice was busy with some sewing at the table. The doctor was in more than his usual spirits, and his fine face glowed with contentment and humour, as he chatted with Walter, or persuaded him to sing some childish ditty. While they were thus merry, Alice bent over her work in pensive mood. She was thinking of him who had become very dear to her; she had learned that he was in trouble on his brother's account, anxious and unhappy, and this, although she would scarcely own it to herself, caused her to feel very much depressed. Her father had noticed her gloomy dejection, and in order to divert her thoughts bade Walter fetch the accordeon and ask Alice to play and sing for them. The little boy ran to obey, but in passing a window suddenly cried out:

"Look, look, uncle, Mr. Hewit's horse is running away with him."

Dr. Leslie rose quickly, smiling at the child's excitement, but Alice was at the window before him and exclaimed:

"It is not Harry, but a stranger."

"I'm sure it is Mr. Hewit's horse," cried Walter.

"Yes, dear," returned Alice, "but not Mr. Hewit."

By this time the rider had reached the door and dismounting quickly entered the hall without knocking. Dr. Leslie met him followed by Alice and the child.

"Dr. Leslie, I believe," said the man.

"The same, at your service," responded Dr. Leslie.

"Pray excuse my unceremonious entrance, but when you read the letter you will find an explanation." And handing Dr. Leslie a letter, he bowed, sprang on his horse and dashed away.

"Bless my soul, what does it all mean?" exclaimed Dr. Leslie, "that is one of David Samos's sons, I believe. I hope the old gentleman is not ill. Ally, dear, where are my glasses?"

Alice handed her father his spectacles, but she was very pale and trembled violently. Dr. Leslie did not see fit to observe her agitation, and broke the seal of the letter with due deliberation, seating himself quietly to glance over its contents. No sooner had he done so, however, than he tossed the letter on the table, strode to the door and calling to his man to saddle his horse, hurriedly returned to put on overcoat and boots.

You may read the letter, Alice," he said, while engaged in these hasty preparations, "only don't go into hysterics or anything of that sort. It is a scheme of some rascals, and will end all right, never fear."

Dr. Leslie rode at a sharp pace, and arrived at the court-house to find that the case had been opened and a witness for the prosecution was in course of examination. Greeting Mrs. Hewit who sat there pale and anxious, and assuring her that all would yet be well, Dr. Leslie bowed to the prisoner at the bar, and advanced to the bench. He plainly observed glances pass between Pugh and one of his associate magistrates, and also between them and Howis.

"Will you take a seat with us, Dr. Leslie?" said Pugh, "Although not a magistrate you are a man of experience and may be of service to us."

"I beg your pardon, Squire Pugh," replied Dr. Leslie, "I have held a commission of the peace since a short time after I left off practice, but I have never acted, and must decline doing so now."

The court, no way displeased at this resolution on the part of Dr. Leslie, proceeded with the case. The witness on the stand was Philip Jackson, a respectable farmer, living near the lower dam. He affirmed that he was out very early that morning, and on crossing the road at the mill bridge he found a rifle lying upon the ground that he at once recognized as belonging to Mr. Henry Hewit, having frequently seen it in his possession, but more lately in the hands of Frank Arnley. After picking up the rifle he looked around and just on the mill-dam he picked up a cap which had been identified by several who had seen it that day as one worn by Frank Arnley the day before. And near the cap he found a knife which was now produced and sworn to. The knife was covered with blood, but Harry knew it at once, a large clasp-knife that he carried commonly when hunting. And he now recollected that Frank had taken it the day before, after killing the deer, and had not returned it.

Two other witnesses were called who swore to seeing Harry and Frank together at a late hour the night before.

"Did you overhear any of their conversation?" enquired one of the magistrates

They both affirmed that Harry was speaking loud and using violent gesticulations, but the only words that they caught were, "it will kill you," or, "I will kill you," or words to that effect.

Upon being questioned by Harry, they could not swear that the words were not, "it will kill her," which, the reader will remember, were the words Harry used in referring to his mother.

Mrs. Hewit was next called upon to state the hour at which her son reached home the night before. To this she replied that she had not marked the exact time, but judged it to be about two hours before daylight, or perhaps more.

Dr. Leslie now enquired what search had been made for the missing man, and Pugh replied from his place on the bench that as he lived at no great distance from the place where Mr. Jackson found the articles, and was the first person the farmer encountered after his discovery, he had taken the case in hand judicially and had at once sent to Squire Arnley's house to learn when Frank had been last seen by his uncle. The servants stated that Master Frank had not been at home since the previous morning, and that Squire Arnley had departed very suddenly on the afternoon of the same day for Toronto. Under those circumstances he had consulted with his brother magistrates, and they had issued a warrant for the arrest of Henry Hewit, as the last person with whom the murdered man had been seen, and he thought, he added in pompous tones, the case was sufficiently established against him to warrant the prisoner's commitment.

"That is probably a straight enough conclusion," replied Dr. Leslie, "but I intend to stand bail for Mr. Hewit, and save you the trouble of sending him to jail until the assizes."

This was unexpected, and Pugh looked confused and exchanged significant glances, not only with his fellow-magistrates, but also with Howis, who all along had watched the proceedings with evident anxiety. Replying to Dr. Leslie, he said that he and his brother magistrates would undoubtedly be glad to accept bail on behalf of the prisoner, if it could be done, but in a case of like importance with the present they doubted if bail would be proper, even though it might be lawful. Moreover it would require two bondsmen, and for his part he doubted if there was another man beside Dr. Leslie in the county who could be found willing to aid in setting such a character as the prisoner before him loose on society.

"Tut, tut, sir!" replied Dr. Leslie with some severity, "you are prejudging the case, and I protest."

At this juncture Mr. Samos, sr., came forward and offered to join Dr. Leslie in security for

Harry's appearance at the assizes if called on. Pugh was, therefore, compelled to accept bail, and thus the case was closed for the time.

(To be continued.)

THE MUS. DOC.

I may be allowed to allude to an absurd habit which consists in the title of Mus. Doc. being taken for a guarantee that the man on whom it has been conferred must, besides a learned musician, be a great composer. A great composer must be a great musician, but it does not follow that a great musician must be a great composer, for a great musician is he who has learned all you can learn—thorough bass, harmony, counterpoint, composition. He will be pronounced a great musician if he offends against no rule, if, for instance, he can write an orchestral score and make no mistake, giving no instrument either notes or passages which it cannot play and violating no rule of harmony; but, just as a man can learn grammar, syntax, style, and, without offending against any rule, may not be able to write an interesting book unless he have ideas of his own or an original way of representing things as distinguished from the ordinary claptrap, so will no man write a great composition without new ideas of his own, or a style of his own. Being a musician is, in fact, a negative quality, not to make unallowed mistakes, just as a well-educated man will not offend against good manners; but being a great composer is an absolute merit. You must not only show what you don't do, but what you can do; you must create, you must give something that nobody before you has given; and though a doctor's diploma may prove that you have written a faultless manuscript, no title on earth can give you genius and make you a composer. A Welsh paper once distinctly stated that Dr. P. stands higher than Beethoven, since the latter was no doctor of music, and the former was. I was led to this digression on account of the difficulty Handel encountered with his "Te Deum," which could not be given in any church where the works of Doctors of Music only were admitted. There were five or six then; what has become of their names and their work, and where are they by the side of the name of the immortal "Sassone," who was a genius and no doctor? It is, as Dumas once said to a young gentleman who was invited to a Russian *soirée*, and was dazzled with the stars and ribands of the gentlemen present; "Vous êtes l'homme le plus distingué de la soirée," said Dumas to him, "vous êtes le seul qui ne soit pas décoré." And Frenchmen, who are so often ridiculed for this eager craving after the riband instituted by Napoleon I., attach not less value to that distinction than Englishmen do to the title of Mus. Doc.—*Temple Bar*.

BALLADE OF FALSE COUNCILLORS.

"Where are the snows of yester-year."

—*Francoys Villon.*

The roads are heavy with mud and mire,
Angry citizens vainly swear,
Little I ween avails their ire,
Little the callous Councillors care!
Little they reck of the maid's despair,
Crossing the streets in dread and fear,
Lest she her new fall dress impair—
Where are the pledges of yester-year?

When to office they did aspire,
Oh! they were modest and debonnaire,
Naught but our good did they desire.
Oh! but their speeches were frank and fair—
How could we deem they were all a snare?
That they at our complaints would jeer,
And not a "continental" care?
Where are the pledges of yester-year?

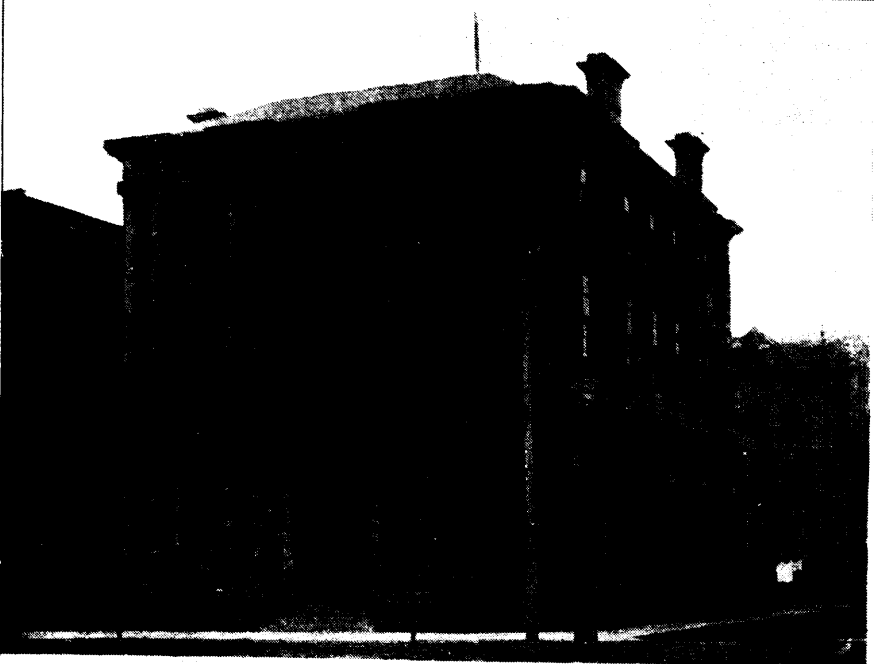
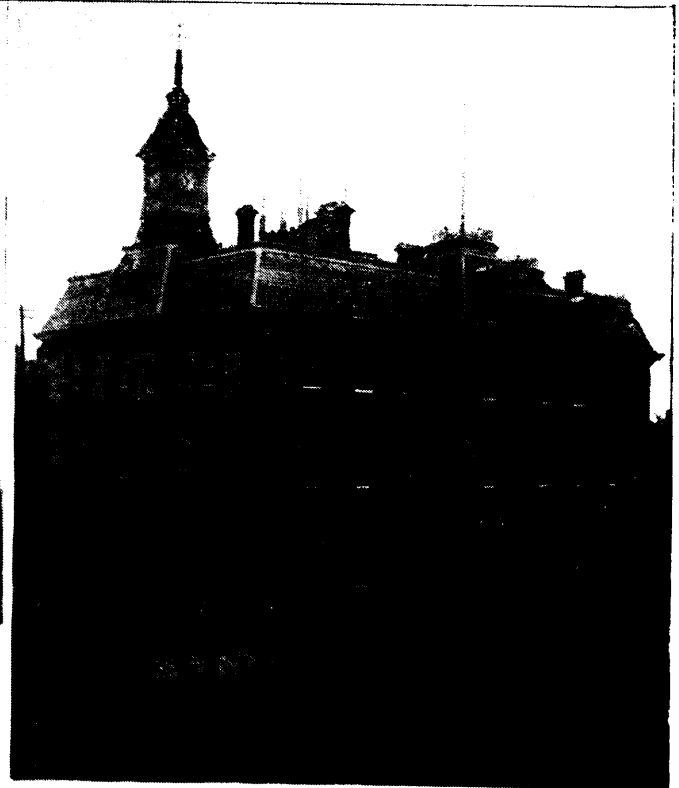
But when these Councillors retire
Of others like them we should beware,
And better guarantees require
Than speeches that are as empty air,
Or they once more may us ensnare—
But choose men honest and sincere,
Lest we again cry in despair—
Where are the pledges of yester-year?

ENVOY.

City Councillors, then, beware!
Keep your ways and your conscience clear,
So that to cry we may forbear—
Where are the pledges of yester-year?

Ottawa.

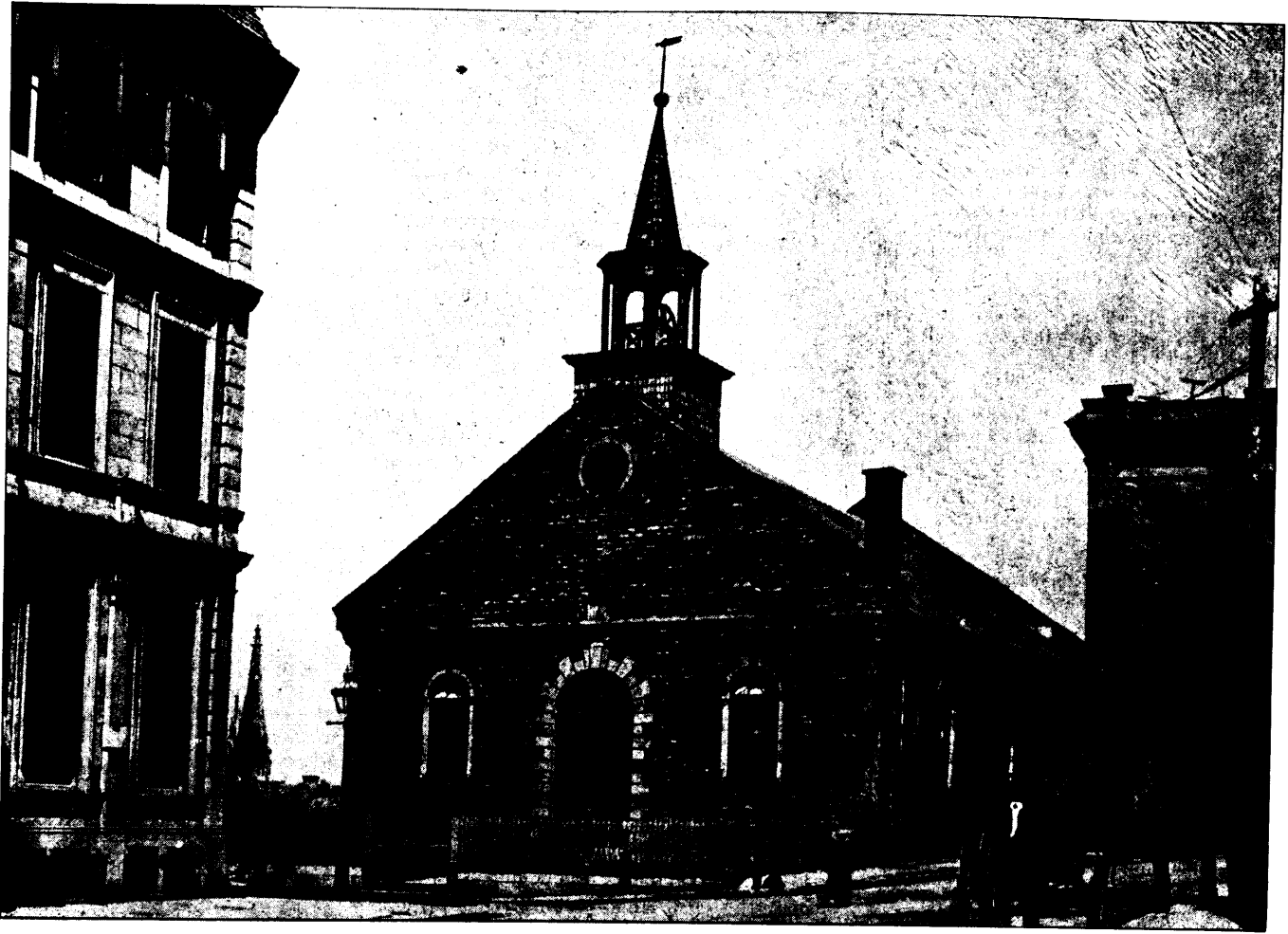
W. H. FULLER.



COURT HOUSE.
POST OFFICE.
WEST GATE, MOUNT PLEASANT CEMETERY.

CUSTOM HOUSE.
IDA'S NOOK.
N. W. VIEW FROM MAYOR'S GARDEN.

VIEWS IN LONDON, ONT.



THE OLD ST. GABRIEL STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, MONTREAL.

Parks, photo.



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING, FREDERICTON, N.B.

Geo. R. Lancefield, photo.



The winter with its long evenings will soon be here, and in our country, as well as city homes, they are too often regarded as a wearisome time, or else frittered away in useless occupations, when, with a little care and thought, they could be of infinite value to the home circle.

In the homes of our great-grandmothers the winter evenings were a signal for all the members of the family to assemble in the general sitting-room, when the busy housewife plied her spinning wheel, and the girls fashioned their garments, and the boys mended their snowshoes or polished their skates for the next day's sport, while father read aloud the last news received from the old country. The great logs in the old fashioned fire-place blazed and crackled merrily away, throwing a warm glow over the scene and making a home picture pleasant to look upon.

Just such a room is needed in our homes of to-day, when the different members of the family can assemble and help to make the time pass pleasantly during these long winter evenings. The room should be made as cheerful and comfortable as loving hands can make it.

One of the principal items in the furnishing of the room was the lounge, the genuine old-fashioned lounge, with its broad, comfortable seat, where one can lie down without danger of rolling off. If you have consigned the lounge to the garret as being too old-fashioned nowadays, bring it out and never mind if it is old-fashioned; comfort before looks, besides, after you have upholstered it you will be surprised to see how pretty it looks. Give it a coat of varnish and make a good broad mattress and a couple of large pillows.

Make the covers to fit the mattress and pillows of bright-coloured chintz, which can be taken off and washed when required. Next comes the table; let this be large enough for the family to gather round with their work and books. Somehow it seems cosier to sit thus than scattered round in different directions. In the day time the table can be folded and pushed to one side. Some comfortable chairs, and, if possible, a grate fire. If the window has a broad sill, fill it with some choice plants, and one or two hanging baskets; with a little taste and ingenuity in arranging your plants, you may make this one of the most charming and effective spots in the room.

With a good fire blazing and plenty of light you will find your sitting-room requires no second invitation to enter. One by one the family will come in with their books and work, and there need be no yawning and ejaculation of, "Oh, how dull it is! wish I had gone out!"

A pleasant occupation for these evenings is reading aloud. Select carefully books of history, tragedy, adventures, biography, and a few humorous ones which will cause a general shout of merriment round the table, for who does not feel better after a hearty laugh?

Who cannot recall the enjoyment experienced over the adventures of Pecksniff or Pickwick, how the laughter bubbled up and overflowed till the reader was begged to stop. If one of the members of the family happens to have a blue fit, the mirth will become contagious, and lo! it will vanish, unless he were so unfortunate as to be like the lady, who, while a company were laughing over some of Betsey Bobbit's adventures, exclaimed: "I dinna ken what you are all laughing at, to me it is maun foolish."

Reading aloud in the home circle will not only be a source of enjoyment, but one which will help to form a taste for good reading and "open up the springs at which the human mind loves to drink and the sweet waters be freely given to everyone."

MORDUE.

WINDOW GARDENING.—Nothing furnishes a room like sunshine and flowers, and with a little care everyone may have a window garden, which will more than repay the trouble bestowed upon it. If one has raised plants from seed, with what pride and pleasure one watches their growth, discovering every day something new and pretty about them. For an amateur, it is better to have only those plants which are easily cultivated. Among these are the Geranium, a handsome one being the Pelargonium. The Bridesmaid which appeared in the October number of *Vick's Magazine*. The delicate colouring of its large flowers is exceedingly handsome. It requires a well enriched loam, heat enough to keep it growing steadily, and a full exposure to the light. Pinch in the shoots from time to time in its earlier stages. Do not let it bloom until it has become strong and shapely. The variegated Aloe is only occasionally seen among house plants, and yet it is easy to cultivate and makes a beautiful appearance, if only for its rare foliage; which can be washed with soap and water to keep clean of dust without injury. A suitable soil for it is one made up of sandy loam and a fourth part of dry mortar beaten up into a rough powder. If wanted to flower the plant must be strong and richly clad with leaves, which in a good plant are marked with transverse stripes of white. It will bear great exposure to sunshine and may be kept dry for a considerable time. Then who would be without the Primula, or Primrose, which all through the winter and late into the spring, gives an abundant supply of flowers? It requires very little care and will thrive as well in a shady window as a sunny one. If the room is very warm, give it the coolest place, and see that the earth is lower at the edge of the pot than in the middle,

as water standing around the crown of the plant rots the flower buds. One of the chief things in management of house plants is plenty of light and sunshine, and an atmosphere neither too dry, nor too close. In our next we will speak of the watering and syringing and give a further list of plants.

A SWISS FESTIVAL.

The "Fête des Vignerons" has its legend and its history. Tradition places the confrerie which celebrates it as far back as the Crusades, but its documents take us only to the seventeenth century. At that time its duties were to look after the culture of the vines and visit the vineyards at stated periods. Modest fêtes were held from time to time. Since then the society has obtained a place of great importance in Switzerland, and its fêtes, the last one of which was held in 1865, have developed into a superb and striking spectacle, which any nation might be proud of. The confrerie, while expending a great deal of its energy on these fêtes, has not lost sight of its principal object. It has always retained its motto of "Ora et labora," and undertakes to watch over the culture of vines, visiting the vineyards twice a year, and distributing prizes to those "vignerons" who have attained the highest degree of cultivation, and to whom is also assigned the place of honour in the procession. This year's fête, for which preparations have been going on during the past two years, was held the second week in August. Vevey, the scene of it, is a pretty little village situated on the north shore of Lake Lemman, at the foot of some lofty mountains, which shelter it from the north wind. The heights of Savoy, on the other side of the lake, bound its southern horizon, while the long ranges of the Alps and the Jura extend west and east. In the immense open theatre were crowded spectators from every quarter of the globe. All eyes are fixed on the three magnificent arched entrances, artistically decorated with the attributes and symbols of Pallas, Bacchus and Ceres, the divinities of Spring, Autumn and Summer, and the heralds of the fête. At a blow of the cannon and flourish of trumpets, they made their triumphal entry. First comes the guard of honour, then a band of musicians, followed by a hundred Swiss soldiers, superb men, wearing the traditional red uniform with the white cross. After them comes the *personnel* of the confrerie, all the officers in Louis XV. costumes, and finally the bearers of the prizes and the successful competitors clothed in green and white. Nothing better could have been chosen to affect the mind of the spectator than this brilliant and solemn entrance. Under these costumes of a former time, the Swiss recognizes the Fatherland in its military and agricultural aspects, and feels with the foreigners on either side of him that something grand and worthy of the country has been prepared. The three large allegorical groups enter simultaneously, that of Bacchus in the centre, and we then have before our eyes a scene of incomparable richness and splendour. The bands marching before them are costumed *à la Grecque* white and blue for that of Pallas, red for Ceres, and white and green for Bacchus. Suddenly the vast arena is covered with people—followers of the divinities, grand priests and shepherds, sowers and reapers, satyrs and bacchantes, vintagers, gardeners and joyous villagers. How is it possible to communicate to those who were not present the charm of those rustic songs, of those representations of rural life, of the dances, so different from the theatre ballet, carefully studied and yet so simply and gracefully executed that they seem the attitudes and movements most natural to the dancers? Above all, how can we describe the "entrain," the gaiety with which everything is done by these voluntary actors who, in idealizing their daily life, instinctively unite the poetical and the real? The troop of Pallas was, perhaps, the gem of the fête. Spring was represented in all its virgin freshness by a young and smiling goddess, seated a care of azure blue, decorated with wild flowers and followed by a host of little children, all in Greek costume, shepherds and shepherdesses *à la Watteau*, mowers and reapers. Blue is the predominating colour, though in the ballets, danced to quaint village airs, pearl gray and pale rose form with it a beautiful combination.

The children's ballet was most fairy-like, the effect being heightened by quantities of light gauze, which the little ones threw around and over them as they danced.

The car of Bacchus was a masterpiece of art. Under a dome of green leaves, the whole having been grown especially for the fête, the god, a boy of fourteen years, is seated on a cask in a graceful attitude with two companions of the same age at his feet. The car is drawn by four superb horses, harnessed in red, and led by Ethiopian slaves of the finest colour. In this procession, mythology plays the principal rôle. Wild satyrs, with clubs on their shoulders, fauns and bacchantes are followed by Silenus on his ass, supported on each side by negroes.

The pleasures and toils of winter fitly bring the bewildering scene to a close. It is the season when the peasant is at leisure, the season of long nights and long talks. They have harvested together; she has seen in him a model workman and he has found her gentle and intelligent, and so the natural consequence follows and we have a wedding—a real bride and groom of three weeks standing taking the central place.

We must here put aside all ideas of paid artists. There is not a scene which has not been lived by those who play it. These vintagers, these mowers and reapers, are the children of the country who tend their vines and reap and mow each year. Everything in the fête is of an exquisite realism—the glorification of agricultural work—laborious but salutary, and joyously performed by a strong and free people. The purely æsthetic emotion of every Swiss must have been accompanied by one of deep patriotism, for although attached to their old republic-towns, they know it is not there that beats the heart of the nation, but, as an author of one of their national songs has it,

"La Patrie est sur les monts."

OUTRE MER.

THE CATCHWORD IN ADVERTISING.

Advertisers who wish their notices to appear more prominently than those of others, sometimes stipulate for preferred positions in periodicals, while others rely on the general appearance of their "ads" to attract attention. To these latter the catchword is a boon, for the reason that a few words, neatly put, will generally succeed in calling notice to the advertisement which follows. Sometimes the catchword is a question, and a few samples from current newspaper notices may be found interesting:—

ARE YOUR SHOES INSURED?

DO YOU WRITE?

DO YOU WANT A GOLD WATCH?

ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME TO THINK OF A CHANGE OF CLOTHING?

DO YOUR CONGRESS SHOES BAG OUT?

Other advertisers insinuate:

IF YOU ARE IN NEED—

IT DON'T PAY—

LADIES, DON'T PIN YOUR CUFFS.

As to this last we would say that the advertiser has no cause to exult in the fact that ladies don't pin their cuffs. Ever since babyhood we have pinned them ourselves, and we generally do it with a cuff-button, anyway. In another column we are enjoined thus:

BE YOUR OWN TAILOR.

DO NOT STAMMER.

We must respectfully decline to be our own tailor, and the commandment not to stammer glances off us like water from a greased duck. True, we stammer a little, now and then, but it is from choice, and not in defiance of the advertiser. People, as a rule, don't like to be imperatively commanded on first acquaintance, even through an advertisement. The query strikes one as a more proper form of address. Scores of other catchwords could be shown here; many of them artistic in their powers for "fetching" notice. It is interesting to study them, and the field for studying them is one as large and fertile as it is interesting.

H. C.

The number of foreign students at the German Technical High Schools (*Technische Hochschulen*) is steadily increasing, especially at Berlin, where the number of English students preparing for the professions of mechanical and mining engineers, architects, and chemists, amounted last year to 13. Their presence at Berlin is attributed to the fact that technical high schools in the German sense do not exist in England.

MUSIC AND THE STAGE

Built on the same plan of "Paul Kauvar," "The Suspect" is one of the best class of melodramas that are met now and again. It is a revolutionary story of a man and a woman sacrificing themselves alternately for each other's sake, and though mounted in first-class style with a good plot the play simply shows this all absorbing sentiment in its various phases. With the exception of the two leading characters, who take their parts in excellent style, the balance of the company is little above the mediocre.

"True Irish Hearts" is bound to come around and make its home at the Royal once a year at least. It is a veritable chestnut, but one that, strange to say, always attracts large houses.

The Ludwig concert was a treat. Of course Mr. Ludwig's songs were the principal items, but though they were rendered in most artistic style they hardly were such as one would expect a man of his ability to select. The balance of the company were very enjoyable.

Miss Aus der Ohe, Listz's pupil, so well known both in Canada and the United States, gave a recital on Friday in Queen's Hall that brought every lover of music out. It was a most enjoyable performance. Her touch is wonderful, her execution brilliant, and she is at present, without doubt, the best pianist that visits Montreal. A. D.

It may be rather late for us to lay before our readers an account of the opening on Wednesday last of the Toronto Academy of Music, but as we go to press on Wednesday morning, and the opening occurred on Wednesday night, the delay is unavoidable, and therefore, told as it is, we present the following short notice. The Academy has already been fully described, as also has the talent engaged for the grand opening. An unprecedented success was predicted, nothing else was talked of for weeks before the night of the 6th November. The house was hardly completed, and things were not running as smoothly as in future they are sure to do, and many and great were the annoyances to the management, but even in the face of these facts the opening of what promises to be Toronto's favorite house, was simply what was expected and hoped for, a most fully qualified and unprecedented success. When our representative arrived, he thought for a moment he was in New York, at the Broadway Theatre or the Casino, for King Street looked just as Broadway does before and after the theatre. The street was literally blocked with Toronto's finest carriages, and access to the Academy was hard, indeed. The audience was composed of our most critical music-lovers and represented the élite of its fashionable society. In fact, all Toronto's fairest and best turned out *en masse* to celebrate the opening and welcome—what Toronto loses—the truly artistic talent engaged for the occasion. Those who took part have already been criticized to the full, let it suffice for us to say that the concert was equal to the expectation of the large audience and was select and expressively rendered in all cases, Miss Nora Clench being specially appreciated in her beautiful execution on the violin. Mr. Percival I. Greene, the manager, deserves credit for the success of the opening, and it took him all his time to answer the congratulations accorded to him. Let us hope that the Academy of Music may go on as it has commenced, and its success will be assured. Comfortable, well managed, with good attendants, all that is wanted is what we are promised—first class productions.

JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE have a treat on their house in Corinne in "Arcadia." Corinne is an old-time Toronto favourite and does not fail to draw crowded houses. "Arcadia" is a pretty piece and deserves success.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Rudolph Aronson's superb opera company present "Nadja" and "Erminie." The latter is well known in Toronto, but we are glad to have it again, its music being ever fresh and of the style which always pleases. "Nadja" has never been played here before and draws well. We have a large number of music lovers who never tire of pretty music, well rendered, and of this class of people the Grand has been filled all week. "Nadja" is well put on, the music is bright, pretty and catchy, the costumes original and good, and the choruses strong and well timed.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC will give theatre goers the attraction of the season this week. The most successful play of the day is being presented by a strong company. "Bootes' Baby" is the piece, and critics speak of it as being equal to, if not better, than "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The Academy is booked full every night and crowded houses greet this fine production. The play was produced in London, England, a year ago, and is still being played to large houses. The part of *Bootes* is played by Mr. Chas. A. Stevenson, an actor of high merit, who played with Kate Claxton in the "Two Orphans," etc. Mr. C. W. Garthorne plays a principal part in a most finished manner. He is a brother of Mr. Kendall, the celebrated English actor. *Mignon* (Bootes' baby) is played by Gertie Homan, the original *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, who is conceded to be the cleverest child upon the stage at the present time. The balance of the company is equal to its leaders, and comes from the Madison Square Theatre, New York. G. E. M.

TEMPERANCE AND TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

"Every purpose is established by council; and with good advice male war."—*Proverbs*.

"Whatever thy hand finds to do, do with all thy might," makes a splendid motto for us when we understand might as meaning, not a blind, unreasoning force, but the wise application of all the means in our power towards accomplishing the greatest ends in the shortest time.

In undertaking any great revolution, it is right to begin by obtaining the most powerful and most intellectual men on the revolutionary side, for the mass of a community always follow those leaders who can convince them. The first object, then, of a revolutionist is to gain by powerful arguments powerful men to embrace his cause, just as a great general first assaults the strongholds of the enemy, deeming that if they are taken the weaker forts will surrender. He uses all his strength and his most deadly ammunition against the greatest power of his foe.

In modern times a great revolution is beginning to agitate all nations in all lands. It is known as the "Temperance Cause." It is opposed by a force as strong as that with which Luther contended. It needs all the strength (that is, the integrity and mind) of the age to defend it; and yet, what are the weapons that some advocates of temperance use to gain to our side this integrity and this intellect. *Sugar-coated pills*. They tell us that the easiest way by which the public mind, unfavourable to temperance, can be made favourable, is by doctoring it with sugar-coated pills—sensational stories with temperance for a theme. But I say that we, first of all, do not want the *public mind* to be influenced. We first want the *leaders of the public mind* to believe in our cause, and the public will follow their direction.

Educated people as a whole are not wilfully selfish and wicked. The greatest number of people have their faces turned in the right direction, but are walking backwards. Could their eyes be opened to their true position they would stop appalled. To open their eyes is the work of good temperance literature. But do you think that cultivated people, leaders in society, will be greatly influenced by a great portion of the temperance literature circulated? In our land much of this is unread, and surely the horrors of intemperance are sufficiently exciting without the aid of grotesque trappings, so trivial and inane as to disgust temperance people themselves.

The great work of temperance literature is to show in the most true, powerful, and dignified manner the terrible degradation, misery and vice caused by the liquor traffic. To avoid all distinctions of class and appeal to men on their common feelings of humanity and Christianity. If this is done by fiction, let it be *true* fiction, which describes these evils as they are, as we all see them, and hold them up to our gaze in such a manner that we will never endure, pity or embrace them. Above all things, temperance writers should avoid the use of certain words and set phrases, which are commonly designated as *cant*, for though we may not agree with Carlyle in calling *cant* "The double-distilled Lie," yet Ruskin says truly that whatever marks us out as different from our neighbour weakens us in a common cause. A few writers on temperance do write in this dignified manner, but they are very few. We believe that whatever is pure, whatever is good, whatever is noble, needs no disguise. Our cause is good and noble, and truth is our only weapon before which all ignorance and all vice must quail.

One of our greatest English writers has beautifully symbolized this idea—the conquering power of truth: The lion, fierce with hunger and rage, rushes at the gentle *Una*; but, when he sees her beauty and her innocence, he forgets his passions and greed, and, sorrowing for her defenceless position, he owns her his mistress, yea, even crouches to lick her weary feet.

It is that power alone that can turn the strength that would devour us and convert it into our succour and defender. It is the power of *truth* that shall raise as our champions all the brave, good, and wise men of the world. REGIA.

WOMEN OF BRAINS.

NEED ANY AMBITIOUS WOMAN DESPAIR OF HER OWN SUCCESS?
HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

(Copied from the *New York Press*.)

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer is the youngest child of the late Henry G. Hubbard, one of Chicago's oldest and most distinguished citizens. As a child she was extremely delicate, but so bright that at the age of four she could read as well as most children at ten. At fifteen she graduated at the head of her class from the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Chicago. At sixteen she became the wife of Mr. Herbert C. Ayer, a then wealthy iron merchant of Chicago and Youngstown, Ohio. Society knew Mrs. Ayer as a leader, because of her wealth, her beauty, ability, and hospitality. Her intimate friends knew her as a loving mother and noble woman; the poor as their friend, not in words alone, but always in deeds of kindness.



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

She was then, as now, a person of the best impulses, and generous to a fault. The most remarkable thing, however, in the history of this interesting woman, is that, although born and raised in luxury, she met disaster bravely and unflinchingly when it came, thinking, as usual, more about the welfare of others than her own comfort and concern.

Mrs. Ayer is a woman whose history would read as far more improbable than the wildest fiction ever written, and of whom in recounting the sad story of her life—and how in a few hours she found herself instead of rich in millions, absolutely destitute with two little daughters to support—the *New York Herald* said, "She is a woman whom any country may be proud to call her daughter." To-day Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's name in the business world is a tower of strength. She has gained the confidence and respect of every business house with which she has had dealings. It has been her motto to always tell the truth. Her advertisements, which the whole country has read, are plain and truthful statements. The result of such a policy is this: Mrs. Ayer is the head of a great and prosperous business, founded by her, and to-day by her guided and directed in all its departments.

Mrs. Ayer is a woman of perfect breeding; as a well-born American, cultured and accomplished, she has been cordially received by the literati and beau monde of London and Paris. She speaks French and Italian as fluently as English, and her knowledge of literature is very extensive.

How Mrs. Ayer Accidentally Obtained the Formula for the Famous Recamier Cream.

One day, in Paris, Mrs. Ayer, while suffering intensely from the scorching sun of a July journey across the English Channel, was offered a pot of cream by an old French lady friend, to be used on her face when retiring, being assured that it would do wonders in softening and beautifying the complexion. Its effects were so magical and so marvellous that Mrs. Ayer became anxious to possess the formula for the cream, which she learned was not an article to be bought. But the old French lady finally sold the recipe, which (so she told Mrs. Ayer) was the one used by her beautiful and famous ancestress, Julie Récamier, for forty years, and was the undoubted secret of her wonderful beauty, which Mme. Récamier retained until her death.

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Récamier Cream, which is the first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Récamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Récamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids Récamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Récamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Récamier Powder is in three shades—white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Récamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Récamier Cream and Lotion.

The Récamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all poisonous ingredients, and contain neither lead, bismuth, nor arsenic. The following certificate is from the eminent Scientist and Professor of Chemistry, Thomas B. Stillman, of the Stevens' Institute of Technology:

MRS. H. H. AYER, 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Jan., 1887.
DEAR MADAM: Samples of your Récamier Preparations have been analysed by me. I find that there is *nothing* in them that will *harm* the most *delicate* skin, and which is not authorized by the French Pharmacopœia as safe and *beneficial* in preparations of this character. Respectfully yours,
THOMAS B. STILLMAN, M.S.E., PH. D.

If your druggist does not keep the Récamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from the CANADIAN OFFICE OF THE RECAMIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 374 and 376 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL. FOR SALE IN CANADA AT OUR REGULAR NEW YORK PRICES: Récamier Cream, \$1.50. Récamier Balm, \$1.50. Récamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, \$1.50. Récamier Soap, scented, 50c.; unscented, 25c. Récamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.

HUMOUROUS.

MR. BANKLURK (at the close of the game): What do you think of me as a ballplayer, Miss Minnie? Miss Minnie: I think you'd make a splendid swimmer. Mr. Banklurk: A swimmer? Why so? Miss Minnie: You strike out so beautifully, you know.

LIKE HIS UNCLE. --Two young swells from Glasgow were recently spending their holidays at a fishing village in the North of Scotland. One of them who counted himself pretty clever resolved to have a joke with an old fisherwoman whom they met one morning coming from the boats. Accordingly he addressed her as follows:—"Ay, that's a fine morning, Janet." "Deed it's a' that, laddie," replied she, "but ye hae the advantage o' me, for I'm sure I dinna ken ye." "Know me," replied he. "Don't you? I'm the devil's sister's son." The old woman peering into his face, replied, "Ay, ay, man, when I tak' a richt look o' ye, losh me, but ye're like yer uncle."

TWO OF A KIND. --A lady was one day driving her husband down a narrow lane in Scotland when, on turning a sharp corner, they encountered a brewer's van. Neither had room to pass. The lady very tartly said, "He must go back, for I shall not; he ought to have seen us before entering the lane." "But how could he," replied the husband, "when there is this sudd'n turn in the lane?" "Never mind, I don't care; here I'll stay till doomsday, if necessary, before I give way to that man." The brewer's man overhearing the colloquy, said, "All right, sir, I'll back out of it," and then significantly added, "I've got just such another one at home!"

MINDING HIS OWN BUSINESS. --The exclusiveness of the Scotchman when travelling abroad was never better exemplified than by a case which occurred the other day on the railway station between Boulogne and Paris. A Frenchman and a Scotchman were the sole occupants of a compartment, and both were smoking. The Frenchman's efforts to "make conversation" were of course failures, and his remarks on the weather, the exhibition, etc., only elicited monosyllabic replies. Suddenly he exclaimed:—"Pardon, m'sieur; but zee, you have drop some tabac on your knee; zee, he is burning." The Scotchman brushed off the morsel of the smouldering weed, and again buried himself in silence; but it was no good. "Zere, behold!" exclaimed the Frenchman; "you have drop him again. Mon Dieu! you will be on fire--killed." "Haud yer tongue, mon; haud yer tongue," said the other, angrily; "whit wey, can ye no' min' yer ain business? The pouch o' yer ain coat's been smoulderin' for owre ten meenits, and I've no' said a word." And so it had, too.



ONE BETTER.
SIMPSON: I say! Uncle Jim, you're way behind the age with your old muzzle loading rifle, why here's one that will shoot balls by the dozen without reloading.
UNCLE JIM: Why dat's nuthin', boss, dis yer old gun will shoot 'em by the barrel!

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.
Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.
Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.
2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.
3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT
may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent. Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD
may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.