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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

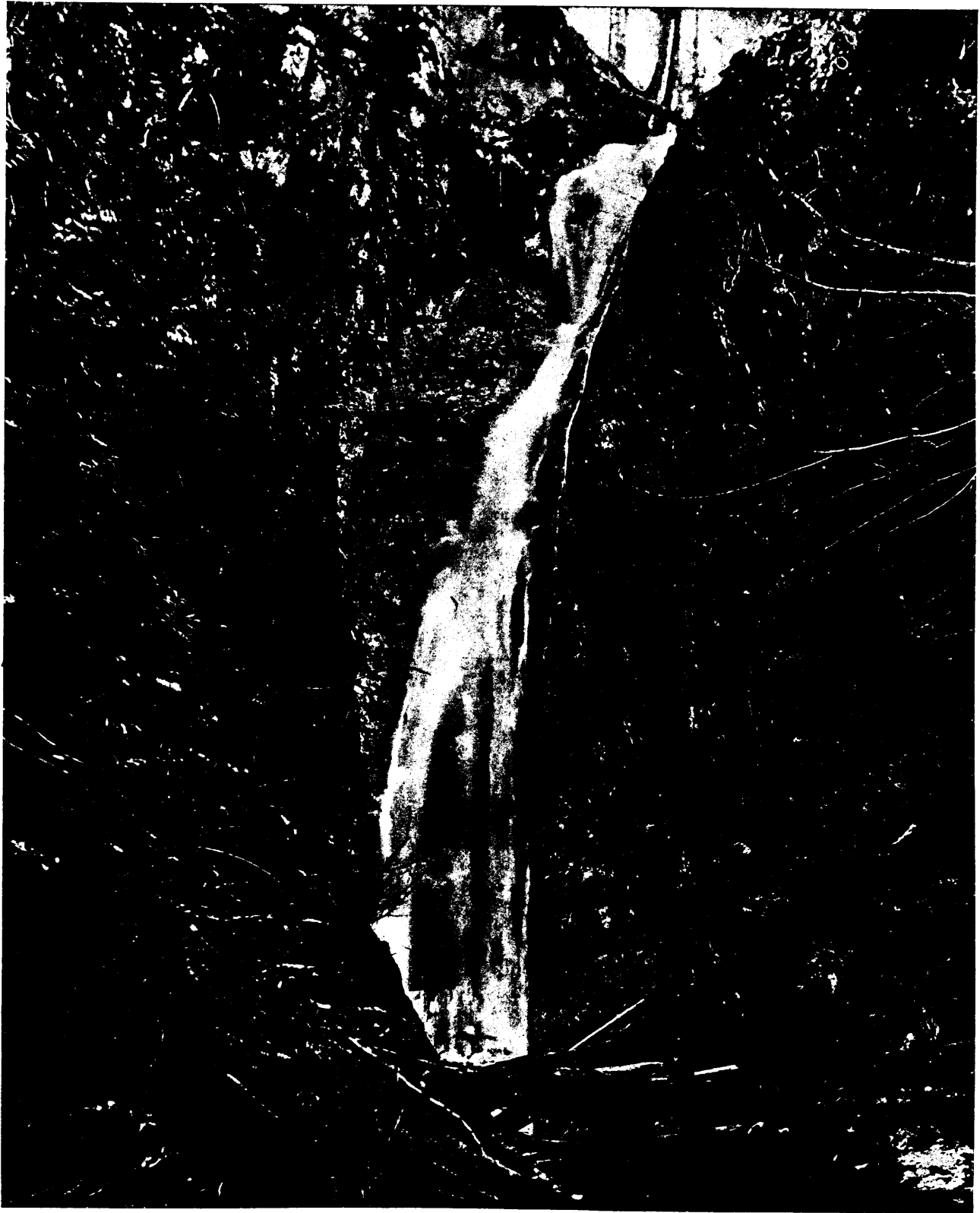
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16th MAY, 1891.



### The Royal Society.

The coming meeting of the Royal Society in Montreal will be an event of no little importance in the literary life of the city. While the most prominent and influential scientific societies of Great Britain, the United States and of our own country have on different occasions honoured Montreal by their official presence, and have given its people an opportunity of seeing and hearing the leading exponents of the scientific skill of the English-speaking world, no large literary gathering of a similar nature has yet visited us; and, although the body so soon to meet is purely a Canadian one, the fact that the papers to be read and the topics to be discussed bear almost entirely on Canadian subjects will give a strong national turn to the proceedings, and should not detract from the general interest of the meeting. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the fact that only the grossly ignorant deny the existence of a distinctive Canadian literature. At no prior time in our history has such a general desire been shown by people of all classes throughout the Dominion to attempt original literary work; and the successful among them have produced results which compare not unfavourably with the works of writers in much larger countries. Unfortunately for us, the high degree of excellence attained by the American monthlies, and the enormous circulation they enjoy, render the establishment of a high-class cosmopolitan magazine in Canada a doubtful financial investment; and Canadian efforts, instead of being thus concentrated, are scattered through a number of foreign periodicals, thereby losing prominence and collective weight. To this fact is largely due the regrettable ignorance which exists, even in Canada, as regards our national writers and their works. The annual meetings of the Royal Society afford, perhaps the only opportunity for the coming together of our *literati* and the reading and publication of a series of valuable papers on points of special interest in our history and literature. The list of those to be submitted at the meeting to open here on the 27th inst. is an unusually attractive one—not excelled, we think, by that of any previous meeting of the society. In the French literary section there will be articles such as "Notes sur le General Montgomery, et sur l'Expedition de 1775," by MR. FAUCHER DE ST. MAURICE; "Nos Trois Heroines," by MR. J. M. LEMOINE; "Le Siege de Quebec en 1759," by REV. ABBÉ CASGRAIN, besides others of equal interest; while in the English section we will have "Governor Murray and the First Ten Years of British Rule in Canada," by MR. JOHN READE; "Cape Breton and its Memorials of the French Régime," by DR. BOUKINOT; "Ticonderoga and its Memories," by DR. WITHROW, with several more of a similar nature. This literary bill-of-fare, in ad-

dition to an unusually good one of purely scientific subjects, should render the session an extremely attractive one to all who are or wish to be partial to such subjects; and we feel confident that a keen interest will be shown in the proceedings. The local historical and literary societies, at present in a languishing state, will, we trust, receive an impetus that will give favourable results next winter. It is also to be hoped that the proceedings of the coming session will be afterwards made available to the public in printed form at a moderate price; the present charge is far too great, and makes the work practically inaccessible to the general public. This is an anomaly, and must be righted. If anything should be easily obtained it ought to be the proceedings of our only national literary and scientific society, one under the very wing of the Dominion Government.

### The Vancouver Trade Banquet.

The brilliant speeches at the recent banquet of the Vancouver Board of Trade and the general success of the entertainment is a notable event in the history of our most enterprising Western city. The remarks of the HON. EDWARD BLAKE were especially *apropos* to Vancouver and the line which had brought that city into existence, the Canadian Pacific Railway; and the summary of the early history of the road and of the prominence given it since 1872 in the deliberations of the successive governments, emphasized on his hearers the early importance of British Columbia and the North-West in the eyes of the Eastern members, and the then general recognition of the absolute necessity for the construction of a trans-continental road. Such a survey as given by the speaker shows how markedly the national spirit was developed by Confederation; how, from a series of isolated colonies, they were merged into one compact, centrally-governed community, whose ambition and aim was to bring all British North America into one great power, and to that end would spare no trouble or expense. With one exception that result has been attained, and events now point towards a probability of even the pugnacious island in the Gulf coming into the fold. The whole tenor of the speeches was bright and patriotic, breathing a spirit of pride in the resources of the Province and confidence in the future of the Dominion.

### The Late Archbishop of York.

The death last week of the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK closes the career of one of the most distinguished of the English clergy. His sudden demise has evoked special comment from the extreme brevity of his tenure of office, he having been consecrated only on 17th March last. Although always considered a prominent ecclesiastic, it was not until 1868 that he was advanced to a bishopric, being appointed to the See of Peterborough, in which capacity he sat in the House of



Lords until his recent promotion. He was especially noted for his oratorical powers, his speech in the Lords against the disestablishment of the Irish Church being pronounced to be one of the finest ever delivered in that chamber. A more useful step, however, was the prominent part he took against the iniquitous system of infant assurance which had grown to such proportions throughout England, and which had in many instances resulted in the slow starvation to death of helpless children by brutal parents. The active measures taken by DR. MAGEE against this evil did much towards its abatement, and for this his memory deserves the most honourable mention. He had attained the allotted age, but his death has been universally deplored.

## The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891.

### QUESTIONS.

FOURTH SERIES.

- 19.—Give particulars of a new railway mentioned as likely to be undertaken by the Russian Government?
- 20.—What comparison is made with a noted encounter mentioned in one of Captain Marryatt's novels?
- 21.—What feature of Canadian life is said to be specially noted by strangers?
- 22.—Where is mention made of the famous struggle between Char-nisay and La Tour?
- 23.—Give name of a blind lady who has recently passed with high honours through a university and mention one of her chief accomplishments.
- 24.—Who was the author of "Quebec Vindicata" and give a brief sketch of his life.

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 147 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January, February, March and April.



BY J. H. BROWN.

"Yes," I said, as I sank upon the sofa with a sigh of satisfaction, "it must be a realistic tale, true to the time in which we live and to the human nature that surrounds us. This the age demands, and only those who can supply the needs of the developing soul—a spirit just finding its wings—can hope for the high rewards. Men desire to be shown themselves, not travesties of them, not heroic personages, but human beings. This I shall strive to do for them. Yes, I shall willingly submit to classification with the realists."

I was in that delicious state of weariness wherein the individual loses all consciousness of social responsibility as of personal aspiration. The thoughts I have just written were the ebbing waves of a high tide of idealized emotion, which had left me with the convictions so inadequately expressed. I felt that for the true poet, the true novelist, the world was a temple with broad aisles and spacious windows, through which shone the lights of heaven—a temple divine in all its parts. Simply to walk amid these majestic columns, with the star-fretted firmaments for dome,—to note the wonders of the architecture, the faces of the devout and frivolous worshippers, was enough to fill the soul. Moving on this exalted plane, my spirit was for the time uplifted and set free. I felt a sympathetic thrill which seemed sweetly to connect me with life in its myriad forms, to make me an illuminated participant in the sad or joyous experiences of these million copies of myself. And so I had said, Life in its naked, its wonderful reality contains romance enough for me. Strange that we, who constantly build ourselves shrines, cannot see that we are forever acolytes before an altar.

As my sense of harmonious comfort increased I surrendered myself to the passes which soft-fingered sleep was making above my eyelids, with the resolution that on awaking I should begin that imaginative labor which was to be my first religious offering. I lazily glanced from my window, through which the river in the near distance gloomed darkly among the trees. On the right was a stretch of meadow, on the left a grove of pines. The sky was covered with a cool grey and the wind was beginning to rise. My eyes gently closed. A Nirvana of delicious sensation stole upon me. I was conscious of nothing more until starting from my couch, my resolution of an hour before stood out

clearly in my mind, like a burnished sword just drawn from its scabbard.

I determined to take a stroll through the fields, to bring together the already converging threads of my realistic story.

Stepping into the street I dispersed a heterogeneous group of children, who were engaged in mimic housekeeping directly in my pathway. Against this unexpected incursion, Azelma, a tiny favourite of the house, protested with childish volubility. She consented, however, to accept my very humble apologies, and resumed her place with invitations to her friends to reassemble. The street wore the tired and saddened aspect that had grown familiar to me. The Saturday afternoon milkman arrested his patient steeds at the central doorway of the terrace, and proceeded to make his calls. Before Malcolmson's shaky fence opposite certain industrious, though erratic fowl, scratched and started with ever wavering purpose. In brilliant contrast to the surroundings, a fashionable carriage with its occupants bowled past, and, as it turned the corner, to my exceeding astonishment who should emerge from its shadow but my friend Rudolph Graham.

There was something in his expression which did not quite suggest the bridegroom and the felicities of the honeymoon. I was struck by the unusual pallor of his fair German face, and his almost girlish blue eyes wore a most unwonted seriousness.

"Hello, Graham!" I cried. "What in the world is this? Have you come from the land of spirits?"

He smiled sadly as I grasped his hand. The change in his appearance was greater than I had at first supposed.

"Why, I thought you were in Europe," I said, regarding him with frank surprise.

"I have been further than Europe," he said in a low voice.

The deuce you have! was my mental exclamation. Aloud I said, "That can only add to my astonishment at seeing you here to-day, and alone. How did you do it? How is your wife? How is Gertrude?"

"She—Gertrude is well," he answered. The words were ordinary. But the tone? I had never heard that tone before. There was something in

it that arrested my steps. Fears were in it and bitter pain.

"Rudolph," I cried, placing my hand on his arm, "dear old friend—what has happened? Tell me. Where is Gertrude? Did you leave her behind?"

He looked stricken. His head fell forward, his eyes were fixed on the ground. He would have stumbled had I not held him. "I have been to Mars," he said brokenly.

"To Rome?" I asked gently, thinking of Mars' Hill.

"No. To Mars—to the planet Mars." "To the planet Mars, Rudolph?" I grew almost tremulous. Had his reason given way?

"All the way, Jack, to the planet Mars, and I left Gertrude behind me."

"Dead, Rudolph?" There was something awful in this mystery. I must hurry to the end.

"Yes, Jack, dead." Here surely was woe enough. Whether it was death or madness, or both.

"My poor Rudolph! my poor Rudolph!" And the compassion of my heart spoke in my voice. "Your Gertrude—our Gertrude, dead!"

"Dead," he echoed drearily, "and buried in Mars."

"Can you tell me about it, Rudolph?"

I was filled with amazement. Though changed so startlingly, and with the speech of a lunatic on his lips, my friend's eyes retained their quiet and steady light. They never seemed saner to my mind.

"I will tell you it all," he said. "I came to tell you Jack." He commenced to talk in a sad, subdued voice, and listening I wondered, and as I listened my wonder grew.

"As you know," he began "we sailed for Europe on the 20th of September." (It was now the middle of October, and Indian summer). "We had a quick passage, and perfect weather all the way. We were so happy. I was so happy, and Jack, you knew her, she was happy too. For once the marriage ideal was fulfilled. We seemed one person. We were scarcely parted for ten minutes during the voyage. I lived in a dream of love, and one form filled my imagination. Heaven was everywhere. Before this I had not known what life could do. Whether the moon rose over the sea

or the sun set red, whether we ran to see a whale blow out in the black water or hurried to the stern with an excited crowd to watch the dolphins play; whether we stayed below or wandered about on deck it did not matter. We were completely happy. Nothing could add to this perfection, nothing take away from it. We moved as if free of time and space. Indeed we were scarcely conscious of these conditions. We were happy children, and as such I believe, the passengers and crew came to regard us. They smiled upon us as we approached, or turned aside with a pleased intelligent air, and we had a consciousness of being cared for and looked after by all kindly power.

"From day to day our knowledge of each other and our delight in each other's society increased. We stopped but a week in England and went thence to Paris. From Paris we crossed over to Switzerland, where Gertrude's relatives reside, and at Veray I met for the first time her cousin, Hermann Scherer, to whom she had always been fondly attached."

"Yes, I have heard her mention him," I said.

"You may not have heard," he continued, "that he is a student, a writer on scientific subjects, a man of eccentric views on social questions and an aeronaut of extraordinary resolution and daring."

No, I had not.

"Yes, he is all this," said Rudolph sadly. "We had hardly exchanged greetings when he began to pour into our ears a most enthusiastic account of some trip he had recently taken, in a new balloon of his own device. This balloon was constructed on a plan hitherto unattempted, and with wonderful success. Owing to the nice adaption of its parts, it would not only float in air, docile to the will of its pilot, but Hermann held the belief that it would one day bear him through the interplanetary spaces with the same ease and security. He averred that he had already in his voyage approached the confines of the terrestrial atmosphere without ill effects. It was well known that he had made ascents of almost incredible height. His air ship, as he always called it, is built so as to shut in its occupants completely, while allowing them a perfect outlook. He had discovered a subtle and swift means of propulsion, akin to electricity, and could, by chemical agency, create and carry with him his own atmosphere. Thus he was equipped, he said, for measuring space. Men, he assured us, would one day travel with the wings of the lightning. It was his firm conviction that they would yet discover the secret of extracting sustenance direct from the elements."

I stared at my friend. "This seems to have been a very original character," I ventured to observe.

"Oh wonderful!" he cried with momentary forgetfulness. "You can have no idea of the fascination he exercised, and still exercises, over me. Gertrude had always been more or less under the spell. He seems a human expression of one of Nature's breezy and joyous moods. He is the most impersonal man I have ever met. He is absolutely without the *ego*. He would be called a Bohemian if he were not outside all that. He seems the embodiment of lawlessness and license until you find that he moves with according law. The spirit of law and his spirit are one, and this perfect communion gives him the inflexibility, the lightness of a sunbeam."

"When we had heard to the end his explanation of the manner in which he intended to complete his conquest over space, we were in such a state of volatile buoyancy as to be almost prepared for the suggestion that quickly followed. Why should not we take a trip with him, a long trip—and thus in a novel manner signalize our honeymoon? The day after to-morrow, he declared, everyone would be taking such journeys, and, if we went now, we should be the first love-united pair to sail the unstained ether."

"Gertrude and I looked at each other and as our eyes met, we both laughed out merrily. Oh Jack! I shall never see her—she will never laugh again! How I remember it all. We sat on a grassy hill, while Hermann swung up and down before us, describing and predicting wonders, and endeavouring to persuade us to be his passengers. In a field

adjoining was the air-ship. Its odd bird-like shape was suggestive of far-flights. We were intoxicated with happiness, the time was golden and the blue sky seemed to breathe an invitation.

"The stainless ether is very well for such an unearthly spirit as yourself," said Gertrude gaily, "but we, who are common clay, dare not without trembling trust ourselves to the kind air that caresses our cheeks. Like the ocean it is now sweet as a dimpled babe, but I fear we should find it more treacherous even than the treacherous sea."

"I'll promise to bring you back safe," he said pausing before us.

"No my dear friend," I rejoined, laughing. "Much as it would delight me to go with you it is impossible. Gertrude might faint—I mean we both might faint. Fancy the situation."

"You forget," he said, "that your berth will be as comfortable as the cabin of an ocean steamer. You are thinking of a common balloon."

"I should love to go," said Gertrude, clasping her hands and gazing heavenward, "if only for a little trip."

"I should like to go myself," I admitted. My soul had followed my love's eyes, and in imagination we were now among the stars. Why could we not have each a pair of wings.

"Dearest, are you not at all afraid?" I asked as Hermann moved away.

"With you and Hermann I could go anywhere" she said. "But it will be easy and delightful. Hermann, you may be sure, knows what he says."

"You will go?" Hermann smiled the enquiry as he brought up before us again.

"On the condition that we shall descend at any moment," I replied. After all this was new to me. My heart was beating almost audibly against my side.

"In the space of three minutes I shall put you down from any height. And you shall not know that you have moved," he added.

"I felt reassured, Gertrude seemed fearless. 'You may take us for a short trip,' I said, starting up.

"And you must be sure to steer clear of the sun," laughed Gertrude, warningly, as she pointed at the luminary with her parasol.

"When our intention was made known to our friends they tried to dissuade us from the project. Especially on Gertrude's account were they concerned. The ladies of the family, Hermann's mother and sister, assured her that no woman could endure the nervous strain of such an unheard-of voyage. Would that we had listened to their advice! Had we done so, we should not now be so widely apart, in the body as well as in the spirit. But Gertrude smiled down all such objections. She said that her nerves were quite as strong as her husband's, and that she had the fullest confidence in her cousin.

On the third day after our decision Hermann informed us that everything was ready. It was not without some inward tremors that we set out for the field where the air ship lay at anchor. Gertrude leaning on my arm, and Hermann preceding us, laden with instruments, chemicals and various necessaries. Before and behind us flocked the inmates of the house, for the moment forgetful of their apprehensions.

"To none but our immediate circle had the fact of our contemplated journey been communicated. There were not more than twenty persons, beside ourselves, in the field when we arrived. Hermann at once gave orders that the "Nautilus," as his ship was named, should be set free, and our friends crowded round to say good-bye. Many were the kindly admonitions from mingled voices of men, women and children, some urging us even yet to give up the hazardous attempt, others advising us to keep our wits about us and all would end happily.

"Hermann went about, heedless of this babel. He was like an ocean captain, who while noting and sympathizing with the pain of parting friends, cannot help feeling that the affair is mightily exaggerated, and whose sole duty is to see that everything is ship-shape and to start on time. Gertrude was still without fear. Hermann assisted her into the vessel, I followed, and in a moment, amid a

clamour of good-byes, amid waving handkerchiefs and kissing of hands, the earth and our excited friends seemed to be mysteriously moving away leaving us firmly fixed and anchored in solitary space. To myself the illusion for a moment was complete. But in the next I realized that it was we who were adrift—adrift from the friendly shores we knew, three human beings alone in a vast ocean, where stars and planets were the only islands, and where, to find a continent, one must sail further than the Milky Way. I glanced at Gertrude. She was standing holding out her handkerchief, her face was a trifle pale and her lips were pressed together. Hermann's face wore a happy smile. He was evidently delighted to be off, and had no fear, whether of storms or breakers.

"Our movement was at first purposely slow. Hermann wished us to have a good view of our own little island, he said. We were soon unable to distinguish our friends, and even the field in which we had left them became doubtful. How vast was the prospect spread before us, and yet how confused. Hermann pointed out this town and that river. There were villages in valleys and running over hills. There were wide sunny fields and dark stretches of wood. There were small lakes nestling among trees. There were spires catching the brilliant sunlight, broad streams, which now seemed shining, curving ribbons; and narrow white bands running parallel and at angles to each other, which were the dusty, much-travelled roads of earth. Further and further, faster and faster, as it seemed, we left behind our hospitable earth. Gradually the picture became a mere sketch, the sketch a blurred outline. Houses and bridges and mountains and valleys became indistinguishable, and at last even the most salient parts faded into the general vagueness. We were out on the open sea.

"Strange as it may appear I had now lost all anxiety, and a calm sense of unbounded liberty possessed me. Gertrude was seated in an easy-chair at the side of the vessel, looking through the circular plate-glass windows. The direct ventages were now all closed and our isolation was complete.

"Do you know this is very pleasant," I remarked.

"Gertrude smiled and closed her eyes. "Heavenly!" she said. "Let us go on forever." Hermann nodded. "I know that first sensation," he said, "but you get used to it, you want more. I feel like a boy explorer taking a spin in a land-locked bay. I want to open up new regions, to discover unknown countries, to find an outlet for the hungry generations that are treading each other down."

"Gertrude was listening. 'I am sure you have some wonderful notions about these things,' she exclaimed. 'Tell Rudolph and me what they are, Hermann.'

"I glanced downward. Further and further away was our country, our birthplace, our home. A huge round mass, among shifting patches of cloud—that was all there was of earth.

"Is it not time to descend?" I asked. "Not at all," said Hermann, with a little laugh. "Are you troubled already?"

"Not a bit," I replied, laughing also, but the land yonder recedes.

"O let us go on," said Gertrude, drawing her shawl closer about her.

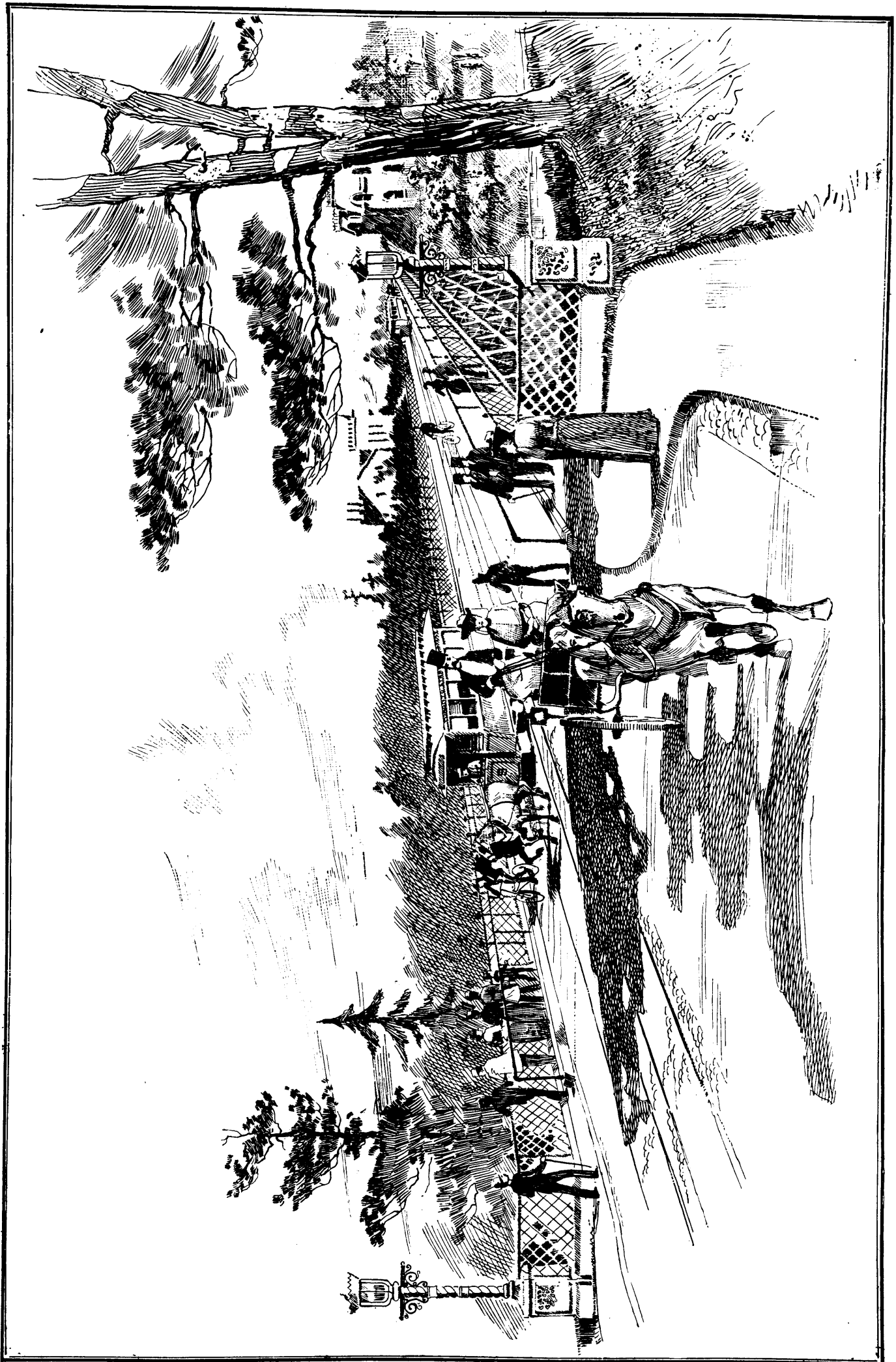
"I fear you are cold," Hermann remarked. "I must keep my ship at a decent temperature or you will be disgusted."

"He set going what seemed an electric battery, and immediately an agreeable warmth was diffused. It had been growing chill. Gertrude settled herself cosily. Her hat and gloves lay on a shelf by her side. Her dark hair rested against the back of the chair, and her clear cheek was again flushed and warm.

"So you want to know what I think of all this," said Hermann, clasping his hands behind his head. "Well, I'll tell you. I think man has only started on his travels."

*To be concluded in our next.*





SHERBOURNE STREET BRIDGE, TORONTO.



The Time of Primroses Pretty Aprons—  
The Coming Dress Bazaar—  
A Rice Pudding.

The time of primroses has at last arrived, and with it comes also the time of balls and evening parties. As many of my girl readers are doubtless looking anxiously forward to it, and wondering what they shall wear I commend to their notice the accompanying little primrose costume as being particularly appropriate to this season of the year. It is composed of the palest Eau de Nil, or absinthe green silk gauze (which wears better than chiffon), very simply draped to the figure over an underdress of silk or satin of the same colour. The hem is ruched with thick clusters of the dear little delicate flowers, with here and there one of their crumpled-looking leaves interspersed. Tufts of them head the shoulders, and garlands droop round the upper part of the arm, whilst thicker wreaths encircle the figure, and fall like veritable ropes of sweet blossoms down the front. Any girl, whether blonde or brunette, would look charming in this



truly vernal costume. Her hair might be also banded with primroses, and her gloves would be long ones of pale primrose kid, or what is more fashionable, of lightest pearl grey. If preferred, it would be nearly equally as pretty to have the dress made of white, or primrose yellow silk gauze, but it would hardly have quite the same look of fresh spring colouring as the other. And now whilst I am talking of dresses let me tell you of two things that are quite novelties in the making of skirts. First, that foundations are to be done

away with, and that the material will have each breadth lined with silk—the old-fashioned glacé kind—which will do away with the necessity for under-skirt. Secondly, that paniers are much advocated by some French houses, and as much disapproved by others. They are being very gently introduced, and never exceed the dimensions of a few folds of lace, gauze, or softest silk, laid on the hips as flatly as possible so as not to increase their size in the least.

Pretty aprons are a great adornment, and at the same time a considerable protection to a dress, and particularly suited to morning wear. But everything is in their make, which may be so very plain and awkward looking, or the reverse. I give you a little design of one that is quite a novelty. There is no *barette* to this naval apron, but the braces are



fixed under the broad blue collar which fastens in front, the fastening being hidden by the sailor's knotted tie. The material of the apron is strong white linen, and the pocket, collar, and band round the hem are of navy blue linen or calico. If preferred, the band round the waist might be also of blue, as well as the braces.

The coming dress bazaar was held last week by the members of the Rational Dress Society, at the Kensington Town Hall, to exhibit the various forms of what they consider sensible clothing, the fair stall-holders being attired in the different examples of rational dresses. Lady Habberton, as usual, appeared in her version of the divided skirt, namely, a costume of dark blue cashmere with full and very short skirt, quite two inches above the tops of her boots, a zouave jacket with sleeves over an undervest of pale blue silk. This, with her hair cut short in very masculine fashion, made her look like a gentleman in petticoats. But then she is president of the Rational Dress Society—so what can you expect? She undertook the care of a stall of fancy articles where, amongst others, Irish knitted goods, from the remotest parts of the County Donegal, were sold. Mrs. Charles Hancock, the originator of the so-called "sensible" dress, was attired in an example of it composed of speckled grey tweed. It also was made short, with a zouave of the same stuff, and a brown silk shirt, and sash tied at the side; brown silk sleeves, and a small hat turned up on one side. On her feet she wore brown leather boots, surmounted by gaiters of grey tweed, which made them look very conspicuous. That the divided skirt can be arranged so that the division may be nearly imperceptible, was evidenced by a young lady who wore it at Mrs. Marsh's stall. It was made by the well-known lady dressmaker, Mrs. Cooper Oakley, on the principle of Mrs. Behren's cycling dress, and consisted of brown corded silk made in accordion pleatings, the inevitable zouave bodice with sleeves, and a heliotrope silk undervest and sash. The skirt was of ordinary walking length, so it did not look remarkably eccentric like the others. Another high priestess of reform in dress, Mrs. Chas. McLaren, had not arrived at the time of the opening of the bazaar, which was performed by Lady Sandhurst. Some of the other costumes were very far fetched, Lady Habberton's being decidedly one of them. They mostly consisted of very short skirts, and the ever-

lasting zouave jacket, with full front of silk, or regular shirt. The edges of the skirts were caught up in some way,—not hemmed, but in such a fashion that it made them look full, and lumpy at the edge—not an elegance. I was amused at the advertisements of the various costumes appearing at the bazaar, which were described as "simplicity itself compared with the absurdities of ordinary fashionable dress." Fashionable dress, the dress reformers never really study, or they would not commit themselves to such "absurdities" in the way of statements as these. Their criticism is sweeping, and though our costume was never simpler nor more comfortable than it now is, *anything* that is fashionable must in their estimation be bad.

In so simple a thing as a rice pudding there are certainly two ways of doing it. For myself I prefer the Welsh way of making it above all others. Some people will boil the rice in milk first in a saucepan, and then put it in a dish to bake. To cover up any deficiencies of cooking they will add an egg or two, which is not in the least necessary to make it palatable. The best way is to divide the milk, and put half the dish full of it with the rice and sugar into the oven to steep for an hour. The cook must then take it out, remove the skin that forms on the top, beat up the rice with a fork so that every grain is well separated, fill the dish with more milk, and replace it in the oven, which she must also take the slight trouble to see is of a suitable temperature, and bake it for an hour. It will then, if rightly done, be of that thick, creamy consistency which is the only way in which a plain rice pudding is pleasant to eat. Flavouring is another much-disputed point, and depends so much on individual taste that a housekeeper should study the likes and dislikes of her home people in such a way as to be able to direct her cook to flavour accordingly. The cook should also be taught to educate her own taste when so many are dependent upon it.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

### Literary Competition.

The Publishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED offer the sum of \$130 in four prizes for short stories from Canadian writers—

1st prize.....	\$60
2nd ".....	40
3rd ".....	20
4th ".....	10

On the following conditions:

- 1st—All stories must be delivered at the office of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED not later than 1st June next.
- 2nd—Each story to contain not less than 5,000 words, and not to exceed 8,000 words,
- 3rd—All MS. sent in for this competition to become the property of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.
- 4th—Each story must contain a motto on top of first page, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope, inside of which is stated the name and address of the writer. The outside of envelope to bear motto used on story.
- 5th—MS. to be written in ink, and on one side of paper only.
- 6th—Stories on Canadian subjects are preferred.

THE SABISTON LITHO. & PUB. CO.,

Publishers "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED,"  
Montreal.

### A Canadian Historian.

In the course of a series of well written articles on Canadian literature, a writer in the Summerside (P. E. I.) *Journal*, dealing with the historians of Canada, says:—"James Hannay, editor of the *St. John Evening Gazette*, and author of the "History of Acadia," and several other works, is now engaged in the preparation of a "History of the War of 1812," and the "Life and Times of Sir Leonard Tilley." Mr. Hannay is in a great many respects perhaps not excelled as a historian writer in the Dominion, and he is a poet and novelist whose work is admirable in style and "rich in force, thought, diction and originality." He was educated in Scotland, was admitted to the bar of New Brunswick in 1866, and has filled several enviable literary positions. He is a rapid and voluminous writer, and all his work is attractive and readable."



SCENES AT THE INSPECTION OF THE VICTORIA RIFLES ON CHAMP DE MARS, MONTREAL, 9th MAY.



## POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!  
—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

It has been well observed that there are at least three periods in the biography of everyone when he may be accounted of some importance: when he is born, when he is married (though this is sometimes skipped), and when he dies. Three times one may attain the distinction of getting into the papers; although, outside of happy parents in the first case, gushing bridesmaids in the second case, and mourning friends in the last, few may be interested. Certainly public interest in the second instance, when one is married, seems as a rule to be rather over-estimated. Of course one cuts a figure in the papers; newspaper "taffy" may be regarded as part of the wedding confectionery. But the usual round of superlatives relative to the bride and bridesmaids, and the customary catalogue of presents must be acknowledged to be of interest rather to the guests and parties immediately concerned than to the general public. As to the list of presents, any gift omitted is certain to give offense, and the list, however long, should therefore be published in full or not at all; on the whole it seems wiser not to publish it at all. Invidious distinctions as to what should and what should not be published, it would no doubt be difficult for the newspapers to make; but the parties interested, from whom, as a rule, such descriptions emanate, should realize that all this is a display of so much vanity. Then why should so much space in our public press be taken up with matters of purely private concern. To youth and beauty these remarks may seem callous; but the world in general is simply intent, as it has a right to be, on minding *its own business*, in a literal sense. Ostentatious funereal pomp is gradually becoming "bad form," as the flaunting of bridal finery in the eyes of the public will in time also become.

There seems to be some conflict of opinion as to what ought properly to constitute a popular lecture. The question is whether a lecture should be both interesting and instructive; or interesting without being instructive; or instructive without being interesting. In this, as in all other things, standards vary. An eminent divine recently excused the delivery of a very trashy lecture by remarking that a more thoughtful and finished lecture would probably put an audience to sleep. A certain facetiousness about the remark raised a smile but was it complimentary to the audience? This lecturer, like many another, seems to have undere-timated his audiences. A congregation will listen with intense interest to a profound and well prepared sermon; they would, indeed, be disappointed were it otherwise. Greater latitude, certainly, in thought and expression is allowable in a lecture; but why should the standard of general literary excellence be lowered? We set our face against trashy literature; let us be consistent regarding trashy lectures. One man says he never got any mental pabulum worth having out of a lecture; another says he has found attending lectures to be a most potent factor in the cultivation of the intellect. The difference we may assume to be not so much in the men, as in the class of lectures attended. The lecture is of itself a high type of entertainment; and the average audience is sufficiently intelligent to relieve the lecturer of any fear that he may be casting his pearls before swine.

A correspondent informs me that a colony on the Edward Bellamy plan is being established on No-mans-land, an island not far from Boston. That our race is destined for something better than the present order of things, we may safely assume; and any attempt to anticipate this new heavens and new earth, while it may be premature cannot fail to be interesting. Formerly experiments in this line have from time to time been made in the New England States. The philosophic and transcendental atmosphere of Boston is congenial to such experiments. Brook Farm, in which it will be remembered that Hawthorne was interested, was a step in the right direction. The success which has so far attended such attempts is certainly far from encouraging. As to the little colony of enthusiasts on No-mans-land, whatever its ultimate achievements may be, it must, at least in its inception, strangely violate the rules of Bellamy. Take, for example, the question of money. It is a fundamental principle underlying Bellamy's idea of a vast

mechanism of exchange, that not only should there be no money but no use for it. Well, the colony in question will obviously require money to found it, and money to maintain it. The surrounding communities being run on a different, a monetary basis, (contrary to Bellamy's idea), will necessitate the employment of money as a means of inter-communication. Outside of this, however, there remain in *Looking Backward* other hints which may well form the subject of experiment. Moore and others have from time to time attempted to realize in some degree that happy land, that Utopia, dear to the eyes of Faith and Hope; but never were the distant outlines of its promontories more clearly discerned and laid down than by Edward Bellamy in his marvellous and, in some degree, prophetic work.



I am glad to note that the Windsor and Annapolis Railway authorities are beginning to awaken to a sense of their responsibilities to that unfortunate class of people known as "the travelling public;" the season is approaching when hundreds of tourists from all parts of the continent swarm to this cool though sunny country, and of all the roads travelled none is so beautiful or popular as that which runs through the garden of the province, and provides a panoramic view of the scene of a great poet's loveliest creation. But the long run of 130 miles on a hot summer's day in the dusty, stuffy, stiff ordinary first-class carriage is the reverse of enjoyable to people who have already perhaps been on the road for several days, and it has long been a matter of complaint that the summer express trains of the W. & A. R. were not equipped with a parlor car service, so that travellers might enjoy the beauty of the trip at their ease. I understand, however, that this obvious want is about to be filled (or rather, partly filled, for it seems that only one parlor car is to be put on this summer), and the run through the land of Evangeline, instead of being the fulfilment of a tiresome duty, will be a source of abundant gratification. Other improvements in the rolling-stock and time tables of the road are promised, and it is hoped that before long matters will be arranged so that the trains may be run at a rate of speed a little more lively than a dog-trot. This company has always enjoyed a reputation for "nearness;" the stock is almost all owned in London, and the stockholders are always crying for more and more dividend, they care not how earned; lately the road has paid fairly well, and the public as well as the leech-like proprietors are reaping the benefit.

The appointment of Edward Hodgson, Esq., (Q.C.), to the vacant seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of Prince Edward Island has given, I am safe in saying, universal satisfaction; those who are competent to judge will bear me out in saying that the Supreme Judiciary of the Island has always been graced by men of the highest legal ability, dignified carriage and unimpeachable rectitude; in the new judge, all of these qualities, as well as a marvellous oratorical endowment, are eminently present and the traditions of the court will be ably maintained. The Prince Edward Island judges do not get half the credit they are entitled to; I doubt if anywhere in the Dominion there is a body of men who are so hard-worked. Litigation there is carried on to an extent which would appall any community but one of Scotchmen and Irishmen such as compose nine tenths of the Island's population, but among these people *fight* of some kind is a condiment necessary to the enjoyment of their food, and courts petit and courts supreme are kept busy all the year round. There are only three Supreme Court judges, and it is a rare thing indeed for them to have a real holiday; but withal there is never a complaint, never a murmuring, but on they plod year in and year out, patiently listening to the dreary round of John Doe's complaints about the behaviour of Richard Roe, and there is nothing to intimate the hearty aspirations that these two belligerent scoundrels who have kept the world by the ears ever since the time of Sir Ed. Coke, might depart to the regions of the bottomless pit.

Do you know I think it is rather hard, when one has worked his way up from the bottom of his profession to the place next to the top, which one is only prevented from fill-

ing because there is some one else there, to have one's employers, when the top place becomes vacant, bring a new man and place him in it right over one's head; this does not sound like the usual way of doing business now-a-days, does it? Few employers are so regardless of the fitness of things as to pay so little heed to the moral rights of an employee; it is only a government who does that sort of thing now; the Dominion Government did it in Nova Scotia in 1881 and they did it again a few months ago in Prince Edward Island in appointing the last Chief Justice of these two provinces respectively; there were in both places judges who had served for years on the bench most honourably and creditably, and yet they were thrust aside, and a man who used to plead before them was promoted over their heads. In Governmental ethics this may be quite as it should be, but to a layman it sounds harsh and inequitable.

The last Prince Edward Island mail has crossed by the Capes, and the Islanders feel once more as though they were part of the world. Ice is still floating about the Strait, but will not again interfere with navigation; the regular summer steamers are running between Charlottetown and Pictou, and drummers and lobster-factory men are swarming to the Island.

Now that the *Critic* and I understand one another, I trust he will shake hands and be friends; barring myself, there are few people I admire and esteem as highly as its editor, who, he may be surprised to hear, is one of my warmest personal friends. I never "talk back" at anybody but friends; talking back at enemies is rather risky; so whenever I fall to making critical remarks about anyone you will know he is a particular friend. I dare say the *Critic* was quite correct in his remarks; I told my informant so the other day in terms of a temperature which I thought the occasion demanded, and the poor thing says she really does not see how it will ever be possible for her to speak to me again.

A few years ago on the 24th of May we always used to look for a grand military and naval review; those were the days when we had one of the old-time soldiers as Commander-in-Chief of the forces, who did not believe it was extravagance or childishness to make a little noise or a little display in order to create a feeling of popular enthusiasm over the significance of the day. People used to flock to Halifax for the review from all parts of the province, and went home impressed with the grandeur of monarchical traditions, and the excellence of the British arms. The militia, too, came in for a share of the sun and glory, and were all the better for a parade with the regulars, and everyone thought that having a Queen was a splendid thing, and the Queen's birthday was the one day in the year to look forward to and to remember. But since the days of Old Sir Patrick there have arisen commanders-in-chief who knew not Joseph, neither the traditions of the city; moreover, they have been offish, and parsimonious; it doesn't do, they think, to make a parade of the soldiers just to please civilians, and the blank ammunition costs too much. So lately Halifax and the province at large have been cheated out of their ancient right until they have almost forgotten about it. I don't know how it will be this year; there was and is talk of a grand combined military and naval display, but it will probably fall through at the last minute. Your correspondent is one who heartily deplores the desuetude of such a healthy, inexpensive and enjoyable demonstration.

The theatrical tendency of the services in some of our churches now-a-days quite renders the following, which I saw in *Life* the other day, a reasonable possibility:—

"AT A FIFTH AVENUE SANCTUARY."

The contralto had contraltoed, the soprano had shrieked for Providence to have mercy upon the choir for its miserable singing, the basso profundo had come up from "out of the depths," and Christian quiet pervaded the stillness. "And now," said the simple-minded provincial minister, who had "exchanged" for the day, "now we will begin the religious exercises."

MR. SEALOVE (at his seaside cottage): "My dear, please tell our daughter to sing something less doleful."  
Mrs. Sealove: "That is not our daughter, my love. That is the foghorn."

FATHER (to his son's chum, who is just entering the drawing-room).—I'm afraid you're leading my son into bad company.

SON'S CHUM.—I daresay your right, sir; he's just behind me.

## Incidents in the Early Military History of Canada, III.

With Extracts from the Journals of the Officer commanding the Queen's Rangers During the War—1755 to 1763.

A Lecture delivered on the 12th January, 1891, by Lieut.-Col. R. Z. ROGERS, 40th Battalion—  
Lieut.-Col. W. D. OTTER, President, in the Chair.

(Continued from page 442.)

The list of killed in this action shows 1 captain, 3 lieutenants, 3 ensigns, 5 sergeants and 113 men. Captain Buckley's Company lost its captain, lieutenant, one ensign and 47 men.

It is probable that it was on this occasion that the Major made his escape by the rock that has since borne the name of "Rogers' Slide."

It is a bold promontory on the west side of the lake, and in the vicinity of where this fight with the Indians took place, and rises almost perpendicularly from the water more than 600 feet.

Although no mention of it is made in his journal, the story is currently told that being pursued by a number of Indians, he followed the high land to the very brink of the precipice, where he untied his snow-shoes, and without moving them turned himself round and fastened them in the reversed position, and after throwing his accoutrements over the rock, he walked back to where by a ravine he could with safety descend to the ice.

When his pursuers came up they thought by the tracks that two men had gone over the cliff, and seeing the Major escaping on the ice they were convinced that his reputed protection by supernatural powers must be a fact, and gave up the chase.

In July, '58, Abercromby's whole army, 16,000 strong, with 600 of Rogers' Rangers as the advance guard, moved down Lake George and landed about five miles from Ticonderoga. In the first collision with the enemy's advance guard, Lord Howe was killed, and this brave young officer's death seemed to have a most disastrous effect on the whole army, although he held but a subordinate position. Such distrust and confusion ensued that more than a day was lost before a further advance was made. This time was profitably spent by Montcalm, who was in command of the French garrison. He constructed a barrier of logs and trees upon a ridge a short distance from the fort, with an abatis of trees felled with the tops outward for a hundred yards in front.

The next day Abercromby, by what appears to have been a great want of judgment, made a direct attack upon this position by an assault with fixed bayonets.

The result was most disastrous, and though the charge was gallantly renewed several times, no advantage was gained, and in the evening they had to retire with a loss of 1,944 officers and men.

Had the attack been renewed the next day by a judicious use of his artillery or by a flank movement, the result must have been successful on account of the disparity in numbers, but to the astonishment of all the General ordered a retreat, and the whole force again embarked on Lake George, leaving a large quantity of provisions and ammunition behind.

With this disaster a change seems to have come to the fortune of the British arms, for about that time Generals Amherst and Wolfe succeeded in taking the stronghold of Louisbourg, and Col. Bradstreet, by a brilliant dash with 3,000 men from the Mohawk Valley, crossed the lower end of Lake Ontario and captured Fort Frontenac on the 25th of August.

The expedition of General Forbes from Philadelphia with Col. George Washington, second in command, was also successful in reducing Fort du Quesne, which they named Pittsburgh, after the British Prime Minister, whose energy seemed to infuse new life into the whole army.

General Amherst superseded Abercromby and the winter was spent in preparation for a determined effort to bring the war to a close by a concerted attack by General Wolfe on the St. Lawrence, and Amherst by Lake Champlain.

We will next read of a midwinter 'scout' and a forced march on snow-shoes by the Rangers.

On the 3rd March, '59, Major Rogers received instructions to make such arrangements as to enable an Engineer officer, who was sent with him, to make a thorough obser-

vation as to the enemy's position and the strength of their forts, and also, if possible, to capture one or more prisoners.

The party was to be made up of Rangers and Indians, and, as the order expressed it, "to insure success, a body of regulars is ordered to join you and be under your command."

Accordingly the journal on the 4th reads:

"I marched with a party 378 strong to within 1½ miles of Lake George, then halted till evening to continue the march more secretly, which was resumed on the ice at 2 o'clock in the morning, and halted at the first narrows. On the evening of the 5th, we marched to Sabbath Day Point where we arrived at 11 o'clock, almost overcome with the cold. At 2 a.m. we continued our march, and reached the landing-place at the foot of Lake George about 8 in the morning. I sent out a small party to observe if any of the enemy's parties went out from the fort. They returned and reported that on the east side of the lake two parties were at work. It now appeared a suitable time for the Engineer to make his observation.

"I left Captain Williams to remain at this place with the regulars and 30 Rangers, while I, with the Engineer officer, 49 Rangers, and Captain Lotridge with 45 Indians, went to the isthmus that overlooks the fort, where he made his observations. We returned, leaving a small party to observe what numbers crossed the lake in the evening from the east side to the fort, that I might know the better how to attack them the next morning. At dark Lieut. Brehm went again with a guard of ten men to the intrenchments and returned at midnight without opposition, having completed his plans to his satisfaction; on which I ordered Captain Williams with the regulars back to Sabbath Day Point—the party being extremely distressed with the cold, it appeared to me imprudent to march his men any further, especially as they had no snow-shoes. I sent Lieut. Tute and 30 Rangers with him, with instructions to kindle fires on the aforesaid point.

"At 3 o'clock in the morning I marched with three Lieutenants, 40 Rangers, one Regular and Captain Lotridge with 46 Indians, in order to be ready to attack the enemy's working parties on the east side of the lake early in the morning. We crossed South Bay, 8 miles south of the fort. From thence, it being about 6 o'clock, we bore down right opposite the fort and within half a mile from where the French were cutting wood. Here I halted and sent two Indians and two Rangers to observe their situation. They returned in a few minutes and reported that the working parties were close to the banks of the lake and opposite the fort, and were about 40 in number; upon which we stripped off our blankets and ran down upon them, took several prisoners and destroyed most of the party as they were returning to the fort, from whence, being discovered, about 80 Canadians and Indians pursued us closely, being backed by 150 French regulars, and in a mile's march they began to fire in our rear. As we marched in a line abreast our front was quickly made. I halted on a rising ground resolving to make a stand against the enemy, who appeared at first very resolute, but we repulsed them before their reinforcements came up, and began our march again in a line abreast. Having advanced about half a mile further they came in sight again. As soon as we could obtain an advantageous post, which was a long ridge, we again made a stand on the side opposite the enemy. The Canadians and Indians came very close, but were soon stopped by a warm fire from the Rangers and Mohawks. They broke immediately and were pursued and entirely routed before their regulars could come up. After this we marched without any opposition. In these several skirmishes we had two Rangers and one regular killed, and one Indian wounded, and we killed about 30 of the enemy. We continued our march till 12 o'clock at night, and came to Sabbath Day Point, fifty miles distant from the place we

had set out from in the morning. Captain Williams and his men received us with good fires, and nothing could have been more acceptable to my party, several of which had frozen their feet, it being excessively cold and the snow four feet deep."

The result of the winter's preparations was that on the 21st July, '59, the army embarked at the head of Lake George, 12,000 strong, to try another attack on Ticonderoga. It was both well planned and well executed, and, though vigorously resisted by the French, they finally, on the evening of the 26th July, blew up the fort and withdrew by boats to Crown Point, which next became the chief object of attack.

The entry in this journal, under date, July 26, is as follows:

"I this day received orders from the General to attempt to cut away a boom which the French had thrown across the lake opposite the fort, which prevented our boats from passing by and cutting off their retreat. For the completion of this order I had 60 Rangers, in one English flat-bottomed boat and two whaleboats, in which, after night came on, I embarked and passed over to the other side of Lake Champlain opposite to our encampment, and from that intended to steer my course along the east shore and privately saw off their boom, for which I had taken saws with me, the boom being made of logs of timber. About nine o'clock, when I had got about half way across, the enemy, who had undermined their fort, sprung their mines, which blew up with a loud explosion, they being all ready to embark in their boats and make a retreat.

"This gave me an opportunity to attack them, with such success as to drive several of them ashore, so that next morning we took from the east shore ten boats with a considerable quantity of baggage and upwards of fifty barrels of powder and a large quantity of ball. About 10 o'clock I returned and made my report to the General."

As an evidence of the earnest manner in which this campaign was prosecuted I will read a rather peremptory order given by the General on the 11th of August:

"TO MAJOR ROGERS. Sir,—You are this night to send a Captain with a proper proportion of subalterns and 200 men to Crown Point, where the officer is to post himself in such a manner as not to be surprised, and to seize on the best ground for defending himself. If he should be attacked by the enemy he is not to retreat with his party, but keep his ground till he is reinforced from the army.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,  
JEFF. AMHERST."

The army followed on the 12th August and found that fort also destroyed and the French in full retreat.

On the same day that Quebec was taken by Wolfe, Major Rogers received the following order from General Amherst, dated Crown Point, Sept. 13th, 1759:

"You are this night to set out with 200 men under your command and proceed to Missisquoi Bay, from whence you will march and attack the enemy's settlements on the south side of the St. Lawrence in such a manner as you shall judge most effectual to disgrace the enemy and for the success and honour of His Majesty's arms.

"Remember the barbarities that have been committed by the enemy's Indian scoundrels on every occasion when they had an opportunity of showing their infamous cruelties on the King's subjects, which they have done without mercy. Take your revenge, but don't forget that though those villains have promiscuously murdered women and children of all ages, it is my orders that no women or children are killed or hurt.

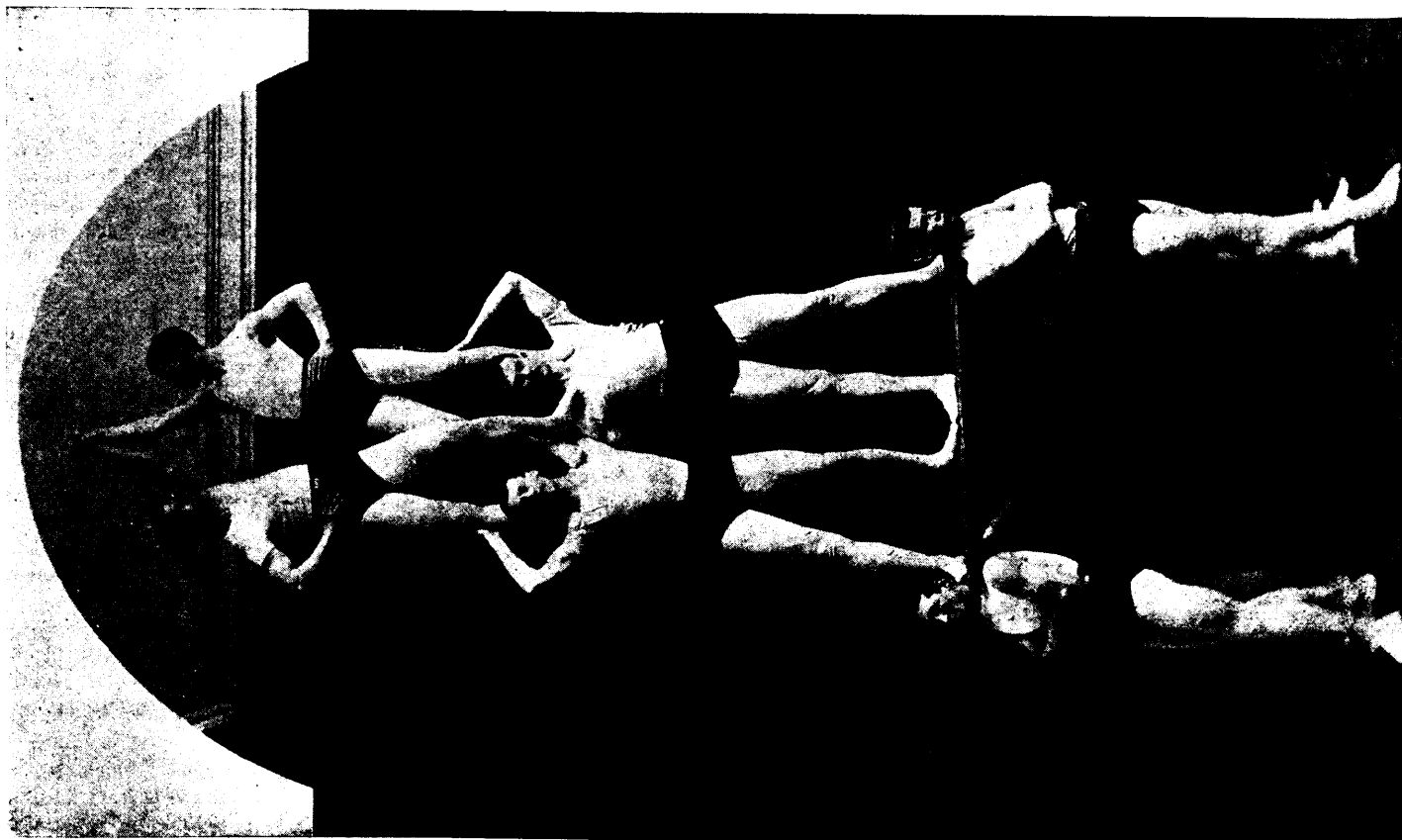
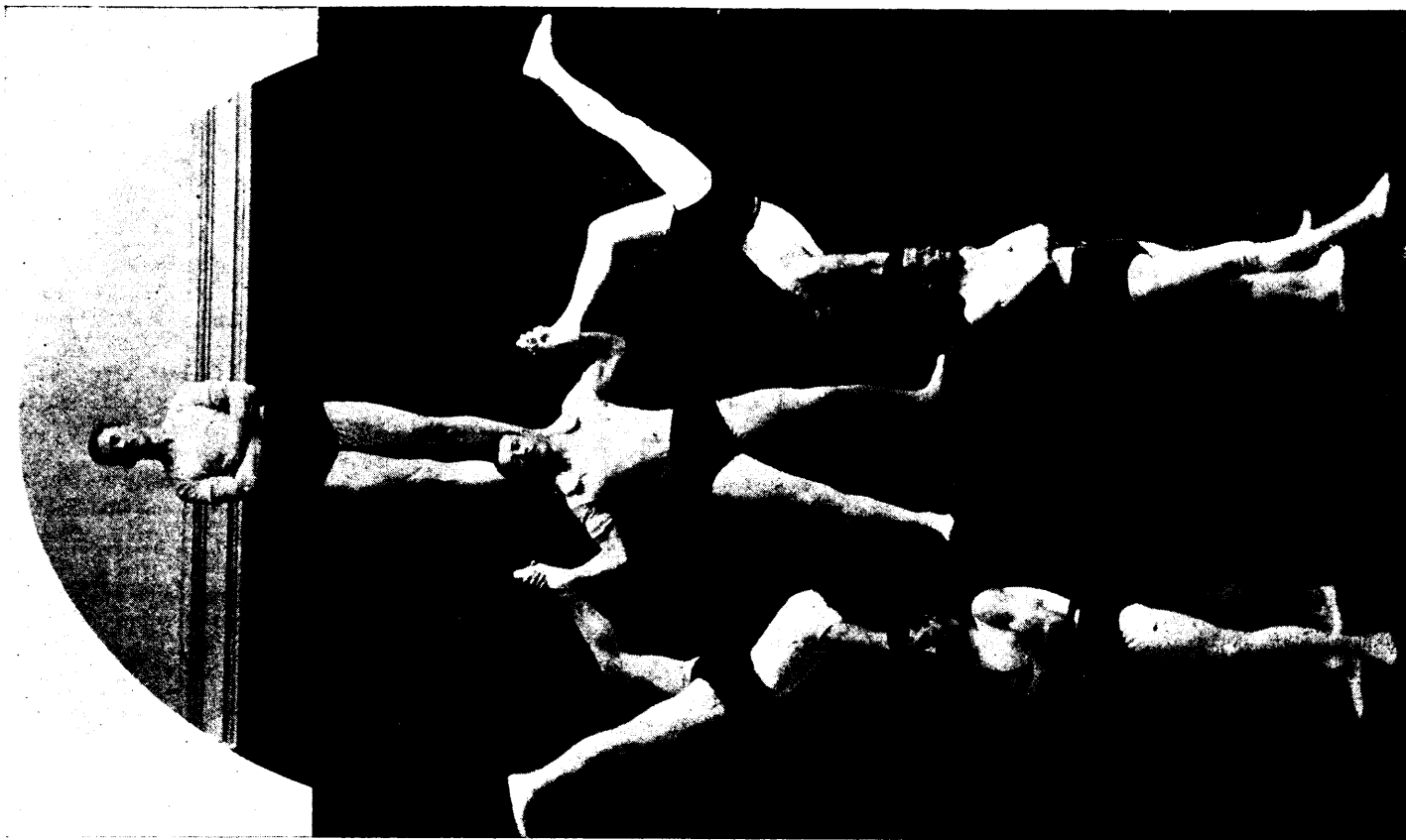
"When you have executed this service you will join me in camp wherever the army may then be.

"JEFFERY AMHERST."

This chastisement of the St. Francis Indians was considered a just and necessary retribution for a long series of cruel depredations they had been guilty of, and for a recent violation of a flag of truce taken to them by Captain Kennedy, with a proposal of peace. He and his whole party were taken prisoners and detained in captivity.

To reach the Indian town of St. Francis involved a lake trip of 900 miles and then a march of 80 miles all through the enemy's country. The party set out the same evening by water and ten days were spent in paddling to the north end of Lake Champlain. Much difficulty and delay was occasioned in avoiding the enemy's armed vessels which were found to be cruising in considerable numbers on that part of the lake.

(To be Continued.)



ROMAN PYRAMIDS AT THE CLOSING EXHIBITION OF THE MCGILL UNIVERSITY GYMNASIUM.

# The Growth of Gymnastics in Montreal.

BY R. TAIT MCKENZIE, B.A.

The position held by Canada in the world of sport is a high one, especially when we consider her comparative youth and scattered population which has not been consolidated into towns and cities until quite recently. As the country grows in population and wealth, the importance of a gymnastic training for her young men and women, based on the best medical principles, becomes more and more evident, because with this increase and crowding together into cities there comes also the inevitable specialization of labour and the consequent imperfectly developed individual.

In the early days of our history, when the settler went out axe in hand to hew out for himself a road to independence and prosperity, the life was spent in the open air, in Nature's hospital among the pines, where vigorous work, a good appetite and pure air supplied more than enough vitality for the comparatively small amount of nervous strain to which he was subjected, and there was no need of any kind of education or training designed to strengthen the body and make it symmetrical. These days have now gone by, and instead of the hardy backwoodsman we have to deal with the student or the business man, whose work keeps him bending over a desk for the greater part of each day, cramping his lung space by contracting his chest; with his brain at a white heat often far into the night, breathing the stifling air of the study, office or counting-house deprived of its health-giving oxygen by the burning gas jets. Instead of the mid-day meal is a lunch bolted at the nearest restaurant and given no time to digest before the necessary blood is drawn off to the brain again. The only exercise taken is the rush down to business in the morning and back again at night, if, indeed, this is not supplanted by his taking a car.

With conditions so different in every particular, it will be readily seen that the half starved muscles and the sluggish circulation must soon become inadequate to properly perform their functions, and most of the ailments which are so common among us—dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and even insanity—are the direct consequences of this manner of life, and cannot be cured except by a more rational and hygienic life.

Gymnastic exercises are ARTIFICIAL WORK, designed to increase combustion in the muscles, and thus get rid of *effete* and poisonous matters in the system, which are replaced by new and good materials, and they supply the best method of preserving that equilibrium between mind and body which is essential for perfect health.

It was in 1860 that the earliest movement in the direction of systematic physical education was made in Montreal, and the mainspring of it was the late Major Barnjum, whose name will ever rank high among the pioneers of this branch of education, and who was the first to conduct this work in Montreal, beginning as honorary instructor to the Montreal Gymnastic Club and afterwards as principal of his Academy of Physical Education. He was a native of England and by profession an artist, and was the first to see the necessity of this work. Becoming impressed with its importance, he in 1867 resolved to give his whole time and energy to it.

At first it was uphill plodding, because people had first to be educated to see the great benefits to be derived from systematic exercise, and his fight was against that most discouraging of all things—indifference. This he fought by giving exhibitions, and writing. He took a great interest in military matters, and organized the High School Cadets. During the Trent difficulty he organized a company, and served as adjutant during the Fenian affairs of '66 and '70. His name will always be gratefully remembered by the thousands who have at his hands been made the better men physically and more fit to successfully carry on their work in life. It was altogether through his work in gymnastics that they have gained the high stand in Montreal which this branch of sport now holds.

His work among the young ladies and growing boys and girls of the city was also an important branch from a medical standpoint, and can hardly be over-estimated, and the size of the classes now conducted by Miss Barnjum, his sister, shows that the early work done by him, discouraging at first as it was, is now meeting with the recognition which it so richly merited but at first lacked.

In 1862 the present McGill University gymnasium on University street was built and opened, and it was then the best equipped gymnasium in Canada, and was amply sufficient for all the needs of the University and the city as well.



GOING TO CHURCH IN NEW ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

In 1867 the necessity for increased accommodation took practical shape in the erection of a new building on Mansfield street, now the club house of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, and this was the beginning of what is now the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, and the progress it has made and the hold it has on the young men of the city accounts to a great degree for the fact that Montreal has more good gymnasts and athletes for its population than any other city in America; which explains the well-known saying: "Montreal for handsome men."

The system which is in use at the gymnasium on University street, and which was introduced by Mr. Barnjum, is founded upon the English methods, rendered so popular by Archibald MacLaren, of Oxford, and depends largely on class work made to suit the requirements and capabilities of the different classes.

The work for children consists of marching, a set of free movements, bar-bell exercises, designed to exercise the torso more than the limbs, and a class exercise with wooden dumb-bells. The dumb-bell drill gone through by a class of girls at the closing exhibition in the spring of each year is a sight worth seeing, as the exercises are the embodiment of grace as well as being beneficial as exercises.

The girls and young ladies' classes have, in addition, Indian club swinging in which the "charge" or lunge is introduced, thus exercising powerfully the lower limbs and increasing the value of the exercise.

Probably the best exercise taken up by these classes is with wooden rings. It was an original one of Mr. Barnjum's, and is especially designed to strengthen the trunk muscles and cultivate elasticity.

The exercises are all accompanied by music, which, besides keeping the movements in perfect time, has the additional benefit of relieving the mind of the mental strain of counting for the exercises.

For the men's classes the work is more varied, and they are divided into squads, with a leader for each. A class evening's work begins with half a dozen exercises by the whole class on the bridge ladders, which act powerfully on the arms and upper part of the trunk. After this the class divides, and one squad goes to the vaulting bar, where particular attention is paid to cultivating a good style; after about ten minutes of vaulting the parallel bars are tried and several easy exercises are done, after which more difficult ones are gone through, their difficulty varying with the advancement of the class. This is followed by the bar-bell exercise, and when thoroughly done this brings into play almost every muscle in the body, and yet by making antagonistic muscles work against one another the danger of a strain is entirely overcome.

Next in order is the Indian club drill, which is in itself a refutation of the assertion that an exercise cannot be at once graceful and at the same time have a powerful action on the muscles.

The results of these exercises can be most clearly shewn, perhaps, by taking an individual example and tabulating some of his measurements. The young man whose measurements are seen in the table had in all a little less than nine months of systematic exercise from Dec. 10th, 1889 to April 16th, 1891, and last October had a severe illness, confining him to bed for over a month. The small

increase in height would indicate that his growth is almost complete, and the most marked improvement is seen in his chest girth, which shows a clear gain of nearly *four inches* of lung room. The leg work of the bar-bell and club exercises has also told favourably on his thighs, causing an increase of 1½ inches. See table:

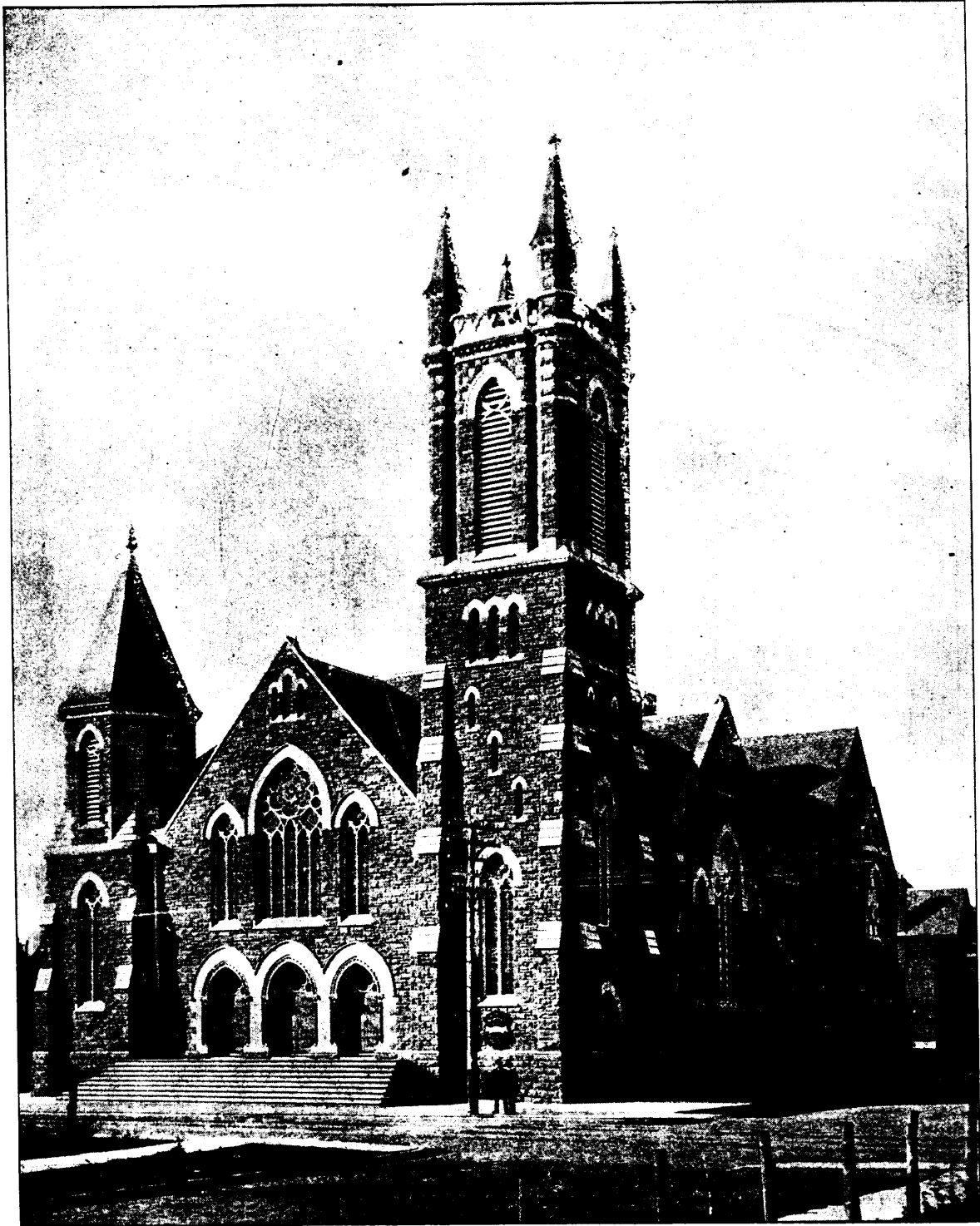
Table of measurements of L.—P.—, age 21, taken before and after nine months work in gymnastics:

	Dec. 10, 1889.	April 16, 1891.
Age.....	20 yrs 3 mos.	21 yrs 6 mos.
Height.....	68 in.	68½ in.
Weight.....	113 lbs.	123 lbs.
Girth of neck.....	13½ in.	14 in.
"    shoulders.....	38 "	39½ "
"    chest.....	31¾ "	35½ "
"    "    full.....	33½ "	37¼ "
Upper arm, R.....	9 "	9½ "
"    "    flexed R.....	10¼ "	11½ "
"    "    L.....	8¾ "	9½ "
"    "    flexed L.....	10 "	10¾ "
Fore arm, R.....	9½ "	10 "
"    "    L.....	9½ "	9¾ "
Thigh, R.....	17 "	18½ "
"    "    L.....	17 "	18½ "
Calf, R.....	12½ "	13¼ "
"    "    L.....	12½ "	13½ "
Width of shoulders.....	15½ "	16½ "

To a young man, however, there must be more inducement held out than the mere idea of bettering his physical condition, and after a certain amount of strength and skill has been acquired he hungers for fresh fields and greater difficulties to conquer. The result of this want has been the feats shown in the illustrations. The perfection to which this work can be brought by amateurs is shown by the ladder pyramids which were performed in 1887-88, and also by the Roman pyramids which were performed here this spring at the closing exhibition. These feats, as will be seen by the illustrations, are both difficult and beautiful, the neat costume of the gymnasium adding materially to the statuesque effect. These pyramids have not been given anywhere by amateurs except in Montreal at the old gymnasium.

The present building was inaugurated by an exhibition and supper, at which, among others, Hon. Jas. Ferrier, Hon. Alexander Morris and J. R. Dougall were present, and it has seen more men go in weak, sickly and under-developed and come out strong, healthy and vigorous than perhaps any other building of its size in America; but while its inhabitants started weak and finished strong, the building started strong and has gradually been getting more frail and more in need of support, and of late years the enthusiasm of many a young man has been dampened for the moment by a stream of icy water on a rainy night coming from its venerable roof and trickling down his back.

That 240 men should last year brave the disadvantages in the way of ventilation and accommodation with which they have had to struggle, speaks volumes for the popularity of the work done in the old institution. Let us hope that there will arise in Montreal as in Cambridge another Hemenway, whose name will be immortalized by handing down to future generations of McGill students the priceless boon of a well-equipped gymnasium, managed on a scientific medical basis—an institution worthy the great university to which it would form one of the chief attractions.



Exterior.

BLOOR STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, TORONTO.

## OUR CANADIAN CHURCHES, VII.



TORONTO, May, 1891.

New times! new customs! When I was a girl, and probably now when my hair is getting grey, May-day in England was best known in the town as Chimney Sweep's Day, in memory of the little sweep who, being sent up a flue in the chimney of one of the large London houses, came down another and found himself in a room furnished luxuriously, where a little girl was lying in bed, who, awakened by the clatter of the little sweep's extraordinary entry among the fire iron, screamed, and so led to the further discovery that the intruder was her brother, who had been stolen a few years before, and had drifted into his present employ, only at length to be rescued by the overjoyed mother, who thenceforth entertained all the little

sweeps in London annually on May Day, and left in her will provision for a continuation of her customary benevolence until, perhaps, by an ending of the family the fund ended too. But for generations the children of the towns kept it up by dressing in tinsel and brilliant paper adornment, and going about singing and dancing for ha'pennies wherewith to pay for their gauds and other delights, while the fraternity of chimney-sweeps themselves honoured the occasion by parading the streets in companies, with a Jack-in-the-Green in the middle, the rest having metamorphosed themselves into women—deceiving nobody, of course, but amusing all.

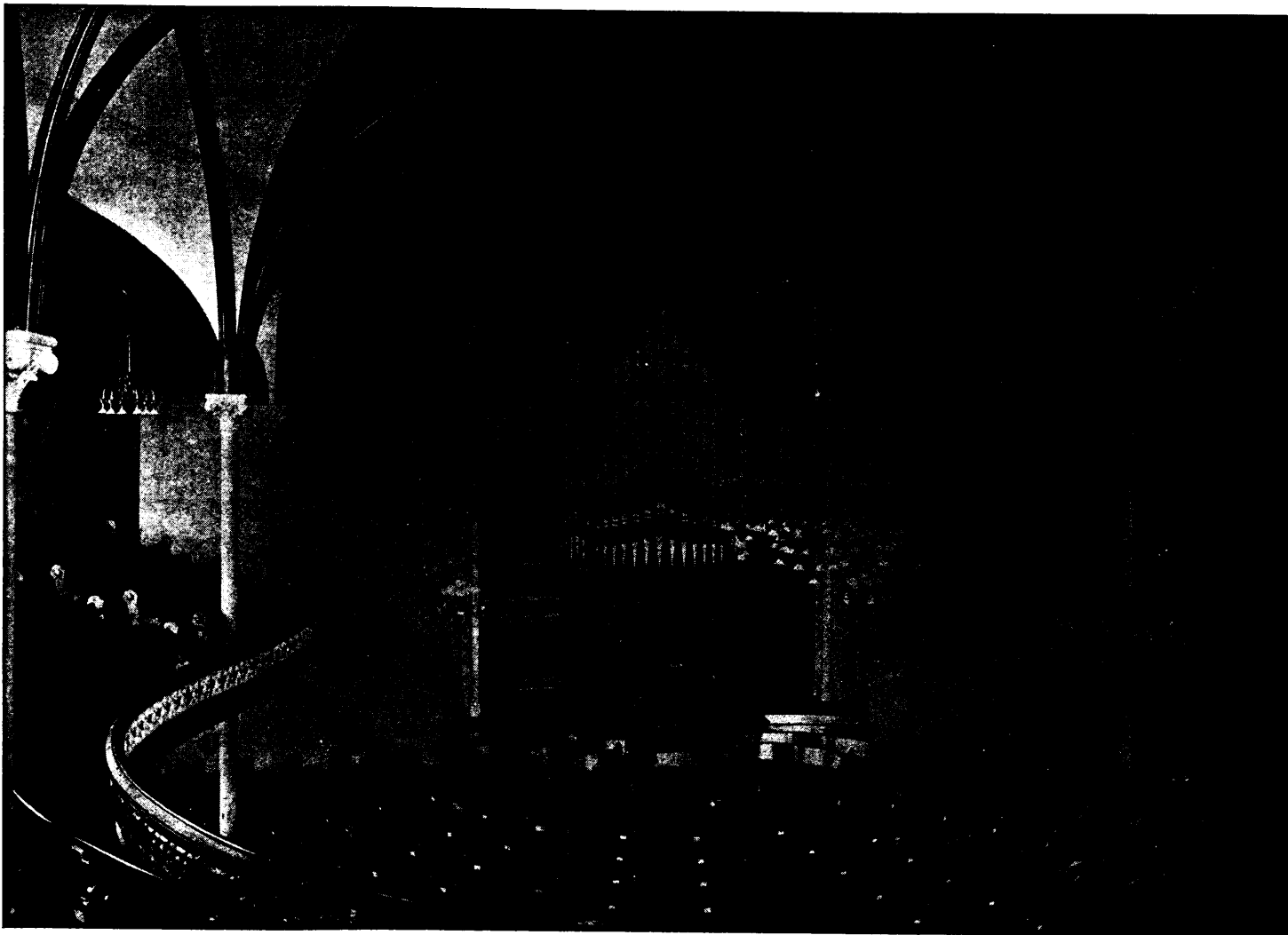
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To-day our Canadian youngsters go to school, sing songs of spring, plant their flower-beds, and trees when needed, are generally happy, and call it Arbor Day. It is an excellent idea, for it brings the children into the presence of Nature, into whose glorious eyes they cannot look without receiving the benison of love and strength and consolation that tired humanity is often fain to lean upon in the journey of life, and the joy that, coming from Nature's heart, penetrates even deeper than the joy of childhood, remaining when that is gone.

\* \* \*

I have been to see the spring exhibition of the Women's Art Club of Toronto, and am much pleased with it. Over eighty pictures are shown, most of them the work of Toronto ladies, but some (the rules providing for it) by ladies elsewhere. Indeed, one of the best pictures exhibited is a little water colour sketch—a lady trying a dancing-step, and a portrait, I am told—by Caroline C. Lovell, Birmingham, Ala. Most of the canvasses are necessarily "studies," and under this class I am glad to speak well of the "heads," of which there are several. The flower-pieces are, as a rule, very good; grace, colour, natural characteristics and composition being carefully observed. It is hardly fair, however, to compare students' work with that of acknowledged artists as Mrs. Reid and Mrs. Dignam, each of whom show specimens of their brush, but in an exhibition like this are out of criticism. The landscapes are few, and several the work of Mrs. Dignam, the president of the club. Of the students' work, "Little Champlain Street, near Breakneck Stairs, Quebec," by Miss Constance Boulton, and "Over the Roofs," by Miss C. D. Osler, deserve particular mention, the latter being, perhaps, too white in its whites. All Miss McConnell's work is excellent, perhaps the best of all is "Lemons?"—





Interior  
BLOOR STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.  
OUR CANADIAN CHURCHES, VII.

little lad selling lemons on the street. A beautiful study by Miss C. D. Osler of a "Censer and Ancient Ecclesiastical Robe," is a large canvass well filled; the drawing, colouring and textile expression of the robe are very excellent. "By the Wayside," a bit of our flowery roadsides, the work of Miss Edwards, is good. Some elegant forms for a five o'clock set, and two or three cups and saucers, decorated by Miss Lennox, show good taste and careful study. Only one lady, Miss L. M. Ware, showed modelling in clay, but her work gives evidence of artistic gifts and a clear understanding of her subjects. A frieze of the Infant Bacchus on a goat, being conducted by cupids, is an excellent piece of work full of promise. How proud Canada would be of a woman sculptor? But I must not spend my space on criticism further than is necessary to show that art has its devotees even in Canada. Some of these young women will be heard of in the future, particularly if they are careful to study the literary side of their art, not supposing that rules and a facile brush alone will make painters of them. The club has a strong list of patronesses who, I suppose, are a board of management. Its officers are Mrs. M. E. Dignam, president; Miss E. Armstrong, vice president; Mrs. W. D. Gregory, secretary, and Miss C. D. Osler, treasurer.

Medical examinations being over, the presentation of prizes and diplomas at the Woman's Medical College took place on the 27th April, the anniversary of the opening of the new building. As the College has no power of granting degrees, its diplomas take the shape of certificates of the amount and quality of the work done. On the present occasion diplomas were presented by the Dean, Dr. R. B. Nevitt, to Miss Graham, Miss Gifford and Miss Meade, of whom he certified on behalf of the College that they had all passed a thorough examination handsomely. Sir Daniel Wilson presented Miss Graham with the general proficiency prize, and took occasion to remind the audience that the School of Salerno, founded by the early Arabian masters of science, numbered women among its scholars, and also that in mediæval times many women had dis-

tinguished themselves in medicine, particularly at the University of Bologna. Sir Daniel Wilson also said that when called upon for the first time by his own university to convert three ladies among its graduates into Bachelors he had felt it to be a peculiar pleasure; to-day he joined with much satisfaction in honouring the students of the Women's Medical College, who had well earned their distinction by faithful work. Miss Jane Gray, 3rd year, received a special prize in therapeutics; Miss Brander, a second year special prize, given by an unknown friend of the College, as was also a special prize in the 1st year, taken by Miss Shirra. The first year class prize was taken by Miss Pringle, of Fergus, and presented by Jas. Beaty, jr., Q.C., L.L.D., who took occasion to impress upon the large audience that the College was greatly in need of donations or subscriptions to assist in paying the cost and running expenses of the building. Short speeches were made by Dr. Temple, Dr. Duncan, Rev. Dr. Parsons and others, and the Dean announced before closing the meeting that the summer session necessitated by the insistence of the Medical Council of Ontario on compulsory attendance at certain lectures, opened that day and continued for ten weeks.

Petitions embracing over a thousand names of persons of high standing in Toronto and elsewhere in the Province, among which were the Major-General commanding, Ivor Herbert, and a large proportion of militia officers, were presented to the Ontario Legislature by Mr. McLeary, the new member for Welland, asking for an appropriation for a memorial to the heroism of Laura Secord, who, by giving timely warning of an intended surprise, enabled Lieutenant Fitzgibbon to circumvent the enemy (eight times his number) and win the battle of the Beaver-Dams. This is the second time the Government of Ontario has been memorialized on this behalf, and it is hoped that it will honour the memorialists by granting their request during the present session.

I hear that the Lundy's Lane Historical Society are in

active communication with other historical societies, looking towards the celebration at Niagara next year of the centenary of the Ontario Legislature, the first parliament of which was held by Governor Simcoe at Newark in 1792. The act dividing Canada into Upper and Lower was passed in 1791, therefore there is an intention of holding some sort of a public centenary meeting at Toronto this year.

While seeing no reason why the statue of Nelson should be removed from its place in your fair city, visitors to the Royal Society's meetings will be only too pleased to see a statue of Maisonneuve occupying as proud a place.

This is rather an anxious time among the students. The medical and theological examinations are over and the prizes therein given, but the arts course students at the universities are full of work, and a few have already fallen out—temporarily, of course—overcome by the heat and burden of the examination papers, the rooms or the weather? It could not have been the last, however, for we have had snow within three days, actually *snow*, which lay, whitening the ground, for half a dozen hours at least. I have heard that they had the best sleighing of the season at Beaverton this week. Talk about snow in harvest after that!

Convocation was held in the present Wycliffe College building for the last time yesterday. The building has been bought for a hospital by the will of the late Senator John Macdonald, and the college will remove into the new building, a few hundred yards north of its present situation, in the autumn.

The presence of Sir William Dawson added lustre to the usual proceedings, and though the audience was by no means overflowing in point of numbers, it was sympathetic and cultivated, and received the distinguished speaker with enthusiasm. After presentation of the usual reports, each of which was highly satisfactory, and the allotment of the various prizes, the chairman, Sir Casimir Gzowski, introduced the guest of the occasion, and that gentleman responded by a most encouraging and logical address to the student

on the authority of the Holy Scriptures. Sir William Dawson professed himself as a believer in not only verbal but the literal inspiration of the Bible, and said that Jesus Christ Himself gave his full support to the authenticity of the books of the Old Testament by quoting and teaching them from every standpoint, doctrinally, historically and prophetically; and, as if he foresaw the assaults that have from time to time been made on their inspiration, said that "not *one jot or tittle* shall pass away until all be fulfilled."

The Wycliffe prizemen were: Dogmatics, J. W. J. Andrew; history, G. S. Sinclair; apologetics, Carl Smith; homeletics, G. S. Sinclair; practical work, C. A. Sadler; the Reformation, its history and principles, G. A. Kuhring; English Bible, R. P. McKim and H. C. Aylwin; college prize in dogmatics, C. A. Sadler; college prize in practical work, R. P. McKim.

Sir William Dawson was also present at the Upper Canada Bible Society meeting in the evening. This society receives annually large bequests by the wills of its supporters, and reported several at its meeting, the largest being \$5,000, from the estate of the late William Gooderham, being the first half of the bequest. The increased value of the Jesse Ketchum bequest of fifty years ago, places no less than \$7,000 per annum for the next twenty years, to be expended in Bibles and the best religious books among the Sabbath and public schools of the city.

It is unofficially stated that the will of the late W. H. C. Kerr gives all his estate, not otherwise devised, to the Bible Society, to the amount of \$70,000, the interest of which is to be paid to his widow and daughters during their lives.

I have received from the office of *The Review of Reviews* a notable pamphlet called "How to Help." The object of the pamphlet is to aid in the association of all people who can do anything—and who will say "I can do nothing"—in helping forward humanity towards its highest ideals—"the prize of my high calling in Christ Jesus," as St. Paul put it so many centuries ago.

The association is a fact already, having been started by an address written by Mr. Stead while in Holloway Gaol, when he lay the victim of a *legal* oppression that did not kill, but perhaps widened and distributed the life of the moral courage that has proved itself a protector—not yet so efficient as could be wished—of the helpless and deceived.

Mr. Stead says, in explaining the objects of the association, these remarkable words, "The sacred word which was given to the founder of the association on Christmas day in Holloway was 'Never say to any one any more, be a Christian, say be a Christ.'"

Several pieces of service to the world already accomplished by the association are cited, but the one which will appeal most cordially to Canadians, because it is so similar to work we have lately been much engaged in, is the third, which "was an inquiry into the extent to which our scholars were 'familiarized with the scenes and localities famous for their 'association with events in our history.'"

It is gratifying to know that on one occasion, scholars from Ridley College, St. Catharines, and from our city schools on another, were given holiday outings to the scene of the battle of Queenston Heights, where, at the base of the monument sacred to Sir Isaac Brock, they listened to speeches by well-known clergymen and *litterateurs* on historic subjects, and made the surrounding woods and hills echo with their patriotic songs and choruses.

We in Ontario have been laughed at for this 'cheap patriotism,' but when an association of the strength, ability, breadth of view, and depth of humanity like this association of Helpers in England, adopts a method we have already adopted, towards the building up of a great Christ-like nation, we need not care who laughs.

The magnificent building that has replaced the old rough-cast Sick Children's Hospital is nearing its completion, and already funds are being raised towards its furnishing. A Ladies' Choral Club has been organized to this end by one of our best known vocalists and teachers, Miss Hilary, and its first concert was given on Thursday evening. A fine audience greeted the ladies and the donations were very satisfactory. Mrs. Caldwell was the soloist and Mrs. Frances J. Moore, of London, the pianist.

The Torrington Orchestra will give the closing concert of the season in a few days.

S. A. CURZON.

## BRITAIN, CANADA AND THE STATES.

### A Study of Fiscal Conditions.—Part I.

The history of modern commerce affords many vivid illustrations of the dangers arising from too great a dependence upon any one branch of a nation's trade, or upon any foreign, and possibly hostile, power for the supply of the raw material essential to industrial enterprise, or for the food required for the maintenance of a people. The not very distant legislation in the United States, generally known as the McKinley Bill, presents itself as one of numerous instances where great injury has been inflicted upon outside countries by the domestic action of an individual power.

It will be within the recollection of many at the present time that, prior to the outbreak of the American civil war, Great Britain obtained nearly the whole of its raw cotton from the United States, the average proportion between 1857 and 1860 being 77 per cent., and that upon this great industry were then dependent half a million of operatives, comprising two-thirds of the population of Lancashire and one half that of Cheshire and Lanarkshire. As a result of the war, and the consequent blockade of Southern ports, 60,000 men were thrown out of work, and 190,000 were employed on half time by May, 1862. Before many more months had elapsed, and in spite of the supplies which slowly came in from India and Egypt, the distress in these cotton districts had become terrible, and the question of maintaining a constantly increasing number of people without employment had reached proportions which inspired dread in the minds of all thinking men. We know the result, however, and fully realize the nobility of character which these workingmen displayed when, rather than injure the prospects of the North and the chances of the slave by calling upon the British Government to recognize the South, they preferred to suffer in silence. Their influence was exerted in the midst of starvation and suffering for what they considered the cause of liberty, and their reward came when the United States, in 1870, claimed and finally obtained from England many millions of pounds to which it afterwards became clear the Republic was not in the least degree entitled.

It will also be remembered that during the continuance of the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States Canada prospered greatly, owing chiefly, of course, to the Crimean war, the American civil conflict and the building of the Grand Trunk Railway. These causes combined to create an abnormal demand for the products of our farms, and an equally abnormal price for wheat and other products, and it was generally feared that the threatened abrogation of the treaty would have such an effect upon our trade, commerce, industries, revenue and shipping as to precipitate us into inevitable national bankruptcy. As every student of Canadian politics or history is well aware, the result was very different, and the following table will reveal the continued expansion of our trade better than any pen picture could possibly do:

#### EXPORTS OF THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN PROVINCES.

Reciprocity Treaty, 1855-66.....	\$286,982,174
Revenue Tariff, 1867-78.....	354,685,394
Protective do 1879-89.....	430,826,091

#### IMPORTS OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN PROVINCES.

First period.....	\$324,461,755
Second do.....	452,684,725
Third do.....	585,440,508

Many other illustrations of the sudden changes which take place from time to time in the course of trade as a result of hostile tariffs or natural causes, lend themselves to memory in such a connection. It is not more than thirty years since Russia supplied two-thirds of the wheat imported into Great Britain, while in 1881 she sent only five per cent., and the United States 64 per cent. To-day the latter country sends only 36 per cent., and India is rapidly taking the lead. It will also be remembered that at the beginning of the century England actually exported wheat, and that fifty years ago Canada offered to *discriminate in favour of British wheat* in return for similar concessions in other lines of produce. It is not long since China supplied the bulk of the English tea trade, while to-day India and Ceylon are rapidly replacing the Celestial country in the British market.

These instances have been given to show that constant changes in production and supply are continually taking place, and to point the moral that we in Canada need not feel dependent upon American legislation for agricultural, commercial or individual prosperity, whilst we may very

reasonably look forward to a time when Australia, India and the Empire will, combined with Canada, be able to supply the markets of Great Britain with everything which her people can consume.

Turning to the history of the United States, we find that from the time when Alexander Hamilton wrote in 1790 that "Not only the wealth but the independence and security of a country appear to be materially connected with the prosperity of manufactures," and that "Every nation, with a view to these great objects, ought to endeavour to possess within itself all the essentials of national supply," up to the passage of the McKinley Bill, 100 years later, the American Republic has pursued (with certain interruptions) a consistent policy of protection to native industry and production. In his eighth annual message President Washington said: "Congress have repeatedly, and not without success, directed their attention to the encouragement of manufactures. The object is of too much consequence not to insure a continuance of their efforts in every way which shall appear eligible."

Through the public utterances of Jno. Adams, Monroe, Jefferson, Henry Clay, Madison and Andrew Jackson the same policy is actively inculcated. The latter politician in 1824 wrote in a style with which we have become tolerably familiar in recent years: "It is time that we should become a little more Americanized, and instead of feeding the paupers and laborers of England feed our own." Daniel Webster has declared "That the protection of American labour against the injurious competition of foreign labour, is known historically to have been one end designed to have been obtained by establishing the Constitution." Abraham Lincoln, as far back as 1832, pronounced himself in favour of "a high protective tariff," while Presidents Taylor, Fillmore, Garfield and Grant have all, as a matter of course, placed themselves strongly upon the side of protection. General Logan wrote in 1884 that "the policy of our Government is to protect both capital and labour by a proper imposition of duties."

To say that protection has not been useful to the people of the United States, or to ignore the power which it has wielded as one of the greatest factors in American prosperity is to fight against facts, figures and all experience. On two or three occasions in American history the experience of a revenue tariff has been tried, and Colonel Benton's vivid description of the period of depression which followed such an attempt in 1816 is worthy of note:

"No price for property, no sales except those of the sheriff and the marshal; no purchasers at execution; sales except the creditor or some hoarder of money; no employment for industry; no demand for labour; no sale for the products of the farm. Distress was the universal cry of the people; relief the universal demand."

The increase in American prosperity up to a decade ago has been general and continuous under protection, and I cannot but think that in this case at least few can be found to doubt the fact as far as the past is concerned. In the ten great agricultural States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri the following increases are very noticeable:

	1860.	1880.
Acres of improved land.....	\$ 52,306,584	\$ 135,691,906
Manufactures (hands employed).....	188,651	663,013
Manufactures (wages paid).....	\$ 57,553,225	\$ 232,008,465
Value of materials.....	210,490,338	1,028,962,530

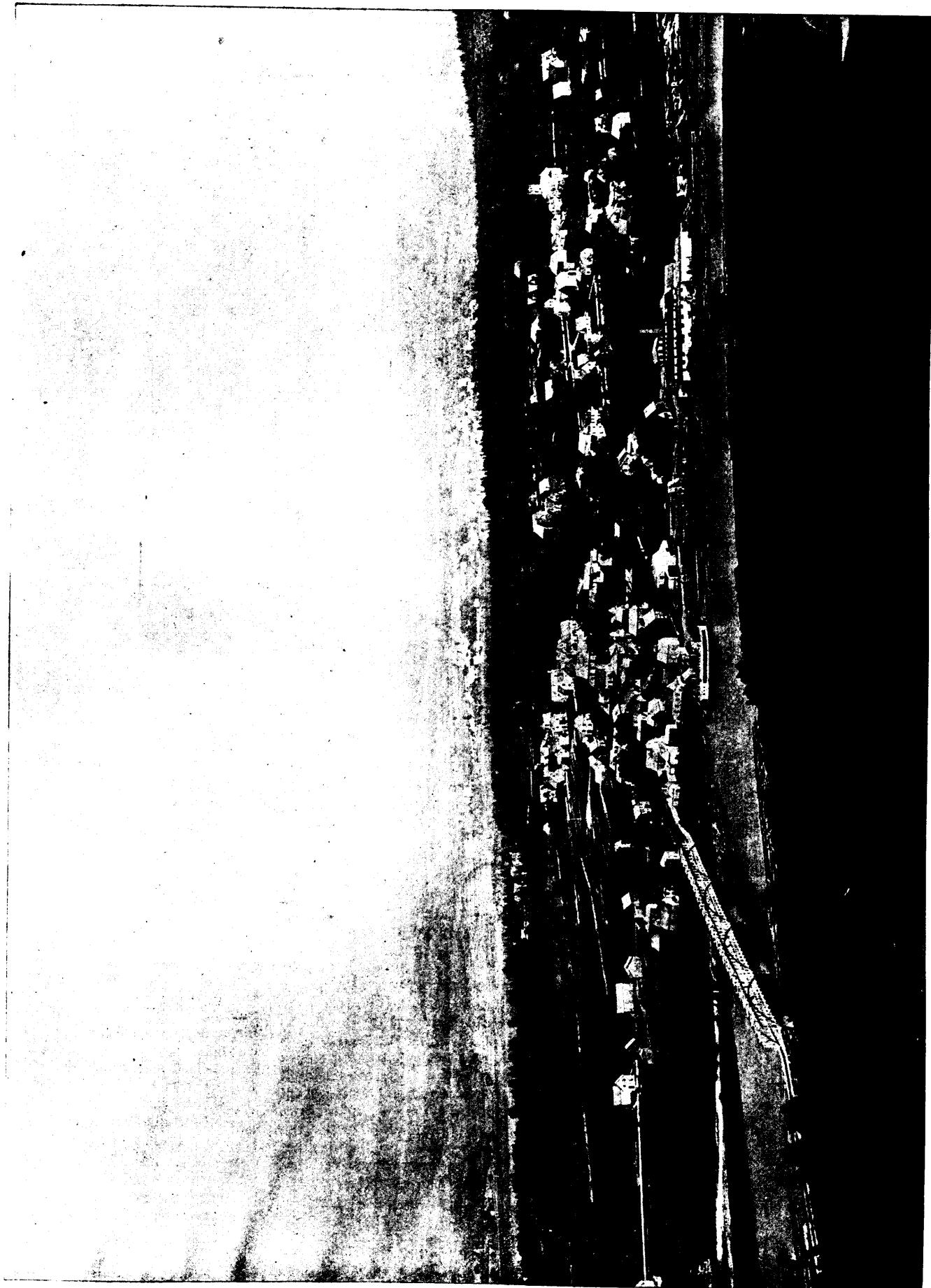
or increases ranging from 160 to 389 per cent. Even the South, which it has always been asserted suffered from protection, has doubled its production of cotton within 25 years; has increased its grain crop 280,000,000; its live stock 200,000,000, and now proposes to manufacture its own cotton instead of exporting it to England for that purpose. This development seems to prove two points, each important at this stage of Canadian history. First, that the past protection of American production against British competition has been of immense benefit to the people of that country; secondly, that we in Canada must consistently maintain our present protective policy as against American competition if we desire to continue on the highway of national prosperity.

Thus far it has been my purpose to show that changes in the course of commerce are frequent; that protection has up to a certain date been beneficial to the States; and that there is no likelihood of their altering such a settled policy to any material extent, the natural inference being that our best policy is to remain fiscally free of the United States, while drawing tighter the bonds of commercial relationship with the vast British Empire in which we are proud to constitute a prosperous and progressive State.

Toronto, April 20, 1891.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

(To be continued.)



**HAMPTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.**  
(Photo. from Mr. L. A. Allison.)



"They crouched together in the dense shelter of the jungle."

## THE AYRES OF STUDLEIGH.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

Author of "Aldersyde," "Twice Tried," "A Vexed Inheritance," "The Gates of Eden," &c.

(Exclusive rights for Canada purchased by the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.)

### CHAPTER IX.—THE FLIGHT FROM DELHI.

"What is to become of us now?" asked Lady Vane in her cool, abrupt fashion. "Perhaps, after all, it was a mistake to leave the city."

"Death would only have come to us more swiftly there," murmured Mrs. Elton faintly, and sitting down on a stone by the wayside drooped her pale face on her hands.

"Don't let us lose hope," said Rachel cheerily, as she hushed her baby to her breast. "I have great faith in Azim. Here he comes. We will follow his directions. Perhaps we may yet be saved."

Azim came back with his head dejectedly bent, his face wearing a look of distress and keen anxiety.

"What to be done now, Mem Sahib?" he asked, very humbly.

"We are waiting for you to direct us," Rachel replied, quickly.

"They say certain death to the Feringhee is to be found all the way to Kurnaul," he said rapidly, in Hindustanee. "They are vile, but they speak truth. What is to be done?"

"Will you go on, Rachel, with the child and risk it?" asked Lady Vane, pointedly.

"No—we had better go back so far, and then join the road to Meerut," said Rachel, decidedly. "Dear Mrs. Elton, are you equal to any exertion? We must go on somehow. It is impossible to stay here."

"Oh, yes, I can go on, but have you forgotten we have the Jumna to cross before we can touch the road to Meerut!"

"There may be a boat. Had we not better risk it, Azim?"

Azim nodded his approval, and held out his arms for baba, who, feeling cold and hungry, was beginning to fret.

"There may be boat. If not, we must cross. It will be best. I thought so at first, though Mem Sahibs said Kurnaul."

"Let us go on, then," said Lady Vane, and giving an arm to Mrs. Elton, she signified to Azim to lead the way. Their progress was necessarily slow. The ladies were already worn out with excitement and fatigue, and more than once they had to seek friendly shelter of the dense trees on either side of the rough road to escape the observation of persons they met. In the darkness it was, of course, impossible to distinguish friend from foe. At these times, when crouching behind trees holding their breath in terror, it was strange how still the poor child kept, never uttering a sound. It, indeed, appeared as if he were in some degree conscious of their imminent peril. Shortly the moon shone out with a vivid and steady light, and revealed to them the glittering windings of the Jumna, which lay between them and the road they had decided to take. Azim, addressing himself to Lady Vane, because she perfectly understood his own tongue, explained that further up there was a shallower and narrower part of the river which it might be possible for them to ford. So they kept on again in silence, following the faithful servant, who was their only hope. If he proved treacherous, nothing but death could be in store. Even had Rachel distrusted him, she believed that the clinging of the child's soft arms about his neck would appeal to his best feelings, and she was right. Love for his charge, deep anxiety for his safety and that of his mother, were the only feelings in the breast of the Hindoo. Nothing but death itself would release him from the obligations with which love had bound them.

After a time they came to a place where the river took a wider sweep, and which, to the practised eye of the natives, indicated that the water must be shallower. Here he paused, and giving the child into the arms of his mistress, signified his intention of trying to ford first himself. The poor ladies crouching in the thicket—for even in that lonely spot they could hear occasionally the sounds of voices and the crack of rifles—watched with

agonising suspense the passage across the river. At one part nothing was visible but the turbaned head; but as he was not a very tall man they were hopeful they would be able to follow in safety. Directly he found the water growing shallower towards the other side, he turned and came rapidly back to the bank, and holding out his hands for the child, advised the ladies to follow as quickly as possible, as there were certainly some persons approaching, and the chances were that they might be part of the mutineers skirmishing about the by-roads in search of fugitives. Without a moment's hesitation the ladies stepped into the water, although, at the cold touch of the stream, they could scarcely repress their exclamations. It was a desperate alternative, yet not one of them shrank from it. Before they were fifty yards out, there was a great noise on the road they had just left, and a company of Sepoys, led by one on horseback, swarmed down to the bank, shouting on the fugitives to stop. They never looked back, but held bravely on, though the force of the current in mid-stream was like to sweep them off their feet. A new danger assailed them when some bullets came whizzing past them, fortunately aimed too high to injure, and they escaped in safety to the other side, and immediately plunged into the jungle. As they proceeded, Rachel noticed the Hindoo staggered once or twice as he walked, and as she stepped up to inquire what ailed him, she was horrified to see his clothes stained with blood.

"Are you hurt, Azim?" she inquired, anxiously. "See, give me baba. Oh, my poor faithful friend!" She caught the child just in time, for with a groan the Hindoo staggered again and fell to the ground.

"He has been shot," said Lady Vane, kneeling down beside him and endeavouring to staunch the wound with her handkerchief, "and we can do nothing for him. God help us, Rachel, what is to become of us all?"

They grouped themselves disconsolately about the prostrate body of their guide and protector, and looked at each other in blank despair. It was the dead of night, and they were alone in the jungle, dripping wet, cold and hungry, with no prospect before them but a lingering death. The glazing eye of the Hindoo warned them that he had received a mortal hurt, and that he could not

live to see the morning light. With her fretting child clasped close in her arms, Rachel knelt down among the thick underbrush and uttered aloud a few words of earnest prayer. It was indeed a case in which only Divine aid could avail, and somehow, when she ceased speaking, a sense of resignation and peace seemed to creep into each heart. It was a grief of no ordinary kind to Rachel that she was forced to sit inactive and see her faithful servant die. They crouched together in the dense shelter of the jungle, with the white night dews lying thickly around them, shivering and their teeth chattering, but afraid to move or speak lest they should be betrayed. So the dawn found them, and they sorrowfully turned to go upon their way, leaving the dead body of Azim behind. They could give him no burial, except to lay some branches above him, and Rachel through choking tears said a few words of service over him, baba crying all the time, not understanding why his nurse lay so still and would not dandle him in his arms.

Faint from want of food, they were glad to pick some of the wild fruits as they passed along. They spoke none, for they could not encourage each other, and it was better to keep silence. They had no sort of idea what direction they were taking, nor what prospect was before them. Unless they could speedily come to some place where food could be procured, they must sink by the wayside, and die from exhaustion. When the sun rose, it dried their garments certainly, but blistered their feet, for they had been robbed of their shoes as well as their headgear. In the distance they saw smoke arising behind some trees, and when they drew nearer, in great fear and trembling, they saw that they were approaching a Hindoo village. They paused without the precincts and held a consultation as to what they should do.

"It is a disloyal place they'll only kill us," said Lady Vane; "and provided they do it quickly, I don't much care. What prospect have we of ultimate safety? Three women alone can never reach Meerut."

"Let me go and risk it," said Mrs. Elton, quietly. "If I don't come back, you will know that I am dead, and you can keep away from the place. It does not matter for me; what have I to live for now? You, Mrs. Ayre, must live for your poor, dear child, and you, dear Lady Vane, may yet be restored to your husband. Let me go."

Rachel looked on her with astonishment, and her eyes filled with tears. In the European society of Delhi Mrs. Elton had been known as a somewhat selfish, complaining invalid, who taxed to the utmost her good-natured husband's consideration and patience. She was indeed the last person from whom heroism or unselfishness were to be expected, but the exigencies of their situation had called the nobler part of her nature into play, and she was not only willing but eager to sacrifice herself, if it could be any benefit to her companions in misfortune.

"Let us all go," said Lady Vane, quickly. "We cannot permit you to leave us. Let us share the peril together to the end."

But Mrs. Elton was firm.

"It will be right for me to go. Something whispers it to me. I have been too long a burden and an anxiety to others. My husband cheerfully laid down his life. Let me have the meagre satisfaction of following his example, since I cannot now atone to him for what I thoughtlessly made him suffer for years. Please God, he will forgive me for it yonder."

She raised her eyes to Heaven, and then, with a steadfast and beautiful expression on her face, bade them good-bye.

"Wait here, perhaps for an hour, and if I do not return or send a messenger, you will know I have come to grief. Good-bye—God keep you, and bring you safely out of these fearful dangers."

With a hurried kiss she left them, and made her way quickly towards the village.

"Truth is indeed stranger than fiction, Rachel," said Lady Vane, musingly, as she watched the retreating figure vanish among the trees. "This awful business has made a woman out of Augusta Elton. I hope I shall profit by it, too. If I ever

see Randal again I'll be a better wife to him. You poor darling, sit down, you look fit to die. There is nothing for us but to wait for a while. We must just guess the time. Oh, Rachel, what do we look like? Guys at a country fair!"

She gave way to a fit of hysterical laughter, which somewhat alarmed Rachel, but it passed away, and they sat in absolute silence, waiting and praying in their inmost hearts for deliverance. Rachel was growing painfully anxious about her little boy. He had had no food for twenty-four hours, and his fretfulness was now stilled into a strange kind of apathy which was almost like unconsciousness. Although thankful that he did not unnerve and harass them by loud crying, she almost wished that he would make some sign of life. To lose husband and child Rachel felt would be to take from her all that made life sweet. She did not, indeed, realize yet that she had lost Geoffrey—the whole experience of the last two days were like the shadows of some fearful dream.

"There's a foot," cried Lady Vane, nervously, breaking the deep silence. "God help us, Rachel. Perhaps our end has come."

Both started up, and beheld approaching a man whose dress proclaimed him to be a fakheer or medicant devotee, such as are to be found in every Hindoo village. They stood looking at him as he approached with most intense questioning, and were somewhat relieved to see that his face, though stolid, betrayed neither hatred nor vindictiveness.

When a few yards from them he stopped and made a hurried sign for them to follow him.

Lady Vane stepped forward, and in his own language asked him if he were friendly. His face brightened a little, and he made answer that he had given the other lady shelter and food, and was prepared to do the same for them, so long as it was safe for him to do so. He explained, as they eagerly followed him, that his village was still unaffected and quite friendly towards the English, though it was a great risk for them to show it. With what joy did these exhausted women follow the good-hearted Hindoo along a by-way to his hut, which was situated in a retired grove a little way removed from the other houses; and there they found Mrs. Elton partaking of a rude but welcome meal, consisting of chupatties, unleavened cakes of Indian meal, which she washed down with a drink of water and sweetened with the juice of the tamarind. The fakheer looked compassionately at the child, and from a little recess brought out a cup of milk set aside for his own mid-day meal. He bade them eat to their satisfaction and then rest on the rude bed of rushes in the corner. Promising that they should not be molested unless the proximity of the Sepoys should hasten their departure, he left them in peace. Never had food and shelter appeared so delicious as to these poor fugitives, and relying on the fidelity of the man who had befriended them, they gladly rested all day, sleeping and watching by turns. At sundown they were disturbed by the return of the fakheer, accompanied by another man, who turned out to be a German zemindar or landowner, who had become to all purposes a native of the country. He had not, however, forgotten his Fatherland entirely, and was anxious to befriend the English if possible. He asked the ladies to come to his house, which being an important one in the village would afford them a more secure shelter than that of the poor, but kind-hearted fakheer, and he further raised their spirits by telling them he had sent a message to Meerut which would certainly bring them relief.

For three days the fugitives were hidden in the zemindar's house, often at his own peril, for the village was frequently visited by bands of victorious Sepoys, who would have massacred the ladies without mercy, and their succourer with them. On the evening of the third day a little band of horsemen rode through the village and drew up before the zemindar's house. At their approach the ladies fled as usual to their hiding-place, but when Lady Vane, with her ear to the door, heard an English voice speaking below, she gave a cry of delight—"It is Randal's voice. Thank God! Thank God!"

So they were rescued from their more imminent peril and conveyed in safety to Meerut, and thence,

when opportunity offered, down to the coast en route for England.

They were among the first of the very few who escaped the earliest horrors of the Mutiny, and were fortunate in reaching Calcutta on the morning of the day before a homeward-bound vessel sailed. But the little company who had shared such perils together had to part at Calcutta, for in the hospital there Rachel's second child prematurely saw the light.

#### CHAPTER X.—THE AGONY OF SUSPENSE.

It had been a bitter spring in England. Never had the treacherous East wind lingered so long. In the first week of May trees and hedgerows presented a strange, blasted appearance, as if some blighting breath had passed over them. In the Studleigh woods there was scarcely a violet or primrose to be seen, and the buds of the mayflower withered ere they came to bloom. The fitful sunshine as it peeped out behind the lowering clouds revealed none of the beauty with which they usually clothed park and lawns. Old people and invalids were weary with the sickness of hope deferred. A cloud hung over Nature's face, and upon many hearts the spring of that memorable year laid a burden never more to be removed on earth.

In the grey and chilly morning of one of these gloomy days Christopher Abbot walked across the fields from Pine Edge to Studleigh. There seemed to be a change for the worse in the old yeoman, and his tall figure looked quite bent, and his step had lost its old elastic swing. His face was careworn and anxious, too; he appeared like a man bowed down with care. He looked across his wheat-field, as he skirted the edge of it, noting its backward condition, and even wondering when there would be harvest if the sun refused to do its duty; but his innermost heart was filled with anxieties in which the farm had no part. As he strode across the park he heard the gong from the house, and, looking at his watch, said that it was half-past nine. But they breakfasted late always at the Manor. He went up the steps to the front door and gave the bell a vigorous pull. A house-maid crossing the hall saw him, and came out at once.

"Good morning, my lass. Is the Squire up?" asked the farmer, in that courteous kindly way which made him adored by all his own dependents.

"Yes, Mr. Abbot. He breakfasts always in his dressing-room. My lady has just gone in to the morning-room."

"If you show me into the business-room I can wait till the Squire has finished breakfast."

"Come in, then, please sir, and I'll let the Squire know you have come."

"Thank you, my girl."

He stepped into the little room opening off the outer hall, and having closed the door upon him, the girl ran upstairs. She was not many minutes gone, and presently knocked lightly at the room where Christopher Abbot was waiting.

"Please, sir, the Squire says you will come up at once, and not mind him being at breakfast?" she said, and, leaving his hat and stick on the table, he followed her upstairs.

"Good morning, Mr. Abbot," said the Squire's genial voice, and he stretched out his hand from the couch, though he made no effort to rise. A little table, with the breakfast service on it, was drawn up beside him, and the room was so warm that for a moment the farmer felt it overpowering. It was none too warm for the delicate Squire of Studleigh.

"Lazy mortal, am I not, but there's no use making a pretence of strength when there is none. These East winds slay me, so I am obliged to give in. How are you?"

"Quite well, sir, in body, but I'm in agony of mind. There's been no Indian mail for three weeks. This is the day, and when the post brought nothing, I came over to see whether you had any news."

The Squire shook his head.

"I have none. We are men, Abbot, and must face the worst. I fear there can be no doubt that the revolution in India has begun. There's the *Times*, just open it out. There may be news of some kind."



Christopher Abbot eagerly took the paper, tore off its wrapper and turned to the summary; then a deep groan escaped his lips, and he covered his face with his hands. The Squire sprang up and looked at the paper, which had fluttered from the old man's nerveless grasp.

"Outbreak in India."

"Mutiny and massacre at Meerut. Capture of Delhi by the mutineers. Massacre of Europeans."

The headings were sensational and startling enough. Details necessarily of the most meagre description. Nothing but the bare facts were stated, but they were suggestive of a thousand possibilities and horrors.

"Don't give way, Mr. Abbot," said the Squire, kindly, and he laid his hand on the old man's shoulder in sympathy. "Don't give up hope all at once. It is not at all likely that all the English have lost their lives. I am certain the next telegrams will be more reassuring. The first are always unnecessarily alarming."

"I confess I haven't much hope, Squire; and when I think of my little girl, I can't bear it. She never had a care at Pine Edge, no preparation for such things as these."

"When she became a soldier's wife she accepted all the hazards, Mr. Abbot," said the Squire. "We must not lose heart. See, I am not hopeless, though my brother is as dear to me as your daughter is to you. Our interests are equal, and we must strengthen each other."

A slight sigh escaped William Ayre's lips as he uttered the last words; and Abbot understood what that sigh implied. There were none within these walls save himself who took a kindly and real interest in the young soldier.

"I'm an old man, Mr. Ayre, and I have all an old man's impatience," said the farmer, impulsively. "Don't think I'm reflecting on anything, sir. It was a proud day for me when I gave Rachel to the Captain. He was worthy of her, and that's a deal for me to say; but you're a father yourself, and you know what a father's feelings are."

"Yes, yes. I am not less concerned than you about my poor, dear sister," said the Squire, in his delicate considerate way. "I have a great many cares, Abbot, and I confess they are weighing on me. Look at me. You have not seen me for some weeks. How do you think I am looking?"

"Not well, sir. It would be a sin for me to say aught else," said the farmer, with a catch in his voice.

"I am not well," answered the Squire languidly, and shaded his eyes for a moment with his hand. Then suddenly he looked straight at the old man, with a faint, melancholy smile. "In fact, Abbot, I am a dying man."

"Oh, I hope not. For God's sake don't say it's so bad as that!" exclaimed Christopher Abbot, with sudden passion. "It's impossible that we can lose you."

"It is inevitable, Abbot. I've had them all at me, and their verdict is unanimous. If I live through the summer, which is not likely, if the weather continues as it is, the autumn winds will cut me off. It has been a frightful struggle, old friend. Life is sweet to us all, and I wanted to live. But, through the mercy of God I have learned my lesson, and can say, 'It is well.'"

"Oh, Mr. Ayre, this is worse news than the Indian revolt," cried Christopher Abbot, and he was perfectly sincere in his words. "Can nothing be done?"

The Squire shook his head.

"Nothing. They wanted me to go abroad for the spring, and I believed it might have prolonged my life for a few weeks. But I had so much to do, and I was afraid I might never come back to Studleigh."

He turned his eyes towards the wide window which commanded a magnificent prospect; one of the loveliest in that lovely shire. Christopher Abbot understood, ay and shared the painful yearning expressed in that long look. William Ayre's hold in life, with its many sweet ties, had been difficult to lose. The struggle had cost him more than any dreamed.

"Does her ladyship know?"

"I think she does. I have not spoken directly

to her yet. There are things in this life, Abbot, which require all a strong man's strength, but I must gather up my courage soon. Well, we can only wait for further news, which I believe will be more reassuring. Try not to anticipate the worst."

"I will try. You are a lesson to me, sir, old as I am. I did not think I should have lived to see such a sorrow come upon Studleigh."

"Ay, the old place has seen many changes. There will be a long regency. My son, poor little chap, will not be able to fill my shoes for many years. But Gillot is a wise and faithful friend. The place will be safe in his care. Are you in a hurry this morning?"

"No, I have nothing to do at Pine Edge, but wander up and down watching the slow growth of the corn, and tormenting myself about Rachel," said the old man, with a dismal smile.

"Sit down, then. We may not have such an opportunity for long. I have other things to speak to you about. I've been setting my house in order—a man's duty in health, but doubly so when health leaves him. I have not forgotten little Clement Ayre."

"There was no need, sir. All I have will go to Rachel's boy," said the old man, with a quick touch of pride which made the Squire smile.

"I know that; but my brother's son required some recognition from his father's kindred," he said, pointedly. "I have left Stonecroft in trust for him. It will be his when he is one-and-twenty."

Christopher Abbot looked perplexed, and hesitated before he spoke.

"There was no need—though I cannot but say it is generous. But, but—" A sensitive flush mounted to the old man's brow; "Lady Emily might justly feel aggrieved. The Croft is too big a slice to take from one cousin to give to another."

"If my son gives a faithful account of his stewardship at Studleigh, he will do very well," replied the Squire. "You are a little hard on my wife, Abbot," he added with a smile. "She is not devoid of human feelings, though she did not approve of the marriage, which has doubly cemented the old friendship between you and me."

"No, no, sir, I did not mean to imply any such thing," said the old man hastily. "Lady Emily had a perfect right to her opinion, and I never thought the less of her for it."

"Well, I tell you those things so that you may know the confidence I have in you, and, Abbot, it is my desire that you shall take your place as a relative at my funeral, I—"

"Oh, Mr. Ayre, I can't listen," cried the old man, starting to his feet. "I won't listen, you can't leave us. You'll see me out yet. I'm seventy-two, and you are not half my age. I can't bear to hear you speak like that—"

"It is true though, Abbot," said the Squire with a sad sweet smile. "And that is my desire, which you will not forget. I shall leave my instructions in writing so that they will be carried out. Good-bye just now, and keep up your heart about the exiles in India. I shall write to a friend at the War Office this morning, and get him to send me the latest and fullest particulars. I hope I'll live to see them both in England yet, and to hold my Anglo-Indian nephew in my arms."

They shook hands in silence, but the old man's eyes were dim as he looked into the noble face of the Squire. He tried to utter something of what was in his heart, but words failed him, and with another fervent grip he hurriedly left the room. As he stepped from the stairs to the hall, the breakfast room door opened, and Lady Emily appeared leading her little boy by the hand. She looked very lovely in her white morning gown, and the flowers in her belt were not fresher than the delicate bloom on her face. She coloured slightly with surprise at the sight of the farmer; and, returning his bow with a slight inclination of her haughty head, withdraw into the room until he had passed out of the hall. Christopher Abbot, however, was too much engrossed with other thoughts to pay any heed to the scant courtesy shown to him by the Squire's wife. When she heard the hall door close, she took the child upstairs to his nurse, and promising that he should see his father in a little, went alone to the Squire's dressing-room.

"I see Abbot has been here, William," she said in her quiet, cool way. "I hope he did not interfere with your breakfast? Have you eaten anything?"

"No, but I have drunk all the coffee, and taken the half of an egg, so don't scold, Emily," he said, with the serenest of smiles. "How lovely you are! It is as good as a walk out of doors to see your freshness."

She smiled at the pretty compliment, and laid her fair hands with a caressing touch on his head. But her tender moods did not last long.

"What did Abbott want so early, William?" she asked, presently.

"News from India. There it is in the *Times*. I suspect the worst has hardly been told."

"Is there any disturbance?"

She took up the paper quickly, and ran her eyes over the paragraphs.

"Delhi in the hands of the mutineers! Why, Geoffrey must have come to grief."

"I confess I am more concerned for his wife and child than for him, Emily. We dare not try to imagine their circumstances."

"But, surely, a few mutineers can soon be conquered by British soldiers?"

"Yes; but where are the British soldiers, Emily? I don't suppose there are a hundred, all told, in Delhi at this moment."

"I hope for your sake, dear, that he will be safe," she said, with unusual gentleness.

"I hope so; but it will be an unequal strife. I was writing to Grantly when you came in, asking for more particulars. He will know the latest. Emily, I'm sorry for poor old Abbot. Geoffrey's wife was all he had."

"He need not have been so eager for her to go to India, then," she replied, with a perceptible hardening of her voice. "He must accept the consequences now."

A slight shadow flitted across the Squire's brow. "Emily, will you allow your prejudice to rule you all your life? Will you never give a sister's hand to Geoffrey's wife?"

"Never."

She answered calmly, and without hesitation, and with no change in face or voice.

"Not even for my sake?" he pleaded, looking at her with eyes which ought to have conquered.

"What is the good of opening up that vexed question to-day, William?" she asked, with a touch of petulance. "I thought it was buried, and that we should have no more of it. I have my duty to my kindred and my position, William. It must always be wrong to set a bad precedent."

"Emily, I shall not have many more favours to ask. Do not let the brief span of life which remains to me be embittered by this estrangement," he said, earnestly. "I ask you to write to my sister, as a dying request."

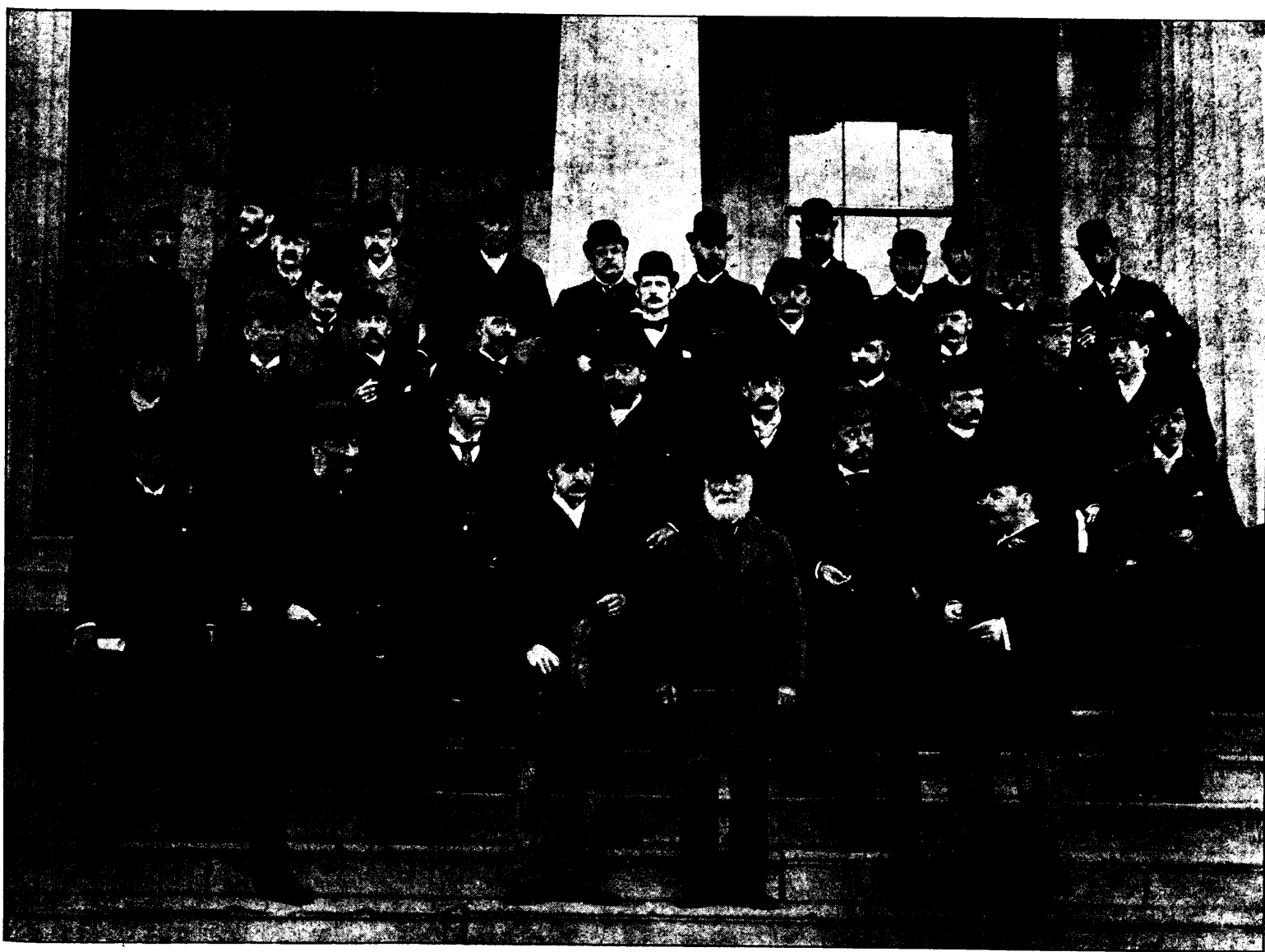
"Oh, you are cruel!" she cried, with heaving bosom and proudly quivering lip, and turning from him she left the room.

(To be Continued.)

## The Sun Never Sets on the British Empire.

This assertion is literally true, as anyone who takes the trouble to trace the sun's course round the earth can see for himself. The possessions of Great Britain are scattered over so large an area of the world's surface that not only is it a fact that the sun never sets upon them, but it is always shining upon a very large extent of land which lies under the sway of the British flag. One-eighth of the habitable globe recognises Queen Victoria as its ruler, and one-sixth of the entire population of the world is under her dominion; while not less than a third of the entire trade of the globe is carried on by Great Britain and her possessions.

"MR. PENNY," said the editor, gently, but firmly, "I fear the time has come to sever the relations which have so long existed between us. I have allowed you to rhyme 'pain' with 'again' and 'door' with 'moor,' but when you go so far as to try to make a rhyme of 'peaches' and 'he aches' you go rather too far. You will find your cheque in the counting-house."



GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL MINING ASSOCIATION OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.  
(Mr. R. Summerhayes, photo.)

## Our New York Letter.

The last week has not been a very eventful one except for its social departures. E. C. Burlingame, the editor of "Scribner's Magazine," has taken a short flight over to Europe, and Clyde Fitch, the dramatist, has gone over for the summer, and Stuart Merrill has flitted away to Newport, where his mother has a villa.

Misfortune seems to pursue the Belford company. It is hardly out of the quagmire yet.

The "Illustrated American" has brought out admirably executed reproductions of all Verestchagin's greatest pictures, and is turning its attention to British India. It is certainly remarkably enterprising in its illustrations.

The Longmans have re-organized their American house, so as to make it an entirely independent firm. Only about half the London firm of Longmans, Green & Co. are stockholders in the new firm, and their late manager in New York, Mr. Mills, an American citizen, becomes a partner and president of the new firm. There has been a great deal of talk in the papers about passing legislation that will impose the same restrictions on the Canadian Pacific Railway that are imposed on its American rivals by the interstate commerce laws. This talk, of course, only veils a desire to prevent the C.P.R. doing any business at all in the United States. But the agitation is not expected to come to anything, because by the recent deal over the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg line the Vanderbilt interest has become identified with the C.P.R., and it is expected that this would be given to the Democratic party in case of legislation at the hands of the Republican party hostile to the new combination.

There are still a number of society families in town, as is proven by the display of smart people assembled on Saturday in the new studio of Mr. J. Edward Barclay, an Englishman, settled in the United States, who has a very large *clientèle* as a portrait painter. His studio is in the Sherwood, a most convenient apartment and studio house, at the corner of 6th Avenue and 57th street, where Clyde Fitch lives. Canadians will hear with interest that one of the principal features was a perfectly exquisite portrait of Mrs. W. M. Langton, of Brockville, Ont.

I notice that Sir Provo Wallis, the grand old Nova Scotian who was an officer on H.M.S. "Shannon" when she took the U. S. S. "Chesapeake," was to take part in the ceremony of the naval exhibition in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital.

THE LOG OF A JACK TAR—Edited by Commander V. Lovett Cameron, R.N. (MacMillan & Co., New York). This is a capital series, cheap, admirably got up and brimful of adventure, which boys love. "The Log of a Jack Tar" is very much the log of a pirate—James Choyce, master mariner. But he was an amiable sort of a pirate, with a marvellous faculty for breaking prison. The book is extremely interesting as showing the barbarous way in which the French treated prisoners of war a hundred years ago. With it is bound in the story of Captain O'Brien's, R.N., captivity in France, which tells the same tale of barbarity. This is a book that will please all readers who have an appetite for adventure in that happy hunting ground of adventurers—South America.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's "Testimonial to Walter Whitman," published by the Truth Seeker Company, is full of the eloquence for which that remarkable man is famous.

He thinks Whitman the greatest of living poets, but appreciates his faults as well as his splendours, e.g., "in everything a touch of pathos—lacking what is called form as the clouds lack form, but not lacking the splendour of sunrise or the glory of sunset." Here are some genuine Ingersollisms, which show his contempt for priggishness:

"The provincial prudes, and others of like mold, pretend that love is a duty rather than a passion—a kind of self-denial—not an overmastering joy. They preach the gospel of pretence and pantalettes. In the presence of sincerity, of truth, they cast down their eyes and endeavour to feel immodest. To them the most beautiful thing is hypocrisy adorned with a blush."

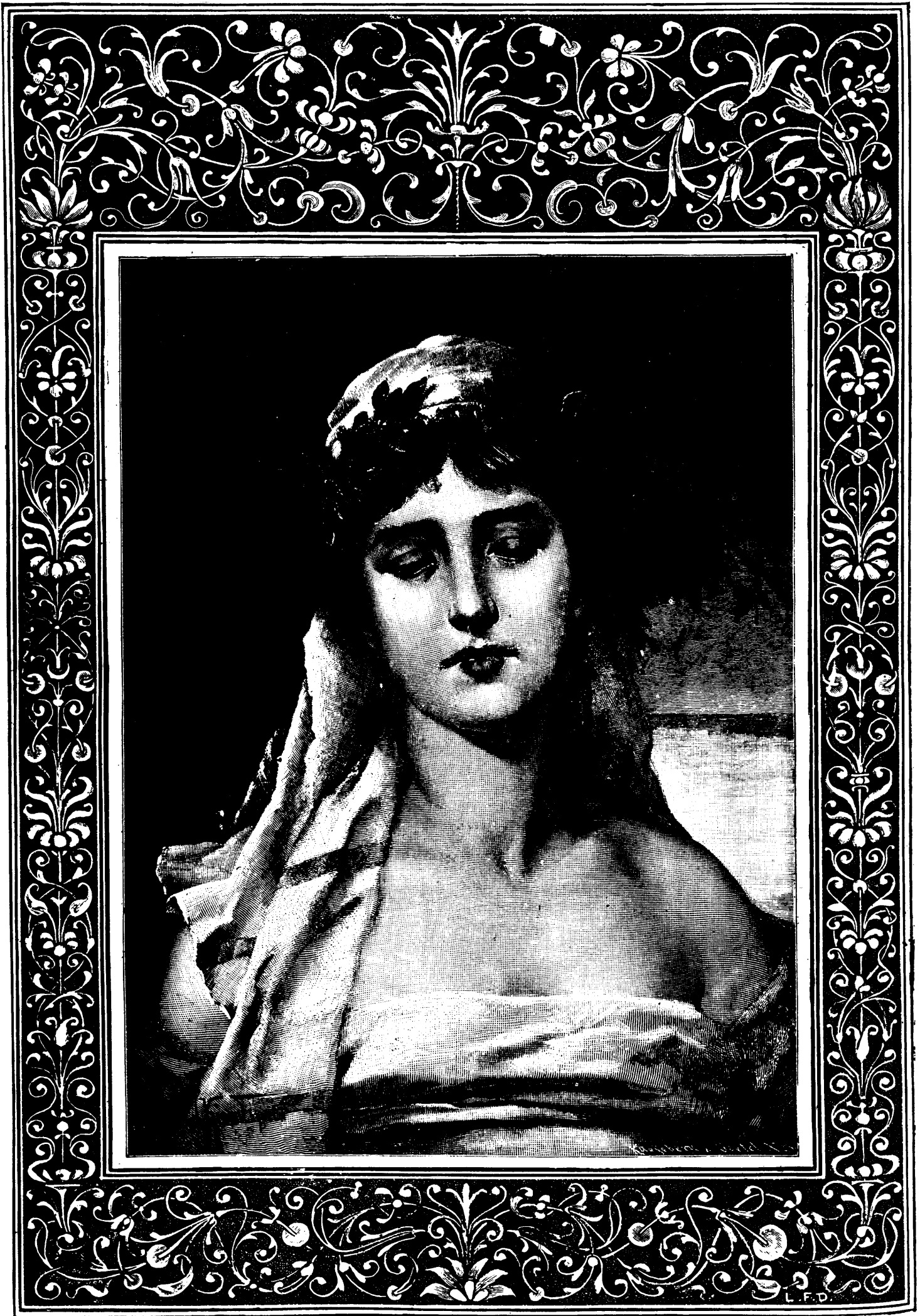
"People had been taught from bibles and from creeds that maternity was a kind of crime."

"To me the most obscene word in our language is celibacy."

"In all genius there is a touch of chaos—a little of the vagabond."

A new play, "The Merchant," has been produced at the Madison Square Theatre. It is a virtuous Bowery-wicked-to-be-rich sort of play, apt to be dull to an audience sufficiently high-class not to mind the iniquity of being rich. The first act was slow and unoriginal. Indeed, there was nothing *dramatic* at all till the end of the second act. From that time forward the play was exciting enough, but unpleasant. The little Quakeress acted her part very well, but it was a disagreeable one, and the husband's unforgiveness to his repentant friend jarred upon one. The acting was good. Jess Morgan was a great improvement upon the ordinary *ingenue*. Mr. Henley made all that could be made of his disagreeable part.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.



DANTE'S BEATRICE.

# OUR ENGRAVING

MISS EDITH LITTLEHALES, a young Canadian violiniste, daughter of Mr. Thos. Littlehales, gas engineer, of Hamilton, Ont., was born in London, Eng., and brought to Canada at a very early age. Her father is an enthusiastic amateur musician and worker in all the musical movements in Hamilton, and his is a familiar figure with his violincello, or double bass, in the orchestra at the concerts of many of the musical organizations of the province; always ready to welcome to his home musicians visiting the city, and a list of the singers and players who have been his guests would show quite a galaxy. His family and his home are generally considered the well-springs of music in the "Ambitious City," and a glance round the walls of his drawing room would delight the eye of any musician with the portraits of the great composers and the great performers of the past and present; consequently Miss Edith was brought up in quite a musical atmosphere, her home surroundings being of such a thoroughly musical nature. At ten years of age she was the first violin of the "Family Quartette," consisting of herself, her brother, mother and father. When only sixteen years of age, Miss Littlehales was selected as principal first violin, or leader of orchestra, in the festival performances of "Creation" and "Samson," with a chorus of five hundred voices and an orchestra of fifty-eight performers, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington, and in many other oratorio and orchestral performances Miss Littlehales was to be seen at the leader's desk. Her first lessons on the violin were received from Mr. Geo. Steele, and subsequently she studied for several years under Mr. J. W. Baumann. In 1887 she entered the Royal Conservatorium of Music, Leipzig, studying the violin under Professors Friederick Hermann and Hans Sitt, and piano harmony and singing under other masters, and on leaving the conservatorium received a certificate signed by the directors and professors, from which the following are condensed extracts:—"Miss Edith Littlehales was a pupil of the Royal Conservatorium of Leipzig, and left same with honour July, 1889; said young lady participated with exemplary earnestness, diligence and ambition in the instruction imparted in the theory of music, pianoforte, violin and viola playing, in singing, and also in the history and æsthetics of music, and has accordingly made right noteworthy progress in her musical education, being supported, as she was, by good talent and remarkably previous knowledge. In pianoforte playing her progress was very favourable. In violin playing said lady possesses a very sound technique, which shows itself most satisfactorily by its thoroughness and exactness, together with a musical intelligent understanding and manner of interpreting. Besides this she has acquired praiseworthy dexterity as a viola player, and certainly in ensemble and quartet playing; in singing, a good knowledge of tone formation; in history and æsthetics of music, varied knowledge. The moral character of Miss Littlehales was all the time, and in every respect, exemplary. (Signed), Carl Reinecke, G. Ewald, Paul Quasdorf, Oscar Paul, Hans Sitt, C. Beving, Friederich Hermann." Since Miss Littlehales' return she has appeared as solo violiniste in concerts at Hamilton and various other places in the province, receiving emphatic evidences of appreciation from musicians, the press and the public. Miss Littlehales' younger sister, Lillian, is an accomplished solo performer on the violoncello, and her brother, Sydney, is an excellent violin and viola player.

GENERAL MINING ASSOCIATION OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.—This association, formed in January of the present year, held its first quarterly general meeting for the reading and discussion of papers in Montreal on 29th ult. There was a large attendance, the principal asbestos, phosphate, iron, copper, mica and other mineral industries being represented. A petition to the Governor-General-in-Council praying for the disallowance of the Mining Act, passed at the last session of the local legislature, was signed and arrangements made for its presentation at Ottawa. It is claimed that it is unconstitutional, that it has a retroactive effect, that it interferes with vested rights unjustly and confiscates private property, that it is contrary to the policy of the Dominion Government and is injurious to a large and increasing commercial industry. The suicidal policy of the Act was ably reviewed in a paper from Mr. Rossiter to Mr. Raymond, M. E., Secretary of the American Institute of

fundamental industry and with it all the business of the province, it would be difficult to invent." Among the other papers discussed were: "Mine Inspection," by J. Burley-Smith, M. E.; "The responsibilities of the Mine Manager," by A. M. Evans, M. E.; "The Chemical Analyses of Asbestos," by Dr. T. J. Donald; "Scientific Enquiry in its Relation to Mining," by Dr. Ellis; "The Law Respecting Powder Magazines in the Province of Quebec," by Hon. George Irvine; "The Electrical Transmission and Conversion of Electrical Energy for Mining Purposes," by H. Ward Leonard, New York; "Hauling, Hoisting and Pumping Electrical Plants," by J. E. Kirkland, Boston. In the afternoon the visitors visited McGill University Grounds and witnessed some experiments with the Edison Electric Percussion Drill. Though working under considerable difficulty, the test sufficiently demonstrates the utility and economy of the machine for mining work, particularly when the power was to be transmitted some distance. A party of the members were photographed after the experiment, the group being reproduced elsewhere.

HAMPTON, N.B.—Midway between Sussex and St. John, and at the head of navigation on the Kennebecasis, stands Hampton, the shiretown of King's County. It comprises two villages, distant about a mile from each other. Hampton Ferry is so called from the manner by which the stage from St. John to Halifax formerly crossed to the northern side of the river. It is now the seat of the largest match factory in the Maritime Provinces. Hampton Station (in the distance) has grown up since the railway was built. Its chief buildings are the court house and gaol, a large and well-appointed hotel and three neat and newly-built churches. Hampton is the home of the Hon. Wm. Widderburn, Judge of the King's County Court, and of several business men of St. John; and many residents of that city resort each summer to its picturesque scenery and salubrious air.

DR. E. P. GORDON.—This gentleman, so well known in Toronto lacrosse circles, was born at St. Helen's Ont., on 8th December, 1866. When six years of age his family removed to Toronto, where he resided up to the date of his present appointment. He was educated in the Model and High Schools, and afterwards took a course in medicine at Toronto University Medical College. Mr. Gordon always evinced a great fondness for athletic sports, and under the guidance of Mr. Sam. Hughes, of Toronto Lacrosse Club fame, went in for our national game at an early age, besides devoting a proportion of his spare time to football. At a comparatively early

age he joined the Acme Lacrosse Club; in 1887 he entered the ranks of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, and showed such skill as to soon be promoted into the first twelve. In 1888 he went to England with the club team that visited the Mother Country, and was also a member of the Canadian football team which went over to Britain that year. In the autumn of 1889 he, having graduated from college, obtained the appointment of surgeon to the second of the magnificent steamships of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the "Empress of Japan," now running between Liverpool, Yokohama and Vancouver in connection with the famous "globe-circling" excursions under C. P. R. management, the first of which has been just accomplished with such marvellous speed, winning praises from every quarter, and reflecting credit not only on the railway, but on the country whose name it bears. We wish Dr. Gordon every success in his new career and hope that more of our Canadian athletes will be equally as fortunate in obtaining prominent and honourable positions similar to that held by the subject of our sketch.



MISS EDITH LITTLEHALES.

Mining Engineers, and one of the greatest authorities on mining legislation. He pointed out that a little acquaintance with mining should convince anybody that three per cent. on gross value would be a very unequal tax on the different minerals enumerated. Levied, as directed, on the gross weight of gold, it would be on low-grade ores ten or twenty or fifty per cent. on the net profit per ton of the auriferous ores of that class. In fact, the law is so contrived as to rest least heavily upon the miners of rich, concentrated materials, who employ proportionately the least labor and benefit the country least, while it bears most heavily upon those who spend most money in wares, freights and machinery, carry on the most expensive business and are content with the smallest profits of raw material. "A more ingenious contrivance," said Mr. Raymond, "for injuring a



INSPECTION OF THE VICTORIA RIFLES.—The annual inspection of this popular corps was held on the Champ de Mars, Montreal, on Saturday, 9th inst., and brought together one of the largest crowds of spectators seen for many a day at the inspection of a single battalion. The corps marched on to the ground a little before four o'clock, looking remarkably well, the marching being, as usual, good, the sections well dressed, and the men erect and soldierlike. The muster was fairly good, over 350 men being on parade. Both brass and bugle bands were, of course, in attendance, but the music from either was scarcely up to the mark of what it should be for a regiment like the Vics; the former playing few if any pieces other than those heard for years, and the buglers and drummers being far too few in number for the strength of the battalion. Shortly after four o'clock Major-General Herbert and staff rode on the ground and were received with the usual salute. Instead of the usual inspection in line, General Herbert broke the battalion into open column, dismounted, and made a minute personal inspection of every man in the ranks. This concluded, the show part of the parade commenced with the usual march-past, followed by the manual and firing exercises. These were done fairly well, but only fairly: quite good enough, however, for all practical purposes. The regiment was then put through a number of movements in battalion drill by Lieut.-Col. Henshaw. These were well executed, but at first the work was slow, far too slow for a crack rifle corps; there was not that spring and smartness among the men that we have seen on former occasions. This stiffness wore off, however, and the later movements had more "snap" and "go" about them. The markers were quickly out when giving points, and did their work well. The inspection concluded with the most important exercise of all—the attack in extended order. From a spectator's limited point of view this was done in excellent style, and gave proof of careful training on the one hand, and ready intelligence on the other. As the great essential when in action, it is a pity that more time cannot be devoted by our militia to this "extended order" work, and less to the purely show movements of marching past and similar exercises, which are all very well for the regular but absorb too much of the limited time which a volunteer can devote to drill. After the attack, the companies fell in on their markers in column, and the corps was briefly addressed by the Major-General, who congratulated the battalion on the very creditable inspection just concluded. The regiment then marched back to their armoury.

## OUR CANADIAN CHURCHES, VII

### Bloor St. Presbyterian Church, Toronto.

The structure is one of the handsomest church buildings in the Dominion and is at once a credit to the Presbyterian denomination and an ornament to Toronto. It is of brown Credit Valley stone with Ohio stone dressings and slated roof, and was planned and erected under the supervision of Mr. W. R. Gregg, architect. The extreme length on Huron street is 133 feet, with frontage on Bloor street of 87 feet. The auditorium is 80 by 74 feet, with a height of 43 feet, not including an organ arch of 24 by 7 feet. A lecture room in rear, 35 by 50 feet, is connected with manager's and session rooms by sliding doors. The height of the tower including minaret is 120 feet. There is a flat roof on the tower at a height of 94 feet, to which visitors are admitted and from whence a splendid view of the city is obtained. The first and present pastor of the church is the Rev. W. G. Wallace, M.A., B.D., who was inducted Sept. 4, 1888. The church has a large and efficient choir under the conductorship of Mr. Arthur A. Greene, organist. There are over 500 members on the communion roll. The insurance on the property is \$58,500. There is a large and steadily increasing Sabbath school. The superintendent is Mr. R. J. Hunter. In connection with the church is a "Woman's Association," a "MacLaren Auxiliary," a "Young Peoples' Christian Association," a "McCracken Mission Band" and a "Wychwood Mission," all doing good work.

### A Story of the Last Census.

Probably the meanest piece of deception ever practised on a woman occurred recently in West Hampstead. It seems that one of the belles of that important London suburb is a Miss Susan Smiffey, whom a vigorous rumour, kept in favour by her less favoured sisterhood, credited with being a desperate little flirt. At all events her affections were of sufficiently indefinite a quality to cause her



DR. E. P. GORDON, OF TORONTO.  
Surgeon on C. P. R. Steamship "Empress of Japan."

two most favoured visitors to look upon each other with the most vindictive feelings common to hated rivals. These gentlemen, who were respectively a solicitor's clerk, with eye-glass and freckles, named Pliff, and a red-headed accountant, called Diggs, occupied the intervals between gloomily sitting each other out three evenings a week in fruitless attempts to discover which of the two was really the coming man in the matrimonial race, so to speak. Last Sunday Miss Smiffey, in response to a business-like ring admitted a middle-aged party, with a black beard, wearing blue goggles and a long ulster.

"I'm taking the census mum," he said, opening a flat book on the piano, and getting out some blank forms. "Just look sharp, please, and answer the necessary questions."

Miss Smiffey trembles a little, as women always do, for some reason, when talking to a Government official, and said she'd try.

"Lem'me see—your name's Smiffey, I believe—first name?"

"Susan."

"Middle name?"

"Haven't got any."

"Come, now, young woman, no prevarication. Are you sure you haven't got a middle name somewhere, or are you trying to conceal it?"

"No sir; indeed I haven't," said the young lady, turning pale, "I wouldn't deceive you."

"You'd better not, mum. The penalty is twenty-five years' imprisonment with hard labour."

"Gracious me!"

"Fact, mum. Now, then, let's see what's next. Ah, yes—how often married?"

"Not once yet."

"Ahem! Going to be, I s'pose? Been asked eh?"

"Oh, yes, sir, several times."

"Call it six times," said the census man, making an entry. "What's next? Ah, yes—is your back hair false?"

"M-m-must I answer that?"

"Of course you must. Don't trifle with the Government, mum. Come, now—"

"Well, it's—that is—"

"That'll do; we'll call it mixed. Teeth sound?"

"Yes!" with much emphasis.

"Don't get excited. Let's see—I'll put your age down as twenty-five. The Government never allows us to take a woman's age on oath. They will underestimate it."

"I am just eighteen. I don't care what the Government says," remarked Miss Smiffey, snappishly.

"Of course, of course, they all say that. Pay attention please. What size corset? Eh? Must answer, mum, remember the penalty. How many inches round the waist?"

"Well, if you must know, sixteen. But I think it a shame——"

"No remarks, if you please. Ahem? We'll call it nineteen. They generally throw off about three inches, I find. Size of shoes?"

"Two, but I can wear one-and-a——"

I'll return you as a number four. Any admirers?"

"W-w-what?"

"I say, any admirers?—and be very careful about your answer, mum. The authorities are very particular on this point. Now, how many sweethearts?"

"Well, of course there are some gentlemen coming here, and——"

"Of course there are; I've got you down in the 'Good Looks' space as 'A.A. 1.1., handsome.' So, of course, you have plenty of admirers. All the Government requires, however, is the principal ones."

"Well," said the young lady, somewhat mollified, "there is Jimmy Pliff, and Tom Diggs, and——"

"Hold on! Which of 'em do you intend to marry?" said the enumerator of population, earnestly.

"Oh, neither of them. There, ahem, there's a splendid gentleman, named Scudberry—Charlie Scudberry—perhaps you know him? He has big brown whiskers, and beautiful curly hair, and——"

"And do these, these other gentlemen—Pliff and Diggs—know the existence of this—this fellow Scudberry?"

"Oh, no! I'm too sharp for that. I just keep them on to buy sweets and flowers and take me to the theatre. It's the greatest fun. Charlie knows all about it you see, and calls himself the—the—Oh, yes! the dark horse."

"Oh, he does, does he?" roared the census man, jerking off his wig and goggles, and revealing the enraged features of Mr. Thomas Diggs. "I wish him joy of his bargain, and I'll give him six months to get a divorce from the most double faced little cat in the Eastern Hemisphere!"

and he banged the door like a railway porter as he stalked out.





A TURN IN THE ROAD, MOUNTAIN PARK, MONTREAL.

### Hamlin's Mill.

Brightly the sun one summer's day  
Upon the charming scene was shining;  
And warm the thrifty village lay,  
Amid its silent fields reclining.  
The river, like a silver thread,  
Wound round the hazy, shimmering hill,  
Till, plunging o'er the dam, it fled  
In eddies down to Hamlin's Mill.

Along the pathway, through the grove,  
Beneath the shady trees we hurried.  
The birds were twittering above,  
While in and out the squirrels scurried.  
We took the narrow road that wound  
Through clearings that were smoking still;  
And soon our merry chat was drowned  
Amidst the noise at Hamlin's Mill.

We stood within the sunlit room  
And watched the busy bobbins turning;  
Then gathered round a jangling loom,  
The flying shuttle's secret learning.  
Across the mossy flume we crept,  
Whose leaky sides their burden spill,  
And dabbled in the pond where slept  
The giant power of Hamlin's Mill.

Montreal. ARTHUR WEIR.

## Our London Letter.

LONDON, April 25, 1891.

When anyone has anything of real importance to say on any topic, one doesn't, as in days gone by, write a book or long treatise on the subject, but one writes a magazine article of some six thousand words and gets it published in one of the more important monthly reviews. Of course the subject suffers from the undue compression; but what of that when one has the inestimable advantage of reaching the very large public which reads, and tries to comprehend the monthly reviews. The consequence is that the reading world is submerged with volumes of essays, taken from the magazines and reviews, on every possible subject under the sun. Mr. George Moore—the English literary apostle of Zola—has just given to the world a volume of this sort, under the title "Impressions and Opinions," (David Nutt) which has been very much discussed and talked about over here. Mr. Moore is unconventional, and he knows and likes it, and is always trying to play up to the character with the greatest success. The most trenchant and the most hard-hitting of all the articles is the one on "Mummer Worship," in which Mr. Moore protests against the adulation, flattery and attention which society showers on anyone who can call himself or herself an actor. He says that "an actor is one who repeats a portion of a story invented by another;" and he maintains that "acting is the lowest of the arts, if it is an art at all."

Then there is another article, almost as militant, on "Our Dramatists and their Literature," in which the author examines the claims of our dramatists and criticises them severely. Mr. Robert Buchanan, he says, is the best man of letters the stage can boast, while he dissects without mercy the claims of Mr. A. W. Pinero, Mr. Sydney Grundy, Mr. H. A. Jones and Mr. G. R. Sims. In reading this article, however, it should be remembered that popular rumour says that Mr. George Moore has written more than one play himself which has not been accepted.

Another important volume of essays is Mr. George Saintsbury's "Essays on the French Novelists" (Percival). The majority of these essays were written at the suggestion of Mr. John Morley for the "Fortnightly Review" (of which journal he was the editor) in 1878. In literature twelve years is a long time, and one hopes that in some future volume Mr. Saintsbury (for no one knows the French novel better than he) will give us his more extended views on the French novelists of the immediate present. The novelists whom he treats of here are Anthony Hamilton, Lesage, de Bernard, Dumas pere, Theophile Gautier, Sandeau, Feuillet, Gustave Flaubert, Murger and Cherbuliez.

In addition to the usual first nights there have been two dramatic celebrations of importance this week. Mr. Thomas Thorne has just completed his coming of age as the lessee and manager of the Vaudeville Theatre, and in commemoration of the event he has been presented with a very handsome testimonial by his brother managers, who, at the conclusion of the performance of "Money," collected on the stage—Mr. Henry Irving reading a congratulatory address written by Mr. Clement Scott (the dramatic critic of the

*Daily Telegraph*). The second event was the home coming of Mr. John Toole, laden with trophies and curiosities from Australia and New Zealand. On Thursday, April 23, he re-opened at his little theatre on King William street, with H. S. Byron's "Upper Crust," an old favourite, which was warmly applauded both for the excellent acting and for old associations' sake. Everyone was glad to see the old comedian back again, and when he came on the stage the applause was deafening.

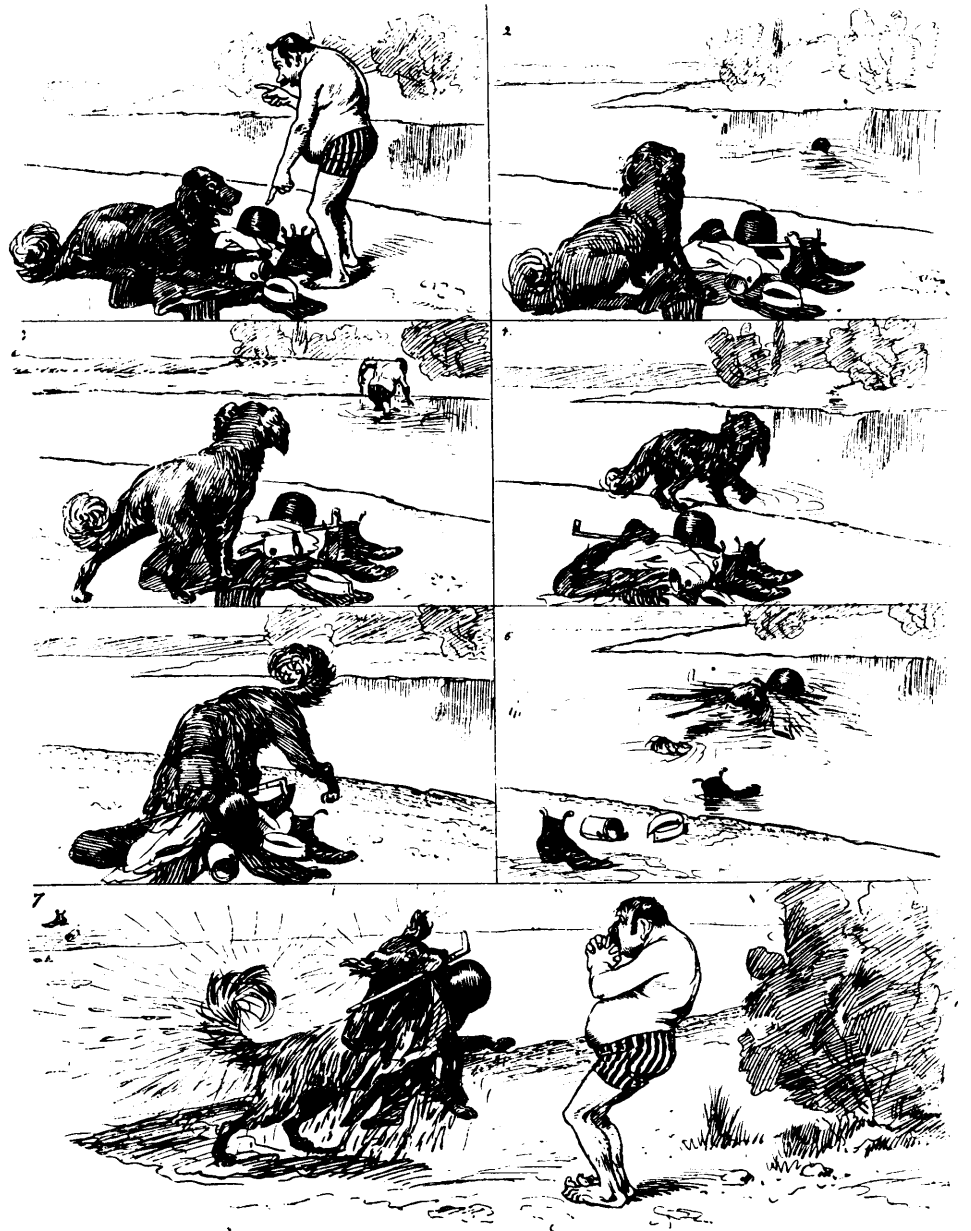
Apparently Mr. Wilson Barrett has not any new and original plays ready for production, for he still goes on with a wearisome round of revivals. Last week it was "Hamlet," (when Miss Winifred Emery made a charming Ophelia) and now it is "Belphegor," considerably revised and renamed, for the sake of the common crowd, "The Acrobat." Mr. Wilson Barrett as the hero acted (and ranted) with all his usual vigour, and Miss Winifred Emery gave a charming rendering of his persecuted wife, Madeline, while Mr. George Barrett was amusing in the part of Flip-Flap. But the first night of "The Acrobat" was notable in another and far more important manner. When the first act was over and when the applause had subsided, a number of play-goers in the gallery hung out a huge banner, on which was inscribed "All Fees should be Abolished." At the same time some hundreds of small handbills were thrown from the gallery and fell into the stalls, pit, and dress circle. These handbills were headed "Down with the Fee System," and wound up with an exhortation to all play-goers to refuse to pay for their programmes and for the cloak rooms, and to only patronize those theatres where these charges were not made. A truce was then declared until the end of the performance, when Mr. Wilson Barrett very sensibly came before the curtain and

promised that in future no fees whatever should be charged. This is a much needed reform, which, it is to be hoped, will be followed by every manager in London—and out.

At the Lyceum Theatre, Mr. Henry Irving has just revived Mr. G. W. Wills' charming play, "Olivia," (an adaptation of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield") with himself as the Vicar (one of his finest impersonations) and Miss Ellen Terry as Olivia. The cast also includes Miss Annie Irish and Mr. William Terriss. On the 12th of May Mr. Irving intends to revive "The Corsican Brothers," which has not been seen in London for some years. As there is no part for Miss Ellen Terry in this play, Charles Reade's one act comedy, "Nance Oldfield," will be revived, when Miss Terry will play Mrs. Oldfield for the first time.

GRANT RICHARDS.

Great men like Sir Christopher Wren have deigned to avail themselves of expedients. When the celebrated architect built the Town Hall at Windsor a fidgety member of the Corporation insisted that the roof required further support, and wished that more pillars should be added. Vainly did Sir Christopher assure him that the supposed danger was imaginary, the alarm became infectious, and the great architect was finally worried into adding the desired columns. Years rolled on; but, in later times, when architect and patrons had passed away, cleaning operations in the roof revealed the fact that the supposed additional supports did not touch the roof by a couple of inches, though this was imperceptible to the gazers below. By this ingenious expedient did Wren pacify his critics, while vindicating his own architectural skill to future generations. How often must the architect have smiled in secret as he passed under the roof with its "additional supports!"



A MONTREAL ALDERMAN'S HOLIDAY EXPERIENCE.