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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

(TRADE MARK.)

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(REGISTERED.)

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By Eugène Blaas.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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The fresh sorrow that has fallen upon the people of Quebec is all the more poignant from the reflection that it might have been prevented. The disaster did not come without warning. Nearly half a century ago (May 17, 1841,) the high cliffs of Cape Diamond poured down destruction and death on the houses beneath and their unthinking indwellers. In this case the fatal avalanche fell about an hour before midnight, when most of the inhabitants of Champlain street had retired to rest. Eight buildings were swept away in the path of the descending mass of rock, or were crushed into shapeless ruins beneath its weight. Thirty-two persons lost their lives by the catastrophe, and others lingered on till welcome death relieved them of their agony. Years passed and the horrors of the calamity had been forgotten by many of the younger generation, when again in 1852, at a point further westward, a landslide caused the death of seven persons. From time to time in the interval between that fatality and the dreadful disaster of last week, portions of the rock had given way.

It was not till 1880, after the fall of an unusually large mass of rock, earth and gravel that the authorities deemed it advisable to take what they deemed effective measures to save life and property from the recurrence of such casualties. In order to lessen the peril, certain clearly menacing portions of the over-hanging rock were removed, some houses whose position subjected them to daily jeopardy were taken down, and a barrier was erected which was supposed to be sufficiently high and strong to retain ordinary boulders and protect the houses on the opposite side of the street. It is now obvious that those defences were futile in case the avalanche of 1841 should be repeated. The enormous mass of rock and earth which, on the evening of the 19th inst., detached itself from the heights, rolled clear over the barrier and dashed into the opposite houses with resistless force. As the hour was between 7 and 8 p.m. many of the dwellers in the doomed tenements were at home and few escaped death or injury. As yet the extent of the mortality is unknown, though over forty bodies have been recovered and the searchers are still busy. Some were killed instantly; others died a lingering death, the agony of which one shudders to imagine. If any even incidental satisfaction can be associated with scenes of death and torture and unspeakable grief and horror, it is to be found in the contemplation of the humanity and heroic devotion of those—clergy and laity, soldiers and civilians, officials and private persons—who assisted in recovering the victims and helping the survivors.

On the appalling sights witnessed on the scene of the calamity we need not dwell, as full accounts of the disaster have already appeared in our contemporaries. Nor is it our place at such a time to cast reproach on those (whoever they may be) whose neglect to urge upon the imperilled occupants of the crushed houses the imminence of the danger it is difficult to condone. It is, however, impossible to read the report of Mr. Baillargé, C.E., the engineer of Quebec City, without surprise at the strange apathy which, in the face of such clearly known conditions, allowed any human being to rest for years exposed to a sudden and fearful death. For it appears by Mr. Baillargé's explanation that, nearly ten years ago, he pointed out that the high area in front of the Citadel and embracing the southwest end of Dufferin Terrace, was so loosened by deep crevices that its separation, in masses of more or less magnitude, from the body of the cliff, was only a matter of time—that it would surely come down in a few years, and perhaps in a day or two. In the face of such a warning, one would think that no time should have been lost in either rendering the houses in that part of Champlain street perfectly secure, or else in insisting that they should be demolished altogether. It is also strange that, knowing the natural result of last week's weather on rock, disintegrating as Mr. Baillargé had shown that in the vicinity of the Citadel to be, the authorities should have held no inspection of the clefts or, in case they indicated unusual danger, should have failed to warn the people dwelling below of their dreadful peril. The avalanche, moreover, did not start unheralded on its fatal descent: it had been preceded by the fall of boulders and masses of earth, but these ominous phenomena passed unheeded till the moment of doom when, for most, escape was inevitable.

Some of our enterprising fellow-citizens in British Columbia think that, if Mr. Neilsen's system of lobster hatching can prove so successful in renewing the depleted beds of the Atlantic coast, there is no good reason why the experiment of lobster culture might not be made in Pacific waters. It has been suggested in the *Colonist*, of Victoria, that two or three hundred female crustaceans might be transported across the continent. Lobsters are carried long distances alive all the time, and with care it is not improbable that their transfer in a fairly healthy condition from ocean to ocean might be effected with comparative ease. That the lobster would be a valuable addition to the edible denizens of western waters no person will deny, and the experiment, which would not be very costly, is one that would, at least, be worth making.

It is much to be regretted that, in the bitterness of controversy, some writers have allowed religious prejudices to complicate the discussion of the language question in the Ontario schools. Surely, the French language is no more Roman Catholic than the English language. It is the mother tongue of millions of Protestants; it is the chosen speech of myriads of members of the Eastern Church. It is spoken by dusky Aryans, who pattern their lives on the precepts of Buddha. It is a channel of communication between the sons of Shem and the sons of Japheth in Northern Africa and the Levant. It is spoken by many who profess no creed at all. It was for centuries the official tongue in England, and has long been by convention the language of diplomacy throughout Europe and beyond its borders. It is evident, therefore, that French has no religious significance,

and to wage war on it simply because the majority of those who use it in Canada are Roman Catholics is to give loose reins to a most irrational antipathy.

Of late we have heard some rather disquieting reports as to the state of feeling among the Half-breeds of the North-West towards the authorities. The Métis are, doubtless, a peculiar people, who require to be treated with delicacy and tact, and, if they have grievances left unredressed, or can justly complain of promises unfulfilled, no time should be lost in satisfying them, as far as it is possible to do so. They do not seem to have yet quite got over the notion that took possession of their minds in 1870 that the Canadians—the people of the older provinces—wished to rob them of all their rights. They claim that the Government has never dealt fairly with them in the matter of their share in the Indian title, and this, it seems, one of the questions that is agitating them just now. It has been suggested that scrip should be allotted to all persons born since, as well as before, 1870. Others are of opinion that the Métis have been taught to place too much dependence on assistance from outside and too little on their own exertions. Whatever be the right view of their conditions and prospects, it is clear, from the experience of the past, that, if disaffection prevails among them to any extent, no time should be lost in arriving at the truth as to their position, expectations and needs, and taking such action as circumstances may require. This is just one of those cases in which delay is always dangerous.

The French elections have made one thing clear—Boulangism is not yet a dead cause. It is not, at least, extinct beyond resuscitation. That the General should have received nearly 6,000 votes in Montmartre, in spite of the Government's refusal to receive his declaration as a candidate, reveals the bitterness of the antagonism to the present régime as much as respect for the condemned ex-Minister. The widely prevailing conviction that M. Boulanger was not only harshly, but unjustly, dealt with, must also have influenced some of those who voted for him. The comparatively large number of blanks would seem to indicate that a good many were unfavorably impressed by the revelations on the trial, and, therefore, though they would not support the Government, they hesitated to gratify the vanity of an untrustworthy man. If this be the correct explanation, it is satisfactory to know that there are electors in France who prefer principle even to the discomfiture of their foes.

The part played during the past year in connection with the Boulangist movement by the Comte de Paris is hardly to his credit. What pressure may have been brought upon him by influential Royalists we can, of course, imagine. A policy of mere abstention, as the clericals in Italy tardily discovered, is, from a practical standpoint, a mistake. To surrender everything because a party cares greatly for nothing that it has a chance of winning, is a grave blunder in political tactics. The common-sense leader sees the enemy, and to dislodge and crush him he directs all his energies. If his unsought allies happen to be disreputable, that is their concern, not his. He does not pretend to go with them farther than a certain point. They have a common foe—so far as the defeat of that foe demands combined counsel and action, he will consult and co-operate with them. Afterwards—the deluge. Coalitions of this kind have been usual wherever parliamentary government has existed, and, doubtless, the heir to the throne of

France can plead that he is only adopting an expedient to which public men of high moral tone have given the sanction of their example. Nevertheless, we cannot wonder that some of his well-wishers have joined his estimable uncle in asking what he does or expects to do *dans cette galère*.

The Republic—though weakened and at some points especially—has too much vitality to be killed outright by any coalition. The Opposition is mainly composed of those who call themselves Conservatives, but the conservative instincts of a large and important class are in favour of the Republic, simply because the members of that class hate change. It is vain to tell them that they will be better off if the Opportunists were put out of the way. They are Opportunists themselves, and only ask to be left in quiet. They are doing very well, and the hubbub of a *coup d'état* or a revolution is the last thing that they desire. The Republic has already exceeded the years of Louis Philippe's reign, and equalled those of the Second Empire, and its hold on power is still too strong to be shaken off by a man who has shown so much regard for his personal safety and comfort as Boulanger has during the crisis of the last few months.

A PLEA FOR AN OLD INSTITUTION.

The African negro has of late been coming, in a remarkable way, to the front. The nations of Europe are vying with each other for his protection against his natural foe. The nations of America that once regarded him as a chattel are considering how they may best elevate him in the moral and intellectual scale. An emperor and an emperor's daughter have not scorned to take a friendly and personal interest in his welfare. Men of philosophic mind have written the story of his enslavement and asked whether it was the discipline itself that was wrong or only the horrors of cruelty with which it was associated. The greatest of English generals has deemed the negro's military capacity not unworthy of his study and has devoted a thoughtful article, based on history and multifarious recent observation, to the subject. Lord Wolseley's conclusion is virtually the same as that at which Col. Williams, himself of African origin, arrived in his history of the negro's share in the Civil War. The British and the American writer agree that the negro can be made an excellent soldier by strictly enforced subordination, whereas, if left to himself, he would flee from danger on the first opportunity. Perhaps, in that respect, he is not very unlike the majority of other races. There are, doubtless, nations and men to whom valour comes by nature, being an inheritance, but, after all is said, most commanders know how little confidence can be placed in natural bravery (save in exceptional cases) without discipline to fall back upon.

But, whatever may be the possibilities of the negro, as citizen or as soldier, it must be admitted that, left to himself, he would never emerge from the obscure savagery of his native home. How, then, is he to be rescued from the influences that surround him—influences that have kept him degraded since history took cognizance of him? The Christian world has recently been aroused from apathy by the fervent words of Cardinal Lavigerie, which were uttered just in time to give Germany a pretext for intervening for ends of her own in the affairs of East Africa. The want of tact with which her operations for the salvation of the natives were carried on seems to have caused grave misunder-

standing in the minds of the latter as well as in those of their Arab masters. The Arab has for some time past been denounced as all that is bad and his treatment of the negro has been represented to be inhuman. A quarter of a century ago, before Christendom had quite discarded slave-holding, milder language was used, and even now there are a few Christians (some of them even clergymen) who decline to join in the outcry. The negro, they say, is the better, not the worse, for intercourse with the Arab, who is, at least, superior to himself. Only by some such ordeal as the Arab would now impose, as the Christian has only ceased to impose, can the negro's status be improved.

If we cannot hear the Arab's side of the question from his own lips, we have had the opportunity of hearing a similar plea, even at this late day, from a clergyman of the Southern States. Addressing an audience in Calvary Church, New York, some months ago, the Rev. Dr. A. Toomer Porter gave his own experience of the condition of the coloured people in the South before the Civil War. He points to 6,000,000 of less or more civilized Americans of African blood, and asks whether such a result could have been accomplished in any other way than servitude. Could the half million, that have grown into six millions, have come and settled in New England or in the Southern States on a par with the other inhabitants? The answer must be in the negative. The naked savage, who was taken from a state of slavery in the first instance, was housed, fed, clad and, at least to some extent, enlightened by contact with civilized masters. The house servants, nurses, cooks, butlers, coachmen, and other favoured slaves, were taught courtesy and good breeding, which, in turn, they imparted to the field hands. The moral status may not have been of the highest, but at any rate, argues Dr. Porter, it was above barbarism. Occasionally slaves learned to read and write. They could all be members of churches—half a million being so classed in 1861. The condition of the negro to-day is not due to emancipation but to the training that preceded it. Dr. Porter, like other Southerners, thinks that the truth of the matter should be acknowledged by the North as well as the South, now that they are co-operating to complete the education of the negro. Now, the Arab culture is, doubtless, inferior to the American. But, such as it is, it is claimed for it that it raises the African to at least a higher status than he held before. There is, moreover, no distinction of colour in the Moslem creed. Before Allah, black, yellow and white are alike. Hardly as much can be said for American Christianity. But for whatever the latter has done for the negro, it was, in Dr. Porter's opinion, the peculiar institution of the South that gave it its largest opportunities.

It would be interesting to know what the more enlightened of the African race on this continent think on this question. Not long since a storm of indignation was raised in a Southern town by the unflattering comments of a coloured editor on the moral and intellectual condition of his white fellow-citizens. He went so far as to say that, if the whites (meaning, doubtless, that element in the white population that used to be contemptuously described as "poor white trash") were driven from the South altogether (and he even indulged in a prediction that such a forcible exodus would ultimately—at no distant date, perhaps—take place), the coloured people would make it a very different country from what it is. Such language,

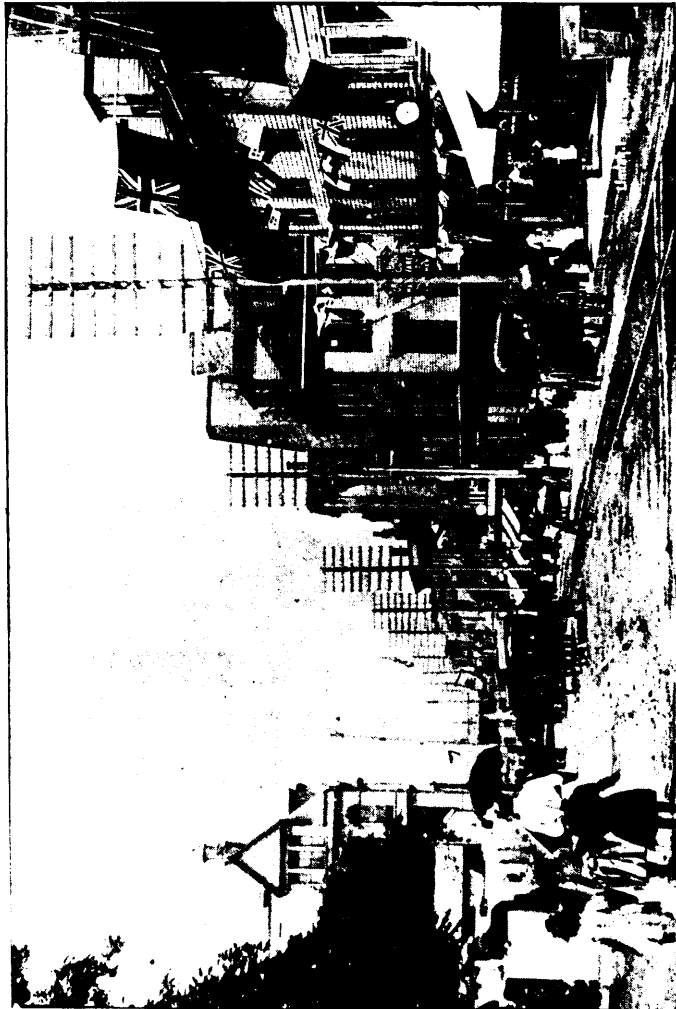
though uttered, we may suppose, under strong provocation, is simply absurd. There is nothing in the record of either Hayti or Liberia to justify such a boast, which is an insult not only to the South which enslaved, but to the North which emancipated. Even before the Civil War there were in the South (in Louisiana especially) many free negroes, some of them men of property—some of them even slave-holders. Since the war negroes are found in the professions, in mercantile life, in the magistracy, in the ranks of the nation's law-makers. Of the six millions and more that constitute the coloured population of the United States, a considerable proportion has, at least, the rudiments of education, and the present generation enjoys fair educational facilities. There is nothing, certainly, to match this in the results of missionary operations in benighted Africa, and, whether it be palatable or not, the fact is there that, by making the black the bond slave of the white man, the former has, in the course of time, been initiated into the habits, industries and aspirations of civilized life. The school may have been a harsh one, but it was not, even in its day of terror, without redeeming features; and, if any one should be inclined to excuse the past for the sake of the present, it is the civilized, educated, enlightened negro of the South, who stands on a level so far above his kinsman of the Dark Continent—a level to which Siberia and Hayti have not attained, and probably never will attain.

THE ROLL OF BATTLE ABBEY.

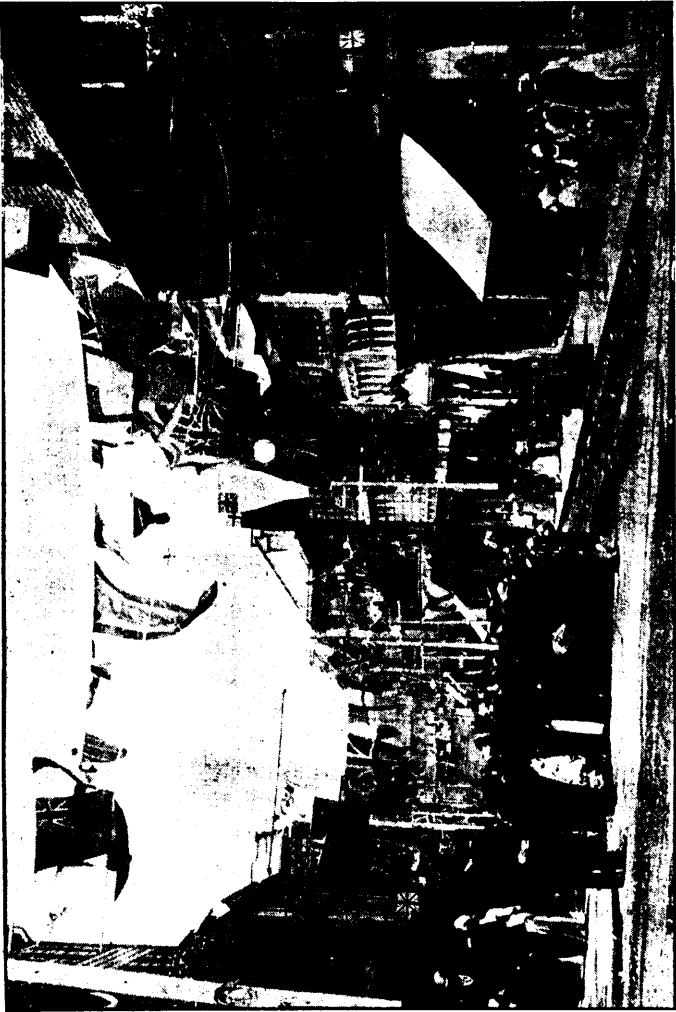
The roll of Battle Abbey is not in existence. There was such a roll suspended in the great hall of the building, and it bore the names of 645 knights; but it has disappeared long ago, as well as the other relics of the battle, which were removed to Cowdray and perished in the conflagration of 1793. We are, therefore, reduced to deal with copies or imperfect lists, of which there are several. The four lists which appear to be most authentic are (1) Duchesne's list, taken from the Abbey charter, containing 405 names; (2) Leland's collection, with 498 names; (3) Magny's catalogue, with 425 names; (4) Delisle's, called "The Dives List," with 485 names. These are all of a much later date than the Conquest, and it is well known that the heralds of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were not scrupulous in adding names to the "Libro d'Oro" of Battle. The most unquestionable record is that of Wace in the "Roman de Rou." He names 118 knights or barons, and he says he could have named many more. Twenty-seven of these are progenitors of noble English families or otherwise celebrated. The difficulty of identifying these doughty personages is increased by the fact that in the eleventh and twelfth centuries family surnames were not commonly in use. Christian names were given in baptism, and territorial names, taken from the place of abode or from the estates or fiefs held by the family or the individuals, were added. Sometimes the name of an office, or a nickname derived from some personal peculiarity, was assumed, such as Conestable, Le Brun, or Le Fort, which became in time the family names of Constable, Browne, Fortescue. The royal house of France had no family name. We doubt if the descendants of Rollo the Norseman had any name; they became Robert or William of Normandy. Throughout the Middle Ages the families and their branches were known by their territorial possessions. Their place of origin or *habitat* becomes, therefore, the essential key to their genealogies. After the Conquest the Norman lords of British fiefs frequently added their foreign appellation to their English manors. The following are instances: Hurst-Monceaux, Tarring-Neville, Drayton-Bassett, Melton-Mowbray, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Stanstead-Rivers, and many others. —*The Edinburgh Review*.

HALIFAX DURING CARNIVAL WEEK.

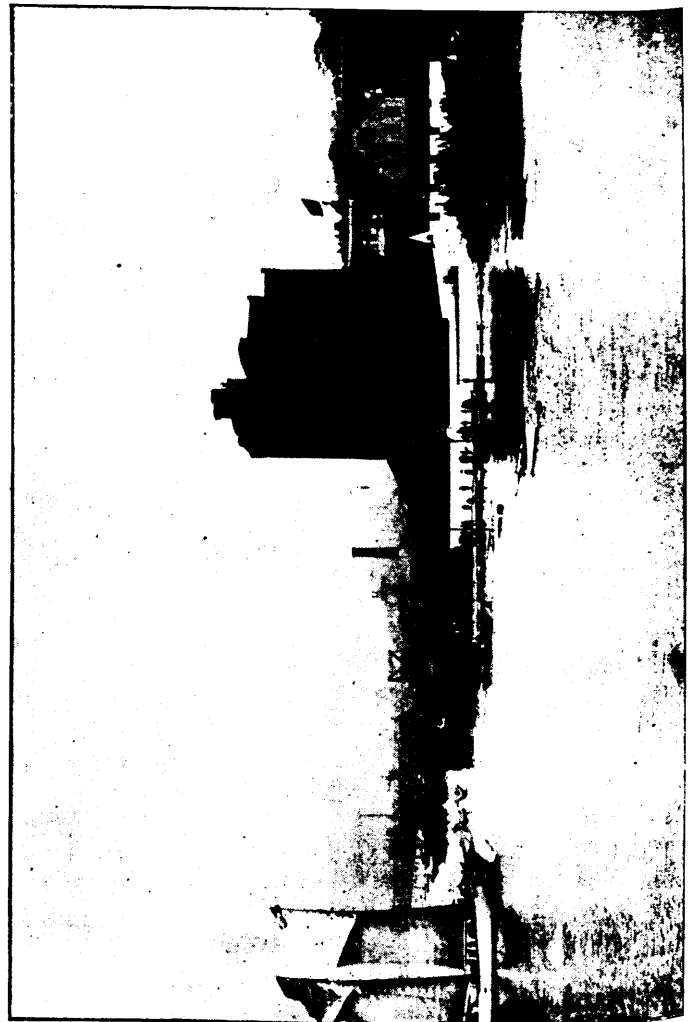
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BARRINGTON STREET, FROM ST. PAUL'S, SHOWING CITY HALL.



GRANVILLE STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM PROVINCIAL BUILDING.



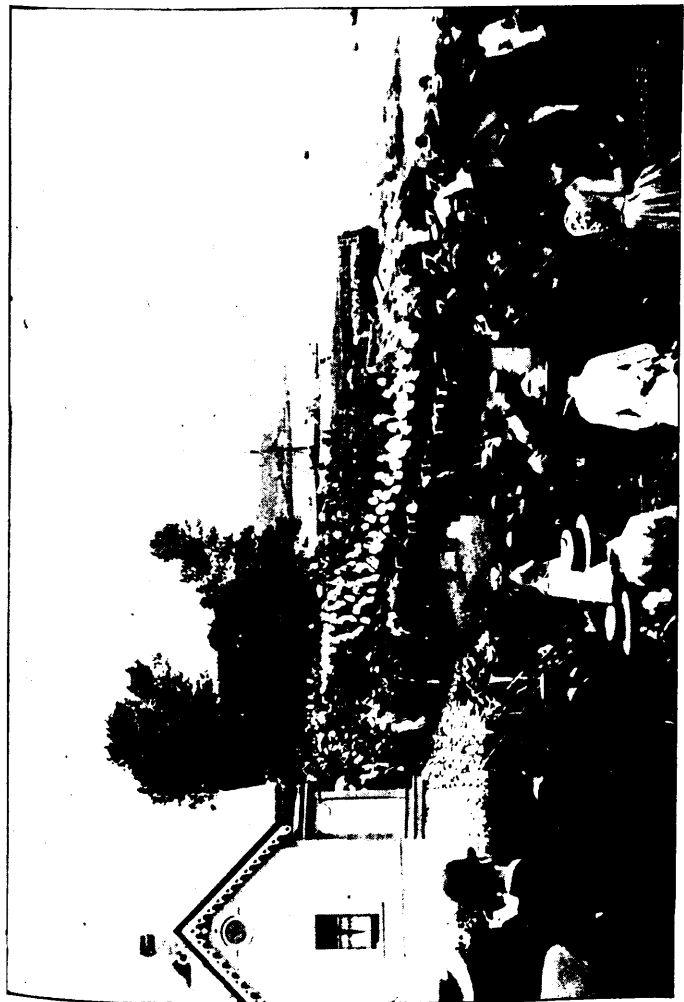
BOAT-RACING, FROM LORNE CLUB HOUSE.



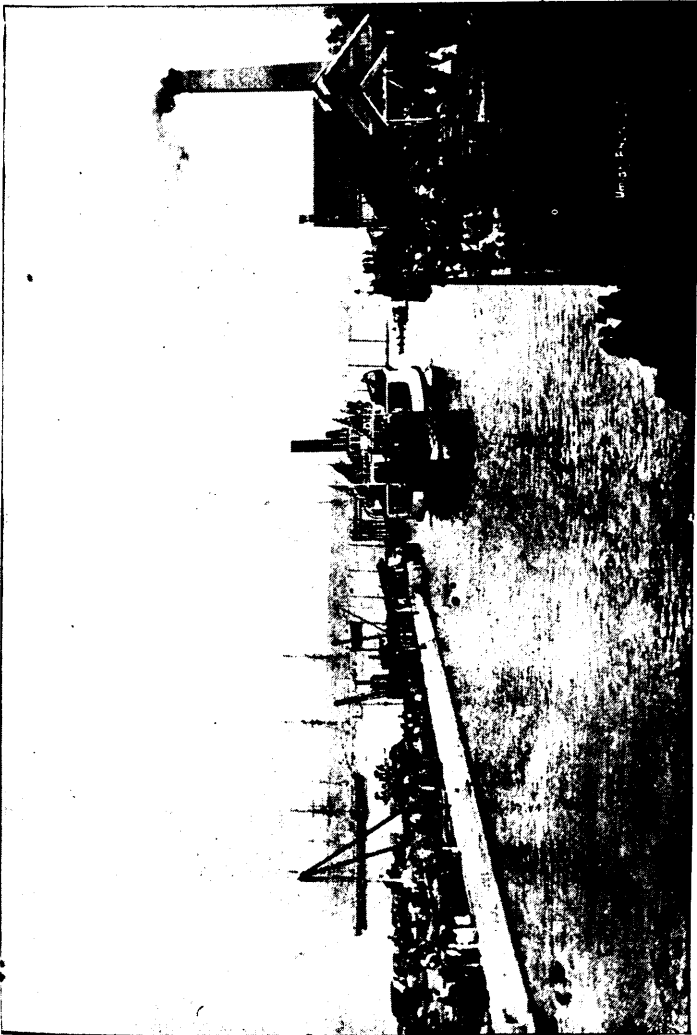
HALIFAX, FROM STEELE'S POND, ON BOMBARDMENT DAY.

HALIFAX DURING CARNIVAL WEEK.

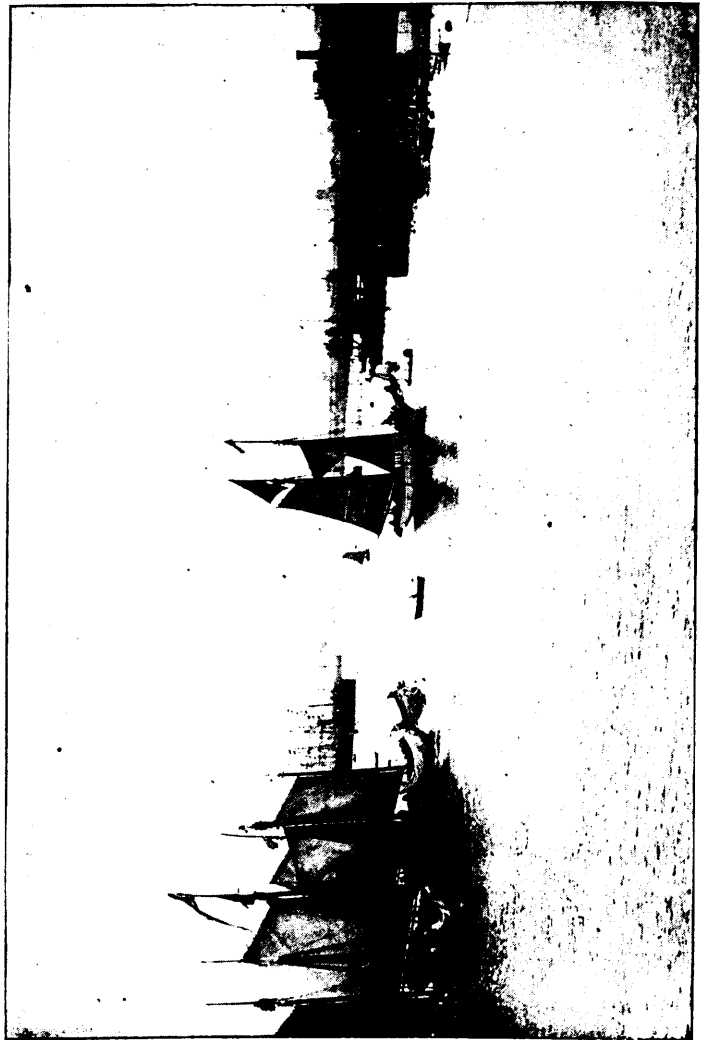
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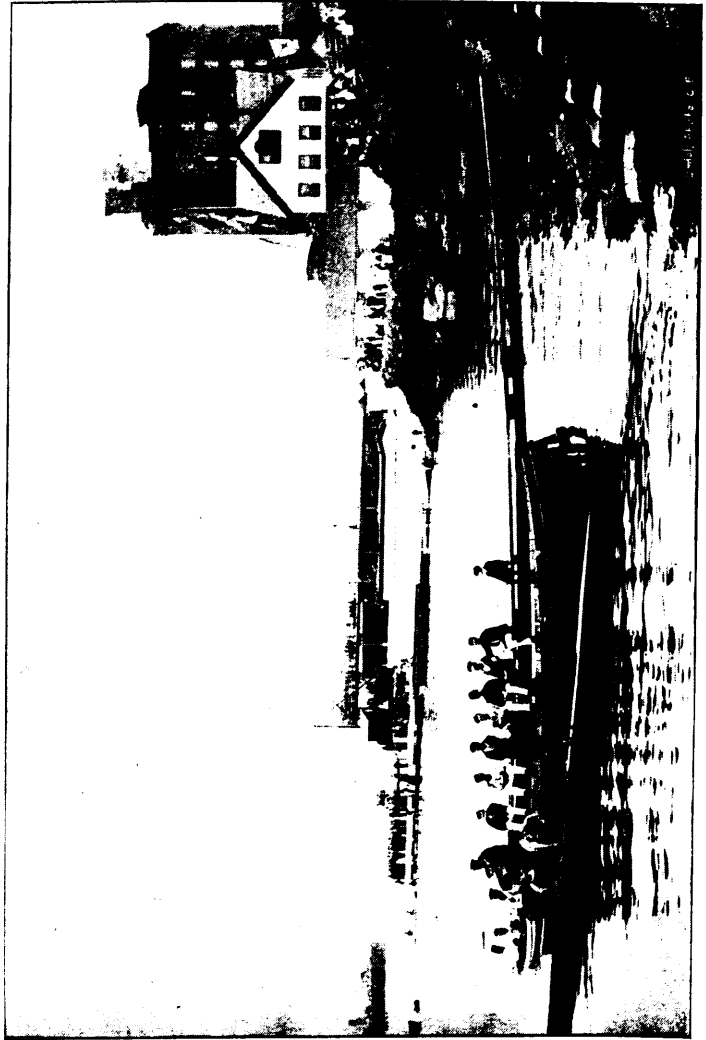
TROOPS MARCHING FROM POINT PLEASANT.



INAUGURATION OF DRY DOCK STEAMER DARTMOUTH, (taken at 6.30 p.m.)



VIEW AT DEEP WATER TERMINUS.



RACING CREW AT LORNE CLUB HOUSE.



THE CORAL NECKLACE.—This engraving is intended especially for the delight and behoof of our fair lady readers. The artist, whose production it is, has distinguished himself by his types of beauty, and particularly by the expression of animation which he imparts to the female face divine. This is one of his finest works, and has been greatly admired by connoisseurs. The theme which it illustrates harmonizes well with the prevailing character of his compositions and with the form and features of the present study.

THE HALIFAX CARNIVAL.—We have the pleasure of presenting our readers in this issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with some fine views, taken by instantaneous photography, of the great summer carnival at Halifax, which opened on the 5th and closed on the 11th of August. With the exception of some disappointments, occasioned by unfavourable weather, the festivities were a gratifying success. "Halifax," writes Douglas Sladen, "is a beautiful place, a *rus in urbe*, a city full of turf and trees clustered round its citadel like a mediæval town under the shelter of its castle. It has its citadel for a heart and arms of the sea to embrace it. It has charmingly laid out public gardens, a public park yet more charming, because it is not laid out at all, but simply faithfully preserved Nature, and delightful villas embowered in the woody banks of 'The Arm.' The city is enlivened, moreover, with naval and military pomp. Stately men-of-war ride in the harbour, while dashing sunburned British officers and well set-up, scarlet-tunicked Tommy Atkins capture the feminine hearts. As we left Halifax by train for Windsor we were enraptured by the beauty of the environs. The magnificent wooded 'Arm' was succeeded by a bewildering tangle of lake and forest and hill, rivalling Norway." And during the Carnival, Halifax, in all the glory of holiday attire, revealed charms of which even the warmest admirers of the old city by the sea had hitherto been hardly conscious, and which aroused unbounded enthusiasm in the breasts of thousands of hospitably welcomed visitors. The preparations for the event had been made with a taste and ardour and energy which were sure to yield satisfactory results. The various committees wrought with perseverance and harmony at the respective tasks allotted to them, and when the 5th of August dawned upon city, harbour and neighbourhood, nothing was lacking to make achievement answer to aspiration. The powers of the air that dispense gloom or shine to grumbling mortals had been unusually propitious on the opening morning, so that the expectant holiday-makers had every reason to be pleased at the prospect; and though, before sunset, untimely rain caused some alteration in the programme, the change of weather furnished opportunities for indoor courtesies, which were amply enjoyed. The chief feature of the first day's amusement was the regatta, which was witnessed by from ten to twelve thousand people. The Halifax Harbour championship was won by George Hosmer, of Boston, who covered the three miles in 20 min. 40 secs., and had the advantage over McKay, of Dartmouth, by three-fourths of a length. The succeeding day's recreation comprised an attack and defence of the city by sailors and marines of the fleet and a combined force of regulars and volunteers; baseball and cricket matches, band competitions, a brilliant harbour illumination, a torpedo search light exhibition, a grand street parade, a firemen's tournament, and other entertainments too numerous to mention. The proceedings from first to last were crowned with success and gave universal satisfaction. Our engravings show some of the most noteworthy scenes and occurrences of the Carnival season.

BARRINGTON STREET FROM ST. PAUL'S, SHOWING THE CITY HALL.—In this engraving our readers have a fine view of one Halifax's best known thoroughfares, with the City Hall clearly visible a little way down the vista. Flags and bunting and crowded sidewalks reveal the existence of some unusual attraction and cause for rejoicing, and the whole scene is one of animation and activity.

GRANVILLE STREET, FROM THE PROVINCIAL BUILDING.—This busy scene is its own interpreter. The little crowd in the foreground has a Bartholemew's Fair look, though the principal actor is screened from observation by the eager throng surrounding him. Tommy Atkins reminds us by his familiar presence that Halifax is England's only remaining military stronghold in North America. The city abounds in suggestions of Britain's power and renown, and Haligonian loyalty is amply evinced by the abundance of Union Jacks that give colour to the scene.

RACING CREW AND BOAT-RACING AT LORNE CLUB HOUSE.—In these two engravings our readers have glimpses at a feature of the carnival which for lovers of aquatic sports had the palm of interest in the week's proceedings. The regatta was the chief event on the programme of the opening day. Expectation centred in the race for the championship of Halifax Harbour, and though Canada's boatmen did not carry off the coveted prize, they strove valiantly to secure it. George Hosmer, of Boston, who won the race, was only three-quarters of a boat's length in advance of McKay, of Dartmouth. In the professional four-oared race four crews started—the West End, of Boston, composed of Hosmer, Plaisted,

McKay and Conley; the Belyea crew, of St. John, and two local crews. They started well together, but the race was between the Bostonians and the St. John boys. The Boston professionals had all they could do to win. The St. John boys rowed a very plucky race, and for long stretches over the course were almost neck and neck. The Belyeas made a pretty turn at the buoy and a big spurt to take the lead on the way home. The Bostonians, however, made desperate efforts to keep their lead, and succeeded in winning by about a length in 17 min. 40 secs. The local races between the fishermen and the men-of-war-men were keenly contested and often quite exciting. The professional Labrador race was won by the Richmond crew.

BOMBARDMENT DAY.—Of this, the central event of the carnival, we present two characteristic views from instantaneous photographs. One of them is of Point Pleasant, and sets before us a large group of spectators, gathered to witness the military tournament, the troops marching past being conspicuous in the centre of the throng. The other shows us Steele's Pond, with happy wayfarers proceeding to the scene of combat. Even divested of the unusually festive associations of the time, these scenes, with the evidences of man's handiwork enhancing the charms of nature, are of rare picturesque beauty. "Nothing," writes one who knew the place well, "can be lovelier than a summer morning on Halifax harbour—the water still as glass—ships great and small sleeping without fear of storm—sea-gulls poisoning themselves easily in the buoyant air and playing with their own shadows—the rising sun attended by rich masses of white and golden and purple clouds, and the waters redoubling every tint and colour and form. In July and August, at noonday or earlier, comes the welcome sea-breeze, gentle, cool and bracing, a friend to health and comfort. It rolls the waters of the harbour into little laughing wavelets that break with soft splash on the thirsty sands." The weather on Bombardment Day was fine enough to bring out all the glories thus enthusiastically described. At eight o'clock the British regulars and the Canadian militia were received by General Sir John Ross and General Sir Fred Middleton. Then they marched to Point Pleasant Park, where they brilliantly and successfully resisted the attack of the hostile fleet. The 63rd Regiment of Militia took up a position at the entrance of the Arm. Touching their left was the right of the 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers, thence northwardly extended the 2nd West Riding Imperial Regiment, the whole force lying down along the beach with several companies in support and reserve. The Halifax Garrison Artillery had a battery of breech-loading field guns distributed at various points. The General and his staff took up a position on the ground immediately in the rear of the hill battery. All being in readiness to give the enemy a warm reception, his coming was looked for with some impatience. About half-past ten a long line of boats appeared coming south around the east side of George's Island. As soon as they appeared the guns opened fire on them. The enemy held their fire until about opposite the green bank, when they formed into four attacking parties, the steam pinnaces with their swivel guns leading and towing the barges containing the sailors and marines. They now steamed rapidly and directly for the shore, opening fire with their large guns. When within half a mile of the shore the barges were cast off and they rowed straight in shore under cover of the fire of the pinnaces, the marines and sailors returning the fire of the land forces. The battle now raged hot and furious and continued so for about forty minutes. The firing was continuous, and, as the boats came within a hundred yards of the shore the affair became quite exciting. The supports were called up and preparations made for removing the guns, which were now considered to be in danger. At this point "cease firing" was sounded and the mimic battle was over. There must have been ten thousand spectators lining the banks and shores. The battle was decided in favour of the land forces.

OPENING OF THE DRY DOCK—STEAMER DARTMOUTH.—It was a happy thought of the wise men of Halifax to make this sign of civic, commercial and industrial progress, one of the features in the programme of Carnival week. The scene presented in our engraving is not the formal inauguration, but the informal opening of the lately completed dry dock, which took place on the 9th of August. The engraving gives a clear impression of the character and capacity of this much-needed addition to the facilities of Halifax as a harbour for shelter, trade and repair. The photograph, evidently an effective one, was taken at half-past six in the evening.

AT DEEP WATER TERMINUS.—Here we have a splendid view of the Harbour of Halifax at the time of the amateur boat races on the 6th of August. Like the other pictures of the series it was taken by instantaneous photography.

THE LANDSLIDE AT QUEBEC.—VIEW FROM DUFFERIN TERRACE: DIGGING FOR BODIES.—As our readers are aware, on Thursday evening, September 19, the City of Quebec was visited by a catastrophe which spread consternation and horror through the entire community. A large portion of the Citadel rock, overhanging Champlain street, loosened by recent continuous rains, rolled down the cliff with resistless force, and overwhelmed the houses in its path, causing the death of some forty of the inmates and injuring more or less seriously a number of others. Our engraving represents the scene that was to be witnessed on the day following the casualty. Dufferin Terrace, from which it is surveyed, is one of the best known features of modern Quebec. The plan of it, as extended, was suggested to the City Council in the City Engineer's report for

1872, and the expense of its erection was largely due to the generosity and influence of the nobleman whose name it bears. Its length is 1,420 feet and its height above the St. Lawrence 182 feet. According to Abbé Laflamme, Professor of Geology in Laval University, the rock of Quebec is composed of a series of strata, once horizontal, but by volcanic action so displaced as to be in parts almost perpendicular. From Mountain Hill to the middle of Dufferin Terrace they slope inwardly, while opposite Allan's wharf they slope outwardly towards the river, and are there especially steep. Seamed with fissures, and their power of adhesion weakened by permeating moisture, the outlying portions of the rock finally yielded to their own weight and were precipitated on the street below. The overwhelming nature of the disaster is clearly shown in our engraving. Of the houses, which a few moments before the landslide were tenanted by inmates wholly unsuspecting of any impending doom, hardly a stone has been left upon another. The few who were so situated that they could see the danger and flee from its reach have, in their evidence, described the fearful suddenness of the casualty. The work of rescue going on among the ruins is depicted in the engraving. Some of those who gave ready help in the weary and arduous search for the bodies of the victims showed a self-devotion and heroism which it is consoling to contemplate. Among those who most distinguished themselves in the humane task is Ferdinand Beauchamp, a ship labourer, who succeeded in saving from death a large number of persons.

THE RUINS, SHOWING THE FACE OF THE ROCK LAIN BARE BY THE LANDSLIDE.—The appearance of the rock surface in this engraving makes it clear that the separation of the fallen portion from the rest of the cliff was inevitable. Here we see, as the Rev. Prof. Laflamme pointed out, that the hill, instead of being a compact mass, consisted of strata or layers, which resembled somewhat a number of roughly made slates of irregular shape, placed standing at an inclined plane, while the outer ones, slightly adhering to the remainder above, and having no basis of support below, were sure to loosen and drop off on the slightest impulse. The comparison holds good as to the portion of the rock now exposed which, M. Laflamme assures us, is certain to fall sooner or later. General Cameron, after examining the locality, has reached the same conclusion, and has earnestly advised the prompt migration of the families still living at the base of the rock from a locality so unquestionably insecure. The opinion of these gentlemen is that suspense in the present and peril at every moment should be effectually removed by anticipating nature's work and blowing up the menacing rock at once. In that way death and suffering and useless tears and self-reproach may be rendered unnecessary.

SCENE IN THE RUINS: SEARCHING FOR THE VICTIMS.—Unutterably sad were the scenes witnessed from day to day as the task of search amid the ruins of the shattered houses went on, and the quest revealed successively the remains of father, mother, wife, sister, brother or friend, to the mourning survivors. After the first day the hope of finding any of the imprisoned victims alive decreased till it vanished altogether. Yet in the very presence of despair one aged man, Joseph Kemp, father of Mrs. Nolan, who with her husband was one of the first killed by the disaster, was discovered and taken out living. His voice had been heard far below in the ruins on Sunday, but it was impossible to get to where he was, one man having almost lost his life in the attempt. Not till Tuesday morning did the rescuers, guided strangely by the persistent efforts of a cat to descend into the crevices of the debris, obtain indications that he might still breathe. The search was earnestly prosecuted in the direction of the spot where he was supposed to be, and to the joy of all present and the wonder and gratification of every one who heard of the fact, he was finally reached and rescued from his situation of peril. That he should have lived through his 110 hours' confinement is little short of a miracle. Though terribly weak when brought to the surface, he was gradually restored to comparative strength by the kind cares of the physicians, who at once took him in hand. Alas! this was an exceptional piece of good fortune. In most cases the bodies recovered were those of the dead or dying, the sight of which struck the spectators with mingled grief, pity and horror, and poor Kemp himself only survived his rescue for a time.

SIX LITTLE VICTIMS OF THE DISASTER ON A TABLE IN THE OFFICES OF THE MARINE AND FISHERIES DEPARTMENT.—It is a sad sight which this engraving presents to our readers—that of these poor children cut down so suddenly in the morning of life, of hope and joy. Their faces are calm, and some of them seem to be quietly sleeping, as though, tired of play, they had lain down to rest awhile. If such a picture of woe affects the mere stranger, what must it be to those whose darlings they were! Alas! in this calamity, children and parents alike fell victims, in many instances, to a destroyer that spares neither age nor youth.

MISS ELLA WALKER AND MISS ADA MOYLAN, OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, LONDON, ENG.—One of the decisive examples of the growing interest in art exhibited in Canada was the foundation, in 1885, of a musical scholarship in the Royal College of Music (London, Eng.), for the benefit of a Canadian candidate who should show sufficient musical promise. This scholarship, the munificent gift of Sir Donald Smith and Sir George Stephen, provided that candidates should pass competitive examination before Messrs. Jos. Gould, T. Couture and L. A. Maffre, and that the successful student should enjoy a three years' course of

study in the Royal College of Music, the leading musical school in London. The first students deemed worthy of the scholarship were the subjects of this notice, who, curiously enough, obtained an exactly equal number of marks in their examination in the year 1886. Their equality was the more marked from the fact of both being singers, and both possessing mezzo-soprano voices. Under the circumstances the founders of the scholarship generously provided that a three years' course should be given to both these ladies, who accordingly, after giving a very successful farewell recital, left for England, whence they have just returned. Their career at the College of Music has been in the highest degree successful, and the singing of the young artists fully justifies the high hopes of their many friends. Under the tuition of Mr. George Henschel and Signor Vizetti they have completed the vocal studies begun under Prof. Couture, and in voice and style are charming and "musicianly" singers. Miss Moylan will remain in Montreal and teach singing, and her presence will be a welcome addition to the ranks of competent musicians here. Miss Walker, who is returning to pursue her musical studies in London, contemplates going on the lyric stage. Prior to her departure the young artists will give a concert here on the 1st of October, so that their friends will have the opportunity of judging the result of arduous study, combined with fine natural gifts and true artistic impulse.

IDLE MOMENTS.—This engraving of one of the compositions of not the least distinguished of our modern masters, is a fair illustration of a style of art and class of subjects which address a large *clintèle*. The scene is drawn from the daily life of "a girl of the period"—whether a girl by which the period will be most worthily remembered by posterity we need not say. Criticism of details would be out of place. There is certainly much to admire, and, doubtless, there is also something to criticize. The accessories which add interest to the central figure are all pleasing in suggestion and ably executed. Small as the picture is all the kingdoms of nature—including that most important domain, the Woman's Kingdom—find representation within its confines. "Idle moments" is, indeed, in many respects, a reflection of one of the salient features of this most busy age. To attain for a few the bliss of such moments is one of the chief aims of its manifold activity.

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.)

XIII.

KAMLOOPS IN 1888—THE THOMPSON VALLEY IN ITS RELATION TO TOURISTS—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE DISTRICT—AN EXCURSION ON FOOT—THE INDIAN RESERVATION—AN ADVENTUROUS DRIVE—CHARACTERISTICS OF KAMLOOPS—ITS SIZE AND IMPORTANCE.

In October, 1888, my husband was engaged as counsel in a murder case. The trial took place at Kamloops, in the Thompson Valley, about 260 miles east of Vancouver, whither we repaired at the beginning of that month. Kamloops, the county town of this district, derives its name from an Indian word, signifying the junction of two rivers, the waters of the North and South Thompson uniting opposite the town. Kamloops and curiosity had become synonymous terms in my mind, as I had heard this centre of the ranching business of British Columbia constantly disparaged on account of its dust and dryness. The Thompson Valley is almost entirely unknown to the majority of tourists, owing to the fact that the two daily Canadian Pacific Railway express trains pass through it one at midnight and the other at daybreak. Four times in as many journeys to and from Victoria had Kamloops flashed by me unobserved, so when the opportunity presented itself I determined to do the Thompson Valley thoroughly. Arriving late at night, tired and sleepy, after a twelve hours' journey from Donald, I thought of nothing but repose, and was little prepared for the scene that met my gaze the next morning when I emerged upon the upper verandah of the Grand Pacific Hotel and formed the very rapid conclusion how greatly any locality benefits by being under, rather than over, rated. To the north the valley of the North Thompson opened out, enclosed by ranges of curious buff-coloured hills dotted with conical evergreens; east and west, a quarter of a mile below the hotel, the South Thompson (the main river) flows, its banks outlined by belts of willows and poplars, whose foliage was mellowing into autumn tints of russet and gold, faintly indicated in the distance by lines of pure yellow. Rolling dim-coloured hills rise behind the town in terraced

heights, their inequalities and ravines marked by neutral gray and indigo blue shadows, giving a most peculiar, yet artistic, value to the landscape. Reproduced in colour, every point of view forms a natural picture, which blue sky, green hills, and emerald water could never be made to represent apart from atmospheric effects. To me these dim hills are the striking characteristic features of the Thompson Valley; yet surely the average human being must be naturally unobservant, for during the time I have spent in the Pacific Province no one has ever mentioned their existence or peculiarity. Nowhere else in the Dominion, except in the South Kootenay district, is such odd colouring to be met with. Some English officers, who spent a few days at Kamloops, compared the country to Abyssinia and North Kaffir Land, which indicates that its aspect is foreign to that of Canada in general during the summer season, when the climatic dryness which prevails inland recalls, in its effect upon vegetation, the arid features of the Dark Continent. After breakfast I started out to explore the neighborhood. Crossing the railway at the station below the hotel, I made my way along the Thompson in an easterly direction and found that the river flowed between sloping banks of verdant but boggy sward, beautifully shaded by clumps of fine willows, beneath which the ground was firm and solid. I wended my way through this sylvan grove to the wooden swing-bridge which spans the Thompson, half a mile above the town. Its elevation furnished me with a pretty view of Kamloops, a group of brown and white houses nestling at the base of a semi-circle of hills, under the lee of a high grass bluff. This being in deep shadow, looked like a wall of dark rock barring the western entrance to the valley (the river taking a sharp southerly bend immediately below it), while on the opposite side the bluff ranges rose and fell away in a soft grey line towards the coast. A heat haze hung over the whole country, adding greatly to the effect by softening the hard lines which the usually clear atmosphere has too often a tendency to emphasise.

Crossing the bridge, I found myself upon the Indian reservation of the district, a wilderness near the river bank, of fine shifting sand, covered profusely with a large plant of the cotton tribe, with spear-like leaves and enormous rough, wrinkled pods full of a silky down, which might, I should think, be turned to some account. Huge crows flapped and cawed overhead as I wandered on convinced that I was treading the bed of some ancient lake. In my rambles I came upon several ghastly groups of bones, which I attributed to defunct cattle. A closer examination, however, revealed thigh bones, vertebrae, jaw bones and, finally, half a skull, protruding from the sand. I learnt later that I had chanced upon the battleground of two Indian tribes, who had fought and bled for a lost maiden and a stolen steed, the steed being the fundamental cause of the feud. The conquerors in the fray, as is their custom, left the bones of their enemies to bleach upon the plain. Finding a further promenade over this trackless waste threatened to be both irksome and unprofitable, I recrossed the bridge and returned to the hotel. The next day my husband and I, thanks to the kindness of the senior counsel in his case, passed over this sandy flat again and drove for some miles up the valley of the North Thompson in search of what was described to us as a delightful river road. Following the trail through an Indian ranche, the focus of the reservation, a collection of log cabins, whose boundaries were defined by waving lines of brilliant blankets and bright petticoats, seemed to indicate that our visit had fallen upon the washing or drying day of the female population. Leaving these scattered habitations behind us, we drove on and on, crossing endless roads and tracks that intersected the prairie in all directions and led, apparently, to nothing but occasional haystacks, which did not seem to account for the amount of traffic they had caused. The valley of the North Thompson is about two miles wide. Where we explored it, viz., from the base of the grass hills to the banks of the river, it produces a good hay crop, which the Indians raise in open fields. The level surface of the prairie, however, is broken by curious sandy ridges, covered with tall bunch grass like

rushes, and small thickets of wild rose bushes, while the shallow ravines between are lined with poplars and low shrubs, offering an admirable cover for flocks of prairie chicken, which got up most aggravatingly within easy shot. No doubt we saw an unusual extent of the valley, owing to the fact that the senior counsel and I were bent on discovering the above-mentioned river road, while the junior counsel, who controlled the reins, held on his way steadily towards the hills, and being eventually coerced into leaving the main and very dusty road, brought our drive to a temporary conclusion at the foot of a haystack, on top of which an Indian was at work. We applied to the noble red man, rather hopelessly, for direction, and by dint of signs and guttural ejaculations were assured that there was a road by the river, towards which, accordingly, my husband, in revenge for our bullying, drove straight across country, up sandy ridges and down wooded ravines, till the Thompson was eventually reached. Beside its somewhat steep banks no ghost of a track for a four-wheeled vehicle could be discovered, so he turned the horses' heads in the direction of Kamloops and followed the faint indications of a bridle road, rashly undertaking to pilot us back to the town on his own responsibility. The result of this independent enterprise was not less astonishing than alarming. We did everything in that long-suffering carriage but leap fences and climb trees, and I will venture to assert that we sampled the nature of the Thompson valley as thoroughly as the most devoted agriculturists or the most active mining prospector.

I feel unlimited gratitude to the livery stable whence our conveyance emanated that horses, harness, and vehicle sustained these unwonted exertions uninjured, and am convinced they owed their preservation to the foresight with which the senior counsel, who is no lightweight, and I withdrew from our seats to *terra firma* at some of the most critical junctures. We all had a dinner engagement for that evening and naturally dreaded a break-down so many miles from town. As I studied the valley of the Thompson on this occasion, with its parched grasses and dusty bushes, I tried to imagine what it must look like in the spring, when the floating clouds of dust were solidified into cool brown earth, when flowers bloomed, birds sang, and vegetation flourished on the broken prairie.

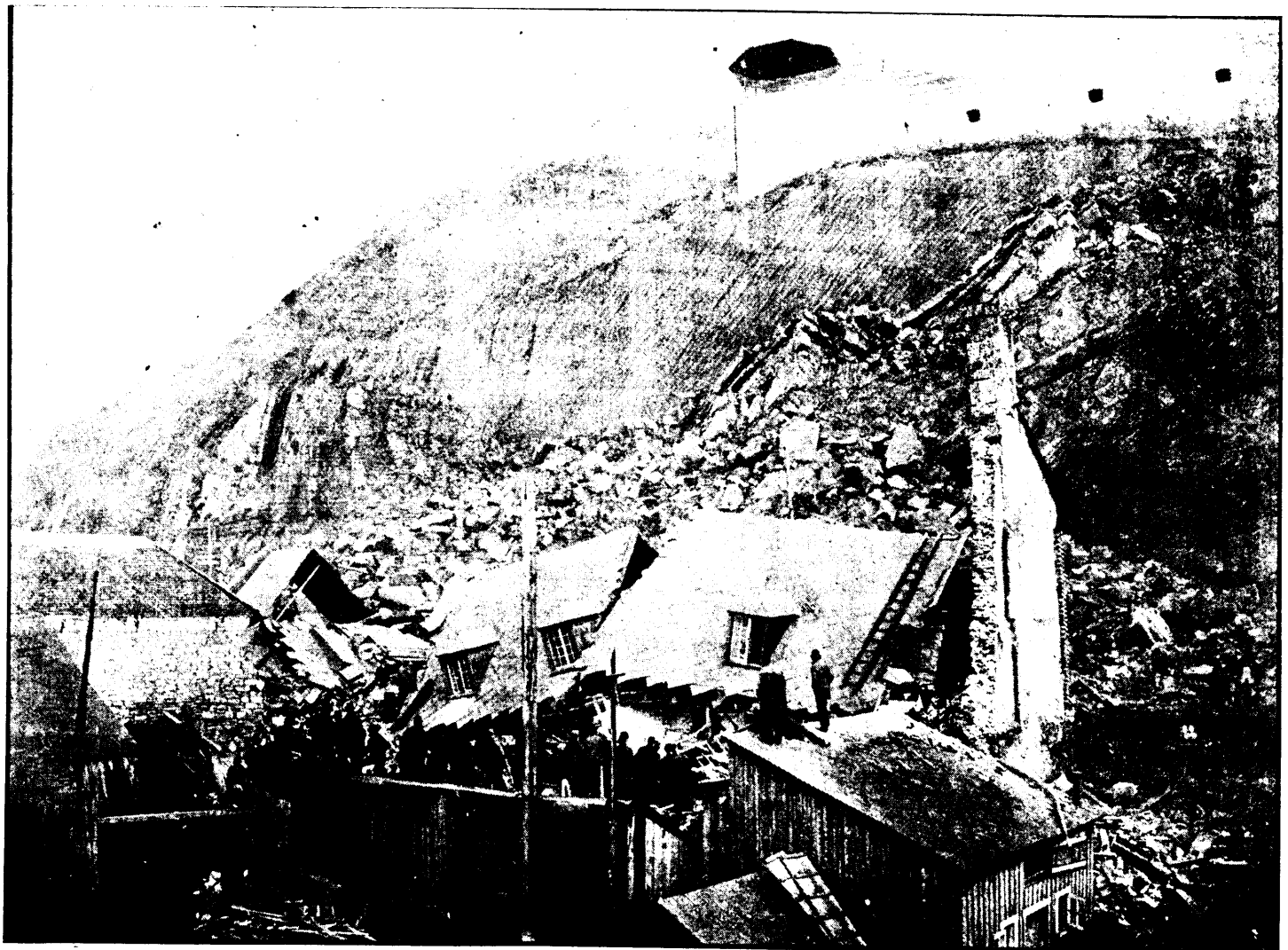
The town of Kamloops contains a population of 1,200, including two or three hundred Chinese; possesses a bank, four churches, excellent Government buildings, and the best courthouse and gaol in the country districts. It is a very prosperous, flourishing place, of which much may be expected in the future with the development of its ranching and mining neighbourhood. Living is cheaper there than in the mountains. Were I asked, in geographical language, the characteristic feature of Kamloops, I should say, unquestionably, horses. Horses are coming and going morning, noon, and night. They may be seen tied to fences, posts, and buildings throughout the length and breadth of the town. Every man, woman, and child, I believe, owns a horse or pony. Vehicles are comparatively few, and these are used only for heavy transport and the actual requirements of business. Of the quality of the quadruped I wish I could speak more highly. I believe there are excellent horses on the ranches, but the class in use is certainly poor, deficient in bone and muscle, and though possessing, I was told, numerous virtues, they were not manifest in the flesh to the unprejudiced eye. I think I can confidently affirm that I know a good horse when I see one, but of the hundreds I have seen in British Columbia, there were not half a dozen I would take as a gift; so I am forced to the conclusion that the inhabitants follow the example of the business-like Indian and sell all their good horses, keeping their inferior animals for the home circle. The dust of Kamloops has not been exaggerated; it is very dense and very irritating, and when the wind blows, as it is much given to doing, it must be wholly unbearable and a source of great revenue to the Celestial laundries. When the town owns and uses a few water-carts, it will be a pleasanter summer and autumn resort than it was in October, 1888.

THE LANDSLIDE AT QUEBEC.

From photographs by Laverneis



VIEW FROM DUFFERIN TERRACE, LOOKING DOWN OVER THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.



THE PERPENDICULAR ROCK LAID BARE BY THE LANDSLIDE, AND A PORTION OF THE RUINS.

THE LANDSLIDE AT QUEBEC.

From photographs by Liverson.



SCENE IN THE RUINS—SEARCHING FOR BODIES.



SIX LITTLE VICTIMS LAID OUT ON A TABLE IN THE MARINE AND FISHERIES OFFICE.

POOR TIDBITS.

A STORY OF THE MILLS.

By P. SPANJAARDT.

I am an unfortunate individual, and, if there ever was a man who sympathized with the sufferings of that historical personage, the wandering Jew, I am that man.

It is my misfortune that, whenever I find a comfortable boarding-house, something happens to disturb my peace of mind and compels me to move. This was the case in the last place which I honoured with my presence.

The house was a comfortable one, the room to my taste, the cook better than the average.

I had just about become accustomed to the whistle of the landlord, who, regularly about ten at night, gave the pet of his wife, a horrible little pug, an airing, and had hopes that at last I had found a spot where peace and quietness should be mine, when, in some evil moment, my landlady rented her front parlor to a young school ma'am, who took possession of her quarters accompanied by four stalwart labourers carrying a piano.

I stood her sonatas and love songs as long as I could, and it was only when my cup of misery began to overflow that I looked for a new domicile. So one day I explained matters to my landlady, paid her the balance which I owed, called a carter and left.

It did not take long to move my baggage, composed of a trunk, which contained all my earthly possessions, and a good-sized leather valise filled with unpublished and returned manuscripts. And the first thing I did was to go on a tour of exploration. I had been told that my predecessor was a medical student, who left without going to the trouble of settling his board account, and I naturally expected to find some relics of that gentleman's stay. I was not disappointed, for, upon examining an upper shelf of my wardrobe, I saw a human thigh bone and a leather-covered book marked "Diary." I was not in the least astonished, for, in my wanderings about different boarding-houses, I had met with many similar finds.

I once found the stuffed skin of a parrot, decidedly the worse for dust, and a dilapidated copy of the Koran. They belonged to the widow of an old sea-captain who had occupied the room before me, and who caused quite a scene when, in an attempt to reclaim her property, she found that I had thrown her beloved parrot into the back yard, and had used several leaves of the Moslem bible to light my cigarettes.

However, I put the thigh bone, which was yellow with age, in a corner for future reference, not because I feared that the former owner would return to claim it, but on account of the force with which it reminded me of Samson and the jawbone of the ass. I next turned my attention to the diary, and found to my regret that several leaves were missing. Still there was nothing strange in this, for the diary of a lively medical student, if conscientiously used for the purpose for which it is bought, must necessarily contain many things which he would rather not hand over to posterity.

In this instance the greater number had disappeared, and the balance was filled with comments upon the professors, records of sports, brief notices of parties, and lengthy essays upon the behaviour of innumerable persons, who were spoken of in the feminine gender and designated by different capitals. In turning over the pages again, however, I found the following, written on one of the first in the book: "Bought my first subject. Old man was found frozen to death, with a young woman and a dog. Jack got the girl. They say she was a beauty once. Paid \$5 for my share." Unfortunately several of the next pages had been torn out, and I had to do without further information.

Somehow or other I felt unsatisfied. I involuntarily looked at the thigh bone, and it set me a-thinking: The book was only three years old. Who were they? And what was she? I decided to find out. But other matters came up and the book was thrown in a corner, and it was not till several weeks afterwards, when I read about a case of accidental death in one of the papers, that these

mysterious people were brought to my mind again.

Having some free time, I obtained leave from the coroner to look over his records, and by dint of questioning several police officers, obtained the following story:

It was in the spring, about four years ago, that a number of French Canadians arrived from the vicinity of the Saguenay River for the purpose of obtaining work which had been promised them in the mills situated in one of our Eastern suburbs. Amongst them were two who attracted considerable attention—an aged man and his granddaughter. The man's age must have been near seventy; but there was about his form, though bent by years, and perhaps sorrows, something courtly, while his face, furrowed and wrinkled as it was, bore an expression of nobility, which involuntarily aroused the suspicion that he had once seen better days. As to the girl, she could hardly be over sixteen, but was fully developed. Petite in size, with a face that was freshness itself, two big, dark lustrous eyes, a wealth of dark hair, and bust and limbs that were simply perfect. Her every movement denoted an inborn grace that was the more noticeable on account of the company in which she found herself. She appeared very shy and reserved; but her shyness was of a kind which, at the least attempt to make free with her, or the least suggestive action, made place for a dignity and self-reliance seldom found in girls of her age. Altogether the couple seemed totally out of place amidst their surroundings.

They lived in a cottage and occupied it by themselves, having no other companion than an old spaniel which they had brought with them. Who they were or whence they came originally no one seemed to know, not even the people with whom they had arrived. Once, in an outburst of confidence, the old man had told the parish priest, who made them a visit to enquire why they did not attend church, that he was a lineal descendant of the famous navigator, Jacques Cartier; and this coming to the ears of the people that lived in the neighbourhood, they had dubbed him "Old Jake," while the girl, whose name was Marie Antoinette, called so perhaps after the great and beautiful but unfortunate Queen of France, was, probably on account of her diminutive size, known as "Tidbits" amongst her English companions in the mills. Though surrounded by a crowd of people whose coarse jests often sent a blush to her cheek, little Tidbits remained singularly free from the insults which were continually heaped upon the other women, and even the foreman seemed to stand in awe of her. She spoke to no one unless obliged to, attended regularly to her work, and usually went straight home from the mill. When the weather permitted, she spent most of her time near the river, where, with the old dog by her side, she read French poems and tales of chivalry, or dreamingly gazed into the broad sheet of water before her for hours at a time, watching all kinds of curious things as they joyfully floated past towards the boundless ocean.

There was not a man or a boy in the village who would not gladly have done anything she might have asked in return for a smile. But she never asked favours, and she never gave them a chance to come near her or address her; in fact she seemed to be hardly aware of their existence.

One day while seated in her accustomed place a small sail-boat, containing two men, stopped in the immediate vicinity of where she was sitting. The men were both young, wore summer attire, and sported straw hats and white flannel shirts. After they had fastened the boat and jumped ashore, one of them, taking off his hat, asked her in English where the nearest hotel was. As she evidently did not understand him, the other and handsomer of the two, addressed her in French, asking the same question, to which she replied in as few words as possible. After which he thanked her and both went in the direction pointed out by her. When they returned she had gone, a circumstance which seemed to cause the two young men some disappointment.

"Fred," said the handsomer one of the two, "I wonder who she was anyhow. No doubt she is one of the prettiest little things I ever saw."

"Take care now," said his companion, in a tone of mock warning, "that you don't fly from the frying-pan into the fire. Better wait till we hear from Philadelphia before turning your mind to new entanglements."

"Oh, bother Philadelphia and the whole virtuous lot of them," was the not very polite reply. "Besides, you don't suppose that I would fall in love with that little thing we saw just now simply because she is pretty, moves about like a queen, and has lips for talking French that would seduce a saint. Bah! what nonsense. I am astonished at you, Fred."

"Well, I am glad to hear it," the other dryly replied, "for I would most strenuously object, though I know that it would do just as much good as whistling for storm in a calm."

And he was right. Arthur, the one who talked French and whose other name need not be mentioned, usually did just as he pleased, especially if a pretty woman was concerned. Being far from bad-looking, with an independent little fortune, and an indulgent mother, who was ready at all time to help her darling out of any of the troubles caused by his often reckless behaviour, he was one of those men that walk carelessly through life's garden, plucking the choicest flowers they meet, and, after enjoying their beauty and perfume to the utmost extent, throw them aside or crush them under their foot as soon as they show the slightest signs of fading. His latest exploit of that kind had got him into a more or less serious scrape. He had poached upon the preserves of others, and by the advice of his mother's lawyer, who was usually the best physician in those cases, had decided to spend a couple of months with friends in the Dominion, where, under the circumstances, the air doubtless could be more beneficial. Though denying to his friend his intention of troubling about the girl, he had secretly made up his mind to return the next day, and planning in matters of this kind with him was acting. He had become tired of the monotonous life he was living; he wanted some new excitement and thought he was in a fair way to get it.

He did return the next day and the next, and whenever the weather allowed. At first little Tidbits left when he arrived; but soon she became accustomed to his visits, and in a few days actually began to watch for the little white sail and the narrow tri-coloured streamer which, to please her, he floated from the masthead. The old spaniel, which had watched over her so long, fearing no evil, was the first to break the ice, and the mistress soon followed. She allowed her newly-found friend to induce her to change her seat to a spot where they could not so easily be observed by the villagers. He brought her books and fruits, talked to her about the glorious time when French was the language of Canada, expressed his disdain for the treacherous English, and painted in glowing colours the wealth, the beauty, and the freedom of his own country. She on her part commenced to admire and ended with love. Hers was one of those natures whose passion is but slowly kindled; but, when once ablaze, cannot be extinguished without often involving the destruction of both body and soul. Arthur himself did not know exactly what to do. He had received a note stating that the trouble in Philadelphia had been settled and was anxious to leave Canada. At last he made a plan. He wrote for money, stating that he was going to make a trip to the south. He then took leave of his friends, bought two tickets for New York, hired a carter, who had a pair of dark horses, by the hour, and went to bid farewell to the little girl.

Sometime about dusk the watchman at one of the mills saw a carriage with two dark horses drive past him towards town at a furious pace. In it were a man and a woman, and the latter's figure seemed familiar to him. But as he was only paid to watch the mill, he soon forgot all about it. That night the old spaniel, with drooping ears and tail between his legs, went sadly home alone.

The next morning every one knew that Tidbits had disappeared, but no one knew how or with whom. Old Jake had been to the police station, but they knew nothing till two days afterwards,

when the watchman of the mill told what he had seen. It was then found out that the couple had gone to New York, but there all traces of them were lost. The female operatives at the mills were not sorry in the least, and always had known "that she was a sly little devil," while the men appeared thoroughly disgusted at the thought that they should have been so much deceived in her, and that she was no better than any of the others. But there were two beings who judged her not and mourned her absence—Old Jake and the dog.

The old man became less talkative than ever. He seemed to have lost all interest in things around him which he ever possessed. But daily, with the trembling old spaniel at his heels, he paid a visit to the police station to see if anything had been heard in regard to the whereabouts of the child, and, when the officer in charge hesitatingly gave him the same old and discouraging reply, he would slowly totter out mumbling in his trembling voice: "Elle retournera! Elle retournera!"

It was a cold and dreary February morning, and, as the passengers on the western train that was nearing Montreal arose from their more or less uncomfortable slumbers, the aspects of the surrounding country were far from calculated to raise their spirits. The leafless trees, the river, which, with the addition of immersed lands on both sides, covered with ice and snow, looked like an immense barren steppe, presented a most sombre picture, unilluminated by the sun, which either had not been able to penetrate the leaden clouds, or had not yet made its appearance on this side of the globe.

Crouched away in a corner near the window, seemingly for the purpose of giving the cold less chance of obtaining a foothold, was a little bit of a woman whose pale, pinched face, was hardly visible amongst the folds of the big gray shawl which enveloped her diminutive form. Unable probably to secure a berth in the sleeping-car, she had no sleep all night, and seemed to feel less comfortable with every station that brought them nearer to town. She seemed ill, but no one took any notice of her. The human race is so egotistical, especially when in bad humour. Most of them had something to eat, but no one seemed to notice the hungry look with which she watched every morsel as it went from hand to mouth.

In vain they watched for the sun, but it did not come. Instead, the clouds became heavier and unruly, and just before the train reached the old shed, which for so many years had done service as a depot, a heavy snowstorm was raging. All the passengers, with the exception of the poor little woman in the gray shawl, immediately made for the sleighs that stood waiting.

She evidently did not know where to go or what way to turn. A watchman stood shivering in his greatcoat on the platform. She asked him something in French. At first he did not seem to understand, and then pointed around the corner in an eastern direction. She followed his finger with her eye, thanked him and disappeared. After turning the corner she walked straight on. People on the street looked at her and wondered; some pitied her, but it was too cold to stop. She began to feel faint and went into a cheap restaurant, where she asked for a cup of coffee and a roll—all she could afford. The place was full of rough-looking men, probably out of work, who laughed at her as she sat in a corner with chattering teeth waiting for her order, while the waitresses, strapping girls with vicious faces, grinned at her and laughed at the coarse jokes which some of the men got off at her expense. She paid for what she got, but could not stand the taunts, and, after drinking half her coffee, went out again into the cold. Thus she walked all day, always going to the east, half blinded by the sharp snow, which cut her unprotected face and hands.

Just when it began to grow dark she passed a sympathetic policeman, who uttered the words, "Poor little Tibbits," as she went by; but, knowing from experience that unasked for favours seldom acceptable, let her pass on. As he spoke the words, she looked up for a moment as if she had heard a familiar voice, and then continued her way, being soon lost in the darkness.

That night, notwithstanding the storm, Old Jake had been out on his accustomed visit to the police station, and coming home had retired to bed, and was trying to sleep amidst the noise of the old window-panes, which the wind made rattle in their frames. All at once the old dog began to whine. He rubbed his sleepy eyes and listened, but could hear nothing except the storm as it whistled through the trees. Again the dog whined, and it seemed as if he heard some one call for help. The old man trembled. "C'est elle," he said. "Elle a retourné." The dog wagged his tail and went to the door. The old man hastily dressed, and, as the cry was heard again, the dog became uneasy. He opened the door and both went out into the darkness. It was a fearful night; but on they went—now blown back and then crushed against the wall of some house, till they heard the stifled cry for help again, this time right near them. One more step and the old man stumbled against something in the snow and fell. The storm, in fear of losing its prey, seemed to redouble its wrath. Concentrating its forces in one direction, it heaped mountains of snow upon the spot where he had fallen, and then raised its voice to such a strange, unearthly pitch, that many people left their beds for fear something awful would happen in their sleep.

When the morning came the storm had subsided, and, as the milkman slowly passed on his accustomed round, he was stopped by a strange looking heap of snow, which covered the bodies of a man, a woman, and a dog. Old Jake was right. Poor Tibbits had returned.

Montreal.

A WORD ON SENSATIONAL NOVELS.

There is a quaint saying, belonging to the tribe of old-fashioned proverbs and saws that no one knows the origin of, but that coming from the people bear the people's mark in their rude simplicity and homely sense, and that have been with us so long, that they seem often to have caught an echo of our human nature. And this particular saying has it that "It takes all sorts of people to make up a world," which, altering it a little, might read: "It takes all sorts of books to make up a literature," or, narrowing the signification still more, "all sorts of novels to make up the public taste." If the novel has a proper domain of its own, it refuses to keep to it and invades every other. It is as grave as philosophy itself sometimes, and teaches us many a moral and religious lesson. It is scientific, humorous, pathetic and satirical by turns. We have novels of adventure, and novels of humdrum everyday life, to say nothing of stories and tales, which are the little children of literature, and so often breathe something of the freshness and purity of these latter. But there is a species that we would fain sometimes shove off the highroad altogether and forbid right of way to, perhaps because it is like those irritatingly successful people who are always outrunning merit in this world, and that is the sensational novel. It is the smart man, the lucky adventurer of literature. It has its bonanzas, its times of booming, its fortunate hits. There is even something of the swaggering, hat-on-the-side-of-your-head air about it, and one could fancy it saying to its slower, more plodding companion novels: "Look at me, you fellows! There is not a bit of genuine tragedy or pathos about me. I don't trouble my head as to the truth or reality of things, and yet how many of you have helped my circulation?" If novels were to be classified, we could imagine the sensational going down as a manufacture, nothing of a product. It is not one of those books that suggest growth to us, that seem to have roots going deep down into human life and character, and to be nourished by the sympathies and sensibilities we sometimes call genius, the kind of book that makes us wonder what the author is like, where he lives, and what have been his experiences. On the contrary, we feel at once as if we had got into an unsympathetic superficial literary atmosphere—a mere incident shop, so to speak—where every event is paraded in the strongest possible language, and the effort after what is novel and exciting gives us the queerest collections at

times. And the difference between the clever sensational novel and the stupid one lies simply in the arrangement of goods. In the one the incidents are well chosen, calculated to strike the eye, and arrest the attention, and combined to the best advantage; in the other stupidity is added to superficiality, the colouring is coarser, and a general slovenliness prevails. But do not go to the incident shop for anything deeper than mere excitement. Its emotions are simulated, its characters have little vitality, its descriptions have the sort of resemblance to real life that a mask has to the human face; there is a likeness, but we are rather repelled by it than attracted. There is no writing that so depreciates the force and value of words. We are in general very little alive to the beauty of these symbols of ours that we make such a convenience of. It is only when they are woven into harmony by some masterhand that we are taught their mysterious power of holding and conveying feeling to us, and then we experience something of the surprise that would come to us if, in the people we live amongst day after day, and think we know so well, the people we rashly call commonplace, occasion were to reveal capabilities of heroic and self-sacrificing deeds. But the sensational does not possess this power over language, and supplies its place by exaggeration. When he would be strong he writes violently, where he would move us he heaps up words. But it is in describing emotion that he works hardest and affects us least. Love, fear, hate, despair, remorse, penitence—he shrinks from nothing, and his characters go through an amount of mental and moral suffering that one feels sure only the toughest constitutions could survive in real life. And yet the strange part of it is we feel so little sympathy with them. It is nothing to us that the heroine has "hell within her," and we hear that the soul of the hero is a "seething volcano," with an indifference that would argue us very hard-hearted were it not that the author has forgotten to make the connection between words and feeling, and we are somewhat in the plight of the animals called in by the ape to see the wonderful magic lantern, and who sat blinking their eyes in the darkness, and wondering they couldn't see anything as he described scene after scene, for clever Mr. Ape he had forgotten the light behind.

J. E. SMITH.

WELLINGTON'S COURTESY.

The Duke detested being helped; not from ingratitude, but from two distinct feelings—one that he did not like to be thought what he certainly was not—decrepit; the other that he knew very well that the majority of persons who helped him simply did so in order to be able to say that they had done so. This was to him revolting. Standing opposite to Apsley House in Piccadilly in the evening, when the street was even more crowded than it is now, the Duke was hesitating on the curbstone. A gentleman nearly as old as himself made some demonstration of assisting him to cross the road, endeavouring to check the tide of cabs and other vehicles that was setting strongly. When the Duke reached the gate of Apsley House he touched his hat and said: "I thank you, sir." The elderly stranger immediately uncovered. Holding his hat at his knee, he addressed the Duke as follows: "I have passed a long and not uneventful life, but never did I hope to reach the day when I might be of the slightest assistance to the greatest man that ever lived." The Duke looked at him calmly, and in a voice not in the least choked by emotion replied, "Don't be a damned fool!" and walked into Apsley House.—*Words on Wellington, by Sir William Fraser.*

"PATENT" ORANGES.—Blood oranges, for which a big demand has already sprung up in New York, probably because there is a big supply, have long been popular in Paris, so popular that suspicion was cast on their genuineness. The supply of blood oranges in Paris a year ago seemed to be enormous, and the question arose whether common plain oranges were not coloured by artificial means. On submitting a "blood" orange to an analytical chemist it was discovered that fuchsine, a red, harmless colouring matter, had been injected with a small syringe.—*New York Sun.*



MISS ADA MOYLAN.



MISS ELIA WALKER.



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Series XIII.

By Mrs. Arthur Spragge.

1. Town of Kamloops, looking West.

2. A Reach of the Thompson River.



IDLE MOMENTS.



In the last issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED brief mention was made of the presence in Montreal of Mr. William Sharp, the English poet, novelist and critic. His stay in this city was unfortunately so short that many who would gladly have paid their respects to one whose writings they admired had hardly heard of his coming till he was gone. It was our good fortune to have a few hours' intercourse with Mr. Sharp under circumstances exceptionally happy. He impresses one favourably at first sight. His well-knit frame, massive head, handsome features and ruddy complexion bespeak physical and intellectual health and vigour and explain his wondrous capacity for continuous labour. It was no slight strain that put that grand physique out of gear and made complete rest for a season an absolute necessity.

Though still in his prime, Mr. Sharp has wrought in every department of letters—poetry, fiction, criticism, biography—and in every case his work has borne the seal of excellence. To journalism of the higher class he is no stranger. In art matters his judgment is accepted as a test of worth. As a literary critic his place is among the foremost authorities of the day. His treatise on Dante Gabriel Rossetti is deemed by many the best estimate of that master's genius. His "Life of Shelley" and "Life of Heine" reveal still further his psychologic grasp, his sympathy and insight in dealing with creative minds of rarest originality. In "American Sonnets"—to which he brought the experience gained by preparing "Songs, Poems and Sonnets of Shakespeare" and "Sonnets of this Century"—he penetrated to the essential faculty which made Heavyssege—with all his limitations—one of the grandest poets of his time. Some day we hope to show how far this gift of interpretation is accompanied in Mr. Sharp with the creative gift. For the present it may suffice to recall that his note has been recognized as one of the clearest, truest and most self-sustained in the voices of his country's younger choir.

That cruelly urgent call for versatility—for the "generally useful" business in literature—a call to which England's poet primates have, with wise obstinacy, turned a deaf ear—must, doubtless, weaken the tone of the inspired singer. Other arts resent a divided allegiance; not less does Poetry—"that one talent which is death to hide," by whatever intrusive agency the eclipse may be brought about. Yet it is often for the very sake of having his wings one day free from all burden of sordid cares to soar into the clear heaven of imagination, that poets-born like Mr. Sharp give their energies to tasks that are more or less alien from their birth-right. The serene sabbath of pure devotion to the Muses is for them the goal of the unrelenting "Six days shalt thou labour," but alas! how often is the looked-for rest attained only when the night cometh in which no man can work. After all, to be "generally useful," in literature as in other spheres of labour, though it robs life of the joy of a ruling passion, is not without a solace and even prizes of its own.

It was as the poet, however, rather than as the versatile *littérateur*, that we greeted Mr. Sharp. For, though we had known him better in other capacities, all that we had seen of the fruit of his pen was essentially poetic in its self-disclosure. *Ed io pittore!* There is a marvellous fraternity in literature, but more especially in poetry. Is it that the poet is so often a man of sorrows? Or was there ever a true poet who had not learned in suffering what he taught in song? Certainly Mr. Sharp has had exceptional opportunities of knowing the reality of this melancholy association. It was a privilege to hear him speak of living celebrities whose names have long been to us as household words, but whom he sees daily in the flesh, whose hands he presses and whose voices he hears; or of "great ones gone"—some of them within a few years—with whom he had lived on terms of in-

timacy and, in some cases, the solemnity of whose last hours would abide with him while he lived.

Question and answer covered a wide range. In the retrospect it seemed surprising that so many important individualities should have been passed in review in so brief—so comparatively brief and, to the sentient perception, so wonderfully fleeting—a period of time. For we talked of George Meredith, of Grant Allen, of the Hawthornes (father and son), of Hall Caine and "The Deemster," of Rider Haggard, of "Maxwell Grey," of Oscar Wilde, of Buchanan, of Heine, of Heavyssege, of Crémazie, of Roberts, of Fréchette, of Victor Hugo, of Balzac, of Octave Feuillet, of Delpit, of Droz, of Pierre Loti, of George Moore, of Alfred Clarke, of Arthur O'Shaughnessy, of James Thomson, of Philip Bourke Marston and, incidentally, of a great many others, English and Canadian, American and European. Of two Mr. Sharp told us much that only he, perhaps, and, in one case, two or three others, could tell us so trustworthily.

The author of "The City of Dreadful Night" he knew well and of his life—the incarnation and microcosmic stage of his own sweeping pessimism—he gave us some graphic pictures which we shall not forget. He was a giant genius—a veritable Titan, a Prometheus Vincetus, whose chains, indeed, fell not off, yet who was not denied his ministering spirits—true offspring of an age of conflict and transition, terribly and (in the letter) fearlessly clairvoyant, but shuddering through all the depths of a strong passionate nature at the desolate blankness of his one-sided apocalypse. For in his creed

The world rolls round for ever like a mill;
It grinds out death and life and good and ill;
It has no purpose, heart or mind or will.

Man might know one thing were his sight less dim:
That it whirls not to suit his petty whim,
That it is quite indifferent to him.

Nay, does it treat him harshly as he saith?
It grinds him some slow years of bitter breath,
Then grinds him back into eternal death.

Thomson's chief poem is a tragedy; his life was a tragedy. We used to think Clough's fragment, "The Shadow," the most ironical and, at the same time, the most pathetic of all apocalyptic poems. But Thomson's persistent nihilism and steady gaze at that deep, of which Heavyssege writes in his great sonnet, makes Clough's poem look like the timid peep of a child into a dark closet, the door of which he had been forbidden to open. There is in "The Shadow," nevertheless, a weird dramatic power which affects one curiously. Matthew Arnold is sometimes classed with Clough as an intellectual pessimist. In neither poem does the gloom of even the saddest mood become the felt darkness of "terrible night," and in both there is much that tends to give peace and, indirectly, to inspire hope. Even in poor Thomson's life and work, the black, pall-like clouds are not without the silver lining of human love.

Every age of man's strange story, like the great cycles of geologic time, brings forth its own types of life. And in every instance, the hour of birth is an hour of pain and convulsion, after which there generally comes, in due time, a season of joy, however transient. The representative poets of our generation, especially those whose voices were raised in or near the moment of birth-throe, when the old order began perceptibly to change, could not repress the note of pain, could not make-believe that the anguish was all imaginary. In Matthew Arnold's poem, "The Future," the highest rational aspiration that suggested itself was that though the day of quiet trust had gone, in the new dispensation the "River of Time" might

"acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.
And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the gray expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast,
As the pale Waste widens around him—
As the banks fade dimmer away—
As the stars come out, and the night wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite Sea."

Nothing charmed us more in Mr. Sharp's conversation than his simple story of the life and work of that martyr-singer, Philip Bourke Marston—the "Philip, my King," of Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock), who was his godmother. One of his godfathers was Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus." Mr. Sharp was one of the circle of the poet's intimate friends—a circle which included at various times Browning, Swinburne, Dickens, Thackeray, the Rossetti family, Theodore Watts, Iza Duffus Hardy, Mary Robinson, the Browns, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton (who has written a sketch of his life), Julian Hawthorne, and other Americans of note. In a later issue we shall tell the story as Mr. Sharp told it to us.

Of Canadian poets, Mr. Sharp thinks highly of Fréchette, of Heavyssege, of Crémazie, of Lampman, of Roberts (with whom he had spent some weeks) and of John Lesperance, with whose "Epicidium," published in the "Songs of the Great Dominion," he fell in love at first sight. As our readers are doubtless aware, Mr. Sharp is editor-in-chief of the excellent "Canterbury Poets," in Mr. Walter Scott's admirable series of publications, a position which made him familiar with many of our poets, while Mr. Lighthall's anthology was going through the press. In a sense, therefore, he was no stranger when he came to Canada. We are happy to learn that his sojourn amongst us has done him much good, and that he returns to England, to resume his intermitted toils, with a fund of health and energy acquired in the Land of Evangeline.

Pastor Felix, who never writes fruitlessly, has not appealed in vain to some of his younger brethren in song. Mr. Arthur Weir who (as we have already intimated) is leaving Canada to take an important position in Detroit, wishes to inform his esteemed friend that he has not been idle, and is by no means snuffed out. In evidence whereof he sends us some recently written sonnets, of which we present our readers with this fine one on

THE ETERNITY OF LIFE.

Within an ancient temple in the East,
Full of quaint tributes of idolators,
To the broad roof a cloud of incense pours
From sacred fires; and by each fire a priest
Stands ready with fresh fuel; nor has ceased
For years one numbers by the hundred scores
Those fires to burn upon the foot-worn floors
In honour of the sun or some strange beast.

Priestess of Life is Nature, and its fires
Mysterious she feeds with flesh unceasingly.
We die, but life dies never. Like the flames
That burn forever on the pagan pyres,
It merely changes shape. The life in me
Long æons since quickened ancestral frames.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

Mr. Weir has undertaken the preparation of a new Canadian anthology, and will be glad to receive volumes of verse, fugitive poems and biographical notes of the authors from any of his poet compatriots whom this announcement may reach. His present address is "in care of Dr. Brodie, 64 Lafayette Avenue, Detroit." Those who send him their books will gratify him by inscribing their names in them. Mr. Weir pays a graceful tribute of admiration to Mr. W. W. Campbell, whose "Lake Lyrics" he has been rapturously reading. We may add that, Mr. Weir's letter having been written before he had decided to leave Montreal, and consequently requiring certain alterations which, being pressed for time, he was unable to make, he asked us to give the substance of it. He has kindly promised us a fuller communication at an early day.

TALK.—The power to converse well is a very great charm. You think anybody can talk. How mistaken you are! Anybody can chatter, anybody can exchange idle gossip. Anybody can recapitulate the troubles of the kitchen, the cost of the last new dress, and the probable doings of the neighbours. But to talk wisely, instinctively, freshly, and delightfully is an immense accomplishment. It implies exertion, observation, study of books and people, and receptivity of impressions. Plato banished the musicians from his feasts that the charms of conversation might have no interference; but in our later fashions many prefer music rather than the gossip of the hour, which often degenerates into trivialities wearisome and commonplace.—*Ruskin.*

FINE ARTS

The Spanish Government has decided to restore, or rather to save from impending ruin, the Palace of Charles V. at Granada, one of the best monuments of the Renaissance in the Peninsula, the work of the architect Machuco, who was educated in Italy.

At the time of the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle-on-Tyne an exhibition of local works of art, by local artists, living and deceased, was opened in the Central Exchange Art Gallery. It began on Friday, August 30, and continues open about six weeks.

Two ancient aqueducts have been discovered at Athens, one, large and fit for use, in the part called Goudi, towards Hymettus, the other, made of brick, in the city itself, beneath the royal stables. Near the latter have been found several tombs in marble, and in both places fragments of inscriptions, one of them bearing the name of Philagros, son of Alexis of the demos of Melite.

The *Builder* says that Chenies having been "opened up" by a railway company, the Duke of Bedford, whose foresight is to be admired, has forbidden that free access to the mortuary chapel of his family, where many of his ancestors lie buried under beautiful tombs, which was formerly granted. The fate of Fairlight Glen should be a warning to all who have a care for natural beauty which can be defaced by unworthy hands. The tombs at Chenies need care the once lovely glen has not received. How about Milton's cottage at Chalfont, which is only a few miles from a new railway station? Will anything be done to defend this still nearly intact relic of the poet?

The Montreal correspondent of the *Canadian Architect and Builder* writes as follows:—Canadian architects, if you want to be employed on Canadian works, go at once, rent an office in Albany, Syracuse, Boston, New York, or some small American town—but it must be American, otherwise you will never be appreciated by the Canadian public. In Montreal to-day it does not matter what your antecedents may have been. Hang up your shingle as an architect from Boston and New York; run down every other local architect; never mind your own social standing; keep up lots of style; take all the credit trades will give you, and when any important work is to be given, our public will ask no questions, and will put aside well-known and reliable men to make room for you. For all this we have but ourselves to blame. There is no *esprit de corps* among our Montreal architects, but, on the contrary, a feeling of jealousy prevails. It is a great pity we have not some such society as the R. I. B. A., of England, to raise the standard of our profession.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, therein the honor lies."

A meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ontario Association of Architects was held in Toronto on June 16th, to arrange preliminaries in connection with the approaching annual convention in November. Some eight or ten papers on a variety of interesting subjects have already been promised. It is proposed to hold an exhibition of drawings at the Canadian Institute rooms. Members of the Association are urged to assist in making this exhibition as large and interesting as possible. Those who may wish to send drawings for exhibition should correspond with the Secretary of the Association on the subject at as early a date as possible. It is intended that the convention shall extend over at least two days, and shall include a dinner on the evening of the first day. The secretary has been in communication with the promoters of the movement in England for incorporation, and from this source has gained information which will prove of much service to the committee appointed by the Ontario Association to further similar objects in Canada. This committee, we are pleased to learn, is making satisfactory progress with the work assigned to it.—*Canadian Architect*.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—There is good reason to believe that in a couple of years the nation will be possessed of a National Portrait Gallery architecturally worthy of its collection and of its site—assuming, of course, that the Government accepts Lord Rosebery's suggestion that £7,000 be voted to the County Council—or, according to the Government's proposal, £3,500 apiece—to secure the piece of ground in front of it. May not, therefore, the suggestion with propriety be revived that was first brought forward, I believe, in 1857—namely, that a special room be devoted to artists, and that a gallery of honour be devoted to them on the basis of the Uffizi Gallery? Our best artists, including Sir F. Leighton and Sir Everett Millais, Mr. Watts, and Mr. Gregory have all gladly accepted the Italian invitation to contribute their likenesses to the gallery of Florence. Why should they not rather turn their eyes homewards, and keep the great artistic biography of the nation in the country! Such a collection would unquestionably be the chief attraction in the Portrait Gallery, for an autograph likeness has far more of interest in it than another. The French found this out last year. Why should not we, too, if we can, get our artists to honour their country and themselves in the same way? If the danger of promiscuous invitation be avoided the standard will be high, and little, if any, difficulty would be experienced.—*Fall Mall Gazette*.

THE GHOST OF THE GASLIGHT.

It wanted precisely ten minutes of seven o'clock, and the rain, which had fallen in considerable quantities for two days past, had apparently not quite made up its mind whether to go on falling or to cease. An uncertain sort of morning it was, that might result in a fair, sultry, summer day, or in thunder showers or lightning, such as had preceded it. Looking up Laval Avenue, I perceived, burning dimly in the near distance, a solitary street lamp. It was such an unusual sight at this hour, when, as far as the eye could discern in all other directions, the lights were extinguished, that it at once arrested my attention. It continued to burn a while, feebly, sickly and ghostly in the broadening daylight, casting its faint little melancholy glimmer on an adjacent elm, and then, as I looked, it flickered, shot up a sudden, momentary gleam, and expired. Instantly I remembered that this was the 31st of July, and to-morrow from every quarter the new electric light would flash in inaugural splendour through the city. This, then, was the death of the old familiar light, that, in spite of our grumblings, had served us fairly well in the past, guiding our feet in darksome nights wherever they were fain to go—on errands of duty, of pleasure or of mercy, or—(but it was not to blame for this, and we shrank from it at such times)—of sin, perhaps. It had lighted us home when we were returning weary from the toils of the day, and it had been our beacon often to the House of God. We had welcomed its charming ray as the winter days grew short, and it had shone out earlier on dreary afternoons with a friendly glimmer. At times of local uncertainty we had looked to it, and it had seldom failed us. It had been our friend from the first, and a friend to all of us. But now we were going to give it up. Poor little ghostly light, that lingered so long for the last time. The light was a sad one; and what, after all, was it but a figure of ourselves. Lights of a little night, we too shine out in the dark, helping or misleading for our fleeting time, then vanishing like this tiny ghost of the gaslight, that other and newer luminaries may take our place.

EROL GERVASE.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

"I believe that every sin, however great, being repented of, and forsaken, is by God, and ought to be by men, altogether forgiven, blotted out, and done away."—*Miss Mulock's "Life for a Life."*

Fair Alice, dreaming not of woe,
By one she trusted was beguiled,
And when the ground was white with snow,
The child-like mother clasped a child.
"Sweet sister! shield my infant son,
The world will scorn a maid undone:
Let not thy pity be denied."
"Away, away!" the sister cried.

Fair Alice, tremulous with fears,
Strayed onward through the wintry storm,
And soon, through large remorseful tears,
Gazed meekly on her brother's form.
"I am too frail a thing to live,
Still, brother, still my crime forgive!
I pray thee, shut not out thy love."
"My heart," he swore, "thou canst not move."

Fair Alice sought her father's roof,
Her cold pale cheek suffused with shame:
She feared the stern old man's reproof,
She felt unworthy of his name.
"My father! I have suffered more
Than heart of woman ever bore:
Pardon! I know my sin is great."
"My love," he cried, "is turned to hate."

Fair Alice, by her father spurned,
Almost of reason's self bereft,
Despairing, to her mother turned,
The only hope or solace left
She sobbed with penitential cry,
"My heart is broken—I shall die!"
"Live," said her mother; "thou canst win
From God forgiveness for thy sin!"

GEO. MURRAY.

Half the misery in the world comes of want of courage to speak and hear the truth plainly, and in a spirit of love.—*Mrs. Stowe*.

The only way capital can increase is by saving. If you spend as much as you get, you will never be richer than you are. It is not what a man gets but what he saves that constitutes his wealth.

Humorous

WHOM IT BELONGED TO.—He: Oh! what a charming plant. Elder sister: Yes, it belongs to the Begonia family. Small sister: No, it don't. It belongs to the Brown family, who lent it to us for this evening.

TUBBS (recounting his experience at a musicale a few evenings previous): They did not even ask me to sing. Miss Whitelye (placidly): You've sung there before, haven't you? Tubbs: Yes, once; why? Miss W.: Oh, nothing.

ADORER (nervously): Isn't that your father's step on the stairs! Sweet Girl: Yes, but don't mind that; it's only a scare. He won't come down. He always stamps around that way when I sit up with young men after 11 o'clock.

"I am going into town, and perhaps I shall call on your mother, Mary," said Mrs. Grandlady to her youngest servant. "What do you wish me to say to her?" "Oh, ye can jist say I'm weel pleased wi' ye," was the innocent reply.

JUDGE: You are arrested for walking on the grass in the park; and that, too, right near a notice warning you to keep off. Accused: Yes. I'm near sighted, you know; and I couldn't make out what the sign was, so I went over on the grass to read it, and was arrested.

AN Aberdeen visitor to Glasgow lately was breakfasting in a cooking depot when a fly went into his milk. It was coolly walking away, when he was heard to remark—"Na, na, ma wee flee, yer nae run awa' that way till a sook yer wee wingie; ye were in ma milk, ye ken."

"Do you belong to the Salvation Army?" he asked of a stern-visaged woman who stood at his side. "No, sir, I do not. But in this generation of tired men," she added, with a withering glance at the row of sitting males, "I seem to belong to the standing army." She got a seat.

LITTLE HOWARD has been told that he must be punished, and that he could choose between a whipping and being shut up in a dark closet. After a moment's painful thought he said: "Well, papa, if mamma 'll do it, I guess I'll be whipped; but if you're going to whip me, I guess I'll be shut up."

HAD ONE.—"Have you any particular object in loafing around here?" asked the contractor of a new building of an idler who was in the way. "Yes sir," was the prompt reply. "Well, what is it?" "I want to dodge my creditors, and they will never think of looking for me where there is any work going on."

ONE of the Shah's suite, desirous of emulating an American marksman at Hatfield house, Lord Salisbury's seat, near London, took up the rifle, but one shot was enough; there was a screech of alarm, which would have been followed by a general stampede if the American had not promptly taken away the rifle, as the Oriental narrowly escaped "potting" a group of guests, and Lord Salisbury's terrier, Spot, was very nearly falling a victim.

HE SAW THE PROPRIETOR.—Wife: John, I wish you'd go into Coffee & Co.'s when you're down town and see why they haven't sent up the groceries I ordered by postal card two days ago. It's shameful to neglect my order so. Just give them a real hard scolding, will you, John? John: I shall go there and see Mr. Coffee himself about it. John (an hour later): Mr. Coffee, here's an order on this postal card that I've carried in my pocket two days. I wish you'd get the goods up to the house early this morning; will you please?

This is said to be a true story, though appearing in the *Melbourne Punch*. Lady Carrington, the wife of the Governor of New South Wales, is said to be a demure little lady, at times with a keen sense of humour. The other day a magnate from South Australia called at Government House. He sent his card in, and, waving the footman aside, said he would "go up and give his lordship a surprise." At the top of the stairs he met a nice-looking young woman, and, in a fine old gentlemanly, gallant way, chucked her under the chin, and pressed a half-crown into her hand, saying, at the same time, "show me into the presence of his lordship, my little dear." The little dear, with enigmatical smile, opened the door of his lordship's study and said: "Bob, here is a gentleman to see you, and"—opening her hand—"he's given me half-a-crown to show him where you were."

JOB WAS ILL-USED.—The minister of the "Auld Lights" in Laurieston Place, Edinburgh, had a hearer, a farmer, who lived several miles from that city, and being so faithful as to go nearly twelve miles to church every Sunday, was rewarded by having a visit from the minister for a fortnight or so during the harvest time, when he generally gave a sermon to the people in the neighbourhood in Jonathan's barn. The people assembled, however, one Sunday evening, when Jonathan got up and said: "My freends, something unexpected has, nae doot, come in the minister's road. At ony rate, he's no here, an' rather than let ye awa hame thirsting and hungering after the Word, I'll gie ye a bit screed mysel'." So he read them three chapters from the Book of Job, and closing the Book said: "Fellow-sinners, I'm nae great commentator, so I'se no be the yin to expatiate at ony length, but jist say, in a few words, the long and short o't is, between God and the deevil Job was a very ill-used man."

English exchanges announce the death of Benjamin Philpot, formerly Archdeacon of the Isle of Man, which occurred at Surbiton on May 28. He lived to the age of ninety-nine, and is said to have been at the time of his death the oldest clergyman in the Church of England. He startled a congregation in Suffolk recently by telling them that the last time he preached in that church was in the year of the battle of Waterloo. He retained full possession of his faculties until the last.

HERE'S SOMETHING QUEER.—The following is a very curious puzzle: Open a book at random and select a word within the first ten lines and within the tenth word from the end of the line. Mark the word. Now double the number of the page and multiply the sum by five. Then add twenty. Then add the number of the line you have selected. Then add five. Multiply the sum by ten. Add the number of the word in the line. From this sum subtract 250, and the remainder will indicate in the unit column the number of the word; in the ten column the number of the line, and the remaining figures the number of the page.

The lack of the right kind of food, says Dr. Talmage, is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking what many of our grocers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of our labouring classes feel so miserable that they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobacconist calls tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rum-sellers call beer. Good coffee would do much to drive out bad rum. Adulteration of food has got to be an evil against which all the health officers and all the ministers and all the reformers and all the Christians need to set themselves in battle array.

BABIES FOR A SHILLING.—Derbyshire is being amused by the story of a laughable incident which occurred in one of the small parish churches in the highlands of that county. The curate was directed by the vicar to make two announcements, one about a forthcoming baptismal service, and the other referring to some new hymn books. At the proper time the curate said: "For the future, 'Hymns, Ancient and Modern,' will be used in this church. There will be a baptism of infants here next Sunday. All persons wishing to have their children baptized must send in their names to the vicar before Wednesday." The vicar, who is somewhat deaf, noticed the curate's voice cease, but, not observing that the order of notices had been reversed, added: "And I should like further to mention that those who wish to have some of the latter can, on applying at the vicarage, obtain them for one shilling each, or, with extra strong backs, for eighteen pence."—*Belfast (Ireland) Witness.*



A GENIUS OF AN ARTIST.

MRS. MORNINGDEW: Look here, Mr. Artist, those greasy spots on the wall are very unsightly; couldn't you fix them up a bit?

ARTIST: Greasy spots, Madam, are very hard to hide; but I'll see what I can make of them.



An hour later, he calls in Mrs. Morningdew to see his finished mural decoration.

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

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

ENTRY.

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

DUTIES.

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

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

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

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

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

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.