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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1890.

VOL. IV.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

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

VOL. IV.—1ST JANUARY TO 30TH JUNE, 1890.

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A WORD TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We wish you all a Happy New Year. We wish that results may equal your expectations. We pray that your enemy may not sow tares and thistles among your wheat; that God's sunshine and rain may be propitious to each of you; that His Providence may watch over your families, and your flocks, and your ships; land ships and water ships; real ships and ideal ships. May you meet with that forbearance, toleration, good will, kindly feeling, brotherly love, substantial help, at the hand of your fellow-creatures, which we trust you are ready to extend to them. And all we ask in return for these good wishes is that you should pay your subscription promptly without waiting to be asked, and that each of you should send us one new subscriber.



Though American furs sold well at the London sales last spring, it appears from the *Commercial* that there has of late been a falling-off in the demand, the foreign varieties being just now more in favour. This is especially the case with the finer furs, what demand there is being mainly for the cheaper classes. Russia, the destination hitherto of a large proportion of the American, is dilatory in buying, and the profits of dealers have materially decreased. Shippers have, therefore, been warned against paying too high a price for skins, and to give careful attention to the state of the market.

The question of defence has been discussed pretty thoroughly of late both in the Mother Country and in the Colonies. It was mainly through the very plain representations of General Edwards, after his inspection of the military force in the Australian Colonies, that the federation movement assumed its present urgency. In England the employment of the volunteers, not merely in case of actual invasion, but on the first menace of aggression by a foreign power, is now occupying attention. According to existing arrangements, they are only liable to continuous service when the invader is assuming a clearly threatening attitude. But it is maintained by military authorities that to wait till the last moment before offering their services is to invite the very risk which their organization is intended to keep aloof. It is argued that if it were known that from 80,000 to 100,000 men, effectively drilled, were actually available, along with the Regulars and Militia, the coming foe would pause in his advance and very probably retreat; whereas, the knowledge that they had still to be got ready for resistance, when he was near enough to strike, would impel him to lose no time in taking advantage of the delay. The *Broad*

Arrow does not hesitate to pronounce 100,000 volunteers already brigaded with the Regulars and Militia more valuable for defence than 250,000 "under mythical liabilities."

The suggestion of Mr. Charles Hancock that an international postage stamp, valid in any country belonging to the postal union, should be adopted in all of them, is likely to receive attention from the departments. Such a stamp could be used for small remittances between one country and another, and for enclosing in letters requiring answers. The proposal is so practical and would meet the wants of so large a population all over the world that it is almost certain to find favour with the respective governments.

If Canada has a share in the North Pole, our fellow-colonists in the South Pacific are determined to avail themselves of their comparative nearness to the antarctic regions. An expedition was contemplated a couple of years ago, when application was made to the British Government for coöperation. The Council of the Colonial Institute passed a resolution in approval of the undertaking, and hoped that the Colonial Office would give it favourable consideration. Copies of the resolution were sent to the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the First Lord of the Treasury. An appeal was also made to the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society and to the Board of Trade. In reply to the Under-Secretary of the Colonial Office, the Secretary of the Treasury said that the department best able to judge of the commercial advantages of the expedition (the Board of Trade) did not think the interests involved sufficient to justify the proposed Imperial contribution, and that the communications from the scientific bodies regarded the enterprise as on too small a scale to be of much service to scientific investigation. In view of this testimony and of many other pressing calls for Imperial aid, the Lords of the Treasury did not feel themselves warranted in asking Parliament to provide a contribution. The Australian Colonies did not, however, for that reason, abandon the scheme, and according to recent accounts, the conduct of the expedition is to be entrusted to Commodore Foy, by birth a Norwegian. He proposes to combine business with scientific research, as a portion of his time is to be devoted to spermaceti whaling.

In attempting to explain how literature runs the risk in Canada of being crowded out by other more engrossing and essential pursuits, an English paper expresses the opinion that "it is in one sense higher work to clear a virgin forest and make it bright with the corn that will feed thousands than to write the most brilliant and successful novel or drama that a Scott or Shakespeare ever produced." The writer acknowledges, however, that "the many who can do the one can no more attempt the other than Caliban could produce 'Paradise Lost,' or that higher poem of more enduring human interest, Goethe's 'Faust.'" But Canada has passed the stage of mere pioneer toil, and her five millions of people ought to yield something more than the "bread that strengtheneth man's heart." And happily, there are signs of the intellectual harvest. Already she can point with pride to gifted sons and daughters that old France or old England might not disdain to own.

The December number of *Canadiana*, which completes the first year of that now well established magazine, contains contributions of value from Messrs. Ernest Cruikshank, J. M. LeMoine,

"W. B. L." (initials not unknown to our readers), and W. F. Ganong. Mr. Cruikshank, in some "Reminiscences of Col. Claus," who was Deputy Superintendent-General of the Indian Department during the period of the War of 1812-14, based on his letter-book, corrects the statements of United States historians, and especially Dr. Benson J. Lossing, as to the death of Lieut. Eldridge, who was slain while in command of a foraging party near Fort George. The correspondence quoted clearly brings out the fact that the British commanders had laid strict injunctions on the Indians and those who had charge of them not to kill or ill-treat the prisoners. As for the impetuous lieutenant, it is recorded that his sad fate was due to his own provocation in firing on one of the Indians, after his capture. Mr. LeMoine reproduces from some of those dusty memorials of the past to which he holds the key a "Chanson de Guerre de l'année 1775," written in commemoration of the Blockade of Quebec, a ditty which he has often heard said and sung by the patriotic lips of the late Hon. Louis Panet, who had received it from his father, the first Speaker of the Quebec Assembly. Mr. Ganong cites the late Rev. Dr. Rand in confirmation of the view that Quebec is an Indian word, meaning "narrows"—a view also held by the Rev. Abbé Cuoq. The editor calls attention to the interesting fact that the great-grandfather of General Gordon died at Halifax in 1751, while his grandfather was at the siege of Louisburg and the capture of Quebec. This information is due to Col. Butler, through M. J. G. ("At Dodsley's") in the *Montreal Gazette*.

The year on which we have entered is to have its exhibitions, as well as its predecessors. One of these—the National Exhibition of electrical engineering, general inventions and industries, will take place in Edinburgh next May. It will be presided over by the Marquis of Lothian, and the executive council comprises some influential names. The Lord Mayor is chairman of the London committee. Decorative art, music and other liberal arts, educational appliances, chemical and allied industries and machinery, paper and leather-work will be represented in the exhibits. The Jamaica Exhibition will give Canadians an opportunity of showing what Canada has to exchange for West Indian products, and that of Buenos Ayres will enable them to push their interests in South America.

Complaint is made of the shameful recklessness with which moose are slaughtered along the wooded shores of Lake Winnipeg, carcass after carcass of these animals being, it is said, met with, intact, save for the removal of the hide. Capt. Bergman, who gives this information, adds that last winter two hunters, to his knowledge, killed fifty head, eight of which were left to decay in the bush. At this rate moose would soon be as scarce as buffalo. It is to be hoped that something will be promptly done to prevent this extermination of the pick of our larger game.

Mr. R. W. Baxter, who visited Paris during the Exposition season, chiefly for the purpose of studying the lithographic and kindred work on exhibition there, says, in the *British and Colonial Printers' and Booksellers' Circular*, that the work turned out by Parisian firms is as good as, and sometimes better than, what is produced in London. The materials employed and the methods in use are generally the same. No process depending on any new principle is employed, so that

the improvement, where it exists, is due to the manipulation of the individual workman. The time taken to perfect it is also longer than what is usual in England.

Although there was no exhibit from this side of the Atlantic, Mr. Baxter draws attention to the superiority, in several respects, of cis-atlantic work. Its fine qualities he attributes largely to good rolled paper, black ink and careful printing, and advises English printers to pay more attention to these points. After mentioning, as worthy of praise, the English "Guide to the Paris Exhibition," by Messrs. Clowes & Sons, he adds that it lacks the cleanness and brilliancy of our cis-atlantic productions.

THE FUR-SEAL TRADE.

The advertisement recently published by Mr. Secretary Windom touching the sale of privileges in the fur-seal islands of the North Pacific has not, we suppose, escaped the attention of the British Government. In fixing the term of the lease at twenty years, the Washington authorities are following the traditions of Russia. The first grant of sealing rights was made in 1799. Before that date several companies and firms had been engaged in hunting and trading both in the waters and on the coast. Captain Cook, who visited the islands in 1778, reported their importance to his own government, but the Russians and Siberians were already engaged in the traffic. In 1801 Baranoff, with his trained Aleuts and an armed force allowed him by his government, took charge of the interests of the Russian American Company and founded the settlement at Sitka. In spite of some antagonism on the part of certain tribes, he soon reduced all refractory natives to order, and made everything conduce to the prosperity of the company. The Russian possessions under his administration were extended as far south as Cape Mendocino on the Californian coast. At the end of twenty years the scheme had succeeded so well that many of the Russian nobility considered it a privilege to be connected with it, and the charter, through their influence, was renewed with enlarged powers. In 1840 there was another renewal and the company continued to flourish. But during the term of the next renewal, the growth of colonization on the Pacific coast had weakened Russia's prestige, and the St. Petersburg authorities found the responsibility and expense of maintaining order in so distant a possession so great as to counterbalance the profits. It was, therefore, decided to sell the whole territory both continental and insular. For years no purchaser offered, and when, after long negotiations, Secretary Seward concluded the bargain that made Alaska United States territory, he was the subject of a good deal of ridicule. The event proved, however, that he had not miscalculated its value. The royalty and rent which the government received for the fur-seal islands have alone nearly paid up the purchase money. After the transfer, a San Francisco firm purchased the plant of the Russian company, and in 1870 it was incorporated as the Alaska Commercial Company and secured the lease which expires in May next. For the privilege of taking 100,000 skins yearly, they paid an annual sum of \$317,000, so that the \$7,200,000 paid to Russia for Alaska is almost covered by those disbursements alone. That the United States Government can exercise no exclusive jurisdiction in those waters has been made clear again and again, but it

is evident from the announcement that the old claim of *mare clausum* rights (which were absolutely denied even to Russia by the Washington Government itself) is about to be put forward again. It will be seen that the new agreement will permit only 60,000 seals to be taken yearly, which is a considerable reduction on the take in the last lease. It is also noteworthy that the government reserves the right of rejecting any tender without specifying reasons, so that aliens may be proscribed. Now is the time for England to protest and to have the vexed question settled before a new season arrives and the old conflicts are renewed. If measures are necessary for the protection of the seals, they should be of an international character.

ENGLAND AND PORTUGAL.

The determination that the British Government has shown in disputing the rights of Portugal to bar her advance northwards from Bechuanaland will generally be accepted by colonists as a revival of that Imperial spirit which has so often in recent years appeared to be dormant, if not dead. It is certainly in marked contrast to the tone in which Germany's intrusion at Angra Pequena was received a few years ago. There are, however, circumstances that go some way in explaining the difference. During the last two years England has been surveying her domain in South Africa, and, having obtained from Germany a pledge that she would be satisfied with certain limits, had proceeded to take over Bechuanaland, now distinctly recognized as British territory, and had granted to a powerful company a charter for the development of the region to the north of it. In this region lie Matabeleland and Mashonaland, both ruled by an intelligent chief named Lobengula, and said to contain some of the finest tracts of land in Southern Africa. The whole country is valuable whether for minerals or for the richness of the soil, and is considered well adapted for settlement. In the charter the rights and duties of the company are carefully specified, and in case the conditions were not observed, the Government expressly retained the privilege of revocation. One of its chief members, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, is already well known in South Africa, and with him are associated the Duke of Fife, Lord Gifford, the Duke of Abercorn, and Messrs. Belt, Gray and Cawston. The new enterprise was begun with excellent hopes, with abundant capital, with experience, and, apparently, every advantage in its favour. It was, therefore, disappointing, just at the outset of its operations, to meet not only with conflicting claims, but with an obstinate and even violent assertion of them. It was not, of course, unknown to Mr. Rhodes and his colleagues that the Portuguese had at one time looked upon an indefinite extent of country inland from Mozambique as within the range of their influence, but as they had long since ceased to exercise any jurisdiction beyond a mere strip of coast, it was not apprehended that there would be any difficulty in coming to terms. The task of negotiating on the subject with the Portuguese authorities was entrusted to Mr. Johnston, Consul at Mozambique, who knew better than any Englishman exactly how matters stood.

The Portuguese, however, long regarded Africa as the Spaniards in the 16th century were wont to regard the New World. As the conquerors of Mexico and Peru looked upon the whole American continent as their peculiar possession, so the Por-

tuguese, proud of their early triumphs, have always resented the intrusion of other nations in Africa as an encroachment on territory which they had fairly won. They have not yet forgiven England for disputing their claims to the Congo. And, undoubtedly, the language which a portion of the British press thought proper to use both in the former controversy and the present dispute is not calculated to conciliate them. It is unjust, and even if England's claims were ever so well founded, it is unnecessarily harsh. Such language is all the more unbecoming because Portugal is a little kingdom. Possibly had different methods been employed in the first place, the problem might have been satisfactorily solved. As it is, Portugal's claims, from being vague, are becoming definite through treaties with native chiefs, one of them a rival of Lobengula, so that, if as is now proposed, the matter is submitted to arbitration, she may, even setting aside her ancient pretensions on the ground of conquest and occupation, put forward new agreements exactly similar to those on which England relies. The awkwardness to the latter of this unlooked-for persistence on the part of her rival is that the territory which is thus claimed is not only a part of rich Mashonaland, but would, if left to Portugal, separate England's settlements south of the Zambezi from those north of it on the Shiré and on Lake Nyassa. As war is virtually out of the question, it may be supposed that, unless some compromise be agreed upon, the whole question will go to arbitration. It is only fourteen years since the MacMahon award assigned Delagoa Bay to Portugal, and England may lose in this case too. If so, it is not Portugal but Germany that is likely to reap the advantage, and for that reason it would be wiser for England to come to terms with her old ally, who would probably have yielded already had she been approached in a friendly spirit.

BENEATH A PICTURE.

["In Orgagna's painting of 'The Last Judgment' there is the figure of an Angel, who is looking with a feeling of awe and anxiety at the assembled myriads awaiting the last decree of Heaven." *The Parthenon*, (art magazine) No. VII, p 98]

Fearfully gazing Spirit! wherefore lies
That strange, sad speculation in thine eyes?
Why dost thou shrink, as though beneath a storm,
Shedding the brightness of thine angel form?
Art thou a rebel spirit? Did'st thou fling
Proud threats of old at Heaven's Eternal King,
And, crushed and vanquished, wilt thou soon be hurl'd
Down by the Victor to a demon-world?
It cannot be! Thou art not one of those
Doomed to a dark eternity of woes,
Who gnash their teeth in frenzied pain, and weep,
And vainly pray for everlasting sleep;
No! thou art spotless—all thy sins are dead—
A wreath of glory streams around thy head,
And, if thy countenance is pale and wan,
'Tis that thy love is shown in fear for man.

Yea, fear hath cast a shade upon thy soul,
For worlds are shrinking like a shrivelled scroll,
And all things pass away, and angels gaze
With dim intelligence and strange amaze
On shadowy forms upfloating from the earth,
Roused by the trumpet to a second birth.

Swiftly they soar, as eagles o'er a cloud,
Souls from all climes, a voiceless, troubled crowd,
Sinners and saints, the monarch and the slave,
Bursting at once the bondage of the grave.

Perhaps, amid those sinners there is one
Whom thou dost recognize—an only son—
For whom sad prayers were offered up above
By the deep fondness of a deathless love;
Who, cold and senseless as earth's meanest clod,
Died as he lived, the enemy of God!

* * * * *
And he—the loved, the lost one—cometh now,
With sin's dark curse deep branded on his brow!

* * * * *
Therefore, it is with reason that there lies
That strange, sad speculation in thine eyes;
Therefore, thou shrinkest as beneath a storm,
Shrouding the brightness of thine angel form.

GEO. MURRAY.



LIEUT. WM. STAIRS, R.E., OF HALIFAX, N.S.
GRADUATE OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, KINGSTON, ONT., SECOND IN COMMAND ON THE
STANLEY EXPEDITION.



STREET VIEW IN BELLEVILLE, ONT.



LAYING OF EDISON UNDERGROUND ELECTRIC LIGHT CONDUCTORS, TORONTO.—The work, of which our engraving shows the processes in Toronto, pertains to a subject that has of late attracted much attention all over the continent. This is, we believe, the first attempt to introduce the subterranean system in Canada, and the illustration which we present will, doubtless, interest many of our readers. The Toronto Incandescent Electric Light Company, which makes a specialty of operating the Edison system from safe underground low tension circuits, is erecting in Toronto an Edison Central Station with an ultimate capacity of 50,000 lamps. The company expects shortly to have at least 5,000 in operation. Our engraving shows the mains and feeders laid in the trench, which is about eighteen inches from the edge of the sidewalk, thirty inches deep, two in width, with connection boxes at intervals of twenty feet for the accommodation of the buildings along the route. Some of the men in the illustration (to the right) hold naphtha lamps and are soldering the joints, while another workman has an iron pail, from which is poured the melted insulating compound that covers the joints in the boxes. To the left our readers may perceive a set of testing instruments, with which, after laying, each length is tested, for insulation resistance and continuity. More than five miles of electric tubes have been laid since the fall. A good deal has been written on this subject in the press. The *Canadian Architect and Builder* had some carefully written articles on the whole question and the interests and the advantages of the respective methods. The conclusion reached was that the authorities might reasonably compel the burial of all low tension wires and insist on companies operating high tension wires to rebuild their overhead lines in a safe and sightly manner. When the underground system was started in Toronto a couple of months ago, the same journal protested against the way in which the work was done—every company putting down its own conduit—as likely to lead to great confusion, and the eternal tearing up of the streets. It counselled the cities of Canada to give serious attention to the matter, now at the outset, so that expense and annoyance might be afterwards avoided, and this, our readers will agree, was sound advice.

LIEUT. WM. G. STAIRS, R.E., SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.—The portrait that we present in this issue, of Lieut. Stairs, is sure to be appreciated by our patriotic readers. For two years the attention of civilization has been turned anxiously towards the Dark Continent in expectation of tidings of that heroic band, whose humane mission commanded the admiration of the world. Again and again that expectation had been disappointed and at times hope seemed likely to be conquered by despair only too well founded. But at least, the faith of those who had reposed confidence in the judgment, courage and endurance of Henry M. Stanley and his brave colleagues was grandly rewarded. With joy, assured intelligence was at last received that the object of the expedition had been accomplished and that Emin Pasha and his deliverer were on their way back to the coast. Then came letters describing the long agony of hope deferred, the weary marches through the realms of death, the days of starvation and sickness, and finally the return to Fort Bobo, where Lieut. Stairs had kept garrison in his leader's absence. What followed was an aftermath of trial which was, perhaps, less tolerable than the preceding ordeal, for, by all accounts, it was a strain that might, to a great extent, have been avoided. That Canada should have shared, through one of her sons, in this great triumph of exploration and heroic constancy is a new glory added to the pages of her annals. Lieut. Stairs, who accompanied Mr. Stanley, as second in command, is a member of a well known Halifax family. From boyhood he showed an inclination for a military career and an interest in the studies therewith associated. He served a good apprenticeship to the life of the scientific soldier, at the Royal Military College, Kingston. There he graduated on the 27th of June, 1882, and soon after obtained a commission in the Royal Engineers. After serving creditably in various capacities he was, in 1887, put in command of the detachment accompanying the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. How he acquitted himself there we know from the explorer's published letters. While Canada gives such sons to the service of the Empire, there is little fear of disintegration.

BELLEVILLE, ONT.—This city, the name of which suggests many charms, is undoubtedly one of the handsomest places in the Dominion. But its name is misleading. As it happens, it is not French at all. The place was named, as many places in Ontario were named, to do honour to one of our English Governors. The wife of Governor Gore, whose memory is preserved in the Gore district, was called Arabella, of which Bella or Bell is the pet name, and it was out of compliment to that lady that the city was so called. Nevertheless, we quite agree with Mr. Howard Hunter that for its altered name Belleville finds ample justification in the beauty of the city and neighbourhood. A friend of ours has named it "The City of Acacias," as it has the finest avenue of acacias in all Canada. The dwelling houses in Belleville are, almost without exception,

detached and embowered each in its own pretty garden. Nor do the owners or tenants hide their flowers and shrubs by eight-foot close board fences, which confine and devitalize the air and cause the plants to wither. For such unseemly obstructions they substitute graceful hedges of cedar or locust, or lines of lighter wire just sufficient to mark the boundary. To praise the scenery of the Bay of Quinté would be painting the lily. The very name has an echo of romance, which is not less perceptible from the mystery that surrounds its origin. It is at least as old as the days of La Salle, and was known to Father Dollier de Casson to M. Galinée. "A morning excursion down the Bay from Trenton or Belleville to Picton and the Lake on the Mountain is," writes Mr. Hunter, "one of those delightful summer memories that one likes to lay up for winter use. Among these winding and romantic shores, the more destructive form of enterprise has happily stayed its hand so that much of the primitive beauty survives. And then the charm of the famous Bay is in no slight measure due to cloud effects and the changeful humour of the sun. . . . Sometimes under the joyous sunlight these wrinkled covers break into peal on peal of youthful laughter, as though they had not assisted in laying the very foundations of the world; at other hours the uncertain sun wears a sad smile; while, in his hours of gloom, you may hear these ancient shores grieving and wailing over some mysterious and tragic sorrow." In public buildings Belleville is rich. The City Hall with its lofty clock tower is an object that no stranger can fail to see, and it is a joy to mariners on the Bay. The Provincial Deaf and Dumb Institution is known by repute everywhere. Those who have consulted that mine of various lore as to early Methodism in Canada—"Case and his Contemporaries," will be interested in visiting the little tablet to the Evangelist's memory in one of the churches that give Church street its name. How full the whole district is of memorials of the Loyalist settlement those who have read the works of Dr. Canniff, Mr. Canniff Haight and the late Dr. Ryerson need not be told.

SCENE IN THE ART GALLERY, MONTREAL, FROM A SKETCH BY MR. R. HARRIS, R.C.A.—Those who attended the Exhibition of Paintings by British artists, which has for some time been open in our Art Gallery, will have no difficulty in seizing Mr. Harris's motive. The centre of interest to the group before us is clearly the painting by George Frederick Watts, R.A., "Love and Life." In our engraving the main features of that pictorial allegory are plainly discernible. "Life" is there, with the rough places that are allotted to it under the most favourable conditions. The aspiration tends upward, but the task is not easy. A helper is present, however, and though the asperities are not removed, the striving, however it ends, has its solace and its recompense. Love that no "stony limits" can deter, Love that is as strong as Death, Life's foe, is there with fencing wing and words of hope and transforming power that changes toil to bliss and fills the earth with joy and beauty. For,

Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star
Is Love, though

his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

Some of the visitors have satisfied themselves with a more or less hasty inspection of the picture, and, with greater or less confidence have pronounced upon its meaning and its merits. Others seem still to hesitate about their verdict, and one young lady looks as if for her to glance and pass on were quite sufficient. Possibly she objects to Loves of vesture so ethereal. So might a maiden stand abashed who had been surprised into witnessing some extravaganza of the ballet. Is her companion like-minded? We really cannot say, but the situation has apparently an element of perplexity. Not thus do the couple standing close to the picture contemplate the artist's thought and work. They would master the one so as to appreciate the other. To them the winged figure is a spiritual presence. Such figures are unknown in real life, but the force, faculty, emotion, or sentiment which the artist has embodied is a reality even in the commonest of commonplace worlds. The youthful female figure that stands for life is in that heaven that lies about us, not in infancy merely, for heaven and earth touch at all times, though we forget or ignore it. "Life" is manifestly a breather of celestial air—and it is "Love" that makes that air what it is. But look from Mr. Watts's picture to the spectators and study their faces and attitudes. The artist has made them speak their minds, or at least as much of their minds as we are concerned with. It is a study of idiosyncrasies, but it also reveals the *milieu*, the point of view, from which each of these sons and daughters of civilization regard the sphinx before them. A good picture is its own interpreter, but in how many different voices the oracle speaks! Neither poet nor painter knows how much more his work may utter than he ever consciously dreamed of. If its message were just so and so and no more, art would be mere sign-painting—with one answer for all inquirers. Mr. Harris's picture may mean much or little, according to the spirit of the beholder. If our readers look well at it, we feel certain that they will see something that they never saw before, something that would, perhaps, have entirely escaped their notice, had it not been pointed out to them. The artist whose services we have been happy enough to secure for the *Dominion Illustrated* is well known throughout Canada. Like a good many of our foremost men, he is from the Maritime Provinces. Born in the ancient city of Carnarvon, Wales, Robert Harris came to Prince Edward Island in 1866. He studied several years in Europe, and his work early won recogni-

tion. He has exhibited in the Paris *Salon* and in the Royal Academy. Most of our readers who have been in Ottawa have seen his great picture commemorating the deliberations that led to the establishment of the federal system in Canada. He is one of the oldest of our Canadian Academicians, and has contributed his share to the formation of our National Gallery.

CANADIAN DAISIES.—The gowan has been sung by Scotia's bards in strains of touching patriotism, in love-songs, of which all have acknowledged the pathos and sweetness. England's daisy has also its bards, whose names, if not legion, are not few. One of our poets has taken the gowan for her nom de plume, and she is certainly not the least home-loving of them, and how often does the daisy come in for praise in the lyrics of that choir of which Mr. Lighthall is *chef d'orchestre!* But, if we wish to know what is loveliest in our Canadian Flora, to whom shall we go for guidance but to Mrs. Traill, who spent the leisure of a long life in noting the floral charms of our Canadian woods? Her book on "Canadian Wild Flowers" is one more debt that we owe to the family that has given us Mrs. Moodie. Though the daisy does not properly come within the range of her special studies, she has not omitted an affectionate allusion to it. "There is nothing," she says, "that we cling to with fonder affection than the flowers of our country, especially such as in childhood we delighted to gather. Thus the Daisy, the Primrose and Violet of England and Ireland and the Bonnie Heather and Harebell of Old Scotia are dear to the heart of the emigrant, and the sight of one of these beloved flowers cherished in a garden or greenhouse will awake the tenderest emotions." Some of our readers may recall Dr. Charles MacKay's poem on "The Primrose," a copy of which, in his own hand-writing, he left to the Mercantile Library Association of this city. It shows how a simple English flower awakened all the patriotic enthusiasm of an Australian community. That the daisy should be adopted in Canada is like evidence of the bond that binds the old country to the new. The scene in our engraving is, therefore, apart from its intrinsic charm, not without emblematic significance.

MR. JAMES MACPHERSON LEMOINE.—The name of Mr. LeMoine is probably the most familiar, as the representative of our literature, both in and out of Canada. It is his good fortune to represent in his own person the two great races from which Canada has sprung and to wield a bilingual pen. His paternal ancestors were from Normandy, and some years ago Mr. LeMoine had the satisfaction of paying a visit to the cradle of the family at St. Remi. Jean LeMoine, from whom he is descended, was a near relative of Charles LeMoine, who, for his services, was ennobled, and whose title of Baron of Longueuil has been confirmed to its present bearer by Queen Victoria. He was the seigneur of three fiefs, and, from an island which he possessed near Three Rivers, was known as Jean LeMoine des Pins. His descendant, Jean Baptiste LeMoine des Pins, served his country during the American invasion of 1775, and suffered not a little for his loyalty, having been taken prisoner, and lost considerable property as well as impaired his health during his captivity. Mr. LeMoine's father, Mr. Benjamin LeMoine, married Miss Ann MacPherson, daughter of Mr. Daniel MacPherson, seigneur of Crane Island, who adopted two of his eleven children. From him Mr. LeMoine received his second name, and with him, in his picturesquely situated manor-house, he spent the early years of his life. In August, 1838, he was sent to the Petit Séminaire of Quebec. Among those who then occupied professors' chairs in that institution may be mentioned His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, Bishops Langevin and Racine, and the Abbé Bouchy, a distinguished French ecclesiastic of the College of Saint Stanislas, Paris, so that Mr. LeMoine had every opportunity for becoming proficient in *belles lettres*, philosophy, mathematics, and other high branches of study. In 1845, having left college, he was indentured to the Hon. Judge J. N. Bossé, at that time one of the leading members of the Quebec Bar, and in 1850 his name was placed on the roll of practising barristers. In 1854 he entered into partnership with the late Mr. Kerr, Q.C., ex-bâtonnier of the Montreal Bar, and a lawyer who had few equals in Canada. In 1856 Mr. LeMoine married Miss Harriet Mary Atkinson, niece of the late Mr. Henry Atkinson, first of Spencer Wood, and afterwards of Spencer Grange, which he sold to Mr. LeMoine in 1860. Of Mr. LeMoine's two daughters, one is married to a son of the Hon. Lieut.-Colonel Rhodes, Minister of Agriculture, Quebec. Mr. LeMoine has for many years held the highest position in the Inland Revenue Department in this province. It is, however, neither as a lawyer nor a member of the Civil Service that he is best known. His literary life began in 1860, and since that date hardly a year has passed without yielding some welcome product of his pen in French or English. His "Ornithologie du Canada," in two volumes, published thirty years ago, is now a work of price to the collector. "Les Pêcheries du Canada" (1863), "L'Album du Touriste" (1872), and "Monographies et Esquisses" (1885), are the most noteworthy of his other French works. It is with the "Maple Leaves" series (four volumes) that his name is most frequently associated. "The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence," "Quebec, Past and Present," "Picturesque Quebec," are all works of curious interest and historical value. In addition to these Mr. LeMoine has contributed a large number of articles to our Canadian magazines, as well as to "Forest and Stream" and other foreign periodicals. His home at Spencer Grange, Sillery, owes much to nature, to romantic association, and to the taste of its

hospitable owner. It is a literary man's paradise. Books, maps, inscriptions, manuscripts, relics of every kind, an aviary and museum, a vinery, flowers, fruits, and the graces of an accomplished and amiable *châtelaine*—surely the wandering foot and the restless heart might well find terminus and content in such environment. Spencer Grange loves to share its delights with all who love what its author loves. The greatest in our land and celebrities from other climes, have deemed it a privilege to be admitted within its walls; the humble littérateur is cordially welcomed. A list of those who have been thus favoured would comprise some of the most eminent writers and scholars of France, England, the United States and Canada. By Lord Dufferin and Lord Lorne Mr. LeMoine is held in high esteem. When Dean Stanley visited Quebec, the former could think of no better plan to assure his learned guest against a fruitless exploration of the old city than that of entrusting him to Mr. LeMoine; and when Lord Lorne purposed founding the Royal Society, Mr. LeMoine was one of the first whose counsel he sought. The historians, Garneau and Ferland, were guests at Spencer Grange, and Dr. Parkman is no stranger in that delightful spot. Mr. LeMoine is one of the most assiduous members of the Literary and Historical Society, of which he has been president again and again. He was the first president of the French section of the Royal Society of Canada, to whose Transactions he has contributed some excellent papers. He is also an honorary member of several American Historical Societies, and is a *député régional* of the Ethnographical Society, and a member of the *Congrès des Américanistes*. In 1881 he availed himself of a much needed holiday to visit Europe, and came back with copious notes concerning notable scenes in England, Scotland, Ireland, France and Belgium, of which his readers have since had the benefit. To-day Mr. LeMoine's pen seems to be as busy as ever, and his stores of knowledge on archaeology, natural history, geography and sport seem to be virtually exhaustless. We are sure that, in presenting our readers with his portrait, we are gratifying many admirers of the author of "Maple Leaves" and "Picturesque Quebec."

PROF. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.—This is a portrait which, we are sure, will be appreciated by a large number of our readers, who are acquainted with Prof. Roberts either personally or through his works. Still in the prime of manhood, for he was born in St. John, N.B., in 1860, Mr. Roberts has won a literary reputation which is confined neither to Canada nor to the continent. What is thought of him in England our readers had an opportunity of learning from the extract from the *Athenæum* published in our last issue. He is there given a foremost place, not only among the poets of the Dominion, but among the poets of America. And yet he is only at the outset of his career. Much as he has done already, we agree with Douglas Sladen in expecting finer work from him than anything that he has yet produced. His gift is a real gift and his powers of enduring quality and sure to develop. His critical insight, which is clear and true, will keep watch over the creations of his genius and insist on a high and yet higher standard. Mr. Roberts comes of a family that has given the world great teachers in successive generations. The Rev. Daniel Bliss, from whom he is descended, was also the ancestor of Emerson. Nor is he the only poet of his line in the present generation. Bliss Carman, not to speak of others of whom the world has already heard, being also of his kith and kin. He entered on his functions as teacher and man of letters well equipped. After studying at the High School of Fredericton, he entered the University of New Brunswick, where he graduated with honours in 1879. In 1881 he took his M.A., and in the same year Canada was startled into admiration of a new book of poetry—"Orion and other Poems." Five years later appeared "In Divers Tones." Fair reputations which have lived for centuries have been built on less material and less merit than what these two little volumes offered to the public. Mr. Roberts has done much more than write poetry, however. He is one of the busiest of men. The duties which he discharges with such acceptance at King's College, Windsor, where he occupies the chair of English literature, and lectures besides on French literature and other subjects, leave little time for writing. But Prof. Roberts has learned to economize it well, and he has found leisure somehow or other, not only for his charming poems, but for a large share of critical and other work. This includes the volume entitled "Poems of Wild Life" in the admirable and wondrously cheap series of the Canterbury Poets of Walter Scott, of which Mr. William Sharp is editor-in-chief. This is not the place for detailed criticism, but we hope before very long to have something to say as to those poems, whose strength and grace and ennobling patriotic fervour we so gladly acknowledge.

BIG BEAR TRADING AT FORT PITT.—The striking view which is here reproduced was taken just before the breaking out of the North-West Rebellion. The scene is a familiar one in the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. The Indians are bringing in their skins to dispose of them to the company. Big Bear—whose name was so soon to become a word of terror—occupies the centre of the group, standing nearest to the factor. It was he and his companions, it will be remembered, who planned and perpetrated the cold-blooded massacre of Fathers Fafard and Marchand, and Messrs. Delaney, Gowanlock and others at Frog Lake. Even at the date of the scene here represented Big Bear was a source of anxiety to the authorities, as he was always spreading discontent and plotting mischief. His character is fully portrayed in the record of

their captivity, written by Mesdames Gowanlock and Delaney and published at the close of the trouble. He is described as a small, miserable-looking old man. The story of his pursuit and capture is one of the most stirring chapters in the history of the Rebellion. The figure next to the Cree chief is his son, Little Bear. The Indian who is seated is a nephew, and next to him is Wolverine, another son of Big Bear. The man with the long white beard is a Canadian named Francois Dufresne, who claimed to be 114 years old—60 of which, it was said, he had passed in the service of the company. He was one of those whom Big Bear captured and is possibly still alive. The others have, nearly all, gone, let us hope, to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

OUR CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.

IV.

PUBLISHING AND BOOKSELLING.

"I cannot quite tell how it came about," says a writer in the *Publishers' Weekly*, "but I was thinking the other night of some of the old time booksellers and of the days when the selling of books was generally looked upon in a somewhat different light from what it is now. Then the head of the house might often be seen behind the counter, seemingly as much interested in selling as he had previously been in publishing a book." The early booksellers of Canada were men of this type. If we look for the first traces of them, we must go to our oldest British city on the Atlantic coast. The publishing trade in Halifax is, indeed, almost as old as the colony of its noble founder. Three years after the arrival of the pilgrims, whose quality, character and aims are fully described in the Archives of Nova Scotia, printing enterprise had succeeded in establishing a newspaper. We may be sure that the sale of books had preceded this venture, so that the booksellers' business in the Dominion will, before very long, be celebrating its century and a half of existence. In this province the course of events was not much dissimilar. Five years after the Battle of the Plains Quebec had its *Gazette*, a fac-simile of the first number of which is before us as we write. The earliest books published in Canada are not unknown, some of our zealous antiquaries—one of the most enthusiastic of whom is a descendant of the founder of the *Gazette*—having shed light on the subject. Some of our actual firms can also be traced back, by inheritance or transfer, to those who sold the "Dictionnaire par l'Academie," "Elo se," "Telemaque," Johnson's "Dictionary," Cook's "Voyages" and Rollin's "Histoire Ancienne," a hundred years ago. In Ontario bookselling was in a fairly thriving condition before the end of last century. Those who consult the interesting and valuable works of Dr. Scadding, who is the Le Moine of Ontario, will find some welcome particulars. We must not darken counsel by reviving the controversy as to the first Upper Canadian book. One thing is certain, that in due time it appeared and that ever since, our central province, like its neighbours of the east, has done its share of publication. It would be not only entertaining, but instructive, as revealing some stages in our intellectual progress, to give a historical sketch of the development of our publishing trade, both French and English. As might be expected, the first books printed in French Canada were French; in British Canada, English. Journalism seems, in both instances, to have kept pace with book-printing, and the circulating library with bookselling. In the Quebec *Gazette*, for December 4, 1783, as we learn from Mr. Le Moine, there is an advertisement of books for sale at Mr. Jacques Perrault's, from whose somewhat meagre list we have already quoted. Some of the books there mentioned are still standard works, but they may now be obtained for a trifle, whereas then they were too expensive for any but wealthy buyers. Cheap books are, indeed, among the boons of our age. The big-hearted Edinburgh publisher, Constable, nearly seventy years ago, expressed to Sir Walter Scott his desire to endow every decent house in Great Britain with a good library. He would make the thoughts of the great and wise as familiar in every cot as the salt pock* in the shepherd's ingle nook. That fervent aspiration has been realized—even the most important firms in both Europe and America, having to make provision for the demand.

We may begin our illustrations of the Canadian bookselling and publishing trade by some account of the young and thriving firm of W. Drysdale & Co., of this city. Like the Lovells, Dawsons, Roses, Cotés, Macmillans, C. Blacket Robinson, and other noteworthy Canadian houses, Mr. Drysdale is "to the manner born." A native of Montreal, he has had the advantage of watching the progress of the trade in the bi-lingual commercial centre of the Dominion. Though a young man, he has witnessed a virtual revolution in his chosen branch of business. After an experience of several years in the employment of others, during which he became known for his intelligence and urbanity, he founded the firm of which he is the head and which, by his knowledge of the needs of the public and his unceasing assiduity in supplying them, he has had the satisfaction of raising to one of the most important establishments of its kind in the Dominion. Of educational works, Messrs. Drysdale & Co. have from the first made a specialty. In one sense, indeed, their business is almost entirely educational. But the firm devotes peculiar attention (which the public concerned has not failed to appreciate) to school and college text books, maps, globes, charts and school requisites of every description. For cheap, but really good, editions of standard works the firm is noted. Some critics have, not without reason, satirized the prevailing tendency to consult books that treat of the great masterpieces of genius, instead of seeking delight and profit in those rich treasures of original literature. Whoever examines Messrs. Drysdale's lists will acknowledge that if any readers prefer mere gossip about great works of poetry or prose to the works themselves, it is not because the latter are not easily accessible. For these cheap editions no apology is necessary. Even those whose pockets are well lined and whose shelves are laden with costly editions of the great masters of thought and style, have welcomed those inexpensive yet not uncomely volumes, which may be used with freedom and carried in the valise or pocket without inconvenience. Thus armed, they are proof against the demon of ennui.

As publishers, Messrs. Drysdale & Co. have enriched our libraries with such works as the late Sir Francis Hincks's "Life and Reminiscences," the Rev. Dr. Campbell's "History of Old St. Gabriel Church," Mr. W. King'sford's "Canadian Archaeology," Mr. G. E. Hart's "Fall of New France," Wilfred Châteaclair's "Young Seigneur," and other valuable works. Their business relations extend from Gaspé to Victoria, B.C., and they have always on hand a full supply of the best and latest English, American, French and other books and periodicals. A visit to their store on St. James street will satisfy inquiry on these and all the other points to which we have referred.

*Our Scotch readers need no interpreter to inform them that "pock," is the old-fashioned English "poke," meaning "a bag." In fact, it is another form of the French "poche," and we have its diminutive in "pocket."

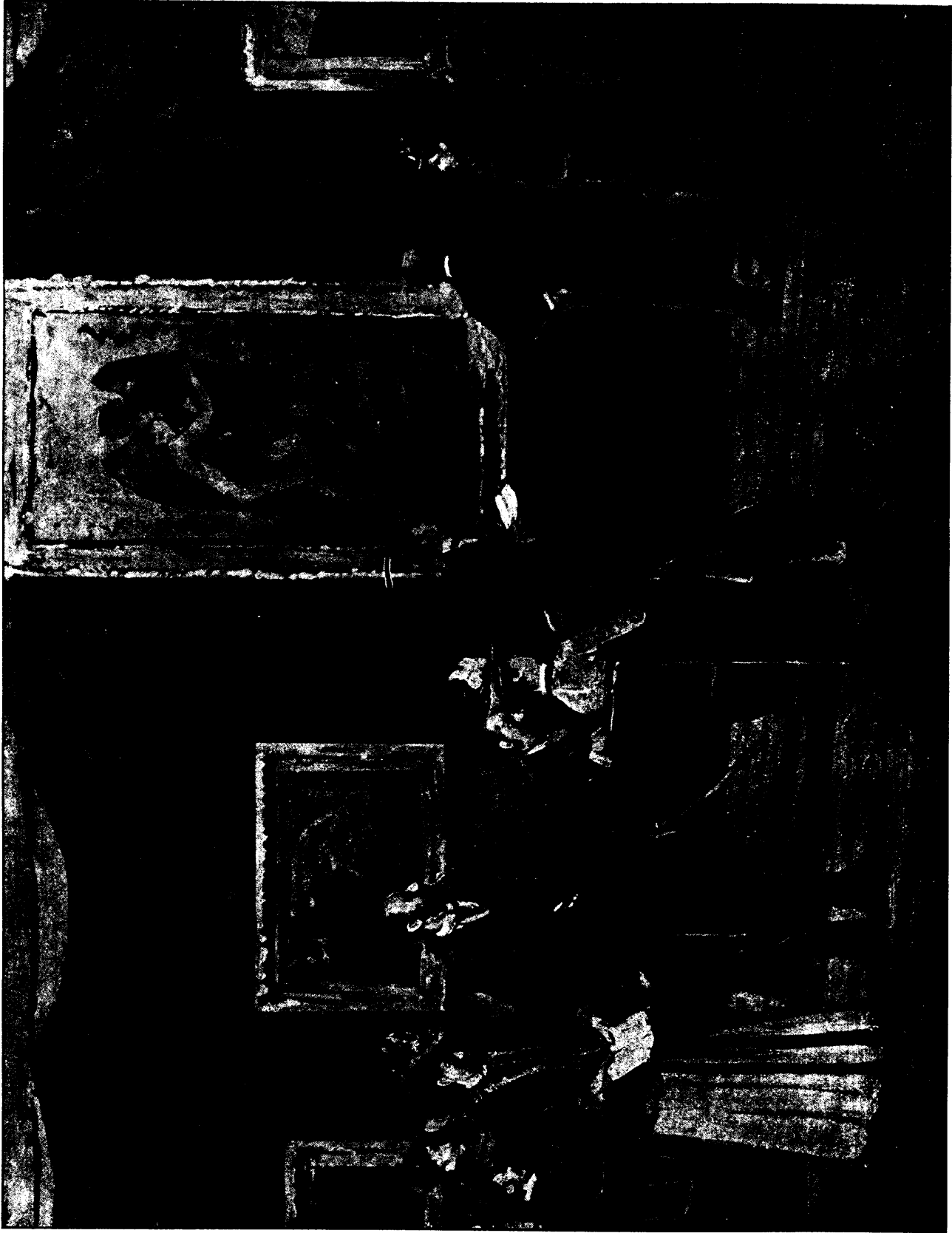
MR. SLADEN IN JAPAN.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, we are glad to learn, has arrived safely in Japan. Among the first to welcome him to Japan, was Mr. J. Brooke, the proprietor of the *Japan Herald*, who a quarter of a century ago was a strong political foe, though a personal friend, of Mr. Sladen's uncle, the late Sir Charles Sladen, K.C.M.G., in the colony of Victoria (Australia). Like Sir Charles, Mr. Brooke had the honour of forming a ministry many years ago, but whereas Sir Charles was a Conservative premier, Mr. Brooke was a Radical. Mr. Brooke is doing the honours to Mr. Sladen. The *Japan Gazette*, of December 2, devotes half a column to the arrival of "Australia's Laureate," and quotes the Canterbury Cathedral sonnet which went the rounds of the Canadian and United States press. Mr. Sladen may be expected back to Canada in the spring.

Sweet souls I have known to whom forgiveness is no trouble—a plant that grows naturally, as it were, in the soil.—*Thackeray*.

The life of faith may be compared to a kind of perpetual communion, through which God gives himself to us under the outward forms of the actions of every day.

Philip Brooks says: "If we could sweep intemperance out of the country, there would hardly be poverty enough left to give healthy exercise to the charitable impulses."



"LOVE AND LIFE" AT THE ART ASSOCIATION, MONTREAL.

(From a sketch by R. Harris, R.C.A.)



CANADIAN DAISIES.
(From a photo. by Smith, Galt, Ont.)

IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF 'THIRTY-SEVEN.

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

The only domestics about the place were a boy to look after the horses, the housekeeper, an aged woman, and a girl as kitchen help. No sooner did these see Dr. Leslie fall than each of them ran back into the house for safety.

In the meantime Egan had reached the lake, and placing Alice, who had fainted, in the same rude craft that had carried off Frank Arnley and served Todd for his sheep-stealing, he removed the shawl he had thrown over her head, that he might gaze on the fair features of his victim. The sight awakened all the worst passions of his sensual nature, and he stooped to contaminate those pure lips with his, but before he could commit the act of sacrilege he was interrupted by old Todd, who rushed down to the boat—his hands reeking with the blood of his prey—crying that he heard horsemen down the road. With an imprecation he bade Egan push off, while he ensconced his own dwarfish figure in the stern. Visions of Harry Hewit and his vengeance urged Egan to speed, and as he leapt into the rude vessel he exclaimed with a curse:—

"Let 'em come, whoever they are! If it's that Hewit I'll settle him for good."

"What yer makin' a fool o' yerself for?" cried Todd, as Egan made the boat bound over the water now beginning to be encumbered with ice, "ye know them Hewits is off to the wars, and if they cuts each other's throats afore they comes back it'll be good service to us; I hates sech pinks o' fellows as they be, settin' 'emselves up as even so mech better'n we; carryin' their heads so high."

"One of their heads will be high enough," replied Egan, "if this rebellion blows up, as some think it will, for Bill Hewit is as deep in it as any of us."

"Good! I hope he'll be fitted wi' a rope," answered Todd.

Alice now began to show signs of returning animation, and Egan directed Todd to take the oars, saying that Alice would no doubt try to jump overboard if not prevented.

"Show her wit ef she did," responded old Todd; "wonder what she'd say ef she know'd I settled her old dad—won't hev' me tuk fer ship-stealin' agin'"; but he showed no inclination to obey Egan by taking the oars. Egan, therefore sprang up with a curse, and threatened to throw him overboard and thus save the hangman's fee. But Todd was no coward and drew a pistol. Egan knew the folly of quarrelling with him, as his stubbornness equalled his ferocity; he, therefore, sat down, and taking the light form of Alice in his arms, expressed his willingness that all should go to the bottom together rather than that he should lose his prey.

Apparently satisfied with having resisted authority, old Todd now took the oars, and though the weather had grown rough, and he could scarcely keep the boat moving at times, he amused himself by singing low songs, and talking to his companion in language too debased for these pages.

Alice, who feigned continued unconsciousness, but was fully alive to the situation she was in, would gladly have exchanged the boat for a refuge at the bottom of the lake, but the powerful arms of the ruffian encircled her. Her misery was too deep to be affected by the coarse conversation of her captors. She had heard the report of firearms as she was being carried off, but knew not whether her father or the assailants had fired. But Todd's remarks convinced her that it was he who had done the shooting, and that her father had been dangerously hurt, if not killed. She lay perfectly still; in vain trying to think of some expedient by which to effect her deliverance from Egan. The cold did not affect her, though the spray that flew over the boat congealed as it fell. At length she was fully aroused by hearing Egan, with a fearful oath, tell Todd to mind what he was about or he would send them all to the bottom. Opening her eyes for the first time since her capture, she saw that the boat

had just reached a landing place on a low shore, with a road that skirted the water's edge. A common extended some rods on one hand, while on the other the branches of the tall trees reached almost over their heads. The lake was very rough, and in approaching the shore Todd had let the boat get broadside to the swell, which came near capsizing them. In another moment the bow of the boat struck the shore, and the stern, sinking downward, was instantly filled with water. With a tremendous oath Egan sprang to his feet and from the boat, dragging Alice after him, but not in time to prevent both being deluged with water.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DOUBLE RESCUE.

As Egan reached the shore, he caught Alice more firmly in his arms, saying:

"Now you are mine in spite of all your pretended modesty, and though it has cost you something of a wetting, you will forgive it when I tell you how I love you," and the ruffian attempted to kiss his struggling and screaming prisoner. He was checked by Todd, who caught his arm, crying, "Stop, ye fool! what are ye makin' her make sich a n'ise fer? I hear a horseman comin'," and he immediately sought cover in the woods. Egan attempted to follow, but Alice caught at a shrub that grew at hand, and made such a determined resistance that for a moment she detained her captor; the next, he had caught her wrist and tore her hand from its hold, making a serious wound in its soft palm. Then, turning to follow Todd, he saw that both were too late to escape the observation of the horseman, who, attracted by the screams of Alice, was coming down upon them at a tremendous pace. Alice raised her eyes, and with a cry of delight recognized Harry Hewit, who, at a glance, comprehended the scene, and knew that he would have to act boldly and unflinchingly to effect his object. He had, therefore, his pistols ready for instant use, as Egan, discovering who it was, shouted to Todd to "shoot him down, for there was but one." Thus encouraged Todd faced his pursuer and fired. His ball grazed Harry's shoulder, who immediately returned the fire, and Todd sprang into the air with an unearthly yell, and fell forward, rolling upon the ground groaning and swearing in the most dreadful manner.

Egan had loosed his hold on Alice, who sank with terror, and taking aim as Harry approached, fired, but to his horror he found his pistol had become wet and worthless. The fellow's heart failed him, he turned and fled, uttering fearful maledictions on the head of Hewit. But he had delayed his flight too long, Harry's unerring aim had covered him, and as he fired Egan's right arm fell helpless at his side.

Harry thought not of pursuit. Springing from his foaming steed, he clasped Alice to his breast, crying:

"Alice! My own Alice! Am I, indeed, in time to save you!"

"Thank God that you are!" was all the trembling girl could articulate; sobs choked her utterance, she could only cling to her preserver and weep convulsively. The reaction from despair to the joy of preservation, and preservation by one whom her heart adored, was more than her delicate nerves could bear. Harry carried her to the shanty of old Todd, close at hand, he found it securely fastened, and it resisted all his efforts to open. Placing the still weeping girl gently upon the ground, he seized a piece of timber and broke in the door. As he entered, he heard the voice of Frank Arnley shouting from the inner room. Puzzled to discover the entrance to Frank's prison, so artfully was it concealed on the side next the shanty, it required Alice's sharp eyes to assist in enabling Harry to locate the particular log which answered as a portal to that veritable black hole, minus the heat, where Frank had been so perfectly concealed. To loose his cords and bring him to the light, where he staggered about, stiff and dazed like a blind man, was the work of a few minutes, and the greeting of the three friends each of whom had suffered alone and unsupported such agony on behalf of the others, was as touching as it was sacred.

By the warmth of a huge fire which Harry soon had blazing on the rude hearth, each narrated what it was necessary to know of the present state of affairs. Harry related what he had been told by Captain Stratiss and which had led to his opportune appearance at the shanty of old Todd. And Frank had a sorry history to give of the double-dyed villainy to which he had been introduced as a listener while walled up in safe conditions for his captors' welfare. To poor Alice fell the worst task, that of relating the sorrowful tale of the circumstances of her abduction, accompanied as it was by the death of her beloved father. Fearing the worst in their heart of hearts, the young men sought to explain the details she gave to the best advantage for the unhappy girl's comfort. But for their own better satisfaction the friends privately agreed that Todd should be questioned, and Frank volunteered to undertake that part of the business.

The night was very cold, but as Frank issued into the keen air and felt the bracing breeze, he threw his arms abroad like a pair of Indian clubs, and inhaling full breaths of the sweet, pure air, he exclaimed: "Thank God for liberty! blessed liberty! And the pure air of heaven! And the glistening stars! Why, it's Frank Arnley yet! The same old Frank, good for a round or two any day."

He found Todd lying where he had fallen, and as he beheld the white-haired old sinner lying in his own blood, groaning and shivering, a great pity came over him; brave as a lion he was yet tender as a woman, the sight of misery always affected him keenly—or, to use his own expression, "stuck in his throat."

As he leaned over Todd and enquired about his wound, the old man tried to rise, but failing, begged that Frank would carry him into the shanty.

"You must first answer me truly then; did you shoot Dr. Leslie, and is he dead?"

Todd refused to reply.

"Answer me, or I leave you where you are," cried Frank.

"And ef I say I shot 'im, will yer help me?"

"I will keep my word, little as you deserve any consideration at my hands."

"Then he's shot, but it's fer ye to prove 'twere me as shot 'im. Now do as yer said; an' mind, I doan't say he's dead."

"'Twill be the better for your soul if he is not," replied Frank, stooping to lift the prostrate form.

But the movement of the wounded man showed a pair of pistols in his belt, and in taking these away Frank further perceived the glitter of a gold chain in one of his pockets; this also he took possession of, finding that it was Dr. Leslie's chain with the watch still attached, Todd crying out vehemently against being 'robbed.'

"Robbed, indeed!" cried Frank with much indignation. "you to talk of robbery who have done your best to murder that you might rob."

"Twan't that ony; 'twas revenge! revenge!" shouted the old ruffian in momentary glee, "he shouldn't ha' had me tuk up an' sent me to jail, me as never were in jail afore, an' wouldn't ha' bin then ef he hadn't bin so a'mighty patickler about a ship or two."

"You vile wretch; dare you boast of your crimes!"

"Keep yer word ef yer goin' to, an' tek me in; I didn't say I shot the old 'un; you got to prove that; an' mebbe he ain't dead arter all."

"If I take you in you must not say one word before Miss Leslie, or I will soon pitch you out agin'."

"I won't! I won't!" cried Todd, trying to get on his feet with Frank's assistance, but this he was quite unable to do, nor could he help himself in any way.

"I fear you are done for, Todd," said Frank gently, "death is nearer than you think; let me pray a few words with you; think of your soul, man."

"No! no!" screamed Todd; "to — with prayin'; ye ony say it to frighten me; I don't bleed to speak on; carry me in an' gi me a drink out o' the black bottle an' I'll soon pull up."

Frank saw that the wound, which was in the breast, bled inwardly, and knew that there could be little hope, but he lifted the old man on his shoulder and carried him to the shanty.

When he entered with his frightful burden, Alice screamed with terror, and begged to be taken home at once, for she was convinced that Todd had murdered her father, and the sight of him was inexpressibly dreadful to her.

"The moment it is possible to do so, dearest, we will start," said Harry, placing a seat for her in another part of the shanty where she could not see Todd, "but I must help Frank to put the old ruffian into some sort of safety before we leave him."

On examining Todd's wounds at Frank's request, who had a great respect for Harry's bit of surgical knowledge, because it had been acquired in the regularly accredited manner, Harry had not to deal with a patient doubly repulsive from dirt as well as crime, for, strange as it may appear, Todd's personal habits were marked by cleanliness and order, but the task was painful the old man swore so terribly, and was so anxious for drink. To Harry's view the wound was mortal, and the chance small that he could survive many hours. But the old man would not listen to any of their pleading, swearing that he should be well again in a week. Leaving the fellow as comfortably provided as circumstances would permit, the two friends returned to Alice, Frank privately communicating to Harry Todd's account of the shooting of Dr. Leslie, and his own belief that Todd knew he was dead.

"He has met his own fate now," said Harry, "but let us get across the lake as quickly as we can, my poor Alice is well nigh exhausted between her own personal sufferings and anxiety about her father. We can send somebody to look after Todd, and the sooner we know the worst the better for all of us."

(To be continued.)

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JUBILEE.

Half a century is a very respectable age for a university to have attained in a new country such as Canada. Queen's University at Kingston having reached that period in its existence, it was thought proper to celebrate the event in a becoming manner, and accordingly, on the 18th of December, 1889, a large number of the friends, graduates and benefactors of the institution assembled in Kingston to take part in the festivities which had been arranged by a joint committee of the university and city council.

In 1832 the Presbyterian church in Canada began to discuss the question of establishing a college. The schools in the country were poor and there was no adequate provision for imparting a higher education. The project of a college appeared, however, to be surrounded with insuperable difficulties, and it was not till 1839 that it assumed definite form. In July of that year the synod resolved to delay no longer, and having fixed upon Kingston as the site, instructed a commission to proceed with the work. At a meeting of the commission, on the 8th of November, it was, after considerable discussion as to whether the new institution should be a university or a college, decided to found a university, open to all, and without any religious tests. On the 18th of December a public meeting was held in St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, at which the project was fairly launched and the first subscription list towards the endowment fund opened. In 1840 an act of incorporation was passed by the Canadian Parliament, but it was disallowed by the Imperial authorities, who granted a royal charter instead, which bears date the 16th of October, 1841. Her Majesty Queen Victoria, whose jubilee was also recently celebrated, was graciously pleased to allow it to be called after herself, and it was established as Queen's. The first classes were opened on the 9th of March, 1842, in a small frame house on Colborne street. Eleven students entered, and a few non-matriculants also attended the classes. Rev. George Bell, L.L.D., now registrar of Queen's, was the first student registered, and consequently the first university student in Ontario. The young institution had many difficulties to contend with, arising from the small number of students and the poorness of the country. Its history has, however, been one of gradual development, till now it takes

rank as one of the strongest and best universities in the Dominion. Its students number nearly 500, it enjoys a revenue of about \$40,000, and possesses a capital of about \$500,000.

The date fixed upon for the jubilee celebration was deemed a fitting one, as it was the anniversary of the meeting in Kingston at which the project was fairly launched and its future success assured. The jubiliations received an additional zest from the fact that the university, whose preservation as an independent institution at Kingston was recently threatened by the proposal to federate all the universities of the province at Toronto, has recently been strengthened by the addition to its endowment fund of a quarter of a million dollars, raised mainly by the exertions of its able and energetic principal, Rev. Dr. Grant, and to which the people of Kingston contributed a large proportion.

That the committee to whom was entrusted the management of the jubilee celebration did their work well is attested by the *éclat* with which the whole of the proceedings passed off. In the morning there was a thanksgiving dinner in convocation hall, Rev. John Mackie, of St. Andrew's Church, being the preacher. His discourse was an able one, from the text, "Be thankful unto Him and bless His name." A jubilee hymn, composed for the occasion by Miss Machar, "Fidelis," who is the daughter of one of the early principals of Queen's, was sung. The following are the words of the hymn:

Oh, God of endless ages,
Oh Father ever near,
Oh Hope of saints and sages,
Our glad thanksgiving hear :—
Our thanks for years of blessing
Upon our Father's plan :—
May we, their faith possessing,
Still build as they began !

Though gone from us, Our Father,
We know they live in Thee ;
We shall rejoice together
When Harvest-Home shall be !
Still may Thy faithful Spirit
Bless seed, oft sown in tears,
Still may our sons inherit
The fruit of toilsome years !

Within these halls of learning
Thy Truth for ever shine ;
Her lamp, still brightly burning,
Make Nature's face divine !
Thy Wisdom furl her pinion
O'er this, her temple fair ;
While, through our wide Dominion,
Her sons her light shall bear !

Oh Saviour,—life-revealing,—
We pray Thee to impart
With Thine own touch of healing,
Thine own most tender heart !
And grant Thine own anointing
To those who, in Thy Name,
Go forth by Thine appointing,
Thy message to proclaim !

May every teacher share it,—
That spark of heavenly fire ;
With Thy light-giving Spirit
Each youthful soul inspire !
Till pales the light of Knowledge
In lustre from above ;
And Wisdom's sons acknowledge
The nobler Name of LOVE !

This service was brought to a close by the reading of the following ode, also composed for the occasion by Mrs. Annie Rothwell :

I.

When the half century o'er man's head has rolled
Comes his decadence. Full of years, and full
Of the years' wisdom, for a little space
On Time's best gifts he keeps a trembling hold ;
Then—loosening fingers—thought and vision dull—
And then the common lot—a vacant place.

Other the fate the ages hold for her
Whose fifty years are but as childhood fled—
As preparation for a noble strife,
Who in her veins feels youth's fresh vigour stir,
And stands firm-footed and with lifted head,
And hands addressed to all the task of life.

II.

How shall we liken her ? To a stately tree,
Nurtured alike by Heaven's shine and clouds,
With fruit immortal, not of "mortal taste" ?
A fair ship, launched upon the human sea,
Rich-freighted, masts of gold and silver shrouds,
And spotless sails by favouring gales embraced ?

A strain of lofty music, echoing sweet
Through Time's broad aisles, to linger in the thought
And haunt the listening heart, though heard no more ?
A mine, in whose dim depths the powers meet
That move the world—where wealth dwells yet unsought
And tools unforged lie hid in virgin ore ?

A light clear-streaming from a midnight rock,
Round whose dark base doubt's waves in vain shall rage,
Beacon and warning when life's winds are rude ?
A fortress, to withstand the utmost shock
Of fierce assault that unbelief shall wage,
Sentry with valour and calm fortitude ?

III.

What need of similes ? Her College Halls
Are their own best exponent. Here young hearts,
Fired with all generous impulse, find their goal,
Here toil is joy—here wisdom's mantle falls
On willing arms—and power to play life's parts
Is given to the silent, seeking soul.

Here Learning, large and gentle, points the way,
Through patient labour and through lofty aim,
To ends accomplished and through laurels won.
Here, lit by Faith unerring, glows the ray
That lights alike the steep ascent to fame
And cheers the path of duty humbly done.

IV.

Mother and moulder of the men to be !
Hold on thy course with bold and steadfast tread,
Strong with the strength of everlasting youth,
Wise with best wisdom, with God's freedom free,
All else shall die, but never with the dead
Can fall the harvest from the seed of truth.

So shalt thou, guarded through all time of trial,
And by a gracious Hand securely led,
Endure through chance and change of earthly scenes,
Ne'er shall thy future prove thy past's denial,
And they who share the light thy touch has shed
Shall say with love and reverence, "God bless Queen's."

In the afternoon a special meeting of convocation was held, at which the honorary degree of doctor of laws was conferred upon His Excellency Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor-General of Canada, who graced the occasion with his presence, and who acknowledged the honour in fitting terms. The only three survivors of the meeting at Kingston on the 18th of December, 1839, were present on the platform, in the persons of Sir John A. Macdonald, Rev. Wm. Reid, D.D., of Toronto, and R. M. Rose, Esq., of Kingston, the latter of whom was secretary of the meeting. Interesting reminiscences of that occasion were given by Sir John and Rev. Dr. Reid, and of the early days of the college by Rev. Thos. Wardrope, D.D., of Guelph, one of its first students. Two memorial crosses were unveiled, in honour of the founders and of the contributors to the jubilee fund, by Rev. N. T. Herridge, B.D., of Ottawa, and Rev. Dr. Williamson, the latter of whom has been a professor of Queen's ever since its establishment. The greetings of sister universities and other bodies were conveyed by those of their representatives who were present, and suitable responses made, while the Chancellor of the University, Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., who has done so much to promote its welfare, delivered an able and suitable address.

In the evening a banquet was held in the City Hall, at which the Mayor of Kingston presided. Speeches in reply to the various toasts were delivered by His Excellency the Governor-General : Sir Alex. Campbell, Lieut.-Governor of Ontario ; Sir John A. Macdonald ; the Bishop of Ontario, Sir James Grant, Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education for Ontario ; Col. Twitchell, U.S. Consul at Kingston ; Hon. W. Macdougall, C.B. ; Prof. J. Clark Murray, of McGill College ; Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick, M.P. ; Rev. D. J. Macdougall, of Toronto, and others. A number of distinguished ladies occupied seats in the gallery, and the gathering was one of the most brilliant Kingston has witnessed for a long time.

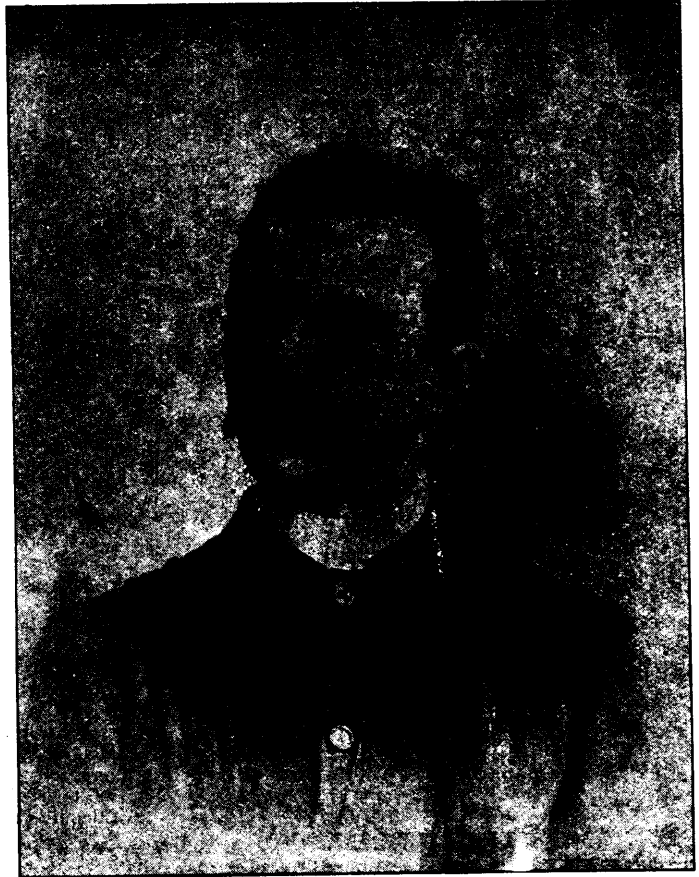
On the evening previous to the jubilee festivities the Alma Mater Society gave an "at home" at the college, and the students of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, which is affiliated with Queen's, held their annual dinner, both being large and successful gatherings.

The events which brought together so many distinguished guests awakened much enthusiasm in Kingston, and on all sides could be heard expressions of praise for what Queen's University has accomplished and the warmest wishes for her continued prosperity in the future.

J. J. BELL.



J. M. LEMOINE, Esq., F.R.S.C.,
AUTHOR OF "MAPLE LEAVES," ETC.



PROFESSOR CHS. G. D. ROBERTS, M.A.,
OF KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N.S.



BIG BEAR TRADING AT FORT PITT.



OUR CANADIAN INDUSTRIES—THE PUBLISHING AND BOOKSELLING TRADE.
WM. DRYSDALE & CO., MONTREAL.



THE TAXANON.—The "cabby" will soon be unable to "put a little on," for an invention has been patented called the taxanon, a little lantern-like apparatus, which, ingeniously placed at the back of a cab, measures the exact distance traversed by it.

GRAPHITE IN NORWAY.—A graphite mine has been discovered at Eker, close to Hongsund, Norway. The quality is apparently good, and hopes are already entertained that this discovery perhaps may give rise to the erection of local lead pencil manufactories.

INSULATING COMPOSITION.—The Telephone Company of Zurich is supplying a new insulating cement for electrical apparatus, for which the following advantages are claimed. Its insulating property is equal to that of porcelain; it is hard as stone, but not brittle, and it is not acted upon by moisture, acids, or heat.—*Electrical Review*

FIRST TUNNEL LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.—Washington claims the honour of the first large railway tunnel to be lighted by electricity. This is the Stampede Pass tunnel on the Northern Pacific Railroad, which is 9,540 feet long, and is fitted up with a 600-light Edison municipal plant, using water-power, fed from melting snows from the mountain peak, for driving the dynamo.—*Electrical Review*.

The water-lily is said to be largely used in some parts of India as a foodstuff. The fruit of one species that grows plentifully in the lakes of Cashmere is rich in starch, and has much the flavour of a chestnut. If the nuts are dried they will keep for a long time, and, when ground, may be made into cakes or porridge, or they may be soaked for some hours and then boiled. The seeds of the lotus are also much used in India. When green they are eaten raw; when ripe they are boiled. The root, too, is often boiled and served as a vegetable.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN MEDICINE.—Photography has attained a recognized position in medicine. Facsimile reproductions from photographs form a special feature of the *Illustrated Medical News*; there are amateur photographers on the staff of nearly every hospital, and the extensions now being carried on at the Royal College of Surgeons comprehend a "Photograph Room." The department has already been opened, and was alluded to by Mr. J. Hutchinson, the president, at the annual meeting of the College held last week. Before long, the surgeon will think no more about carrying his camera than he does now of carrying his stethoscope.—*Photographic News*.

THE OLDEST OBSERVATORY.—The observatory at Pekin is the oldest in the world, having been founded in 1279 by Kubla Khan, the first Emperor of the Mongol dynasty. There are still in it three of the first instruments of observation. These were used for the observation of Halley's comet in 1738, and may also be used when, twenty-two years hence, this comet again appears. The oldest observatory in Europe is that founded by King Frederick III. of Denmark, on the island of Hveen, in the Sound, and where famous astronomer Tycho Brahe carried out his celebrated observations—among others, that of the "bright" star in Cassiopeia. The Paris Observatory was established in 1671, and that of Greenwich three years later.—*English Mechanic*.

A CHEMICAL BALLET.—At a banquet which was given at the conclusion of the German Congress of Naturalists and Physicians at Cologne, Dr. Hoffman alluded to the difficulty experienced by students in understanding the constitution of organic compounds, and suggested an original method of fixing these in their minds. The audience was then treated to a ballet in which the dancers were dressed in different colours, to represent the various atoms. At his command these coloured female atoms grouped themselves in various fashions to show the chemical constitution of particular compounds, and their reactions. The composition of benzole, and the formation of aniline and its derivatives, were particularly applauded. The ballet wound up by a representation of the formula for roborite—the new explosive—the finale being a formidable explosion.—*Annals of Hygiene*.

MENTAL CAPACITY DUE TO BRAIN SURFACE.—In an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, Dr. M. A. Starr says that "there are many interesting facts which make one believe that the greater the extent of brain surface in a man, or, to put it a little differently, the more the folds and deeper the creases between them, the greater are the man's mental powers; and just here it becomes apparent that to judge of the extent of the entire brain surface by the size of the head, or by the extent of the superficial irregular surface which is covered by the skull, without any regard to the number of folds or their depth, is to fall into an absurd error, and here we begin to see how baseless the old phrenology really is. For a little brain with many deep folds may really, when spread out, have a larger surface than a large brain with few shallow folds, and a so-called bump or elevation on the apparent surface of the organ, even if it produces a corresponding elevation on the head, which it frequently fails to do, will indicate nothing regarding the number of folds or the depth of the creases which lie about it, so that it may be stated without hesitation that from the size or shape of the head no conclusion whatever can be made as to the extent of surface of the brain, and consequently no conclusion can be reached regarding the mental capacity."

THE BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR.

Old Father Time moved restlessly through space, with his eyes intently fixed upon the hour-glass in his hand; closely following came Old Year, casting anxious glances from time to time around, for he knew his stay would be soon over. Already he could faintly see the laughing face of the babe which ere long would take his place.

Suddenly all three fled before the awful presence of one who hovered for a moment over the city far below, and then shot downward. Scarce had this noisome shadow disappeared when there appeared the form of one of brilliant splendour, shedding a lustrous light around which illuminated the heavens for a brief moment before he, too, winged his downward way towards the city.

Away in the depths of the kingdom of the Lost Spirits, the ruling one awaited the return of his messenger. Ever in restless motion strode he, while his dark thoughts and fiendish plots found vent in hideous laughter, as though he were well pleased with his diabolic plans. Presently back came the darksome form of the messenger.

"What now; what tidings do you bring?"
"The tidings I bring you, are not the most welcome ones! Oh, master of darkness! There is plenty of work to be done if we would baffle the Spirits of Light, who have already succeeded in finding their way to the hearts of some of our most faithful followers."

"'Tis always so," mutters the other, "I dread the close of the old year more than any time, for in spite of all our efforts, the thoughts of men will turn to their actions of the past, and their conscience touched by the hand of the Spirits of Light, starts from the slumber which we would keep it in, and by its aid wakens the desire for something nobler and better to live for. Marked you well those who seemed inclined to transfer their allegiance from us to the Spirits of Light?"

"Ah, that I did!"
"Then away with your band of helpers, sow the seed of evil thick and fast, strengthen the toils more closely around those who seem to waver. Force your way into the hearts of those whom we have so long been trying to win. Follow the people to the midnight services; keep their thoughts from the dying year. Join the revellers, drown the voice of conscience in the wine cup, let it sparkle and dance with its ruby light till its fire maddens their brains and so make them fit subjects for us to work upon. Hark! What sound is that I hear far off?"

"'Tis nothing but the cries of the lost."
"Nay, it sounded to me rather like a blast from the trumpet of the archangel of light. Haste, or you will be too late."

A golden stream of light shot through the heavens; it was the return of the second messenger who had gone forth to the city. To the Kingdom of Light he speeds, never pausing till he bends with lowly reverence before the Master of Light.

"Ah, my messenger! what tidings bring you?"
"Joyful ones," answered the other, "for though the emissaries of the Spirit of Darkness have been striving for some of our children, yet have they remained firm in their faith and love. Others are engaged in silent meditation on the many loving kindnesses that Thou, oh Master of Light, hast shown them through the past year. Others yet again, are spending the last hour of the old year in prayer for guidance to face the unknown paths of the new."

"It is well," answered the Master of Light, "and now you will return to the earth with your band of helpers. See; here they come! radiant with happiness at the thought of the mission they are going on. Visit the homes of the sorrowful ones, whisper words of comfort and hope, especially to those whose hearts have suffered the anguish of parting with their loved ones. Tell them it is but for a brief season and they must rouse themselves to meet the coming year, having faith in their hearts, with hope to light them on their journey, while charity will teach them the delight of doing whatsoever comes to their hand."

A blast from the archangel's trumpet, and wide

the pearly gates were thrown, as the band of the Spirits of Light passed through and winged their way earthwards.

Wild and stormy had been the day. The wind had rushed and roared in its mighty strength, but now as the church bells summoned forth the watchers of the old year, it seemed as though it had spent its fury, and save for an occasional burst, it had died away in a low moaning sound. Swiftly through the city passed the Spirits of Light and Darkness, each striving to win their way to the souls of men. Dying, dying old year, sighed the wind. Then the joyful ringing of the bells announced the birth of the new year, the sound was caught up and re-echoed above by two Spirits of Light, who bore swiftly through the air the great golden bell whose mighty tones reverberated through the heavens, summoning from far and near the messengers from their different errands.

Passing through the wide open gates, they surrounded the Master of Light; deep silence reigned as He opened the Book of Life and read aloud the deeds of those recorded there for the past year. Then sealing that part of the Book with the Great Seal, He left it open with its fair pages as yet unwritten upon, for the records of the new year. Then the vast assembly of the Spirits of Light broke forth into a joyous strain of melody which welcomed in the new year, as the mighty volume of sound swelled forth in its joyousness it penetrated to the depths of the Kingdom of Darkness, causing the evil spirits therein to cower in a fright.

C.

"THESE MY BRETHREN."

A mother sat in a bare room where a tiny stove scarcely warmed the atmosphere. She had just put three little ones into their ragged bed—ragged, but not dirty, though soap was hard to get and water scarce except in the form of ice and snow—and as she sat weary and depressed, the tears she had been keeping back all day fell in heavy drops upon the little frock to which she was adding another patch, for it was Christmas Eve, and she was a stranger in a strange land.

The husband and father came in with a slow, dragging step, as one who had spent a heavy day in heavy work. He too was in a depressed mood, but when he saw the furtive brushing away of a tear and the sickly beam of a smile with which his wife tried to welcome him, he too smiled and went forward quickly to kiss her.

"A poor Christmas Eve, wife, to be sure, but never mind, 'better luck next time,' as the saying is. Give me a bit of supper if you have any left after feeding so many hungry mouths."

Pouring out a cup of tea, sugarless and milkless, the wife set it beside her husband and added all her store, a piece of bread and a morsel of dripping saved from a jar that had been given her.

"How much did you earn to-day, George?" asked the wife, dreading the reply lest it should mean nothing left for rent and fuel, after bread for two days had been procured.

"Just fifty cents, wife, and I worked hard too; but the boss said I was a greenhorn and couldn't do much yet. After a while he'll give me a dollar, if the frost keeps off so that work can go on, but it's a poor prospect and I'm almost disheartened."

"Let us pray, George, and then go to bed; it's getting cold, and I want to save enough wood to last over Christmas Day."

"I'm almost ready to say it's no good praying, wife, for we are not far from starving, and I pray all day."

"Never mind, Our Father hears; let us trust Him and do our duty. He is no Baal to fall asleep, but a God that hearkens."

Nevertheless it was scarcely with as much faith in the personal God and Father as she tried to inspire in her husband that the wife joined in the simple petition for help that fell from her husband's lips, and no visions of help and comfort cheered the poor weary eyes that closed themselves over tears as the wretched mother thought of the Christmas that used to be and the Christmas of the morrow, when the poor children would wake to dreariness and cold and blank misery, if not to ab-

solute starvation, for both parents were well aware that dry bread and tea was no nourishment for the human system, whether young or old.

Christmas morning came snowy and pleasant, and the children awoke with something of the expectation that always accompanies the happy season of Christmas wherever Christianity has unfurled its munificent flag. And though there was absolutely nothing else to cheer them, children as they were, they found a Christmas pleasure in the snow. There would be snowballing and they would make a big snow man. O rare fun! So the miserable fire was lighted and the miserable breakfast got, and the children went out to play, while the elders looked upon each other mournfully.

In came the children running: "Mother, there's heaps of wood in the shed. Where did father get it, and why don't we have a big fire? An' here's a big ba'ket; I tumbled over it an' hurt my leg. And there's a letter tied on it." All in a breath.

Out went both father and mother to see, and sure enough it was as the children said: Wood enough to last for a month: a big basket with a label attached, "For the little folks at No. 43," and above and beyond all it stood on a child's little sleigh—worth about forty cents only in cash, but its weight in gold in happiness to the little folks for whom it was intended.

With a great cry of gratitude to God and the unknown donor the father lifted in the precious basket and began to unpack it, for the wife trembled so violently with surprise and weakness that she had to sit down.

Treasure upon treasure! A five dollar bill in an envelope marked "For Rent," a ten-pounder of Christmas beef, a three-pounder plum-pudding, a five-pounder cake, home-made at that, a half-dozen oranges, three pairs of little mittens, three little wool hoods, a lot of little half-worn boots and rubbers, a large Christmas card wrapped in paper and bearing the message "Ask the Father in My Name." At the bottom of the basket lay tea, coffee, sugar, and another envelope containing a one dollar bill marked "For milk and other odds and ends," and on the other side "A Christmas present from a friend."

Who could have sent it? That was the mystery, and a mystery it remained; but no doubt that sweet Angel of Mercy, whose errand it is to do good, carried to the right heart the benison of the happy recipients of his gift, "God bless the warm Canadian heart that has remembered the friendless strangers at Christmas time!"

S. A. CURZON.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

O, Love that makes the foolish wise;
O, Love that turns the wise to folly;
That lifts men now unto the skies,
And sinks them now in melancholy.

O, Love that doth anoint our sight,
And make our blinded eyes see clearly;
O, Love that chases truth and light,
Till knowledge cometh bought so dearly.

King, priest, sage, saint, thy power confess,
Stronger than sceptre, crook or science;
None liveth that thou canst not bless,
None that can bid thy spell defiance.

Thy bitterest bitter yet is sweet,
The savour of thy sweet is bitter,
Mixed is the joy on thy crowned seat,
And mixed the pain on thy soft litter.

Now thou'rt a demon in man's breast,
And now a chrism, an inspiration;
Now a wild storm, now a sweet rest;
Man's ruin now, now his salvation.

Men bless and curse thee in one breath,
For oft thou seem'st both God and devil,
Lightly bestowing life or death,
Dealing with one hand good and evil.

As falls thy cruel, withering spell,
As thy great gift of joy is given,
Were't not for thee life would be hell,
Were't not for thee life would be heaven.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

Benton, New Brunswick.



The "Old Reliable," Professor Reynolds, has been giving an interesting exhibition of his wonderful mesmeric powers at Victoria Rifles Armory. He will continue for two weeks.

"Pat Rooney" and his charming daughter Kate are daily crowding the Royal with their new Irish musical comedy, "Pat's Wardrobe." It is an absurdity without plot, but very amusing and well played. A. D.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, TORONTO.—The Kendals are playing all this week to crowded houses in "A Scrap of Paper," "The Queen's Shilling," and the "Ironmaster." These famous actors have been already criticized in this journal. Next week the Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels will appear.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—"Roger la Honte, or Thou Art the Man"—a very strong drama, by Jules May, the author of the celebrated novel of the same name, is being presented to large houses. The company has been specially engaged for this play, and is a strong one. Actors of such merit as Mr. G. M. Wood, and the child, Mowat Campbell, play the leading male parts, while the heroine is played by Miss M. St. John, who is an actress of exceptional merit. This play has had a run in Paris of 500 nights, and is still being played in London to large houses. The piece is full of strong scenes, and effective rendering is required to bring them out. We prophecy a most successful engagement.

JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE.—Austin's Australians are playing to good houses. The gymnastics of the Austin sisters are specially good.

Sarasate and D'Albert gave lovers of music a great treat at the Pavillion last Saturday. Artists of such merit are ever welcome to Toronto. G. E. M.

HERE AND THERE.

Stone is coming largely into use in Toronto of late, and the demand is certain to increase very rapidly. Many valuable stone quarries which have hitherto lain idle and unprofitable on the owners' hands, should in the near future prove sources of much profit. The quarries of the lower provinces are beginning to find a Canadian market for stone which formerly was sold almost exclusively in the United States.—*Canadian Architect.*

The Canadian Institute Sociological Committee have issued a circular calling the attention of Canadian scientists to the fact that sociology has not hitherto received in Canada that measure of attention to which it is entitled, and requesting the co-operation of all interested so that "light may be cast upon the genesis and growth of government as well as upon legal, sociological and economic thought by an accurate study of our Indian tribes in their existing conditions and organizations." Specimens for the museum of the Institute are also requested.

Canadian cheese has splendid reputation in the English markets, and in this line Canada is more than holding her own with the United States. Notwithstanding the fact that the United States has a population about twelve times that of the Dominion she only exported last year about four million pounds more than Canada, the total exports from both countries being: United States 88,008,458 pounds, and Canada, 84,173,267 pounds. In the matter of price, however, the superiority of Canadian cheese was clearly shown, Canada receiving for her smaller quantity \$8,928,000 while the United States only received \$8,736,000. This record is one which every manufacturer in Canada should exert himself to maintain.

A celebrated wooden leg has been discovered in an old Vincennes shop that was once a smithy. The limb belonged to Gen. Daumesnil, and replaced the leg he lost in the big wars of the first Napoleon. This rugged old warrior defended the Fortress of Vincennes against the allied army, and is famous for having said to the invaders, when summoned to give up the place, "Bring me back my leg which you have shot off and you shall have my keys!" The wooden leg now found had been sent by Daumesnil to a Vincennes smith in order to be "shod," as the General himself expressed it. Before the article was sent back the old warrior died suddenly, and his sham limb remained in the ancient smithy until the present day. It will now be placed in the Artillery Museum of the Hotel des Invalides among many other historic relics.

EMIN BEY AND HIS WORK.—In person Emin is a slender man, of medium height, and tough and wiry figure. He is swarthy, with black eyes and hair. His face is that of a studious professional man, and that impression is heightened by the glasses which he always wears. His attitudes and movements are, however, very alert. He stands erect and with his heels together, as if he had been trained as a soldier. He was always reticent about himself, and his history was known to no one in the Soudan or the provinces of the Equator. He was supposed to be a Mohammedan. I am not sure that he ever said that he was, but I am quite sure that he did not deny it when I knew him. It has become known later that he is a German, of University education; but

there were many at that time who thought that he was a Turk of extraordinary acquirements. He is certainly a man of great ability in many ways and of strong character. Just why such a man should have gone where he has and stayed there is hard to see. Probably it was largely force of circumstances and a spirit of adventure. Certainly when he went there there was no prospect of much pay or distinction, and he was actuated by no great philanthropic ardour. Responsibilities gradually came upon him and he rose to them. It is easy to see how, in a character like Emin's—sympathetic, reflective and enthusiastic—noble purposes were with a noble example before him and great opportunities around him. Emin's uncertain power in a savage land is all that remains of the late Khedive's central African empire. One day in Khartoum, Gordon asked me what I thought would be the future of the Equatorial Provinces. I said the power will gradually return to the Arabs; the negroes will kill their friends and tormentors together, and the good old times of war and famine will come back. I am still of that opinion. Unless the enlightenment of Europe can control the upper Nile country, either through the Soudan or from the south, barbarism will control it.—*Scribner.*

FASHION NOTES.

Ladies are wearing the daintiest and prettiest little "fobs" imaginable, made of fine gold chains united by small circles of engraved crystal. They look very well indoors, or with a dress that is not covered with a mantle or jacket, but it is simply a pity that they should be altogether hidden. Sapphires are quite the gems of the year, especially when set in brilliants and it is difficult to say whether the diamonds set off the sapphires or the sapphires the diamonds.

The Louis Quinze coat of three-quarter length, with a vest almost as long, is shown by tailors, but garments of such length are not usually thought becoming. A very elaborate vest, rich with embroidery, or braiding or fur, is a feature of the Louis Quinze coat. Braiding is very effectively done in corner pieces, points, yokes, and vests on single-breasted cuirass coats, like the double-breasted jacket described above, with cross seams on the hips. Seal-skin and other fur jackets are cut in this long slender shape, being made extra long this year, with either single or double fronts, or with close or full sleeves, as the wearer chooses, and a turned-over collar.

The garnitures this season designed either for mantle or gown decoration were never more elegant, varied, or effectively applied. The new black trimmings are marvels of modern richness and artistic taste, these in Vandyked bands, fringes, scroll, and arabesque passementeries, gothic panels and deep points to match for corsage and sleeves, and special devices in silk and metal work, with often glittering pendeloques and splinters depending therefrom. Soutache braids are still highly popular on certain styles of dress, these put on in rows or crossing each other in quaint fashion. Galloons of every width are made great use of, and are to be found in all the dark and neutral colours, matching plain dress fabrics, or showing rich autumn mixtures and combinations in keeping with the beautiful colour melanges of the season.

Tailor jackets for autumn and winter are much longer than they have been for several years, fitting smoothly down over the hips, and of even length all around. Plain models, that are also very stylish when made of scouring cloth or serge, are fitted like a cuirass with darts and side forms, and have also the old-fashioned cross-basque seam passing around the front and hips to the middle forms of the back. The fronts are double-breasted and turned over, with small revers at the top, yet are closed there with a high collar. The sleeves are coat shaped, and square pocket flaps are set in the cross seams on the hips. Two rows of stitching are the only trimming; two rows of buttons on the front are flat wooden moulds the size of a quarter of a dollar, covered with the serge. Such coats are made of red or navy blue serge for young ladies, or of gray or brown cloth for wearing with various dresses, and are also excellent in black serge for ladies dressing in mourning.

There is to be no startling departure during the season in the dressing of the hair. Any way and every way will be equally popular. The Psyche knot has fallen—and great was the fall thereof—into a broader knot further down, which can be worn becomingly with turbans and walking hats. The severe Alsatian braids pinned in a flat circle, with every hair geometrically correct, also prevail for the street. On a wet, windy day this is the most sensible coiffure, as the closely braided strands defy all attacks of the freaky weather to loosen them. For the evening there is a softly coiled Greek knot, a few short, wavy locks escaping on the neck, or the coil which is always graceful, exactly on the crown, leaving the hair above and below it to wave in natural lines. Last but not least comes the "Potter roll." This is particularly becoming to women with narrow faces, as it extends in a soft framework just below the ears. The hair is rolled closely upward from the extreme end till it lies horizontally above the nape of the neck. When pinned securely, the ends of the coil gathered in at the sides and lying close to the head, it reaches from ear to ear, something of a crescent in shape. It is easiest arranged with hair reaching only to the shoulders, as the roll becomes bulky with hair too long and thick. Only a large hat looks well with it.

HUMOUROUS.

JUDGE: "You reside!" Witness: "With my brother." "And your brother lives?" "With me." "Precisely; but you both live?" "Together."

SERVANT: Boy wants to see you, mum. Mistress: Has he got a bill in his hand? Servant: No, mum. Mistress: Well, then he's got one in his pocket. Send him away.

MR. ISAACS: Rachel, will you be mine? Rachel (bashfully): Oh, Mr. Isaacs, you must give me time. Mr. Isaacs (absentmindedly): I always charge ten per cent. a month.

CHILL OCTOBER.—Fair lady: What beautiful chrysanthemums you've got, Sir Gorgius! Sir Gorgius (who is no botanist): A—yes. I flatter myself they're not bad—*considering the time of year!*

HE WAS BUT HUMAN.—Host: Don't think of leaving us just yet, Mr. Mahlstick. I will show you some more of my daughter's drawings. Artist (drawing off): Excuse me—I must go now. The fact of the matter is, I must either go or say what I think.

Young men cannot be too careful as to what they write to their sweethearts. A Perth young fellow went out west recently and wrote his girl that the further he got away from her the more he thought of her. She was mad and would not answer his letter; and he is wondering now what caused the break.

POLITE GENTLEMAN (to lady in front, at the theatre): "I beg your pardon, madame, but won't you be kind enough to press that flower on the top of your hat a little?" Lady: "Certainly. There will that do?" "Yes, thank you. Now I can see the leading lady's bangs very nicely. I was wondering what colour her hair was."

TO THE INSPECTOR OF BUILDINGS.—Hooligan: Oi do bees hearin' that yez are after makin' some improvemints in yer shanty, Casey. Casey: So Oi am. Hooligan: Phat kind av notion have yez got in yer head to fix the ould place up? Casey: Begobs, Oi'm goin' to have props put under it and build a tin-story buildin' on top av it. That's the way all property owners are doin', Oi notice.

A SAFE PLACE OF RESIDENCE.—New Yorker (to visiting Chicagoan): No, sir; I don't believe there're a dozen active Anarchists in the city. We're pretty safe from dynamite anyway. Chicagoan (as terrific explosion is heard): Hello! what's that? New Yorker (serenely): O, that may be a sewer blowing up in Broadway, or cellar blasting in Fifth avenue, or an explosion in a steam-heating subway. One or the other happens every few days; but there are seldom more than two or three persons killed. I tell you this is a safe town to live in.



THE FINISHING TOUCH.

MR. B.: "What is Mrs. B. doing? I thought she was ready long ago." SARAH: "Yes, sir, she will be down right away, she is only changing her — colour!"

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAY RATES.

Return tickets will be issued to all points on Canadian Pacific Railway, Port Arthur, Ont., and East, also to Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Detroit, Mich., and Intercolonial Railway and New Brunswick Railway points, as specified below:—

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at Christmas Time!

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NOTE:—Beware of common inferior Preparations offered by unscrupulous traders for the sake of increased profit.



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

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

ENTRY.

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

DUTIES.

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

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

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

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

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

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

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

A. M. BURGESS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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