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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

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REGISTERED.

Vol. VII.—No. 158.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 11th JULY, 1891.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d.
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FRONTENAC.

QUEBEC, 16th OCTOBER, 1690.

(From the statue by Hebert.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
 THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO
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11th JULY, 1891.



The Behring Sea Commission.

The action already taken towards carrying out the provisions of the *modus vivendi*, indicates celerity on the part of Her Majesty's government. The dispatch of additional naval vessels and the appointment of SIR GEORGE BADEN-POWELL and DR. DAWSON are measures which commend themselves to all who wish to see the question satisfactorily settled. Two more capable men to represent our interests could not have been chosen. The former is thoroughly *au fait* with British Columbia, its ways and wants, having resided continuously in the province for three years, from 1877 to 1880, and having recently made the sealing question his unremitting study, in prosecution of which he recently made a special visit to the Pacific coast. DR. GEORGE M. DAWSON, his colleague, is a man of unusual fitness for the position, on account of his thorough knowledge of our North-West coast and his high standing in the scientific world. His explorations in the North-West commenced in 1873, and he has since then been almost continuously employed in British Columbia and the adjoining islands and territories; it is probable that no man in America possesses an equal knowledge of the district to which his new official duties call him. At present their commission is evidently to visit the sealing grounds on behalf of the British Government and note everything likely to affect the case. It is, however, probable that they will also be members of the joint commission on international arrangements for the preservation of the fur seal race, the formation of which was one of the conditions insisted on by Lord Salisbury before agreeing to the *modus vivendi*.

Dominion Day.

The enthusiastic celebration of the last Dominion Day in almost every part of Canada is a marked feature of the times. In spite of the bad example set by our legislators at Ottawa, the day was honoured to an extent unknown in previous years, Quebec being, perhaps, the only city where the anniversary received comparatively little attention; this, however, was not unexpected, the citizens of that place being well known to be adverse to joining the rest of Canada in the observance of national holidays. Why this should be it is hard to say; but it is undeniable that Her Majesty's birthday and Dominion Day receive no honour or attention whatever from the great majority of the inhabitants of the Fortress city—a city which owes

to Imperial militaryism much of its greatness, much of the wealth now held by its citizens, and many if not all of the buildings and associations which make it the Mecca for so many visitors from all parts of America. It is probable that so much attention is devoted to purely sectional anniversaries that their holiday-making energies are absorbed therein, leaving nothing for the broader and more patriotic days of the nation. Confederation was a happy event for the Province of Quebec; the provincial finances are not to-day in the most flourishing condition, but to what pitch of utter hopelessness they would have fallen had not the annual subsidies, and grants to provincial railways, been coming in from the strong box of the Dominion Government. It would seem a peculiarly fit proceeding that the capital of the Province of Quebec should heartily celebrate the anniversary of confederation. The action of Parliament in holding session on Dominion Day is, we are glad to see, meeting general condemnation. No excuse is sufficient to cover an attempt to transact business on the Canadian national holiday; had the affairs of the nation been so desperately pressing, sessions might have been held on the Monday and Saturday, and if any discrimination took place it should surely have been in favour of Dominion Day.

Post-Mortem Criticism.

Since the lamented death of SIR JOHN MACDONALD, mention of him and his career has been frequent, as was only to have been expected. Among the many references in the Press, two features have been especially prominent—one of which is the extraordinary eulogy and attention that has been devoted to him by the great journals that sway public opinion, such as the *London Times*, *Standard*, *Daily News*, *St. James Gazette* and others. While their references have been free from anything like undue flattery, they have evidently recognized his worth as a statesman in the development of Canadian nationality and, concurrent with that development, the strengthening of the bands which connect us to Great Britain. The days of English jealousy of colonial enterprise, and of the imposition of checks to colonial trade, are past; the tendency of the press of to-day and of Lord Salisbury's administration, is to aid the colonies in every way consistent with Great Britain's treaty obligations to foreign powers, and to show genuine pleasure at their success in whatever they undertake—all this in spite of that narrow spirit of selfishness which places the Mother Country on no more favoured footing in trade than the foreigner who, jealous of our success, does his utmost to harass our business and make himself as generally disagreeable as possible. As we have already stated, the statesmanship and political skill of our late Premier has been almost universally acknowledged by the best of the English press; and even the lower and more Radical sheets have said little or nothing of an offensive nature. In marked contrast to this is the tone adopted by several Canadian journals, which have allowed their political spleen to get the better of good manners and truth. We do not deny that such papers have always been noted for their disposition to let no measures of common sense, ordinary courtesy, or simple justice stand in the way of emphasizing their party predilection; but one would have thought that such would cease with the death of the object of their hatred. Such, however, has not been the case; and it stands to the lasting discredit of Canadian journalism.

Note Extension of Time in PRIZE COMPETITION.

Literary Competition.

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

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

On the following conditions:

1st—All stories must be delivered at the office of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED not later than 1st August next

2nd—Each story to contain not less than 5,000 words, and not to exceed 8,000 words.

3rd—All MS. sent in for this competition to become the property of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

4th—Each story must contain a motto on top of first page, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope, inside of which is stated the name and address of the writer. The outside of envelope to bear motto used on story.

5th—MS. to be written in ink, and on one side of paper only.

6th—Stories on Canadian subjects are preferred.

THE SABISTON LITHO. & PUB. CO.,
 Publishers "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED,"
 Montréal.

The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891.

QUESTIONS.

SIXTH SERIES.

- 31.—What artist is mentioned who studied portrait painting in Spain?
- 32.—Quote a criticism on American State Secretaries.
- 33.—Where is mention made of insects with strong jaws and healthy appetites?
- 34.—On what page is mentioned a lecture by Rev. Dean Carmichael, of Montreal?
- 35.—Who commanded a regiment raised in Canada in 1796?
- 36.—Quote a reference to the Lord Bishop of Niagara.

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 156 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January, February, March, April, May and June.



MONTREAL RESIDENCE OF HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT.

HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT, PREMIER OF CANADA.

The Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Q.C., our new Premier, is a native of this province, having been born in 1821 at St. Andrews, in the County of Argenteuil, which he so long represented in Parliament. His father was the Rev. Joseph Abbott, M.A., first Anglican incumbent of St. Andrews, who had come to Canada in 1818 as a missionary. He was a man of considerable attainments, and as a writer won a reputation among Canada's literary pioneers. He married Harriet, daughter of the Rev. Richard Bradford, first rector of Chatham, Argenteuil County. Mr. Abbott, the oldest of the family, after a careful training under his father's supervision, entered McGill College, where he graduated as B.C.L., and in 1847 he was called to the Bar of Lower Canada. In 1859 he began his political career as representative of his native county in the Legislature of United Canada, a position which he retained till the inauguration of the federal regime. In 1862 he became Solicitor-General in the Macdonald-Sicotte Government. In 1867 he was returned by Argenteuil as its member in the Dominion House of Commons, in which important body he served until 1874. During the six following years Mr. Abbott was unassociated with public life. He had already won a high position both as a lawyer and legislator. To him was due the Insolvent Act of 1864, the principle of which has been the foundation of all subsequent reforms in the bankruptcy law. His annotated manual of the act was so lucid and satisfactory to inquirers that Mr. Abbott was ever after recognized by the commercial community as a man of clear and logical mind whose opinion on business matters could be implicitly relied upon. The Jury Consolidation Act for Lower Canada and other important measures confirmed this

reputation. His practice has always been extremely large. He has been legal adviser to some of the great corporations that have helped to build up Canada, especially the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and has been entrusted with some critical missions affecting the welfare of the country. In 1879 he accompanied Sir Hector Langevin to Great Britain in relation to the *Letellier coup d'état*, as it was called—an event which, both for its political and constitutional bearings, is among the most memorable in our later history. Ten years later he was appointed a Commissioner to negotiate with Australia as to closer commercial relations with Canada. Meanwhile, Mr. Abbott had been for two years—1887-88 and 1888-89—Mayor of Montreal, having been called to that high position, mainly that the city might have the benefit of his legal lore in the formulation of its new charter. In May, 1887, he was invited by Sir John Macdonald to enter the cabinet, without portfolio, and since then he has been the spokesman of the Government in the Senate—a position for which he is admirably adapted. In 1849 the Hon. Mr. Abbott married Miss May Bethune, daughter of the late Very Rev. John Bethune, for over half a century Rector, and for many years Dean, of Montreal, by whom he has several children. Immediately following the death and burial of Sir John Macdonald, His Excellency the Governor General, with the advice of Sir John Thompson, invited Mr. Abbott to assume

the responsible position of Premier, and on the 15th June he was able to announce his success in organizing a cabinet; although being in the disadvantageous position of occupying a seat in the Senate only, and not in the Commons, where skill and leadership is so essential, he retains the professed loyalty of the entire Conservative party, and will, without doubt, maintain the ascendancy of his party and carry on good government in the country for many a month yet. It is noteworthy that while the first two Prime Ministers since confederation were natives of Scotland, the present Premier is a Canadian born and bred. As leader of the Government in the Senate, an enormous amount of work devolved upon him in handling the various measures and explaining their details, all of which were carried through in a most satisfactory manner, his excellent legal training giving him an unusual advantage in the mastery and explanation of the various details of the measures proposed. Our engraving is from a photograph kindly supplied by Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son, Montreal.

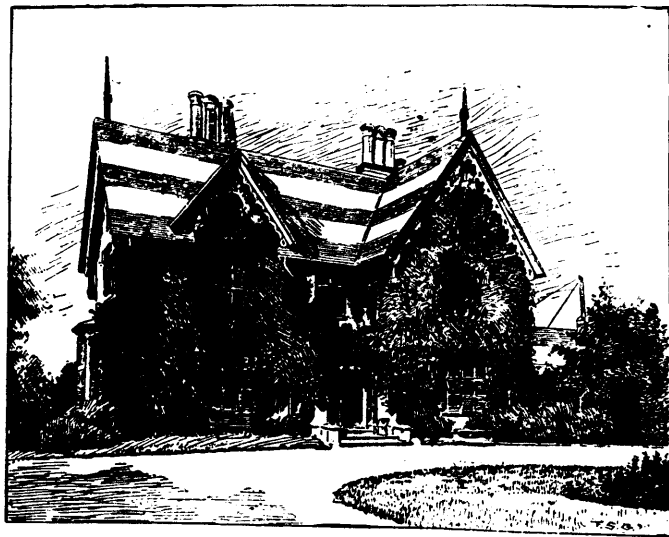
A False Report Corrected.

The *Army and Navy Gazette*, which assumes to be an authority on military affairs, gives prominence to an endorsement of a mischievous report circulated in London this week that Lord Wolseley has been temporarily taken from his command of the Irish forces and was to be sent to Canada. In the present state of public opinion this report created some stir, so the correspondent made an enquiry at the War Office to-day. He is authorized to say on the best authority, that the facts are as follows:—Lord Wolseley received an invitation from Sir George Stephen to go to Canada for salmon fishing. He applied for leave, but was informed that it would not be convenient to allow him to go at present, in view of the coming redistribution of the military forces in Ireland. This leaked out at the Horse Guards and gave rise to the false report.—[EX.]

E. A. Freeman, Regius Professor of Modern History at the University of Oxford, writes a popular article in the July number of the *North American Review*, which will do much to dispel many misconceptions which exist as to the true functions of the English Universities.

NOTE.

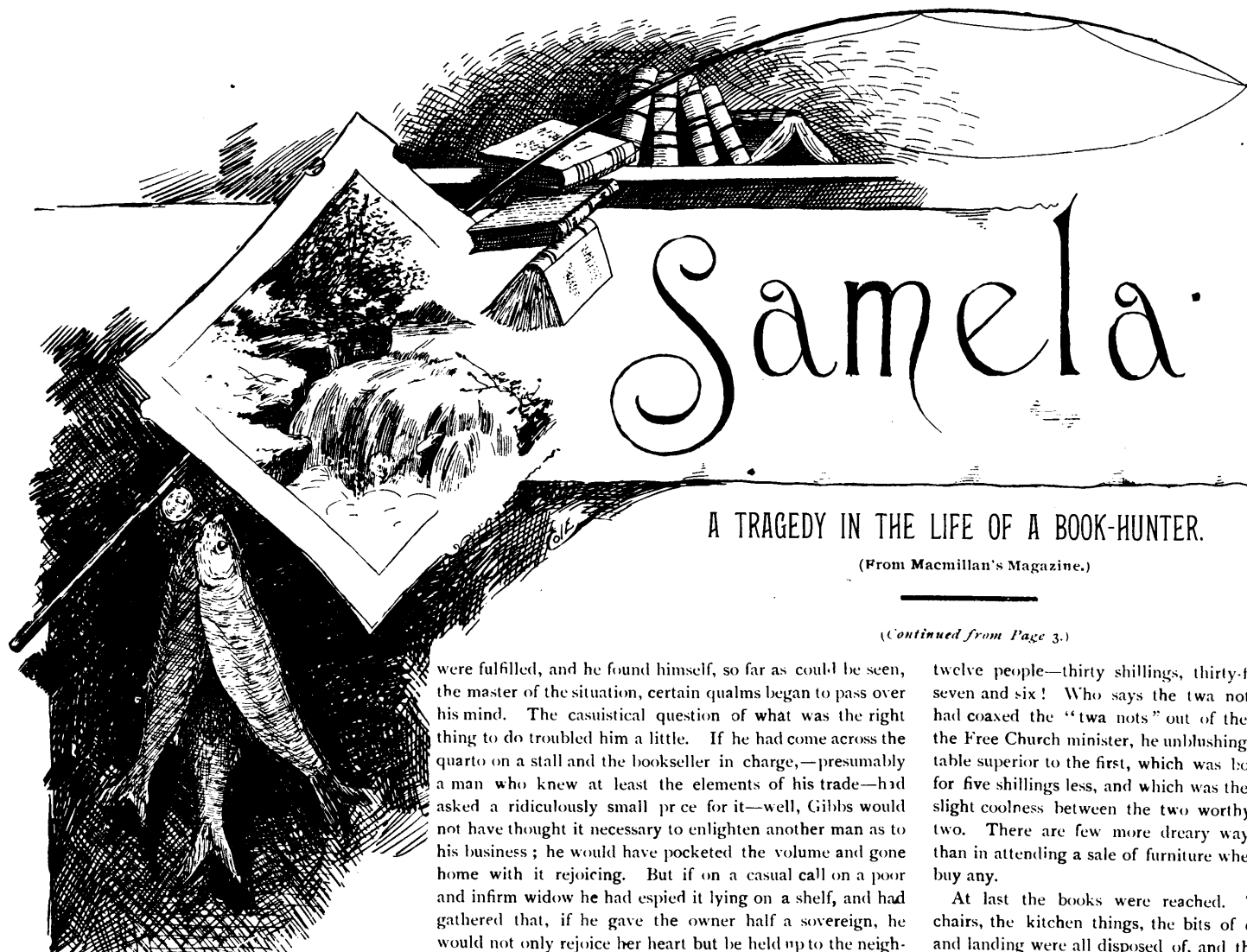
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EARNSLIPPE, RECENTLY LEASED TO HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT.

Answer to Correspondent.

F. G. SMITH.—Motto is to be at head of first page of story, and also on outside of a sealed envelope, to be sent with story, inside of which must be a slip of paper with name and address of author. Writer's name is not to appear on MS.



Samela.

A TRAGEDY IN THE LIFE OF A BOOK-HUNTER.

(From Macmillan's Magazine.)

(Continued from Page 3.)

were fulfilled, and he found himself, so far as could be seen, the master of the situation, certain qualms began to pass over his mind. The casuistical question of what was the right thing to do troubled him a little. If he had come across the quarto on a stall and the bookseller in charge,—presumably a man who knew at least the elements of his trade—had asked a ridiculously small price for it—well, Gibbs would not have thought it necessary to enlighten another man as to his business; he would have pocketed the volume and gone home with it rejoicing. But if on a casual call on a poor and infirm widow he had espied it lying on a shelf, and had gathered that, if he gave the owner half a sovereign, he would not only rejoice her heart but be held up to the neighbours as a man who had done a kind and generous deed for the sake of the poor, the question would have presented itself in a much more difficult light. Gibbs hoped in this case that he would have the courage to tell the old lady that her book was a great deal more valuable than she imagined, and that he would give her at any rate a fair proportion of what it was worth. But here was quite a different affair. The old laird had left no family; his property went to a distant relation whom he had cared little about; he, of course, must have known the value of his treasures, but he had left no will, no paper saying how they were to be disposed of. Could it be possible (thought Gibbs with a shudder which ran all through him) that it was his bounden duty to go to the manager of the sale and say: "Here is a priceless edition of Shakespeare, of whose value you are evidently ignorant; it is worth £200, £300, for aught I know, £500; it is absolutely unique. Take it to Sotheby's—and let my reward be the consciousness that I have put a large sum of money into the pocket of a perfect stranger." If this were so, then Gibbs felt that on this occasion he would not do his duty; he felt so sure that the attempt would be a failure that it seemed to him better not to make it, and he could, moreover, always make the graceful speech and hand the book over after the sale. So he put the quarto carefully back and went off in search of the auctioneer. As he left the room a thrill of virtuous self-satisfaction suddenly came over him, which went far towards allaying the qualms he had felt before. He might have put the Grimms into one pocket, and "Hans of Iceland" into the other, and buttoned the quarto under his coat, and it was ninety-nine to one hundred that no one would be the wiser or feel the poorer. And he knew that many men would have done this without thinking twice about it, and in some queer way or other have soothed their consciences for the wicked act. It was with a swelling heart that Gibbs thought of his trustworthiness and honesty. But lest there should be others about with hands not so much under control as his, he resolved to take up his quarters in the room, or at any rate never be very far from it, so as to be in a position to counteract possible felonies.

The auctioneer was a stout, moon-faced man, with no doubt a fair knowledge of cattle and sheep and the cheaper kinds of furniture. His resonant voice could be heard all over the house: "For this fine mahogany table—the best in the sale—with cover and extra leaves complete—will dine

twelve people—thirty shillings, thirty-five shillings, thirty-seven and six! Who says the twa nots?" And when he had coaxed the "twa nots" out of the reluctant pocket of the Free Church minister, he unblushingly produced another table superior to the first, which was bought by the doctor for five shillings less, and which was the means of causing a slight coolness between the two worthy men for a week or two. There are few more dreary ways of spending a day than in attending a sale of furniture when you don't want to buy any.

At last the books were reached. The bedsteads, the chairs, the kitchen things, the bits of carpet on the stairs and landing were all disposed of, and the auctioneer seated himself on a table in front of the shelves, while his assistant handed him a great parcel just as they had stood in line. Gibbs had satisfied himself that everything that was of any value to him was in the furthest corner of one of the lowest shelves: but now at the last moment a fear crept over him that his examination had been too casual and hurried, that lurking in some cover, or bound up perhaps in some worthless volume, there might be something too good to risk the loss of. Some books, too, had been taken out by the country people, and might not have been put back in the same places. So he decided that for his future peace of mind it was necessary to buy the whole assortment.

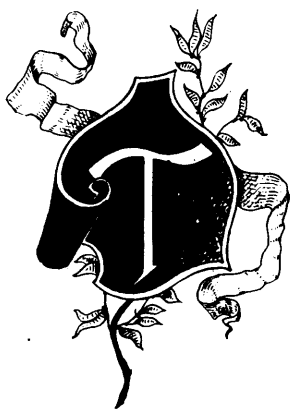
It is related in the account of the ever-memorable sale of the Valdarfer Boccaccio that, "the honour of firing the first shot was due to a gentleman of Shropshire . . . who seemed to recoil from the reverberation of the report himself had made." No such feeling seemed to possess the mind of the individual who first lifted up his voice in that room. He was a short, stout, red-faced man, the "merchant" of the "town," as the half-dozen houses in the neighbourhood were called, and being also the postmaster and the registrar for the district, he had something of a literary reputation to keep up. In a measured and determined voice he started the bidding. "I'll give ye—ninepence," and then he glared all round the room as if to say, "Let h'm overtop that who dares!" "A shilling," said Gibbs. "And—threepence," retorted the merchant, turning with rather an injured face to have a good look at his opponent. "Half a crown," went on Gibbs—how he longed to shout out, "Twenty pounds for the lot!" But he feared to do anything which would make the audience, and still more the auctioneer, suspicious. This hundred per cent. of an advance secured him the first lot, and the young clerk pushed over to him a collection which a hurried examination showed to be three odd volumes of the "Annual Register," three volumes of "Chamber's Miscellany," and the third volume of "The Fairchild Family."

The second lot were by this time laid on the table; there seemed to be something more of the Register in it, and a dull green octavo gave some promise of a continuation of Mrs. Sherwood's excellent romance. The postmaster again began the fray with the same offer as before. "I'll not bid on that trash," said Gibbs to himself, and it seemed as if the government official was to have his way this time. But just

HERE was his "Hans in Iceland," with its strange, wild etchings, his "Life in Paris," a large paper edition in the salmon-coloured wrappers just as it was issued. Interested and excited as Gibbs would have been at these discoveries at any other time he had no thought now but for the quarto. It was not among the illustrated books, and he searched again among the larger volumes in the bottom shelf. There stood

Penn's "Quakers," as it had stood for perhaps a hundred years, defying dust and damp and draughts in its massive binding. There were old French and Spanish dictionaries, a good edition of Tacitus in several volumes, the genuine works of Josephus, and Gerarde's "Herbal." What was this dingy, half-covered thing lying on the top of the rest, more in folio than in quarto size? Gibbs drew it out, and when he had opened it he gave a kind of gasp, and looked round to the door to see if he was alone. The quarto was merely loosely stitched into the calf binding, which had evidently been made for a larger book; it had been kept with the greatest care, and seemed without a flaw or blemish; it was quite untouched by the knife, and some leaves at the end were still unopened,—left so probably to show the perfect virginity of its state. It was not the history of the Merry Wives which lay embedded in its pages, nor yet that of the Danish Prince, but—"A Pleasant and Conceited Comedie called Loue's Labors Lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare."

It was manifest to Gibbs that those who had the management of the sale knew nothing of the value of this book or of the few other treasures in the room; they were all to be placed on the same footing as Josephus, or Dickinson's "Agriculture," and sold for what they would fetch. He had been hoping and trusting that this would be the case ever since he heard of the quarto, but now, when his wishes



as the auctioneer's pencil, which he used as a hammer, was falling, Gibbs was seized with a sudden fright at the bare possibility of something valuable being concealed somewhere in the unpromising heap. "Half a crown!" he called out in a great hurry, and the spoil was again his own. His surmise as to the Register was correct, but the green covers enclosed the "History of Little Henry and his Bearer,"—a work also by the amiable Mrs. Sherwood. When the next lot of books were put up the postmaster wheeled round and faced Gibbs, deserting the auctioneer, and as our friend saw that various neighbours were poking his opponent and whispering encouragement to him, he anticipated that the fight was to become warmer as it grew older.

"Ninepence," said the local champion, fixing a stern eye on Gibbs. "Five shillings!" replied the latter, thinking to choke him off. "Six!" cried the merchant, the word escaping him almost before he knew what he was about. "Ten!" called out Gibbs. Then there was a pause. It was evidently the wish of the audience that their representative should carry off the prize this time, and show the haughty stranger that he could not have it all his own way, that they, too, even in Ross-shire, knew something of the value of books. All those who were near enough to Mr. MacFayden, the postmaster, to nudge him and whisper encouragement to him did so. With a frowning, meditative face the old warrior, trying to keep one eye on Gibbs and the other on the auctioneer, and squinting frightfully in consequence, stood, revolving no doubt many things in his blameless mind. "And—threepence!" he gasped out at last, and there went a "sough" through the assembly, and some almost held their breath for a time, so awed were they at his persistence and at the magnitude of his offer. Gibbs, staring at the dusty heap, thought he would risk the loss of it,—a more hopeless-looking collection he had never seen. And it was perhaps advisable to let this old man have something, or he might grow desperate when desperation would be dangerous. So he smiled a bland refusal to the auctioneer, and that worthy, after trying in vain for about five minutes to get another threepence of an advance, had to let the heap go. The postmaster was at once surrounded by an eager circle of friends, and each book was carefully examined and criticised. They were for the most part old sermons, but an odd volume of Molière having got by chance in among them was at once pounced upon, and Gibbs could hardly keep from laughing outright at the reverence with which it was treated. "It's Latin!" whispered one. "Ay, or Greek!" suggested another. "If it's no Gaelic!" interposed a snuffy-faced old shepherd, who had arrived very early in the morning with three dogs, and examined and criticised everything in the house without the faintest intention of spending a farthing.

"Here is an elegant work," said the auctioneer, after he had allowed a long time for the inspection of the Gaelic treasure; "an elegant work by William Shakespeare"—Gibbs looked sharply up—"adorned with cuts—most suitable, with other beautiful and interesting volumes. Shall I say ten shillings again?" But no, he need not—at any rate no one would corroborate him, and the whole collection became the property of John Gibbs for the sum of one shilling. And so it went on—sometimes there was competition, sometimes not; the postmaster was inclined to rest on his laurels, and nearly every lot was knocked down to the Englishman. They worked along the shelves and at last reached the Cruikshanks. But by these happy country folk the drawings of the great artist were set on a level with those in the penny Encyclopædia; the Grimms attracted no attention; a little more respect was paid to the "Thrift" and the "Life of Napoleon" owing to the gaudy colouring, but yet Gibbs became the possessor of them for a few shillings, uncut, spotless copies as they were. Then they had to work along the last bottom shelf, but here, as the books were mostly folios and quartos and fat to boot, they were got quickly through. Gibbs let go Penn's "Quakers," and a Latin dictionary, and some old theological works. When the quarto on which his eyes had been glued so long was reached, his heart was beating so he felt afraid his neighbours would hear it. "Love's Labor Lost," slowly spelt out the auctioneer, "a comedy by William Shakespeare; a most"—he was at a loss for a suitable adjective, and fell back on the old one—"a most—elegant work—by William Shakespeare."

Then there was a pause and a hush. Perhaps the people were tired; the excitement of the sale was over,—for them. But to one man present there it almost seemed as if the quiet which fell for a little while over the crowd in that shabby room was due to something more than this, was in some way an act of homage paid unconsciously and invol-

untarily to the greatest of all the sons of men. It seemed a profanation to offer for that book the fraction of a shilling or a pound. It was the last, and, before the merchant could get out his offer, Gibbs made his own and electrified the room. "Five pounds!" he cried out in so loud a voice that his next neighbour—a meek old woman in a mutch—jumped as if a snake had bitten her. Some question as to the perfect sanity of the fisherman had found place in the minds of the wiser and more experienced people in the room as they listened to his rash offers, and thought of the perfect impossibility of any one wanting to have so many books at the one time. But all doubts were now dispelled, and three good-looking girls who had edged up close to Gibbs to have a quiet examination of him now shrunk away in obvious alarm. The moon-faced auctioneer was visibly affected—during his long experience he had never seen a book sold for the fifth part of such a price. And what sort of a man was this to offer it when, if he had waited a half minute longer, he would have secured what he wanted for a couple of shillings? But Gibbs cared for nothing of this now—they might call him and think him what they pleased—and he pushed up to the table and claimed the precious volume. He soon set the auctioneer's mind at rest, "I will wait," he said, "till you make out my account." Then he stood there—perhaps at that moment the happiest of mankind.

"I should like to have had that fine volume of Shakespeare for my daughters," said the auctioneer, as he handed Gibbs the receipt, "but you are such a determined bidder there is no standing against you. A London gentleman, I presume—might you be from London?"

"You are welcome to the Shakespeare," replied Gibbs, ignoring the question. "It is—an elegant volume. And it is a family edition, which adds to its value. You may safely trust it to your daughters." Profuse were the happy father's thanks for the gracious present.

An old lady had in the earlier part of the day purchased a large and substantial box for eighteenpence; Gibbs now hunted her out and offered her a sovereign for it. The old person was flustered almost out of her life at such a premium, and it evidently aroused some suspicion in her mind that the stranger might know more about its value than she did. It was not until she had examined every corner of it many times over, and taken counsel with all the friends and relations she could get hold of, that she consented to part with it—even then following up-stairs for one more search for possibly hidden gold. Into this box Gibbs put first his prizes, and then the most respectable part of his library. But the Annual Registers and the Miscellanies and the green-backed works by Mrs. Sherwood he strewed recklessly about the room, and astonished the people who from time to time cautiously came to have a look at him, by telling them they could take what they liked away. With a wary eye on the donor the books were removed, and many a happy home in that remote district is even now indebted to his generosity for the solid collection of works which adorn its humble shelves. If the constant perusal of "L'Industrie Françoise," the "Géographie Ancienne Abrégée," the "Grammaire Espagnole Raisonnée," or "Histoire de Henri le Grand," have in any way soothed the sorrows, lightened the labours, and improved the morals of the crofters in this part of the north of Scotland the praise and the reward is due to John Gibbs the fisherman, and to no one else. If, as the old story-books say, the books have never been removed, they are there still.

Then the two men started on their way home. We said just now that Gibbs was perhaps for a short time the happiest man in the world; in making that remark we did not take into consideration Archie's feelings. He had bought a flaming yellow-red mahogany horse-hair sofa, three chairs, a clock-case, and an umbrella-stand, and, above all, a bed,—a real old-fashioned, seven feet by five-and-a-half erection, with a sort of pagoda on the top. That he had only a "but and ben," with stone and mud floors, twelve by fourteen feet each, and a door leading to them little more than two feet wide, had not yet caused him any anxiety. But we believe that before that seven-foot bedstead was got through that two-foot door the good-looking young woman, to whom half of it might be said to belong, expressed her opinion of his judgment in a way which made him shake in his shoes, strong and able man as he was.

When Gibbs reached the inn with his precious cargo he came in for the end of what had evidently been a serious disturbance. The landlord was undergoing with what patience he might the angry reproaches of a little old man, who, with uplifted finger, emphasized every word he uttered. The stranger had his back to the doorway, as had also his companion, a lady in a grey tweed dress.

"It's most provoking and annoying," cried the old man. "I took particular care to write the name of your infernal place plainly!—I believe you got the letter!"

"I got no letter," replied the landlord, "or I should have sent the machine."

"But you should have got it," cried the old man furiously, "and I'll find out who is responsible! It's scandalous!—it's—" he stuttered with rage at a loss for a word.

"You've lost a good day's fishing, Mr. Gibbs, I doubt," said the landlord, looking as if he would rather like to get out of the corner in which the new-comers had caught him; they had cut him off coming down stairs and blocked the lower step.

"And I'll see that whoever is responsible suffers for it," went on the old gentleman in a threatening way; "I'll show you —"

"Oh, man!" said the landlord at last, roused to retaliate, "I got no letter. And I do not care the crack of my thumb for you or your letter, or your threats, or your responsibilities! Here's a gentleman who has just come from the sale, and he'll tell you there was naething in it but a wheen sticks and books and rubbish,—a wheen auld chairs and pots!"

The strangers turned round at once to see who was appealed to. The man had a little, red angry face and a long beard,—you will see fifty like him in any town in a day's walk. His companion would have attracted some attention anywhere; Gibbs got to know her face pretty well in the course of time, but though he felt it was what is called a striking one he never knew exactly why. He would have said that her hair was neither dark nor light, that her eyes were grey, her mouth and nose both perhaps rather large, and that she had full red lips—a commonplace description enough, which would answer perhaps for three or four out of every dozen girls you meet. She was very tall—she stood a head and shoulders over her companion—and her figure, though it would have been large for a smaller woman, was in just proportion to her height. She put her hand on the old man's arm, as if to check his impetuosity, and threw oil on the troubled waters as it is befitting a woman should do.

"It is really of little consequence," she said, "though it was provoking at the time. We only wished to have got some remembrance—of an old friend. I have no doubt that there was some mistake at the post-office. Come!" and with a pretty air of authority she led the old grumbler into the sitting-room.

Gibbs was by no means what is called a classical scholar. He had wasted—so it seemed to him—a good many years of his life turning Shakespeare and Milton into very inferior Greek and Latin verses, and since he left Oxford had never opened a book connected with either of the languages—unless it was to see who the printer was. But he had a misty recollection of some passage which described how a mortal woman walked like a goddess, and he thought that then for the first time he understood what the writer meant,—he knew then for the first time how a goddess moved.

If a traveller had passed by that lonely inn at midnight, he would have seen a bright light burning in one of its windows. And if he had returned two, or three, or even four hours later he would have seen it still burning, shining out like a beacon over the wild moors. The salmon-fisher had forgotten his craft, the politician his newspaper, the admirer of goddesses that such creatures ever existed upon the earth. It was very late, or early, before Gibbs had finished his investigations and retired to his bed, and then his sleep was not a pleasant or a restful one. Unless it is pleasant to have hundreds of other people's poor relations standing in endless ranks, holding out thin and empty hands for help—unless it is restful to have to drive a huge wheelbarrow along in front of them, heavy at the commencement of the journey with first editions, uncut, of the quartos, but gradually growing lighter and lighter as they one by one slipped down the pile, and fell off on to the muddy roadway.

II.

Two parties cannot be long together in a small country inn without getting to some extent to know each other. Gibbs began by the little services which a man can always render to a lady, opening doors, lending newspapers, and so forth. A dog, too, often acts as a sort of introduction to two people who are fond of that animal; and the fisherman was the possessor of a small, short-legged, crust-coloured, hairy creature, answering to the name of Growley, which soon twined itself round the lady's heart, as it did round all with whom it came in contact.

(To be Continued.)



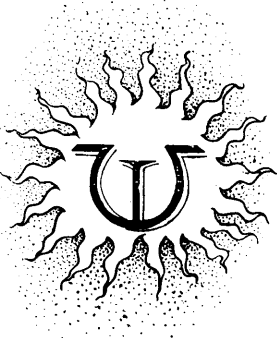
ND

MONACO.

A DAY AT MONACO AND MONTE CARLO.

VILLA PRIMAVERA, CANNES,
Alpes Maritimes, France,
July, 1891.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,



He deserted our bright little villa yesterday morning, about half-past ten, each armed with a tiny parcel of sandwiches or sustaining buns, bound for a day at Monte Carlo, to be accomplished with as little expenditure of the munitions of war as was compatible with a certain degree of comfort and a great deal of sight-seeing. To the further-

ance of this object we got into the "Compartment aux Dames" of a third class carriage and tried to smuggle our equerry in with us, but the guard's eye was too keen, and he was requested to move on at the next station. Fortune favoured us in another way, however, for while we were idling away the few moments before the train left, we saw two or three huge bouquets of roses being marshalled along the platform, and discerned behind them the distinguished few who were to have the honour of seeing off the Archduke and Archduchess Reiner of Austria. H. R. H. the Duchess of Albany was there, and the little Prince Charlie and Princess Alice—the two latter in charge respectively of tutor and governess, all simply dressed, and Prince Charlie, naturally, in kilts. He has a bonnie face, but a delicate one, and both children are without the air of strength and health which pertains to the Duchess. Departing royalty was very gracious, as became so noble looking a pair, and hats were lifted and curtseys bent in rapid succession, as they passed from one to another of the little group. But the shrill whistle of the guard was followed by the still shriller one of the engine, and the tootle-toot of the engine driver's funny horn, and great and small of the earth were alike shut into their widely differing compart-

ments. At Golfe Juan the "Amphion" lay at anchor, in attendance upon Her Majesty at Grasse, and looked as trim as fresh paint and brass and many hands could make her. She is the same war ship which had the honour of carrying Lord and Lady Stanley of Preston from Victoria to Vancouver on their Vice Regal tour, and has remained here behind her consort, the "Victoria." But the French Mediterranean squadron was not there, and we looked in vain for it again at Ville Franche,—nor did we see the American frigate "Baltimore," that lay in the latter harbour some weeks ago. At Beaulieu, we saw perched up on a rugged peak the new villa built for Lord Salisbury, from which a magnificent view of the surrounding hills and the deeply indented coast line is had. We dodged in and out of tunnels all the way from Nice to our destination, and kept exclaiming that each must be the last, only to have our disappointment melt into delight at the exquisite colouring of rock and sea as each tiny bay came into view. The Little Corniche ran between us and the beach, but it was not till we got to Monaco that we could see the white line of the Greater far up the mountain side, almost hidden by the heavy mist, as it swept hither and thither among headlands and gorges, threatening us with a deluge, but melting away before the rays of the sun. Having discussed our frugal repast by the way we at once arranged with a "cocher" (whom we allowed to understand our previous knowledge of the tariff—here strictly fixed) to take us inside the walls of Monaco. Roads, lights, gardens, gens d'armes—everything is kept in beautiful order, and the gradual slope to the "Porte Neuve" would be a lesson to many a Canadian municipality. An omnibus runs between the two towns at regular intervals and we passed it by the way. To the right the rampart-crowned precipice rises abruptly, while to the left, and far below, lie the gas works, the "Quai," and beyond, the quiet bay, where bathing is both safe and pleasant, and where the long, low "Grand Hotel des Bais" provides the necessary accommodation. From Monaco itself is a glorious outlook; to the east lie Cabbe-Roquebrune and Mentone, and on a clear day Ventimiglia, the border city, is easily distinguished, while above them

tower the rugged outposts of the Maritime Alps, whose snowy tops are visible here and there between the peaks; and before all stretches the unfathomable blue of the Mediterranean. In a few moments we turn sharply to the right, past the splendid new Cathedral, erected by the tolls of the gaming tables—which are winked at by the Church, without whose tacit co-operation they could not be kept open. The square of the palace is now before us, and at the gate half the small standing army is drawn up to present arms, as the Prince and Princess drive out. Again we are in luck's way, for after a long, delightful look towards Nice and into the gardens on the eastern side of the promontory we turn toward the palace entrance, and they are whirled past by a magnificent pair of bays, and the young Prince is sitting opposite them. The Princess is as fair as the Prince is dark, and both are of a commanding presence. They are rapidly followed by another carriage containing the young prince's preceptor, and as it is not the day for visiting the palace, we fall in behind. The old town is most quaint in its narrow streets, closely lined with tall buildings, with the inevitable gay bits of drapery hanging from the balconies, and with the deeply tinted roofs rising against the heavenly sky, and all is in great contrast to the busy streets and Paris-like hotels of Monte Carlo. One strange little corner impresses us as we slowly ascend to the Casino,—a church built right in the dry bed of a torrent, and over which the gigantic spans of an aqueduct or viaduct are carried. It might have been dropped there ages ago by the child of a Titan from his box of toys, so tiny does it look. In Moorish splendour the Casino rises between the sea and the gayly decorated square, whose beds of cinerarias and primroses, anemones and pansies are glinting from among the tropical foliage of palms and aloes, bananas and chestnuts, plane trees and arancarias. A constant stream is entering the wide doors, where uniformed attendants relieve one of hat and cane, jacket and parasol, and where one receives from the office at the left, on presentation of visiting cards, the necessary tickets of admission to the "Salles des Jeux" and the concert hall. Still the crowd is pouring in, although we have been told that Monday is an "off day," and the tables are all surrounded three deep by eager players and as eager gazers. Side by side with the hardened veteran is the fresh young girl, radiant with the beauty of health, the stately "grande

dame," and the loudly dressed cockney. Loud in dress alone, for only quiet tones are heard, and the tired voices of the croupiers as they monotonously repeat: "Faites votre jeu, messieurs!" "Le jeu est fait!" "Rien ne va plus!" From "Roulette," with its minor stakes, we pass on to "Trente et quarante," where nothing but gold is received, and where the inexorable bank slowly but surely absorbs all the winnings. One man has left £200,000 with them in the last ten years, and it is said that a young English nobleman, recently married, has lost £50,000 this season. Only in the eyes and fingers can one see the greed of gain and hatred of loss, unless it be among a few silly women who have staked their all and left it there. In spite of ventilation, lofty ceilings and huge windows, the air is fearfully vitiated, and we are glad to escape into the beautiful corridor where the many coloured marbles of the pillars are reflected in the soft tints of the inlaid floors, and

repeated in the exquisite frescoes of the ceilings. In the concert hall are gathered many who come only for music, unequalled on the continent, and where ravishing strains lull one into forgetfulness of the surroundings,—though even here the air is so heavy that one sees many a nodding head. A whisper from behind tells us that we have just time for our afternoon tea before our train departs, and we steal softly out, find our way to the Café de Paris, and are served with the piping hot beverage and a sandwich (which is not that of the railway counter.) We linger on the beautiful terrace to drink in afresh the lovely view and the delicious air, and saunter slowly down the low, broad steps, which have been taken in safety by Mr. Gordon Bennett's four-in-hand. Home in the setting sun, and at Golfe Juan a surprise in the sight of the whole French fleet at anchor on the placid bosom of the harbour.

E. E. L.

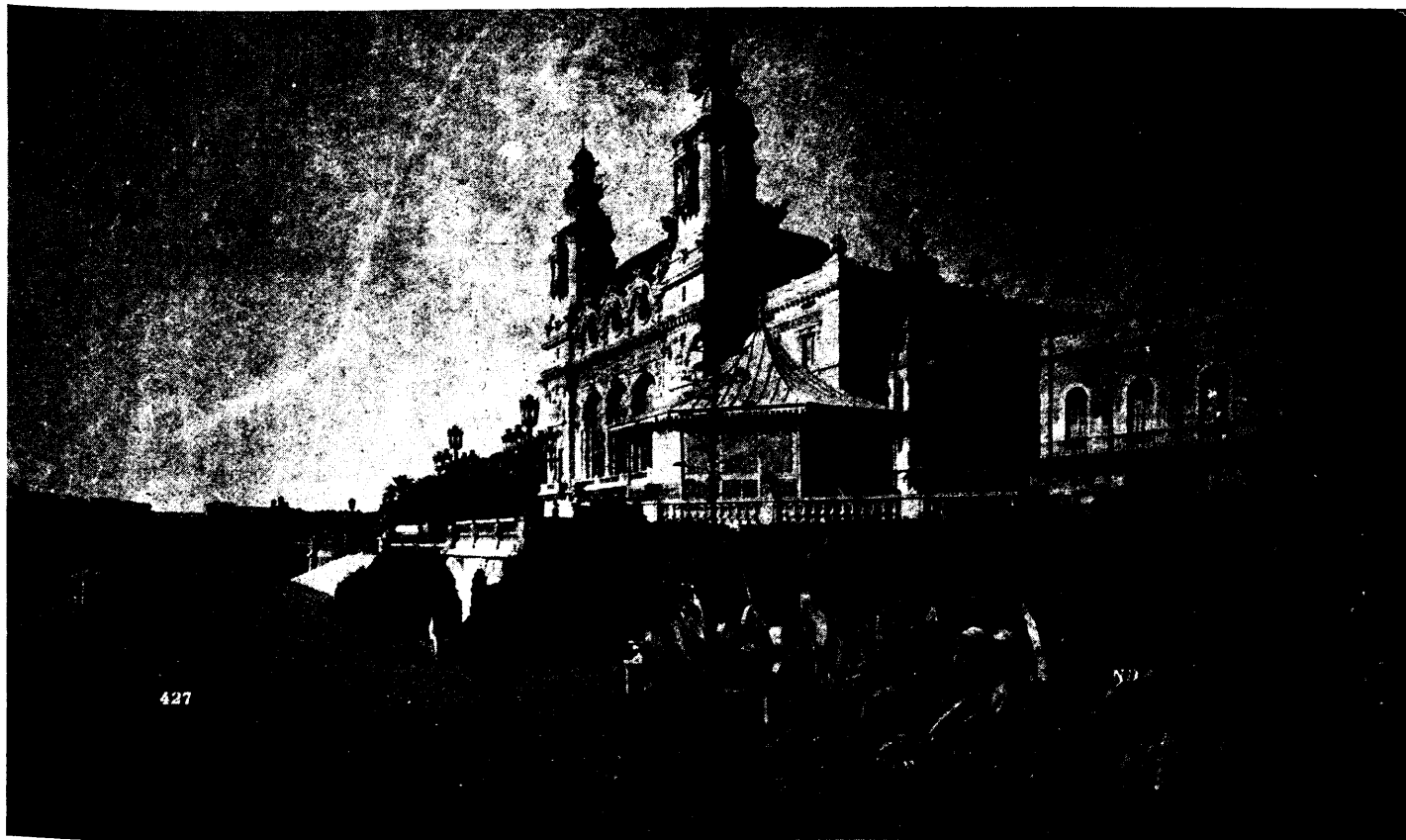
Salmon in Lake Ontario.

"One day last week on the east pier, John Lavis, with a fly-hook caught a salmon weighing 8¾ pounds. Mr. Adams of Port Hope purchased the fish—paying 20c a pound for it."

The above is from the *Cobourg World*, and a correspondent adds that when residing in Port Hope many years ago, he frequently caught the genuine salmon in Lake Ontario.

Heavy Shipment from Charlottetown.

The most valuable cargo of canned lobsters ever sent from Charlottetown was shipped a few days ago by Mr. James E. Grant, per SS. "William," for New York. It consisted of 7,300 cases, valued at \$60,000.



THE THEATRE AT MONTE CARLO.



TRANSACTIONS OF THE ASTRONOMICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY OF TORONTO.

The title of this pamphlet well denotes its contents. The Society—the only one of its sort in the Dominion—reports an unusual degree of substantial support in its large and representative membership, in its well attended meetings, and in the valuable donations to its library. Twenty-four meetings have been held during the year, and a large number of most interesting and instructive papers were read on subjects connected with astronomical and physical research; several of these are largely quoted from, thus rendering the work one essential to those interested in these subjects. Toronto: Brough and Caswell.

FOURTH ANNUAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL REPORT OF THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE.

This work, edited by Mr. David Boyle—the indefatigable student of the archaeology of Ontario—is devoted to descriptions of the existing Indian remains in that province, and as such is full of interest to the Canadian student. The earthworks, villages, pipes, tools and other relics of the aborigines that have been recently brought to light are fully described; the illustrations of same are profuse and on a

sufficiently large scale to give every necessary detail—which cannot always be said of similar publications. Mr. A. F. Chamberlain has added to the collection a paper (Part 3) on "Contributions towards a Bibliography of the Archaeology of the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland," which with the Parts 1 and 2 form an excellent bibliography of this very important subject. We note that the work is published by the Ontario Government; would that more such valuable books were issued under authority of our local governments. Toronto: The Canadian Institute.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending 20th and 27th June are exceptionally good ones; the former being unusually interesting to Canadians from the presence of an excellent article from the Quarterly entitled "Canada and the United States; their past and present relations." It is well worthy the close study of everyone wishing to learn how Canada and Canadian interests have suffered in past years at the hands of our neighbours south of line 45; it is written in a calm and scholarly manner, free from bias, and is attracting much attention in England. "Philip Henry Gosse" is a sketch of one who has done a great deal for the natural history of Canada. "English War Songs" covers a subject of interest to most of our readers, while the review of Sir Walter Scott's "Journal" (from the *Church Quarterly*) is the best we have yet seen. "An Indian Ring" is a capital story of Anglo-Indian life. Boston: Littell & Co.

Little Boy Blue.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But steady and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise."
So toddling off to his cosy bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming an angel's song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue;
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.



The progress made by the Bel-Air Jockey Club during the few short years of its existence must be distinctly gratifying to the men who had enough interest in the kingly sport, and enough pluck and perseverance behind that interest, to build the finest race track in Canada. The meeting which concluded on Saturday last was something like a race meeting. Experience may have come slowly, but it has come, and a great many of the crudities noticeable at the previous meetings were pleasurable absent. Things were more business-like; the rough edges were chopped off; it was no longer the country fair race day, for metropolitan proportions had been assumed; a previously apathetic public had been converted into mild enthusiasts; the grand stand felt the weight of thousands, where before it had only known hundreds, and shook under the unanimous stamping of ten thousand feet of assorted sizes, instead of echoing back the faint applause of a few hundred partially satisfied spectators. In a word, there was more general satisfaction expressed over the summer meeting of the B.A.J.C. than could ever find vent about any other running meeting in the Province of Quebec—that is, as far as the writer's knowledge is concerned.

It should not be understood that the meeting was faultless. That is a little too much to hope for before the millenium, but it was such a vast improvement over its predecessors that whatever shortcomings there were may be looked on as very unintentional mistakes. The first and second day saw excellent fields face the starter, but the weather was so bad on the third day that it is not to be wondered that many of the owners did not care to start their horses. The drenching rain, which made everybody wish they were ducklings or some other web footed creature, so that they might have some enjoyment out of life, made things very unpleasant from a racing point of view, and before the flag fell for the first race the silks were undistinguishable, while at the end of the three-quarter mile the appearance of the jockeys would have excused a maternal parent from recognizing her offspring. The opening day gave promise of great things, and supplied the usual number of surprises to the great delight of the bookmakers and the bewilderment of the public. In the opening scramble, Zea and Orinoco were the favourites, but Mr Love's Tendency filly managed to snatch the race out of the fire. The Queen's Plate, with nine entries, saw eight face the starter. This was another small sized surprise to a great many, for the slightly thought-of Milton had everything his own way and won as he pleased, leaving behind such good ones as Dianthus, Manitou and Nine Oaks. The race for the \$300 purse was a capital one, Mr. Hendries' horse, Versatile, capturing first place from Belle of Orange by half a length. In the Merchants' purse there was the closest struggle of the meeting, Redfellow and Bullfinch running what appeared to be a dead heat, but the judges said Redfellow by a short head. The "Walker Club" handicap steeplechase was simply a gift to that wonderful jumper Hercules. Following is a summary of the first day's racing:—

Opening scramble—Purse, \$275; three-quarters of a mile, seven starters:

T. H. Love's b.f. Ville Marie, 3, 106.....[Shauer	1
J. E. Seagram's blk. c. Orinoco, 3, 116.....[Gorman	2
J. P. Dawes' b.m. Zea, 5, 119.....[Innes	3

Time—1.18.

Queen's Plate; 50 guineas—One and a quarter miles; eight starters:

W. Henderson's ch.c. Milton, 3, 107.....[Hennessey	1
J. P. Dawes' b.g. Manitou, 3, 107.....[Innes	2
Dr. Craik's b.m. Nine Oaks, 5, 121.....[Redfield	3

Time—2.25½.

Purse of \$300—One and one-sixteenth miles; nine starters.

W. Hendries' b.c. Versatile, 3, 107.....[Shauer	1
J. P. Dawes' b.m. Belle of Orange, 3, 102.....[Innes	2
T. H. Love's b.h. Bushbolt, 3, 107.....[Heuston	3

Merchants' Purse—One and one-quarter miles; four starters:

J. P. Dawes' b.h. Redfellow, 5, 131.....[Innes	1
W. Hendries' b.g. Bullfinch, 3, 102.....[Flint	2
D. Davies' b.m. Underwood, 4, 122.....[Shauer	3

Walker's Club Handicap Steeplechase—Two and one-half miles; seven starters:

Queen City Stables c.h. Hercules, A, 168.....[Louden	1
Bay View Stables b.g. Mackenzie, A, 150.....[Phair	2
H. Drysdale's b.g. Quaker, A, 140.....[Smith	3

The second day was a repetition of capital sport. A great deal of interest was taken in the Derby, and there was considerable disappointment in the public mind that Mr. Seagram drew the pen through the name of Victorious. A good many eyes waited anxiously to see the son of Terror, but they must wait for another opportunity. Mr. Love's Polydora captured the opening purse, Helen Leigh being disqualified for light weight. The Derby went to Bullfinch, and the El Padre was pocketed by Versatile. Belle of Orange coralled the Brokers' purse, while with 175 pounds up Hercules ran away with the handicap steeplechase:

Purse \$275—Three quarter mile; five starters:

T. H. Love's b.m. Polydora, 3, 108.....[Flint	1
J. P. Dawes' b.m. Zea, 5, 119.....[Innes	2
H. Paton's b.g. Pericles, A, 129.....[Snider	5

Canadian Derby—One and one-half miles; four starters:

A. Sinclair's b.c. Bullfinch, 3, 122.....[Shauer	1
J. P. Dawes' b.g. Mohawk, 3, 122.....[Innes	2
W. Henderson's ch.c. Milton, 3, 122.....[McCarthy	3

El Padre Handicap—One and one-eighth miles; five starters:

W. Hendries' b.c. Versatile, 3, 108.....[Shauer	1
J. E. Seagram's b.c. Orinoco, 3, 112.....[Gorman	2
T. H. Love's b.m. Ville Marie, 3, 98.....[Rollo	3

Brokers' Purse of \$400—One mile; eight starters:

J. P. Dawes' b.m. Belle of Orange, 3, 111.....[Innes	1
P. Gorman's b.f. Wenonah, 3, 102.....[Heuston	2
T. H. Love's b.h. Bushbolt, 3, 107.....[Rollo	3

Handicap Steeplechase—Two miles; six starters:

Queen City c.h. Hercules, A, 175.....[Louden	1
Wellington stables c.h. Gladiator, A, 148.....[Hamilton	2
Bay View stables b.g. Mackenzie, A, 148.....[Phair	3

The results of the last day's racing are appended:

Purse \$275—Six furlong's; eight starters:

J. P. Dawes' b.m. Zea, 5, 119.....[Wise	1
T. H. Love's c.m. Polydora, 3, 123.....[Redfield	2
H. Paton's c.g. Pericles, A, 134.....[Snider	3

Carslake Stakes—One and one-sixteenth miles; five starters:

J. E. Seagram's b.c. Tactician, 3, 122.....[Gorman	1
J. P. Dawes' b.m. Belle of Orange, 3, 122.....[Wise	2
T. H. Love's b.h. Bushbolt, 3, 122.....[Redfield	3

Handicap Steeplechase—Two miles; four starters:

Bay View stables b.g. Mackenzie, A, 147.....[Phair	1
Wellington stables b.h. Gladiator, A, 150.....[Hamilton	2
H. Drysdale's b.g. Quaker, A, 138.....[Smith	3

Open Handicap, purse \$350—One and one-quarter miles:

J. P. Dawes' b.h. Redfellow, 5, 126.....[Wise	1
P. Gorman's b.h. Lordlike, 4, 112.....[Heuston	2
J. E. Seagram's b.h. Marauder, 6, 116.....[Gorman	3

Consolation Race—One and one-sixteenth miles; three starters:

T. H. Love's b.h. Bushbolt, 3, 116.....[Redfield	1
Owner's b.g. Duke of Bourbon, 5, 110.....[Dufresne	2
J. H. Grise's b.g. Purse, A, 110.....[Pierson	3

After all the great promises made by the "four club league," they are hardly fulfilling their mission as far as the lacrosse public is concerned. At first the interest of lacrosse loving people was aroused as much from curiosity as from any other cause to see what effect the split in the ranks would have on the game. By this time they are pretty well satisfied. In the league they have seen mediocre lacrosse that perhaps would have made a creditable average for district championship teams, while the two clubs who were forced out of the combination have been surprising even their most enthusiastic admirers by the excellence of their play. Verily, everything cometh to him who waits. The hot-headed individuals who would brook no dictation, nor take any advice from newspapers and such like things, have now the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing themselves moving peaceably along at the tail end of a funeral procession, with every possibility of being in front of the procession should it turn round and walk the other way. The match of the season was that played between Toronto and Montreal on Dominion Day. The score at the finish stood four games to three, and every one of them were scored at the same end of the field. The *Empire* remarks that probably had the match lasted a little longer Toronto would have evened up matters. Certainly it would. But then our contemporary forgets that in such a comparison all the advantage lies with the side taking the first game. No matter what speculation may suggest there is one

certainty, and that is, that never before has Rosedale witnessed a grander, more scientific exhibition of lacrosse than it did on Wednesday. There was just enough earnestness in the play to make it a thorough test of endurance. There were many hard knocks given, accidentally, too, and no losing of temper. When we come to consider the hard feeling that used to be shown in previous years, one can hardly believe his eyes at the way the games are being conducted at the present time, but it is a consummation devoutly to be thankful for. Keep right on in the same course you have marked out for yourselves, Toronto and Montreal, and you will find that the much-predicted evil that was to attend you will have been transubstantiated into good.

The Cornwall club carried an accommodation rain shower when they went to Ottawa on Dominion Day. Of course a defeated man or a defeated team just obeys nature when he hunts around for an excuse of some sort or other, and the Ottawas are no exception. The day was wet and the Cornwalls, everybody knew, would rather play lacrosse in water than out of it. The excuse was good enough in its way, but it was hardly good enough to account for such an unmitigated thrashing as five goals to one means. Either the Cornwalls must have improved wonderfully in a couple of weeks, or the Ottawas must be going to the "demnition bow-wows."

The Hamilton Bicycle Club are to be congratulated on the deserved success which attended the annual meet of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association. Nothing was left undone to make the gathering the best in the history of the C. W. A., and the results fully justified the anticipations of the Hamiltonians. The association itself is progressing splendidly, and a membership of thirteen hundred, an increase of nearly five hundred in a year, is a sign of the times. Record smashing was the order of the day, and new marks were made for the Canadian mile safety, mile novice safety, and three mile safety.

R. O. X.

"I Love to Steal."

An amusing incident occurred in one of the Eastern churches a few years ago. The clergyman gave out the hymn:

"I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care
And spend the hour of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer."

The regular chorister being absent, the duty devolved upon the good old deacon M., who commenced, "I love to steal," and then broke down. Raising his voice a still higher pitch, he sang, "I love to steal," and, as before, he concluded he had got the wrong pitch, and deploring that he had not got his "pitch tuner," he determined to succeed if he died in the attempt. By this time all the old ladies were tittering behind their fans, while the faces of the "young ones" were all in a broad grin. At length, after a desperate cough, he made a final demonstration, and roared out, "I love to steal." This effort was too much. Every one but the godly and eccentric parson was laughing. He arose, and with the utmost coolness said, "Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray." It is needless to say that but few of the congregation heard the prayer.

The Bather's Dirge.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold hard stones, O Sea!
And I hope that my tongue won't utter
The words that rise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
If he likes to be soured with spray!
O well for the sailor lad,
As he paddles about in the bay!

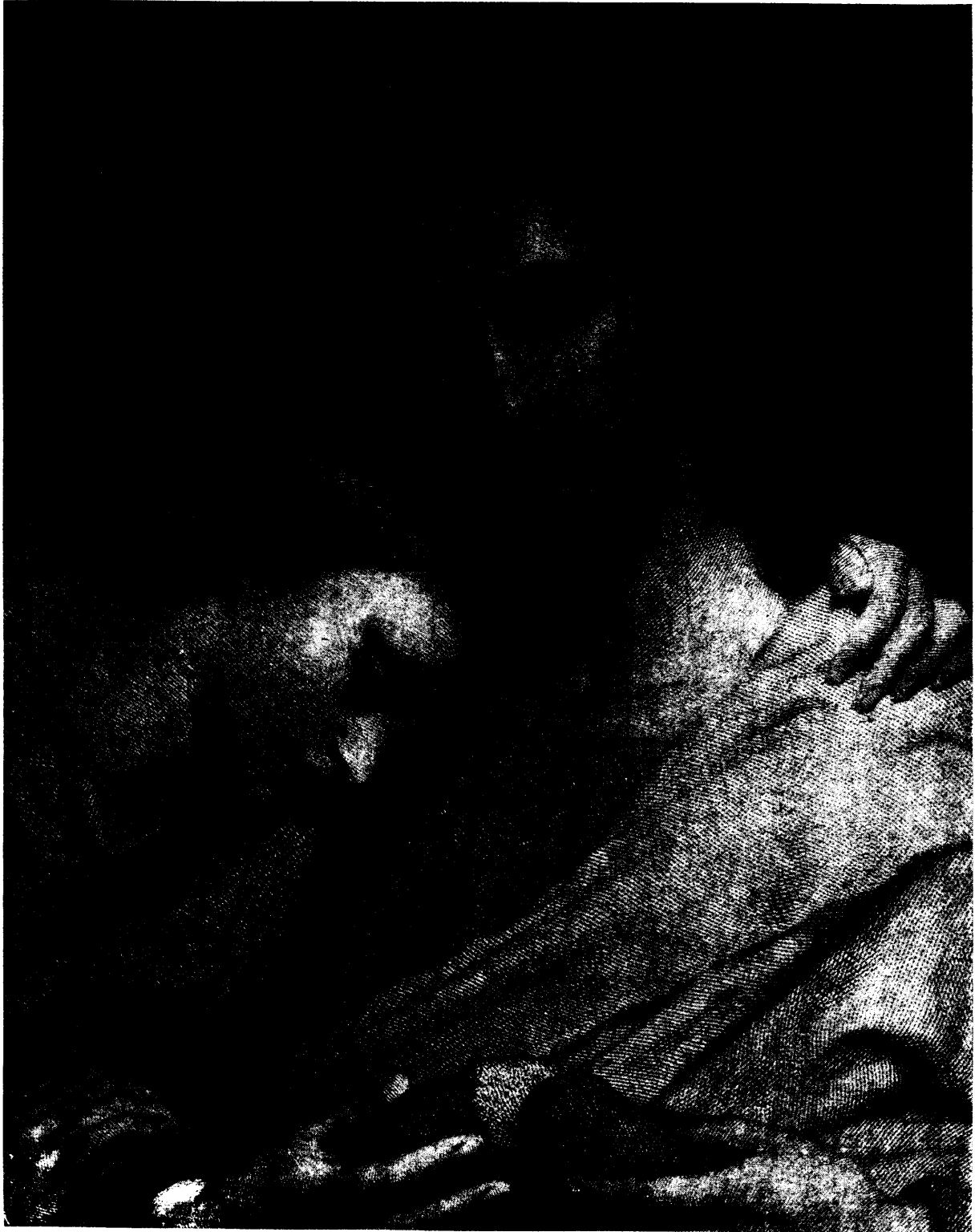
And the ships swim happily on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for a clutch at that vanish'd hand,
And a kick—for I'm catching a chill!

Break, break, break,
At my poor bare feet, O Sea!
But the artful scamp who has collar'd my clothes
Will never come back to me.

—By Tennyson Minor



PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE SERGEANT'S MESS OF THE SIXTY-FIFTH BATTALION,
"MOUNT ROYAL RIFLES," MONTREAL.



CHRIST AND ST JOHN.
(From the painting by Scheffer.)



LAKE ST. CHARLES, NEAR QUEBEC.

LAKE ST. CHARLES AT EVENTIDE.



ONE of the daintiest bits of scenery, north of Quebec, is that afforded by the sheet of water known to tourists and anglers as Lake St. Charles.

It consists of two lakes, about four miles in extent, and communicating with one another by a diminutive, lily-haunted passage, called the narrows, adjoining a stretch of meadow known as Campbell's Point, whilst an indenture of some acres in the rocky, wood-clad shore, furnishes the famous bay, styled Echo Bay, on account of the unfailing repercussion of sounds, when uttered in this elfish spot; whilst another shrinkage in the green fields, skirting the lake, in the vicinity of the Verret rustic hostelry, rejoices in the French appellation of *anse aux Courtes Bottes*, why or wherefore is yet an unsolved mystery to the frequenters of this attractive lake-land.

Until the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway had unlocked the portals of our northern wilderness and brought to our doors the elysium of a hundred new lakes, Lake St. Charles and Lake Beauport had enjoyed the exclusive privilege of attracting tourists and pleasure-seekers from Quebec, on account of the splendid sport their crystal waters afforded to the disciples of old Isaac, as well as for the healthiness of the site and the invigorating effect of their mountain air.

Under manifold aspects have I seen Lake St. Charles. I love it as one loves an old and familiar friend; I have crossed it on snowshoes, amid winter, when its icy bosom sparkled like a vast expanse of molten silver and the moon beams dreamily lingered on the virgin snow.

I have communed with the fairy lake when the "change of the leaf" invested its verdant, silent banks with tints of surpassing beauty,—scarlet, pink, orange, mauve, green, maroon, borrowed from the overhanging hardwoods of maple, silver birch, beech, oak, fir, hemlock. Let me try and recall a blissful night—in June—long, long ago, when youth's halo gilded the future and when my footstep was as light and elastic as that of the woodland cariboo, browsing under the leafy dome of the adjacent forest. I recall a joyous quad of Quebec barristers being asked to dine with a re-

spected *confreere*, the late Judge Charles Gates Holt, at his pretty Swiss chalet, which overlooks the lake, at its outlet. It was my privilege to form one of the party. After beguiling a social hour, under his hospitable roof, we were asked to try our skill, at sunset, with fly and rod, on the speckled beauties who haunt the cool retreat, in the waters of the upper lake. The legendary guide and forester, old Gabriel, and his assistant, were accordingly enlisted, and soon two canoes, linked together by thongs and stout poles, as a greater security against accidents, were rapidly nearing Echo Bay. The heat of the day had been great, and we were told not to count on a rise until close to sunset. An hour's brisk paddling brought us opposite to William Darling Campbell's cosy cottage, which we saluted with a rousing cheer; our friend, seated on his verandah, returned the greeting by giving us on his violin, "La Claire Fontaine." On went our Argo in quest of the golden fleece. We entered Echo Bay. The fates, or rather the heat of the day, was against us; the finny tribe frisked and jumped, ahead of us, in rear, all around our craft, but could scarcely be tempted to bite. "Sacrebleu!" ejaculated Gabriel, in his broken English, "never did me see the like; *mais*, wait a bit, *mes bons messieurs, de la ville*. Wait for me to put on a more bright *mouche*—fly, you call it."

We were in the act of bidding adieu to Echo Bay when Gabriel, turning over the quid in his left cheek, said: "L'Echo! L'Echo! before we leave we must have L'Echo if we don't get the fish," and suiting the word to the action, he yelled to the pitch of his voice "Josette!" and forthwith from the dark, deep, distant mountain peaks came back to us and to the old trapper, the name of his respected old spouse. This roused us; one and all we raised a shout—in which might be heard the words, "Cartier" and "Macdonald," and on the brisk night wind, were returned the honoured names of our two cherished statesmen then guiding the ship of state; we woke the mountain echos with ever so many other names.

Retracing our course, we hugged the shore, nearly opposite to the Campbell Cottage, to see the effect of a bright fly on the fish that might be lurking in the cool water of the

numerous springs which empty in the narrows. The lasgleam of sunset was gilding the cloud-capped hills to the west; the canoe was allowed to drift quietly on, when lo! and behold, there was a splash, followed by a wide, increasing circle in the eddy and a magnificent trout was safely landed on board. Two other sprightly fellows followed and were secured. Time was stealing on us; we paddled leisurely, listening in the stillness of the evening, to the measured cadence of the paddles rising and falling in the liquid element, when suddenly a sweet, girlish song burst on the night air, followed by the distant jingle of a cow-bell. "Hark! hark! what Naiad have we awoke in this elfish spot!" ejaculated the youngest of our party, a romantic, youthful barrister, on the eve of committing matrimony. "Hark!" and we could faintly catch the following:

"Last May a braw wooer came down the lang glen,
And saer by his love he did deave me.
I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae we'm to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae we'm to believe me."

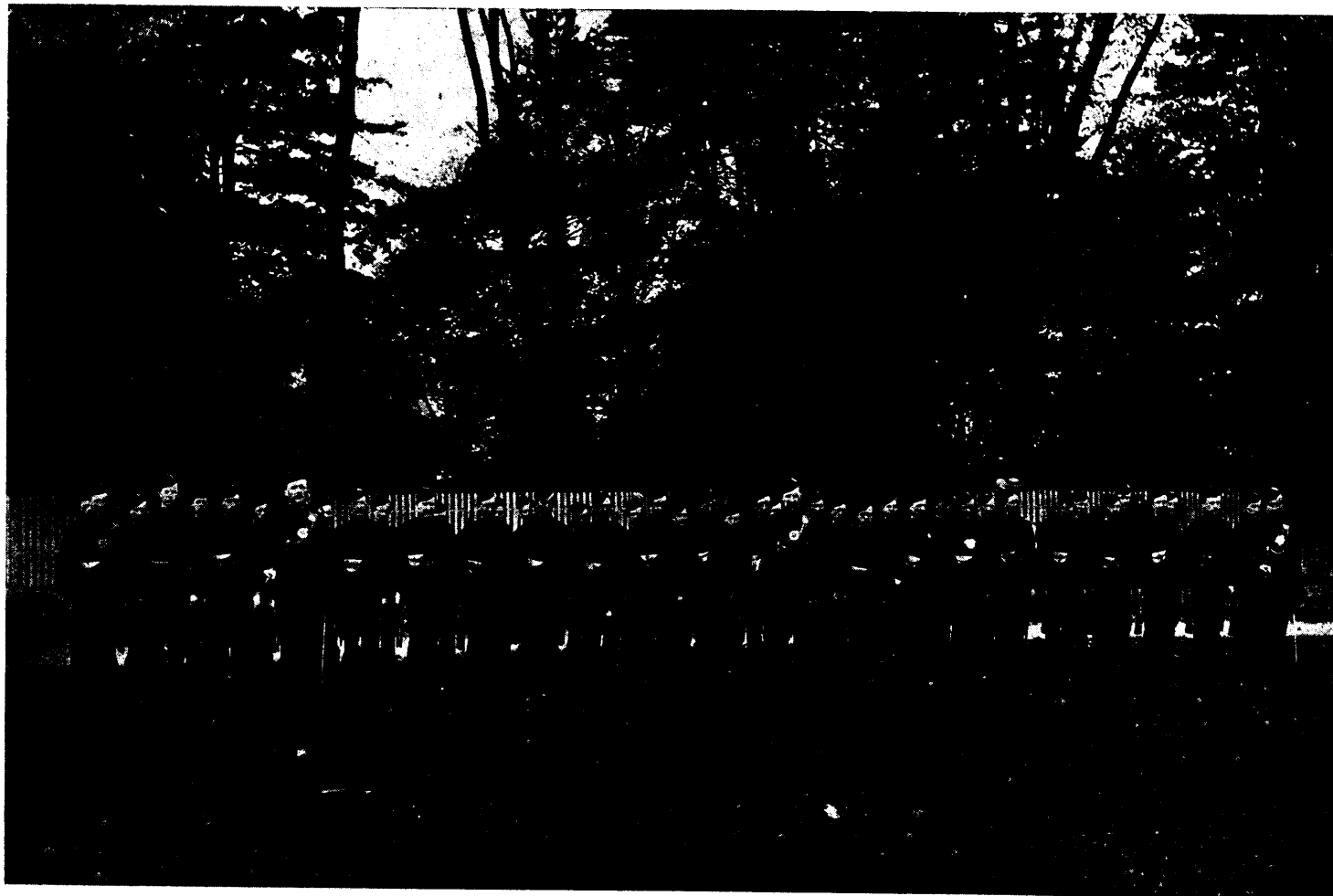
T'was our friend's C——'s highland lassie, descending the hill to the lake, with her milk pail, to milk the farm cows, humming a Scotch song. A rift in the hills let in at this moment a departing ray of Old Sol, and again a pleasant sound came forth from the woods.

This time t'was a stave of weird bird music—loud and clear—probably the evening hymn of a feathered chorister, to the Creator, "Sweet! Sweet! Canada! Canada." "Thanks, little friend, your shrill clarion speaks truly anent our dear country." I had just delivered this trite remark when a hermit thrush, the Orpheus of our woods in June, pealed forth from an umbrageous pine its liquid, fluted, metallic trills. Then came from a deep fir grove, in an upland, the unmistakable call of a blue jay, followed by the note of a rain fowl—old Gabriel called it a *pivart*; to ornithologists it is well known as the golden winged woodpecker.

"Listen to that fellow; no sign yet of rain," I said, "but look out for to-morrow."

"Fiddlest cks!" exclaimed one of our legal friends, "I do not believe in birds as augurs and do not care for any except when served up roasted or broiled."

"Let us have," I persisted, "more of that divine, unsophisticated, bird orchestra. You have just heard the white-throated sparrow warbling, 'Sweet, Sweet, Canada!'"



A REPRESENTATIVE COMPANY.

THE QUEEN'S
(Mr. B.)

followed by the harsh note of a jay, perched in yonder grove. 'Tis loud, noisy, clattering, like an electioneering speech,—empty of real meaning, is it not? Listen now to probably the last stanza of the *rossignol* (the song sparrow) ere he retires for the night, for his young can by this time spare him, they being nearly full-fledged. Of course you have noticed all day, in the tree tops, the lisping, melancholy chant of the vireo, or red-eyed flycatcher; he will sing unceasingly from April to September, as if under recognition to a higher power, in the surrounding greenery; true and pleasant I have ever found him."

I was just in the act of noticing to my friends a superb silvery gull overhead, winging noiselessly his flight, mayhap to some distant, hidden crag, where awaited him his callow brood, when the impulsive, romantic young barrister, previously mentioned, cut short my bird talk.

"See up there," said he, pointing to the azure vault above; "watch the ever-changing, fantastic form of that pink and amber sunlit cloud, stealing, phantom-like, over the empyrean; now it has assumed the appearance of a huge vase, with golden ferns and silver hydrangeas, branching out of it—luxuriant in leaf and bloom. Now it looks like a mound of pink gossamer and floss, banked up in the west, rich in tints and exquisite tracery. I wonder whether Iris ever had lighter colours and softer contrasts in her magic belt?"

"Look now across the lake and see the colossal green shadows of the trees quivering on the sleeping waters, whilst the sable veil of night seems struggling to descend from those lofty hills as old as the world!"

"Hurrah for the Queen of Night! here comes, looming grandly, the silent, discreet moon—the lovers' friend, peering, crescent shaped, over the dark vapours and smoke, caused by vast but distant bush fires!"

After that magnificent outburst I expected from our romantic French friend, as I remarked to him, "*un sonnet sur les yeux bleus de sa Louise*," but waited in vain.

Thanking him, I was in the act of proposing his health in a caulk of Glenlivet, as our craft neared the shore, when we caught across the fields the merry refrain of a Canadian lad, watering his team at a neighbouring moss clad spring:

"En roulant, ma boule roulant!
En roulant, ma boule!"

Lake St. Charles, June, 1891.

J. M. LEMOINE.



TORONTO, July 2, 1891.

Canada's birthday as a Dominion seems to have been kept with all honours,—nowhere more loyally than in this city, I am sure. After a heavy, delightful, soaking rain the morning cleared a little, and by midday the sun shone, and all was holiday again.

The children's demonstration at Mutual street rink was a success in every way. The Grenadiers' band, songs, solos, and choruses, together with patriotic speeches by Rev. Dr. Potts and others, made up a lively programme and strengthened patriotism in the hearts and minds of parents and children. Mr. A. T. Cringan, instructor in music for the public schools, has won a name for himself, of which he may be proud, by the way in which his training has placed fifteen hundred boys and girls at the command of his baton. Their singing of "God Save the Queen," yesterday, would have taken all the courage out of Uncle Sam as an invader or annexer had he only heard it. Mr. Muir's, "The Maple Leaf Forever," has got complete hold of the popular mind, and that gentleman's large heart must have beat stronger than usual when he heard his inspiring song sung from the throats of the children yesterday. It is a great honour to be a successful song writer, for it shows that one has the key to the heart of humanity; how much more when one can wield a people to patriotic ends.

Rev. Dr. Potts took occasion in his speech to say: "We want no little parish schools in Ontario. We want no parochial schools in Ontario. What we want is the great common school system to elevate and educate our children and make them all good citizens." This very non-committal speech may have satisfied his hearers, but it only leaves the question of Bible or no Bible in our schools where it was. It would be as well perhaps, and appear more honest, if rev. gentlemen and others would speak out and insist that

the only, and only possible, source of true morality should be restored to its place as a reader and teacher in our public schools. The 'parish' and 'parochial'—(what the difference may be needs explanation)—schools taught the Bible and made Britain what she is thereby, and their example may well be humbly followed, even by the "great common school system" of Canada.

The Marquis of Lorne has put a pretty little story, "From Shadow to Sunshine," before the public. There is a touch of Black's graphic pencil in the descriptions of Highland scenery and a smuggler's cave, and a decided touch of the mysterious, in connection with which is a fine sacred song. It looks as if the Marquis of Lorne could do something of importance in fiction if he chose; probably he makes light literature his recreation when tired of political studies, in which he certainly shines. His "Canada and the United States," in the *North American Review*, shows him to be a keen observer, a clear thinker, and a clever man.

His very pertinent query: "Is it worth while to add to the vast districts already under the sway of the Washington Government one that has cherished a separate sentiment and constitution for a time equal to the period of the life of the American nation itself?" has a delicate flavour of sarcasm about it, while at the same time it expresses the querist's full faith in the unswerving loyalty of the Canadian people to their own traditions and uses.

His Lordship also hits the annexation essayists a neat little blow by likening them to 'a few bacilli who do not find their surroundings suited to the further propagation of their little crooked species.'

That the Marquis of Lorne studied, and is studying, Canadian politics to good purpose is very evident, and is a proof of the value to Canada of 'appointed' Governors-General, since in no other way would her personality, her methods, needs and prospects become a living question in the world of state.

May Lady Macdonald, Baroness of Earncliffe, long live to enjoy the high honours that have been bestowed upon her, and the gentle lady also who bestowed them.

British reviewers have taken a favourable view of Professor John Campbell's book, "The Hittites," lately noticed in these columns.



THE COOK'S PARADE.

ARA, 24th MAY, 1891
(amateur Photo.)

The subject is one which cannot be hand'ed freely except by scholars, but the reviews are intelligent, if not as full as they might be, and the sale of the book, both in England and the United States, is ready, and large enough to show a warm interest in Mr. Campbell's production.

That a chair of Assyriology has lately been established in one of the great English universities testifies to the importance of the study and the standing it has attained.

Professor Campbell's students in Montreal Presbyterian College will have superior advantages in this particular.

Canada for Julie has some excellent verse, and is a good number.

The *Young Canadian* keeps up its promise, nay, more, it is steadily improving as the editor gets into nearer contact with her constituents. "A Bean Hunt" is an exciting story, and makes one sympathize with the girl correspondent of "Post Bags," who 'thinks she likes boys' stories best.' Small blame to her, for they are always full of incident, while girls' stories are full of fine sewing and morals. "Our First Outing" is also a charming botanical lesson.

S. A. CURZON.

POINTS.

By ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!

—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

When in the United States recently I had the pleasure of witnessing the beautiful national observance of Memorial Day. Originally the day was dedicated to strewing flowers upon and decorating the graves of soldiers; but the custom has become widespread, and throughout the country on that day there is hardly to be found a neglected grave. The observance has its private, as well as its public aspect. On the day preceding Memorial Day little knots of mourners may be seen here and there about the cemeteries tenderly decking the graves of departed loved ones. Perhaps looking at it with the eye of cold philosophy, the observance is empty; the loved ones not being there. But for one thing, it is a pleasure, or at least a comfort, to ourselves to pay tribute to the memory of those whom we have loved and lost. It is something, moreover, to believe that after we are gone there will still be left in the world some few souls at

least who will not entirely forget us, and who sometimes may cause our own poor grave to blossom as the rose. And they who believe in the other life will believe that in the spirit world they know what we are doing in memory of them. And so the observance once instituted, it has become very widespread and firmly established. Its public aspect is of course the more striking. There is the procession, the aged and honored veterans of the war, and the young cadets just stepping into military life, the waggons of flowers, the jaunty uniforms of the French style, the bands of music. The procession proceeds to the cemetery where the flowers are deposited; and then the next feature is a formal "oration" by some eminent man. On the whole the ceremony is interesting and impressive.

Another thing that struck me when across the line was the growing interest manifested by our neighbours in Canadian affairs. Canadian items are occupying more space in the American newspapers than formerly. Telegraphic matter and "plate" matter are alike devoted largely to Canadian subjects; and this is noticed and commented on by the people themselves. In the United States the interest manifested both by press and people in the illness and death of our great, departed statesman could not fail to be gratifying to resident Canadians. Every day the papers contained remarkably full accounts. And in conversation many persons, knowing that I was from Canada, asked numerous questions as to the late statesman, which showed the deep interest taken. When at last the fatal news was sent broadcast over a thousand wires, the papers devoted three to five news columns and full column editorials. All this was gratifying to a Canadian who happened to be absent while his beloved country was passing through a crisis.

Probably the Americans have not forgotten the sympathy manifested by Canada upon the occasion of the death of the late President Garfield. In our public meetings, and in our press, many and eloquent were the expressions of sympathy upon that occasion. Few Presidents have ever so awakened the love of the people of the United States as did President Garfield. As a rule, executive ability, aside from any personal magnetism, is all that is looked for in the President. But the peculiar circumstances attending the death of President Garfield, and the heroism which he displayed throughout, drew to him the intense love of his people. So

that in some respects the closing days of his life resembled the closing days of the life of our own great statesman; for in both cases the feeling was one not merely of a national, but of a universal loss. At such times political animosities subside, and one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

Personal.

Mr. Wm. Edgar, the well known and popular General Passenger Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway was handsomely remembered by the district and passenger agents of the line, on the occasion of his marriage, which recently occurred. A deputation, comprising Messrs. G. T. Bell, Chief Clerk, General Passenger Agent's office, Montreal; Geo. B. Oswald, Central Passenger Agent, Ogdensburg; and T. D. S. Shipman, Passenger Agent, Quebec, waited upon Mr. Edgar on the 13th inst. and presented him with an address, illuminated and engrossed, and expressive of the high esteem in which he is held in the service. The address was accompanied by a solid silver tea set and mahogany cabinet filled with 256 pieces of cutlery and silverware. On the evening of the same day Mr. Edgar was dined by his friends at the St. Lawrence Hall. Hosts of friends in Montreal and elsewhere unite in wishing all happiness to Mr. Edgar and his bride, a fair daughter of Port Hope, Ont.

The Lost Ship.

At last the Master Builder
Could build a ship of his own;
By the earnings of years he filled her,
To trade with another zone.

One morn with white sails flowing
She gaily breasted the surge,
And with tears he watched her going
Beyond the horizon's verge.

Is it the South Seas hold her?
Or a northern ice-field grips?
Say the neighbours, growing bolder,
" 'Tis the harbour of all lost ships!"

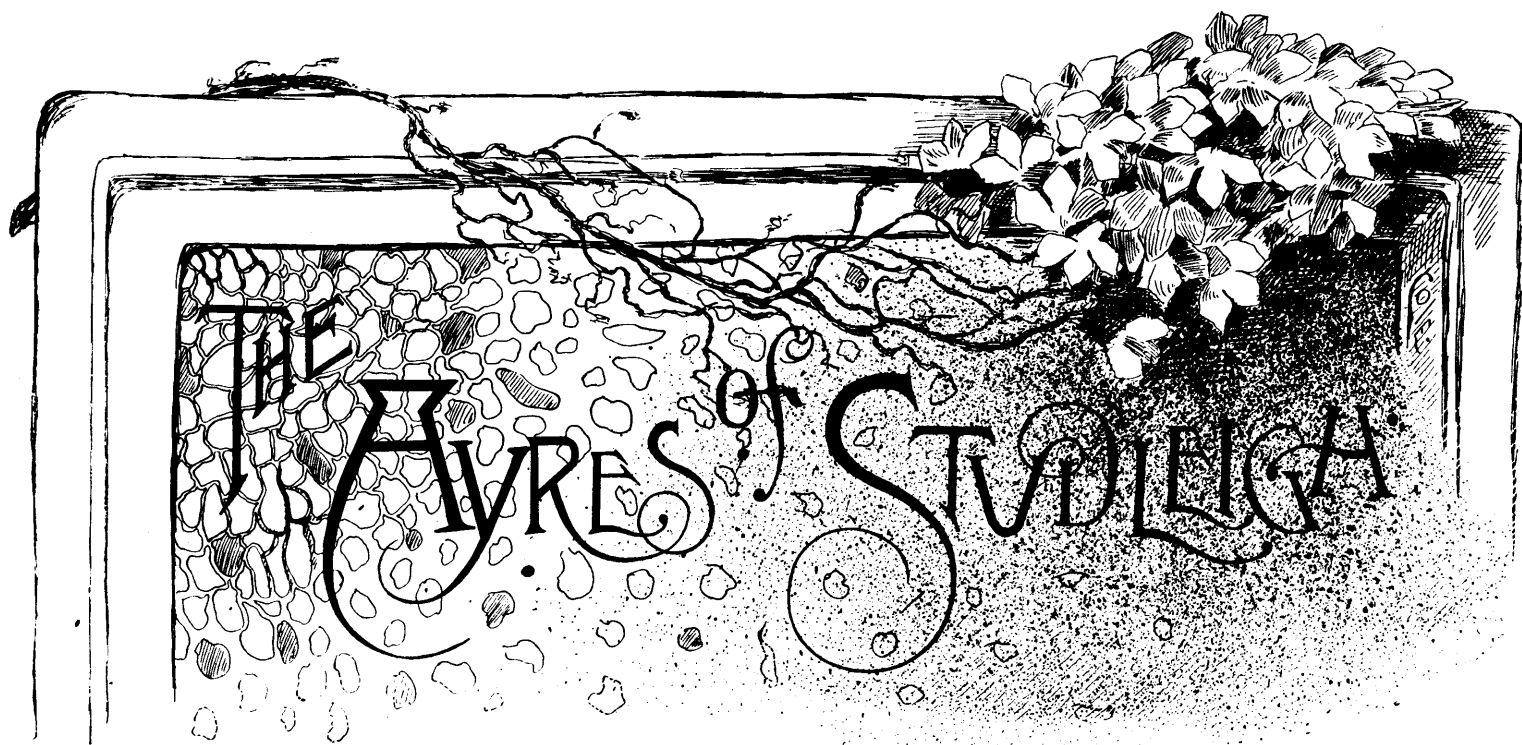
And the old poor, Master-Builder
Is a by-word among the men;
His fancies, they say, bewilder,
For he saith, "she will come again!"

—WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.



"When the long stride crushing the brushwood came nearer, she suddenly looked around."—See page 41.

THE AYRES OF STUDELEIGH.

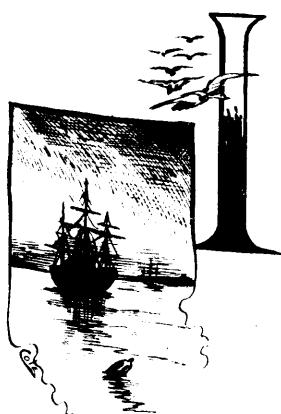


BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

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

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CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.



I DON'T know whether you could justly be called a diamond at all when you speak like that," she said, quickly, and with flushing cheeks, for she could not understand the strangeness of his manner.

"Perhaps not; it doesn't matter. The worst you think me, the better perhaps in the end for me," he said, more gruffly still, and she turned her head

quickly away, but not before he saw the quick bright tear start to her eye, and Clem was not brave enough, nor prudent enough to see that and say nothing.

"Can't you see I'm doing it on purpose to hide my own misery?" he asked. "Come, let us go round to the sundial. It will be quiet there. Let them miss you. It's the last night I shall have a word with you anyhow; who knows? the last time we may ever meet on earth. Would you be sorry, Sybil? No, don't answer me. I've no right to say, but as I live I can't help it, I love you better than my own soul, and if you should never speak to me again I'll go on loving you till I die."

So in that simple outspoken way did Clem keep his fine resolution; and the most curious thing of all was that Sybil made no disapproval, nor did she offer to leave his side.

"Forgive my confounded presumption, Sybil, and let me call you Sybil just for once. I didn't know how my soul clave to you till to-night, when I thought what lay before me, and that I might never see you again. Whatever happens, and on whatever blessed fellow you may bestow the treasure of your love, you may believe that nobody will ever love you better than I do, and will till I die."

"Do you want me to marry somebody else? Isn't that a curious kind of love, Clem?"

Something in the wavering tones of her voice made his heart give a great bound, and he bent his head from his tall height till he could look into her face.

"Sybil, what do you mean? It can't be that you care anything for a great lumbering creature like me, that you do more than tolerate me because I am Harry's friend?"

Still Sybil never spoke; but she lifted her sweet face to his, and her eyes answered him. And the next moment that face was hidden on Clement Ayre's heart, and she felt his strong arms tremble as they clasped her.

"My darling," was all he said, "I can't believe it! Couldn't you say something; just one little word to convince me that I am neither mad nor dreaming?"

And Sybil said the word, but what it was we will not ask, but leave them there with their great happiness—it will be through many deadly perils and agonies of suspense that they will ever so stand again. And even then there must rest upon them a cloud of sorrow which never shall be wholly lightened this side the grave.

It was natural, perhaps, that they should forget everything but each other so completely, but it was no wonder that ere long Sybil was missed from among the gay throng: and they began to whisper to each other that "the tall lieutenant"—as somebody had called him that night—was missing too. And many a smile and nod were exchanged; but they looked a little bewildered when, after a time, the tall lieutenant came sauntering back to the terrace alone, looking as unconcerned as possible. He had taken Sybil into the house by the open French window of the morning-room, and she had escaped unobserved upstairs; not quite unobserved, however, for Lady Emily, seated in one of the alcoves in the hall, caught a glimpse of the flying figure, with flushed, radiant cheeks and shining eyes, and with quick intuition read the girl's happy secret. She was not surprised, scarcely disappointed. The cup of her bitterness was full, indeed, and could not be added to. But she did wonder what Lord Winterdyne, with all his hope and pride in his children, would say to a double alliance with the son and daughter of the poor Geoffrey Ayre. From Lady Adela she anticipated no opposition, her views on marriage questions savouring not at all of worldly wisdom.

The brilliant *fête* drew to a close, and in the dark hush of the early morning the guests who had participated in the princely hospitality of Winterdyne drove away well pleased with their entertainment.

The little party from Stonecroft were among the first to go, though Clement pleaded for a respite. Rachel, however, was tired out, a cloud lay on her spirit; she could not say whether it was born of Lady Emily's strangeness or not. Evelyn also looked worn and sad. With much anxiety Rachel looked at her once or twice, wondering what the issue of the *fête* would be for her. Clement was at times jubilant, then relapsed into utter silence. His mother did not dream, however, that he had spoken irrevocable words to the daughter of the house.

When they reached home, Evelyn went directly upstairs, but Clement detained his mother a moment in the hall.

"Wait a moment, mother, I want to speak to you. I have frightfully disobeyed you, but I am the happiest fellow in the world."

"My son, what do you mean?" Rachel asked, and her wrap fell from her shoulders in the quick excitement of the moment.

"I have spoken to Sybil, mother, and she actually cares for a great awkward chap like me, who has nothing to offer her but an honest love."

"Oh, Clement, I fear it was not wisely done. You did not seek to bind her, I trust, by any promise. There is to be so much considered, as you say. What have you to offer to Lord Winterdyne's daughter that they would think worthy her acceptance? I trust, I trust that this rashness will not bring sorrow and disappointment to us all."

"Mother, I don't think it, and I can't help it," said Clement, earnestly. "Could a fellow go away loving her as I do, and never utter a word? I couldn't do it, and I'm ready to face the consequences."

He looked it, and in the flashing eye, which was yet subdued by a fine tenderness, his mother read what had given him courage, even as it had given his father courage in those unforgotten days to risk the world for love.

"Have you nothing but blame for me, mother?" he asked, wistfully, as he regarded her grave face. "If you only knew how I love her, and what it is to me to know that she is not indifferent you would not be so silent, mother. I will be worthier of her some day. I will not ask her to share an ignoble life."

"God bless you, my son; yes, and the sweet girl who is already as dear to me as my own," Rachel said, falteringly, and yet with a smile which Clement saw was not altogether forced. "Whatever be the issue it will be for good. I leave my children in God's hands."

She kissed him as she left him, but ere she reached her own room the smile died on her lips. Her heart was very heavy, and she sighed as she

laid her wraps and took off her rich attire. She unbound her hair, and, throwing on her dressing-gown, stepped across the corridor to Evelyn's door. For the first time she found it locked against her.

"Are you asleep, Evy; may I not come in?"

"Not to-night, please, dear mamma."

There was something in the tone which went to Rachel's heart.

"You are quite well, my darling?"

"Quite well, dear mamma," came the answer as before.

Rachel did not insist on being admitted, although for the moment, perhaps, she felt it hard. Between her daughter and herself, however, there was much in common, and from her own experience Rachel knew that there are some things which must be borne in their first keenness alone, when even the sympathy of nearest and dearest can only jar. If such an hour had come thus early to Evelyn, then her mother could only, as she had said, leave the child with God. But that night there was no sleep for Rachel Ayre.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE NEXT DAY.

Next morning Clement and his sister breakfasted alone. There was something about Evelyn he could not understand; he surmised, correctly enough, that something of an unusual nature had happened to disturb her, but as she made no allusion to it, he did not ask any questions. They talked of commonplace things, discussed the *fête* and the people who were there, but each knew that the thoughts of the other were otherwise occupied, though Evelyn did not yet know of her brother's engagement to Sybil Raybourne.

"Mamma was asleep when I looked in, Clem. She looks so worn and white that I am quite sure she cannot have slept any all night. Did Aunt Emily say anything to vex her, do you think? I saw them talking together for quite a long time," said Evelyn, turning aside at length from trivial gossip over the *fête*.

"I don't know what she said, Evy, and that's a fact; but she's a perfect tartar," answered Clem, with his usual candour. "I had the felicity of being introduced to her. What glorious eyes she has; they penetrate your whole being. I should not like to pick a quarrel with our august relative."

"I did not venture near her. She looked so scornfully at me several times that I began to feel wretchedly uncomfortable, to say nothing of my clothes, which, I was firmly convinced, looked limp and mean."

"Nonsense, there were few like you. That black muslin thing and the yellow fly-away ends looked stunning."

Evelyn laughed.

"Oh, Clem, to hear you call my fine combination of Spanish lace and Lyons velvet black muslin; but I appreciate your approval all the same. I think our own mother was the handsomest woman in the room, our aunt not excepted. Her hair is so lovely; and she looks so young."

"I agree with you; but I say, Evy, I don't think I enjoyed the thing. Do you think any of them will be over from Winterdyne to-day? If not——"

"If not what?" asked Evelyn, as she rose from the table.

"I must go there, that's all," and just then a servant appeared saying Mrs. Ayre was awake and would like her daughter to come up. Evelyn obeyed the summons at once. Perhaps she was glad to escape from further talk about the family at Winterdyne. Mrs. Ayre was having breakfast in bed—a most unusual occurrence with her. She set down her coffee-cup, and turned her eyes with keenest questioning upon her daughter's face.

"Good morning, my love. I am very lazy this morning. I heard none of the bells; but it was broad day before I fell asleep."

"I felt sure of it, mamma. I looked in as I went down, and you were sleeping so soundly I told Katherine not to disturb you. Have you everything you want?"

"Everything. How are *you* this morning, Evy?"

"Quite well, mamma, thank you. May I draw up the blind? The sunshine is so lovely. Are

you not shocked to hear that it is nearly eleven o'clock?"

Rachel was perfectly conscious that Evelyn was avoiding her gaze, and apparently ill at ease; but she took no notice of it.

"I hope Clement is down, and that he is very well this morning."

"Oh, yes. We have been gossiping over the *fête* since ten o'clock. Clem is in great spirits. We shall be very dull without him, mother. I cannot bear to think of it."

"Nor can I. I do not realise it yet," the mother answered slowly.

Evelyn wandered restlessly round the room, and finally stood still at the foot of the bed.

"Will you mind, mamma, if I go out this morning for a long walk?"

"Are you not tired enough, dear?" Rachel asked, quietly.

"I am not tired at all. I wish to go out this morning."

"May I know why?"

A painful flush overspread the girl's sweet face.

"I will tell you if you wish, mamma. Lord Raybourne will be here this morning and I do not wish to see him."

"Come round here, Evy?"

Rachel stretched out her hands to her daughter, and she came slowly round to the side of the bed, and kneeling down hid her face.

"My darling, I have gone through it all, and I understand. Tell me or not, whatever you think best. I know that whatever may happen you are my brave, good, dutiful daughter, who has never cost me a moment's pain."

"I will not, mamma, if I can help it. I think my duty is quite clear. I shall go out this morning, and—and by tomorrow he will have gone away, and when he comes back he will have forgotten."

"And you?"

With what unspeakable tenderness did the mother's hand rest on the bent head as she asked the question.

"Perhaps—then I shall have forgotten too," Evelyn said, and she pressed her cheek against her mother's soft palm, and for a moment there was silence. In that moment Rachel's heart rebelled for her child's suffering, asking passionately why it must ever be the weak who are called upon to suffer; and yet, conscious in her inmost soul that not even Clement, in all the pride of his manhood's strength, could be so strong to suffer and to endure for duty's sake as the gentle girl by her side.

"Did he speak to you, last night, Evelyn? If you would rather I did not ask these questions, my dearest, tell me, but perhaps it may do you good."

"It will; it does. It is always good to speak to you, mother. He did say something," she added, slowly, and with difficulty. "I could not misunderstand him, though it was a great surprise. Mother, you *do* believe that I did not know; that I have never done anything to encourage Lord Raybourne; that I have not laid my plans, as they said, to catch him."

"Evelyn, what do you mean?" asked the mother, looking inexpressibly shocked.

"I heard them—some ladies—I did not know them—talking in one of the conservatories. They said all that, mamma, and a great deal more I cannot repeat. Oh, mother, how can people be so wicked—so cruel—when we have never harmed them?"

"My child, it is a hard, cruel world, and we have to harden ourselves against its evil-speaking, else we should fret ourselves into our graves. Do not let this idle speaking vex or grieve you for a moment, but believe what I do assure you, that you have ever been a model of maidenly propriety. These untrue and uncharitable words will only recoil on the heads of those who uttered them; they cannot possibly hurt you. Evelyn, tell me frankly, has Lord Raybourne asked you to be his wife?"

"No, mother, because I would not listen. I gave him no opportunity."

"Was it because of what you heard?"

"No, mother."

For a few moments Evelyn said no more.

"I made up my mind long ago, mamma," she continued at length, "that day you told me the story of your life, that I should never marry into a family which considered itself above my own."

Rachel mournfully smiled.

"My darling, your case is entirely different. Your father belonged to an older family than the Raybournes. I do not think you could hold to your decision unless there was a more potent reason behind."

"Then, am I quite wrong, mamma?"

"No, Evelyn, I think you were wise not to let Lord Raybourne speak—that you will be wise to keep out of his way, at least until he comes back. Then, if he is still of the same mind, the matter may be seriously considered. You are both so young, you can afford to wait a few months or years."

Rachel looked at her young daughter keenly as she rose from her knees. She would have liked to probe deeper, to ask how far her affections were involved, how great or how slight a sacrifice she was making. But there was something in the girl's still, proud reticence which kept back any further questioning.

"I shall go then, mother, and send Clem up to you. I may not come in till afternoon. If I walk as far as the rectory, I can lunch with Mrs. Peploe."

"Very well, my love, and meanwhile I suppose I am to deal with the braw wooer," she said, with a slight smile. "Well, you may leave the case in my hands. Has Clem told you that Sybil has promised to be his wife?"

"No. If that is so, it is another weighty reason in favour of my decision. I cannot be sorry, mother, nor pretend I am. Sybil is so sweet, and Clem such a splendid fellow. What a different world it would be if there was no world's opinion—none of these miserable distinctions and conventionalities to be considered."

Rachel Ayre passionately re-echoed these words in her heart, as, a little later, she watched Evelyn set out upon her walk. The girl's step seemed to have lost its buoyancy. Her movements were listless, as if she had lost interest in life. For a moment the anxious mother felt a slight bitterness in her heart against the man who had robbed the child of her peace of mind. And yet she chided herself for her own unreason, since it was Evelyn's own winsome charm which had won him.

It was a fine, clear autumn morning, a silvery brightness shone through the pensive veil of the sky, the still air seemed weighted with the rich autumnal odours; already the trees were tinged with sober browns and gaudy yellows, against which the glossy greenness of the pines and hollis showed in fine relief. The fields were stripped of their harvest riches, and flower had given place to fruit, even on late bearing bushes, so that there was subdued colouring everywhere, unrelieved by anything more vivid than the yellow of the beech leaves.

Stoncroft stood in a richly-wooded district, and the walk to the rectory at Brierly village could be taken entirely through the woods. As was natural, Evelyn chose that pleasant way. She was in no hurry. She was not expected at Brierly, and in that deep solitude, amid Nature's pensive beauty, it would seem less hard to face what was to her a real sacrifice, for with keen suddenness she had awakened to the knowledge that her heart was given, with all its love, to her brother's friend. It was to be expected that a daughter reared by Rachel Ayre would not grow up to regard marriage as the aim of a woman's existence; and Evelyn had given the matter less thought than is common with girls of her age.

Her perfect naturalness, her acceptance of Lord Raybourne's attentions in a spirit of comradeship, because he was her brother's most intimate friend, had not well prepared her for this shock and the decision for which it immediately called. She had tried to analyse her feelings, to convince herself that it would be no sacrifice to her to refuse Raybourne's love, if she could keep his friendship, but all that was left to her after she had so resigned herself was an aching heart. The thoughtless,

malicious words, which have so many counterparts in this uncharitable world, had left a sting in her sensitive nature which would long rankle. Doubtless it would have gratified the gossip-mongers could they have witnessed Evelyn Ayre's humiliation and the bitter tears they had caused her to shed.

It was very pleasant that September morning in the autumnal woods. Something of the spirit of peace pervading these dim solitudes crept over Evelyn, and somehow the silent sympathy of Nature seemed to make her sacrifice less hard. She sat down by-and-by on the low, mossy parapet of a quaint, old bridge spanning a wide, brawling brook, and dreamily watched the clear water dancing over the rough pebbles; its noisy song soothing her with a kind of dreamy restfulness. She was tired out, physically and mentally, and it was a perfect rest to be alone in the depths of the woods, away from every human eye. She sat a long time in that silent, dreamful mood, feeling herself strangely far off from life and all its fulness of joy and care; but at length the sound of approaching steps broke the spell, and she rose to go upon her way. She felt no nervousness nor curiosity even at being disturbed in her solitude, because the way through the wood was a right-of-way from one village to another, and especially in summer weather was always preferred by pedestrians. When the long stride crushing the brushwood came nearer, she suddenly looked round, with heightened colour, and a strange fluttering at her heart, and the next moment the lover against whom she was trying to steel herself was by her side, his honest eyes full of reproach, although they brightened into tenderness as they dwelt upon her changing face.

"Lord Raybourne, it was not kind to follow me," she said, in tones which her great effort made very cold and stern.

"Was it kind of you to try and avoid me, Evelyn? It was of no use. I should have seen you if I had to wait the whole day. Mrs. Ayre sent me to bring you back. Will you turn with me, now?"

"Mamma sent you, Lord Raybourne," Evelyn repeated, in the slow accents of boundless surprise.

"She did, and my mother seconded. The whole family is at Stonecroft, Evelyn," he answered, with a curious twinkle in his eye. "Don't disappoint them."

She turned her face away, maiden-like, to hide the light of love which filled her eyes.

"I will only ask you to go back on one condition, Evelyn; that I may take you to my mother as her daughter, who will take Sybil's place. She knows my errand, and is waiting to receive you."

Still Evelyn neither spoke nor turned to meet his gaze. Then a great fear took possession of the honest fellow pleading for her love.

"Evelyn, have I made the greatest of all mistakes? Have I overlooked the chief obstacle, that you don't care for me at all? Tell me so honestly. I can take my refusal like a man, but don't play with me, for I am in earnest, and I want you to be in earnest too."

Then Evelyn turned slowly to him, and the loveliest of smiles illumined her grave face.

"It is a shame to come and upset all my beautiful composure after the struggle I have had to attain it."

It was a sweet admission, and what could the honest soldier do but take her to his breast and pour his heart out in passionate endearment.

So that eventful day witnessed a double betrothal, and surely Rachel Ayre had just reason to be proud and grateful if ever woman had, for her children and her friends. If there was any slight disappointment in the minds of Lord Winterdyne and his wife, they did not suffer it to be seen. Believing, as both did, that love is the most essential element in happy marriage, they felt no desire to stand in the way of their children's happiness, or to set aside their choice.

Soon, very soon, they were to feel unspeakably thankful that they had sent their boy forth to the hazards of war with nothing but high hopes and abiding happiness in his heart.

CHAPTER XXVI.—TWO COUPLES.

"It was most truly kind of you to leave your guests and come here this morning," Rachel repeated to Lady Winterdyne, when Clement had taken Sybil away down by the lake, where we will not seek to follow them. Lord Winterdyne smiled a somewhat grim smile.

"My dear Mrs. Ayre, we had positively no alternative," he said, drily. "I said to my wife this morning that surely we had been lax in some department of our parental rule when our children could command such prompt obedience from us."

Rachel smiled also, but almost immediately her face grew graver.

"I think no engagement should be allowed in either case; that the matter should at least be left open until the soldiers' return from the Cape."

"No engagement, indeed!" reiterated Lord Winterdyne, good humouredly. "And at this moment two pairs of lovers are swearing eternal fealty, and perhaps fixing the day. We may as well give in peacefully, Mrs. Ayre. Just look at my wife's eyes. I believe this is a pet plan of her's come to fulfilment, and she can't hide her satisfaction."

"In my son's case, especially," continued Rachel. "We cannot pretend to think that he has anything worthy to offer Lord Winterdyne's daughter. I am not without hopes that the day may come when we shall not be ashamed of his name."

"To hear Sir Randal Vane, one would believe that Captain Ayre's son might aspire to the hand of a Princess," laughed Lady Winterdyne. "Dear Mrs. Ayre, let us not lay any restrictions upon the young people. Remember how short a time they have together now, and what uncertainty attends the future. You may believe that Lord Winterdyne and I are entirely satisfied, otherwise we should never have encouraged their intimacy."

It was impossible for Rachel to continue oppressed by any sense of dissatisfaction, and she permitted her real happiness and pride to show themselves.

"Then you told the Vanes, Lady Winterdyne?" she said inquiringly.

"Yes, and Lady Ayre also. She goes home to-day."

"Did she express surprise or displeasure, may I ask?"

"Neither. She made no comment whatever. I confess I do not understand your sister-in-law. She is entirely changed. I wonder if there is always a certain disappointment in renewing early friendships. Perhaps the change lies with me."

"She has had a long widowhood, Lady Winterdyne, and her husband was so absolutely devoted to her that she must miss him intolerably," said Rachel, gently.

"Yes, but I know many widows who mourn their husbands as sincerely as it is possible for Lady Emily to do, and yet who think they have a duty to others as long as they are in the world," maintained Lady Winterdyne frankly. "I do not think she knows her duty to her son, who is a splendid fellow, if he were brought out a little more. He is very shy and reserved."

"With strangers, but the good Squire lives again in his boy," answered Rachel, with real emotion. "I wish he were not so like him in physical weakness. It sometimes makes me fear lest a second sorrow, worse than the first, should shadow Lady Ayre's later years."

Lord Winterdyne looked at her curiously. Evidently it had never occurred to her that by Will Ayre's death a great inheritance would come to her own son. Few women would have been able so absolutely to sink all selfish interest, he thought, and she rose higher in his estimation, though he did not speak.

"She has had a great disappointment just now, Mrs. Ayre. There has been some talk between us of a marriage between Sybil and her son."

"Is it possible that Will can care for your daughter?" asked Rachel, in quick anxiety. "I thought he had not met her until now."

"Nor has he, and he cares nothing for her. No sooner did he come to Winterdyne than I saw how

futile it was to plan for our children. It is Harry, not Sybil, who has dealt him his bitter disappointment."

Rachel looked bewildered, but Lady Winterdyne nodded, as she reiterated her assertion.

"Will has more than a cousinly affection for your daughter, Mrs. Ayre; and I think he is not the kind of man to transfer it so lightly. Ah, there are the truants! Is there anything to be gathered from Evelyn's face? Look at her, Harry, and tell me if you have not outgrown your old intuitions."

There was nothing to be gathered from Evelyn's calm, serene face, which had not even a heightened colour to betray her.

But Raybourne's proud elation would not hide, and as they passed by the window he drew her hand within his arm with that delightful air of possession which is the outstanding attribute of a newly-made lover. It was a trying ordeal Evelyn had to face, but she bore herself with an exquisite grace which won all hearts anew. Rachel was disappointed in her, however; she missed something of that elation which the happy crown of her love affair had the right to evoke. She was too calm and serious; tears seemed nearer to her eyes than the sunshine of happy laughter. When Raybourne proposed that Clement should return to Winterdyne in his place no one demurred. The time was so short and so precious, and the separation might be so long and so bitter, that they had need to make the most of the few hours left.

Often during that day Rachel's thoughts reverted somewhat painfully to Lady Winterdyne's speech about Will Ayre. She had felt at first inclined to set it down as imagination, but when she sat down calmly in her solitude to think of it, she feared it was too true. She remembered countless little signs she had passed unheeded at the time, but which all pointed to Will's love for his cousin. Her heart filled anew with compassion for him. Although, certainly, he possessed many of the world's good gifts, much was denied him. He was a singularly lonely man, who appeared to be destined to an existence unblessed by ties of love or family life. And yet Rachel felt that it was better that Evelyn's choice had not fallen on her cousin.

When the party returned to Winterdyne luncheon was waiting for them, and the luggage for Studleigh ready to depart.

"Well, good people, there are exceptional circumstances, or our conduct would not be tolerated," said Lady Winterdyne gaily, as she hurried to her place at the table. "We have settled the fate of our two elder children, and only Norman remains to be disposed of. Long may he continue devoted to his skeletons and fossils. Clement, you must sit on my right hand, and comport yourself with the dignity befitting your new responsibilities."

Her happy humour broke the ice, and restored the best of feeling to the company. As Clement passed by his cousin's chair, Will put back his hand and gripped it like a vice.

"All right, old man," Clem answered, a little unsteadily, and a curious moisture for a moment dimmed his eyes. Fortunately he was sitting directly opposite to Sybil, and could thus look at her unreproached. It was a very happy, merry meal. Sir Randal and Lady Vane were full of nonsense, and unmercifully teased the young pair. It was not noticed how very silent Lady Ayre was during the meal. Proud woman though she was, she was no hypocrite, and would not utter congratulations which would be as hollow as they were forced.

She did not make the slightest allusion to the state of affairs, even when Lady Winterdyne came to her dressing-room when she was dressing for her journey.

"I shall come and see you when the soldiers have gone. We shall be dull enough, and glad of anything to break the monotony," Lady Winterdyne said. "I was saying to Winterdyne this morning I thought we should spend Christmas in Rome if we could persuade Mrs. Ayre and Evelyn to accompany us."

"As Lord Raybourne is only a volunteer I wonder he does not draw back at the eleventh hour," Lady Emily said, as she stooped to fasten her shoelace.

"Oh, he would not think of it now," Lady Winterdyne repeated, with emphasis. "That would be too like a school-girl, especially after Colonel Mostyn's kindness. He must go and take his chance. When are we to see you again at Winterdyne?"

"I do not know. I have enjoyed my visit very much—only it has convinced me that when one has been long excluded from society it is best not to seek readmission. I am forgotten in twenty years, Adela; in twenty more, as I said the other day, there will be a new *regime* at Studleigh."

"Emily, I wish I could convince you of your sinfulness in taking such a gloomy view of life."

"If I am gloomy, God knows that I have much to make me so," she retorted, passionately. "You who have never had a wish disappointed or a desire unfulfilled, even now, cannot sympathise with the sorrows of a woman who has never entertained a hope which has not been blasted, nor fixed her affections on an object which was not wrested from her."

The momentary brightness which change of scene and company had infused into that gloomy mind had passed away, and Lady Winterdyne began to find that, instead of doing good, she had but added to the care and disappointment of her old friend. She felt conscious, though she reproached herself for it, of a strange sense of relief when the carriage rolled away. It was as if a cloud had lifted from the house.

"What were you saying to your cousin to make him look at you so oddly in the hall?" Lady Emily asked her son, as they drove away.

"Not much, mother," Will replied, with an evasiveness very unlike his usual quiet frankness.

"I can scarcely believe it. He looked as if you had astonished him very much; and, if that were possible, moved his heart."

"It was something only concerning him and me, mother," he answered, quietly. "It will be better if you do not insist."

"And if I do insist on knowing?"

"Then I must tell you. I was only reminding him what a precious and important life he carries in his hand, and asking him to be careful of it. He is brave and daring to foolhardiness, just as Sir Randal says Uncle Geoff was before him."

"Your aunt should be a proud woman to-day, Will. Surely her highest ambition will be satisfied now?"

"I do not think that she had that kind of ambition, mother; but she must be satisfied, especially when the Winterdynes have behaved so splendidly."

"You don't grudge your cousin his bride, then? She made no impression on you at all?"

"None, in the way you mean, though I admire and like her," Will replied, and again the dark, dusky red mounted to his cheek.

"Nor Raybourne his, I presume?" she said, merely out of curiosity.

"No, that is, not now. I have made up my mind that I must live a lonely life, save for you, and, believe me, mother, I want no other."

"Do you mean to say that that dark, proud girl, so like her mother that I could not bear to speak to her, has won you, Will—that if it had been possible you would have made her mistress of Studleigh?"

Will turned to his mother with a gesture of dissent and a look of inexpressible weariness. "Mother, why drag these things into discussion? You wring admissions from me, and then make yourself miserable over them. Let us try to be happier and more contented with each other, and try to believe that I have scarcely a wish beyond your care and comfort."

"I want an answer to my question," she reiterated, with that exasperating persistence which had grown upon her of late.

"Then I do love my cousin Evelyn as a man loves but once in life, as my father loved you; but, even had there been no Raybourne seeking to win her, I should have kept in the background. I should never have asked her to be my wife."

"You could scarcely expect her to look favour-

ably upon you with such a brilliant settlement within her reach," Lady Emily said, with bitter sarcasm. "I like the boy; he has his father's frank, outspoken, independent way, but his sister takes after her mother's family; she has that strange, still, reticent way peculiar to the Abbots. I hope she may get on with Lady Winterdyne, but I doubt it."

"Mother, I think it will be well if we do not speak of my cousins; if, in our conversation, we agree to ignore their existence," said Will, with slight sternness. "I hoped better things of this visit. Yes, I hoped that the mist of years would be cleared away, but it was mistaken hope."

"Rachel Ayre has too grievously supplanted me in my son's affection to be forgiven," Lady Emily said, as she sank back in her seat. "But she can afford to despise and laugh at me now."

Will Ayre looked through the open window of the carriage on the sunny autumn landscape with a dark cloud on his face.

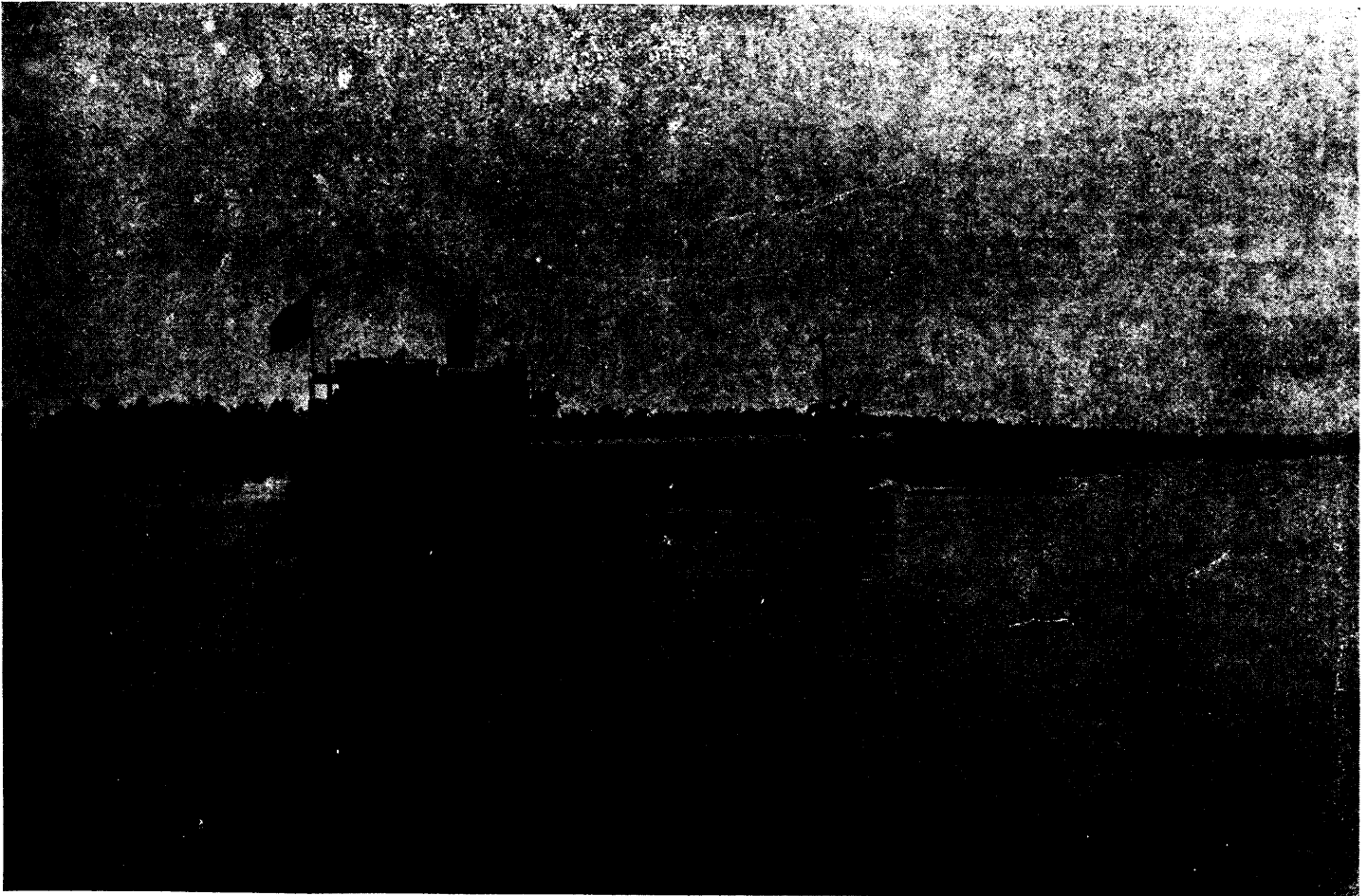
"Why should you be so watchful over your cousin's welfare?" she pursued. "Suppose the worst, and that he lost his life in the war, it could not matter much to you."

"Perhaps not. I was thinking of the place, mother. We know Clement, and what manner of master he would make. Of the distant heirs we know nothing." Will answered in as matter-of-fact a tone as if he had been discussing some neighbour in whom they had but a trivial interest. His mother answered nothing, but her face grew ashen grey as she listened, and she pressed her handkerchief to her pale lips to still their trembling.

She was to be pitied.

The certainty that his life would be short had been so long with Will that, like other familiar things, it had ceased to concern him much. He forgot for the moment that what seemed in truth only a slight hardship to him, since he could never have a full and perfect earthly existence, was the setting of the sun in his mother's life.

(To be continued)



A NEW CRAFT.
 WHALE-BACK BOAT GOING THROUGH THE THOUSAND ISLANDS, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.
 (Messrs. Murray & Son, photo., Brockville.)

The Queen's Own at Niagara.



THE Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto duly celebrated Her Majesty's birthday this year by going into camp at Niagara; and by the courtesy of Mr. Walsh we to-day present a couple of engravings of scenes in the camp.

The regiment left the city on the evening of Saturday, the 23rd, leaving the drill hall about four o'clock and marching up Jarvis street to King, along King to Yonge, and down Yonge to the wharf, embarking on the steamer Chicora. Along the line of march the streets were crowded with people, completely blocking all traffic, and showing how popular the regiment, and in fact all military display is to the good people of the Queen City. As soon as all were on board, the baggage waggons were unloaded, the band struck up some favourite airs and the steamer slowly backed out, with cheers from the countless friends of the corps who stood on the wharf. The muster was a fairly large one, numbering in all 507 men, under command of Lieut.-Col. Hamilton, assisted by Major Sankey and Capt. Pellatt; the popular Adjutant, Captain Macdonald, was to the fore as usual, as were also Captain Hicks, Quarter-Master, and Surgeon Natras. The following officers commanded companies:—"A," Captain Green; "B," Lieutenant Ince; "C," Captain Green; "D," Captain Mason; "E," Captain Mutton; "F," Captain McGee; "G," Captain Bennett; "H," Captain Gunther; "I," Captain Murray.

The corps had a pleasant trip across the lake, and on arriving at the historic town of Niagara they found all its people *en fete* to receive Toronto's crack regiment, and the reception given was most enthusiastic and cordial. On disembarking the battalion was formed up in column and marched to the camp ground, headed by their brass and bugle bands. A fatigue party of twenty-six men, under the command of Major Sankey, had been sent over early in the morning to pitch tents, etc., so that the regiment found everything ready and lost no time in preparing a substantial supper. On the following morning the corps paraded at nine o'clock for divine service, which was held on the ground, the regiment forming in a hollow square; the service was conducted and the sermon preached by the Rev. W. J. Armitage, rector of St. James Church, St. Catharines, who, as a former member of the regiment, had, we doubt not, special pride in addressing his old corps. After service the battalion was dismissed for the day, and the men spent the time as they chose. A pleasant feature was the entertaining at dinner by the officers of the Queen's Own, those of the Eleventh Regiment, New York Infantry, now in garrison at Fort Niagara, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Monday morning the camp was awake bright and early, and settled down to a little hard work. Immediately after breakfast company and battalion drill was ordered, and most of the morning was profitably occupied in this way. At noon the honored custom of firing a *feu-de-joie* and giving three cheers for the Queen was duly performed, after which came a march past; then followed a miniature sham battle, in which "A" and "C" Companies formed the defence, while the remainder of the corps assumed the offensive. The work was well and thoroughly done. Dinner followed, showing that appetites had been developed to an abnormal extent by the morning's drill. Then came a baseball match between teams of the Q. O. R. and the American Regulars from across the river, the Yanks winning by thirteen. Query—Why didn't the Rifles tackle them at lacrosse and show them how a good honest Canadian game was played? Then came athletic sports, ending with a tug of war between detachments from the two corps, which was won by the Queen's Own. In the races, Pte. Samuels, of the Eleventh New York, ran very well, winning one second and two third prizes. After the games preparation had to be made for departure, and at about eight o'clock all embarked, bag and baggage, on the steamer Cibola, carrying with them many reminiscences of their pleasant trip to Canada's most historic frontier. The vessel reached Toronto between twelve and one, and the regiment was marched to the drill hall and dismissed. The outing was an excellent one in every way, and the Toronto battalions show their brothers-in-arms in eastern cities an example which we hope the latter will not be slow in emulating.



FRONTENAC.

By the courtesy of Mr. Arthur Weir we are able to present to-day a photograph of the statue of Frontenac, recently executed by our famous sculptor, Mr. Hebert, at present in Paris. The statue has been erected on the grounds of the Parliament Buildings, Quebec, and is intended to be the first of a series of representations of the most prominent historical figures in Canadian annals. In this case the sculptor has represented the French Governor in the act of replying to the envoy of Sir William Phipps, who, on that day, (16th October, 1690,) summoned Quebec to surrender.

SERGEANTS OF THE 65TH BATT.

It is a rather unfortunate fact that the young men of the French-Canadian portion of the community do not, as a body, take very kindly to volunteering. With the large population in Montreal of Gallic descent, but one regiment recruits solely in that class; this is the 65th Battalion, "Mount Royal Rifles," mustering eight companies of well-drilled young men. It is a well known fact that the non-commissioned officers are the backbone of a regiment, and the present is no exception to this rule. The N.C. officers of the 65th are a hard working and energetic body, well up in their drill, and zealous in maintaining the discipline and reputation of their corps. A "Sergeants Mess" has been formed in the regiment, and we to-day present portraits of a number of its most prominent members, including the popular Sergeant-Major.

THE WHALE-BACK.

A new type of vessel has sprung upon an unsuspecting world; it rejoices in the euphonious name that heads this article, and is remarkable chiefly for its great ugliness and greater storage capacity. We append an engraving of this novel craft, which will give a better idea of its appearance than would any amount of letter-press description. The first one arrived in Montreal, from Duluth, on the 16th ultimo, and attracted great attention from its extraordinary appearance; it is built entirely of steel, was 265 feet long, 36 feet wide, and 22 feet deep, and rejoices in the peculiarly artistic and classical name of "Joseph L. Colby." All engines and machinery are at one end, the great hull being devoted exclusively to storage; her carrying capacity is 2600 tons, and she brought 67,000 bushels of wheat. The deck is arched, and for safety is surrounded by a wire fence. Their trip through the upper rapids was a most eventful one, and, but for the skill shown by the old French-Canadian pilot, Ouellette, the vessel and her cargo would probably have administered a sudden shock to the esthetic susceptibilities of the fish that haunt the River St. Lawrence.

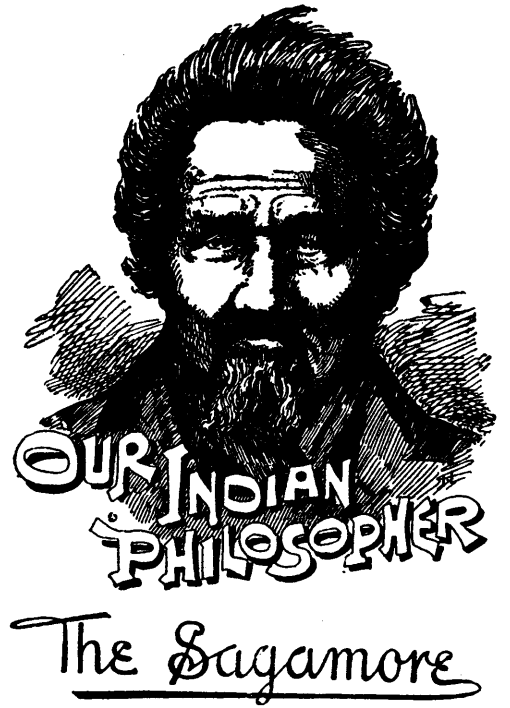
THE COTE ST. ANTOINE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

This club has made great strides this season, and now ranks among the foremost in the Dominion, as regards the number of "courts" and its membership. There are seven "courts," all in excellent condition, and about one hundred and fifty members.

The club grounds are situated on Kensington avenue, facing the mountain, and the view from the commodious pavilion is a most beautiful one. There are several good lady players in the club, probably as good as any in the Dominion. Cote St. Antoine is fortunate in having such a fine live club in its midst, as it provides healthy, innocent recreation for the residents, and is beneficial in many other directions.

On Saturday, June 27, the club held a "lawn tennis and garden party," upon which occasion a match was played with the McGill College club (four "singles" and four "doubles"), which resulted in a victory for the McGill club. The play was very good, some of the "setts" being quite close and exciting. The visitors were greatly pleased with the beautiful location of the club grounds and the excellent condition of the lawn. During the afternoon and evening a good string band was in attendance, and the young ladies of the club dispensed refreshments. In the evening the grounds were beautifully illuminated and a large number of ladies and gentlemen enjoyed themselves "dancing on the green." The whole affair was a great success and was much enjoyed by all who were fortunate in being present. Much of the success of the club is due to the following energetic committee which manages the affairs of the club:—W. M. Knowles, hon. president; J. B. Kerr, president; H. M. Penfold, vice-president; David Williamson, Andrew

Rutherford, A. A. Kerr, D. Macfarlane, Geo. H. Archibald, W. C. J. King, committeemen; and H. E. Suckling, hon. secretary-treasurer.



THE Milicete sagamore reclined on a mossy bank, and did not alter his position when the reporter sauntered up and accosted him.

"I have nothing particular to say," remarked the reporter, seating himself, "but I thought I would come up and have a talk anyhow."

Mr. Paul suddenly straightened himself up.

"You ain't got anything to talk about?" he demanded.

"Nothing in particular."

"Then you better git away from here pooty quick."

"Why so? Are'n't you in talking humour, Mr. Paul?"

"I jist come back from Ottaway," responded the sagamore.

"Well?"

"When I'm up there I went up to that Parliament House. I seen lot men there hadn't anything p'tic'lar to talk about."

"Well?"

"They talked more'n anybody else," said the sagamore.

"They jaw away all the time. Then I come down to Montreal. I went with Mayor McShane to that City Council. Some men there ain't got anything p'tic'lar to talk about. But they're longest winded men I ever seen. They kin talk all day. Now if you come here tell me you ain't got nothin' to talk about—that means you're gonto blather away all day. You better go'way from here quick's you kin."

"Sir!" said the reporter with dignity, and rising deliberately to his feet, "do I understand you to compare me with a member of parliament, or a—a—a Montreal alderman?"

"Ah hah."

"Then I certainly will get away from here as quickly as I can. Blister my tongue if I say another word to you. Montreal alderman, indeed! Have you heard what one of them did the other day?"

Mr. Paul shook his head.

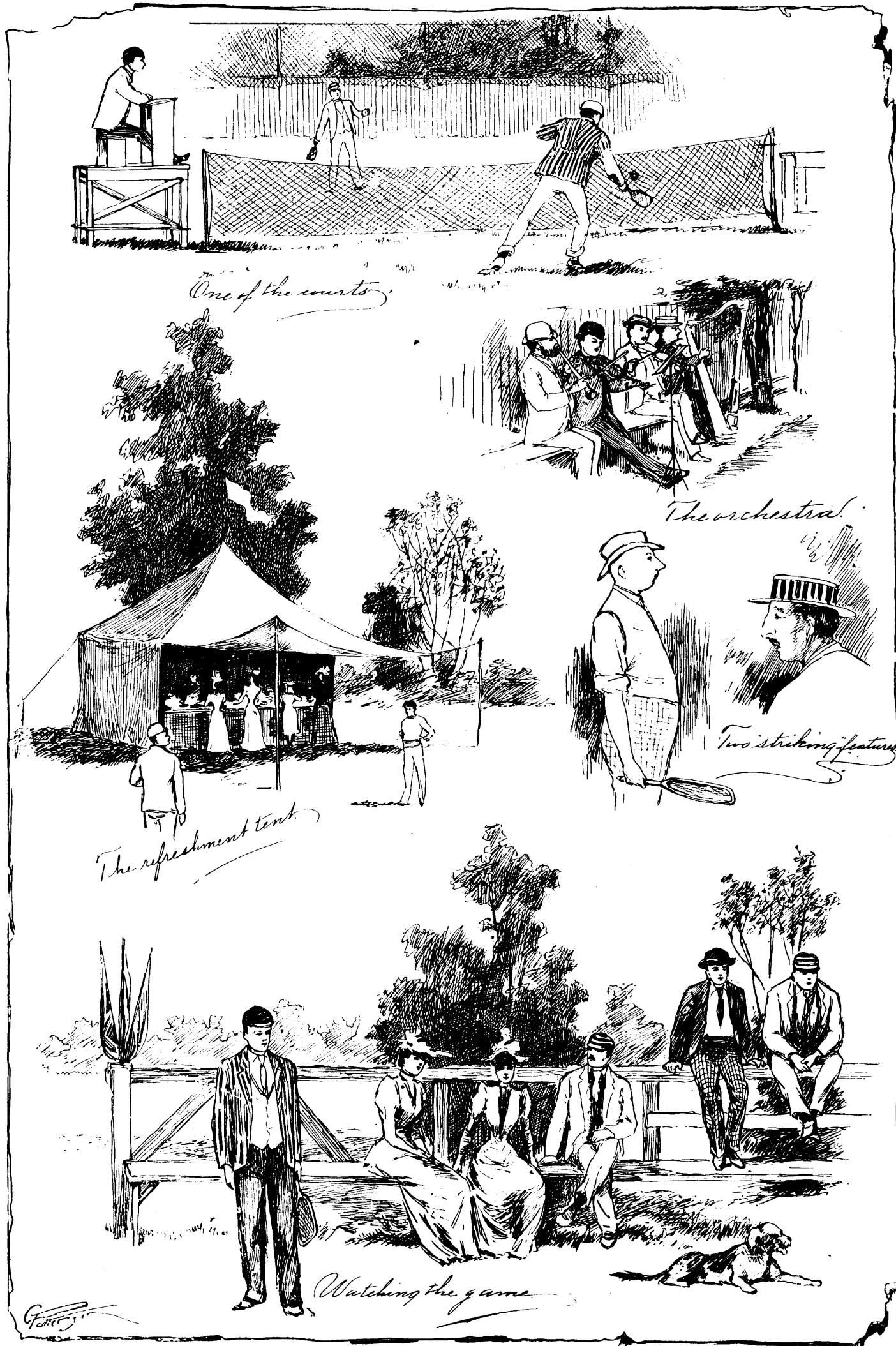
"Why, sir, he talked every other man out of the council chamber, and then set to work to talk himself out. At the expiration of ten hours a man went in to see how he was getting along. He was found lying within ten feet of the door. His pulse had been stopped for a long time, but his tongue was still going."

"What was he talkin' about all that time?" demanded the sagamore.

"Nothing," candidly admitted the reporter. "He was just making an ordinary aldermanic address."

The old man complacently nodded and pointed down the path.

"I don't want your pulse to stop round here," he remarked. The dialogue ended there and then, for the reporter was previously offended.



One of the courts.

The orchestra.

The refreshment tent.

Two striking features.

Watching the game.

SCENES AT TENNIS TOURNAMENT, COTE ST. ANTOINE, 27th JUNE.
(By our Special Artist.)

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, June 20, 1891.



SCANDALS of all sorts and of all sizes have filled the air during the last year, and one ingenious writer (Justin McCarthy in *Black and White*, I think) has attempted to account for them by the fact that we are near the end of the century. He says that just as a man makes good resolutions at the beginning of the year, which he very seldom keeps, the tendency being for him to forget them more and more as the year progresses, so the world at large unconsciously begins a century with the same noble determination, but glides off in exactly the same fashion. Perhaps this is right, but I rather doubt society improving with the coming century—but this we shall see.

Of course you all know about the baccarat case? Indeed, I believe that on the Continent and in the Colonies it has been even, if possible, more warmly discussed than it is in England. To tell the truth, people are sick of the case and all that it shows and means, for the papers have shown no discretion—they have harped and harped away, some on the side of the Prince of Wales and of the defendants generally, and others, and the most violent, on the side of the plaintiff, whom they considered a much wronged man, a martyr to his loyalty to his Prince. But it was Sir William Gordon-Cumming's marriage, on the day following that on which the verdict was declared, with a chivalrous and great American lady, that staggered both newspaper writers and newspaper readers, and undoubtedly swelled the tide of sympathy which was undoubtedly running in his favour, so strong and so popular was Sir Edward Clark's outspoken speech, in which he did not scruple to ride roughshod over the feelings of all the defendants—not even excluding the Prince of Wales.

Baron Tauchnitz, if he cannot defeat his rivals can at least out-distance them by starting fresh schemes almost before they have taken the field. His latest enterprise certainly promises well, for he proposes to start a sort of continental *Review of Reviews*; but he will differ from that publication, in that he will not condense articles but will publish them verbatim, but will not, I believe, include the illustrations. Of course a wise selection will have to be exercised, but I understand he will only publish the more important articles and the more interesting stories. The English proprietors of the magazines have, so far, proved very friendly, and have given their full sanction, and Englishmen travelling on the Continent, where it is often extremely difficult to get the English magazines, should be very grateful, as they will now, for a comparatively cheap price, be able to get the cream of the English magazines and reviews.

By the death of the O'Gorman Mahon, the House of Commons has lost one of its most interesting and picturesque figures—a link which connected the Parliament of to-day with those of the past. He was member of Parliament for Carlow, and since the Parnellite split he allied himself with the Patriot party. He was born in 1803, his father having been one of the rebels in 1798, and first entered Parliament as the member for County Clare in 1830. In appearance the O'Gorman was very striking, being a good deal over six feet in height, given to unconventionality in his dress, and wearing always his hair, which was white, very long. He was a firm believer in the merits of the *duello*, having fought a large number himself, the last person whom he challenged being Mr. Parnell.

Mr. Robert Buchanan, the Ishmael of modern literature, whose play, "The Gifted Lady," produced a short time back, in which he travestied the whole of the Ibsen gospel, proved so unsuccessful that it was taken off within a week, has promised to write a weekly *causerie* in the *Echo*, on any subject he chooses, and in which he will have a perfectly free hand—he will say what he likes and attack whom he pleases. In the first of these articles Mr. Buchanan will write on "Myself"—a subject, he says, in which his enemies accuse him of taking far too much interest. He also promises to amuse his friends and annoy his enemies, so that we can safely look forward to lively times in the near future.

The almost Sabbath calm which Londoners have been enjoying for the last week is over, for the omnibuses again ply their noisy trade; for the strike is over, the men having secured twelve hours a day, (Let us hope they will soon reduce it to eight) a Sunday in a fortnight off, and a higher rate of pay. Popular sympathy was all on the side of the men from the first, so that the omnibus companies did wisely in caving in.

Mr. Sam Van Beers is again in London with an exhibition, but one which will attract more genuine notice, as it is altogether free from the *risqué* note which has characterized his previous shows, for Monsieur has reformed. In future he is to be taken *au sérieux*, and his friends expect great things. This English exhibition is a great success, winning golden opinions from all and sundry.

Report speaks highly of the singers in the Handel Festival which commences next week in the Crystal Palace, under the directorship of Mr. August Morris, who has been responsible for the entire musical arrangement since 1880. The festival is a triennial affair, having been first started in 1857 by Mr. R. K. Dowley, a bootmaker's son, whose musical aspirations early took him from his father's trade and placed him on the conductor's stool. In musical matters he was at all times particularly energetic, doing for music what Mr. Richard Redgrave, C. B., R. A., (whose "Memoirs" have just been published by Messrs. Cassell & Co.) did for art.

Two dramatic experiments of the greatest interest are promised us in the distant future. Mr. H. Beerholm Tree will essay Hamlet, a part in which his many admirers have long wished to see him, and Mr. E. S. Willard will attempt King Lear, a play which has not been seen in London for many years.

Mark Twain is in the South of France with his family, writing a new humorous book, which has been secured at an abnormally high rate for the American public by an American syndicate. Let us hope that it may be better than his last work.

Heredity just now is one of the most discussed of subjects, perhaps on account of the prominent place given to it in the Ibsen drama. Certainly on the stage it seems to obtain to a very large extent. Mr. Gilbert Hare is no unworthy son, in the histrionic sense, to Mr. John Hare, and now we have Mr. Henry Irving's son, Mr. H. B. Irving, with all the blushing honours, which he won at the Oxford University dramatic performances, thick upon him, appearing at the Garrick Theatre as Lord Beaufor, in Mr. John Hare's contemplated revival of "School." I have seen Mr. Irving's performance at Oxford the last two or three years myself, and I consider that he shows much promise—but we shall see.

Really Mr. John Toole's energy seems inexhaustible. He no sooner comes back from his Australasian tour, where he can hardly have kept himself properly in touch with the "proud Spirit," than he sets to work rehearsing a burlesque of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," a play which he has never seen, which makes it all the more wonderful. And now, not satisfied with that, he needs must give us a sort of burlesque of the pantomime method, which the great success of "L'Enfant Prodigue" has popularized over here. As the ground work of the burlesque, he has chosen the well-known farce, "Ici on parlez Français," which is rechristened by a happy inspiration, "Ici on (ne) parle (pas) Française," which the company acts entirely in dumb show, being largely assisted by an excellent orchestra. It is an excellent piece of fooling, and will improve as the company get used to it, but at present they find it rather hard to repress the words, which cannot but rise unbidden to their lips, considering the number of times they have played the farce.

Dr. John Todhunter, the poet of Belford Park, has produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, in a series of matinees, his exquisitely pretty poetical play, which was so great a success when acted privately, "A Sicilian Idyll," together with a new poetic drama, "The Poison Flower," which from the literary point of view, was hardly so successful. From the dramatic standpoint, both plays failed miserably, so badly were they acted by a number of incompetent amateurs, (whose performances became all the more

dreary in that they were assisted by one or two competent professionals) who mouthed their words so that but few lines of the dialogue reached the public, from over the footlights. With such surroundings any play would be a failure—Dr. Todhunter should try again. By the way, the "Sicilian Idyll" has been published in book form by Mr. Elkin Mathews and is well worth reading.

A new departure has been made at Terry's Theatre, where Mr. George Edwards is at present manager. The evening's amusement consists of three plays, or playlets, each in one act and each of an hour's duration. First comes "A Lancashire Lass," by Mr. Brandon Thomas, a pretty play on a well worn theme, which merits no special mention. Next comes a comediotta from the pen of Mr. W. Grossmith, entitled "A Commission" and a very successful little piece it is, full of quaint situations and smart dialogue, keeping the house in one broad smile. But the piece of the evening is the "Pantomime Rehearsal" of Mr. Cecil Clay, a farce which has already been played by a company identical in many respects, in America, where it was a tremendous success. It is a sort of modern rendering of Sheridan's "Critic," or of the play scene in "The Midsummer Night's Dream" for it shows a company of amateurs rehearsing for an amateur pantomime. The fooling is excellent, and the dialogue is, with the different types of character being hit off with the greatest success. Of the actors Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. Elliott and Miss Edith Chester deserve the highest praise where all were excellent.

At the Alhambra has just been produced on a scale of unparalleled magnificence, a new ballet, entitled "Oriola" by MM. Coppi and Jacobi. The heroine of the ballet is a denizen of the lower regions, who pays a flying visit to Japan, where she falls in love with a gallant youth who becomes so devoted to her that he returns with her to the abode of Lucifer. Such is the slight story, and both in the infernal regions and in Japan, delighted Londoners are given a spectacle which they have never seen equalled and which they are not likely to see excelled for some years to come.

"A Night's Frolic," an adaptation given of the United States, from the German of Von Moser, now holds the boards at the Strand Theatre, where Mr. Willie Edouin has had a run of bad luck ever since the withdrawal of "Our Flat," months ago. It is a miserable production, with a central scheme of extreme suggestiveness, neither worthy of the theatre nor of the actors and actresses, whom one regrets to see thrown away on such poor stuff.

GRANT RICHARDS.

Stray Notes.

"I attended two theatres the first night I was in London," wrote a rural buck to his fond parents, "and three balls the next. Had a glorious time the first night, and only got ten shillings on my watch the second."

The unsophisticated old people are still wondering what he meant.

* * *

Dewson.—"Which way now, my boy?"

Blithely.—"I'm going over to Professor Memonics to take my memory lesson. Great thing, you know."

Dewson.—"I suppose so. While you are there just ask the professor to punch you up a little bit about that tenner you borrowed of me last autumn, will you?"

* * *

"I suppose to educate your daughter in music costs a great deal of money?"

"Yes, but she's made it all back for me."

"Indeed!"

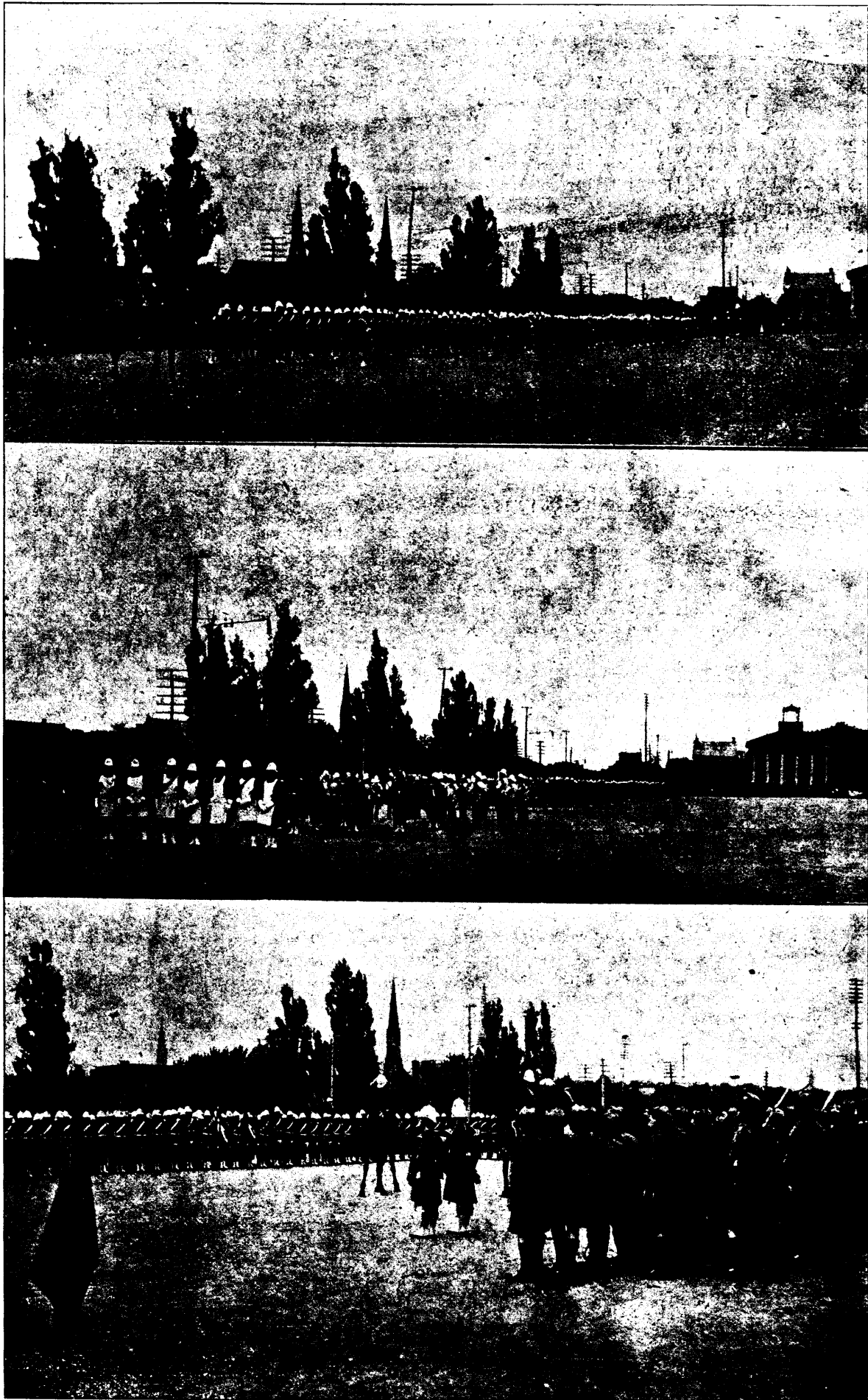
"Yes; I'd been trying to buy out my next neighbour at half price for years and could never bring him to terms until she came home and began playing."

* * *

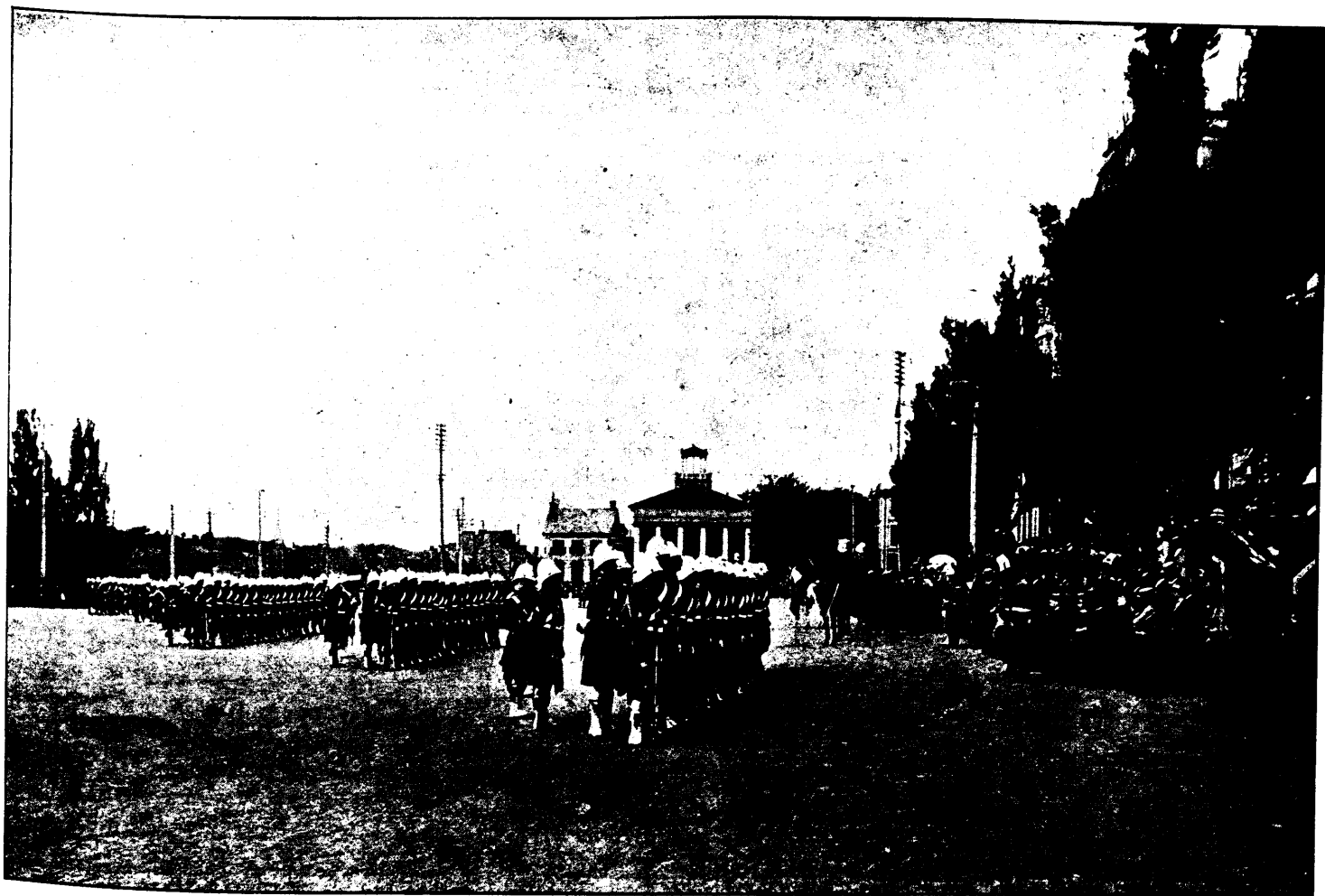
Uncle Joe Atwell was a gruff sea captain, with not much of an ear for music, and was annoyed by the vigour with which his niece pounded the piano. She had taken a notion to attend one or other of the conservatories of music, so she asked:

"Uncle Joe, where's a good place to learn the piano?"

"On a raft in mid ocean," he replied explosively.



SCENES AT THE INSPECTION OF THE ROYAL SCOTS, MONTREAL. 20th JUNE.



THE INSPECTION OF THE ROYAL SCOTS.

THE FIFTH ROYAL SCOTS OF MONTREAL.

Of the many types of uniform prevailing in the Queen's service, none is more popular than that worn by regiments from the Highlands of Scotland. With the strong Scotch element pervading all parts of Canada, it is well that there is at least one corps which retains, with but one exception, the exact uniform worn by the Highland regiments in the Army; and that exception, the head dress, many here would gladly see made to conform to that used by the Imperial troops. Did the Royal Scots wear the feather bonnet instead of the helmet, it would be difficult to find anywhere a more imposing looking regiment; it is scarcely possible to imagine the difference made by the substitution of the former, and one requires to see a battalion of Highlanders marching to the music of the pipes, in kilts uniform, and proudly wearing the historic feather bonnet, to form any idea of the unequalled martial appearance of such a corps. The Fifth Royal Scots of Montreal is the only regiment in Canada which wears distinctively Highland uniform, and, as such, is immensely popular, not only in this city but wherever it may visit. It originally was a Light Infantry Corps, but some years ago received permission to adopt the kilts, a step which gave it marked distinction from all other battalions in the Canadian service.

The annual inspection of the battalion was held on Saturday, 20th June, on the Champ de Mars, by Major General Herbert and his staff. As is usual in the case of the inspection of a popular regiment, the review was witnessed by great crowds of people, and their appreciation of the good points shown in the drill was spontaneous and hearty. The regiment marched on to the Champ de Mars a little before four o'clock, under command of Lieut.-Col. Hood; the muster was a strong one, numbering 283 in all. The Major General arrived at four o'clock and was received with the usual general salute, after which he proceeded to inspect the companies; this was done very minutely, every man receiving close attention. The orthodox march past in column, quarter column and double time followed, all of

which were fairly well done. A number of battalion movements followed, after which the manual and firing exercise was done under command of Major Strathy; then came the bayonet exercise, after which other battalion movements occupied the balance of the inspection. With the exception of the bayonet exercise, all were remarkably well



LIEUT.-COL. HOOD, Commanding Royal Scots.

done, the men moving sharply to word of command; the formations and changes of front were quickly made, without that dragging which one often sees in Militia inspections. We venture to think the performance of the bayonet exercise a mistake for Canadian volunteer regi-

ments; the amount of time necessary to bring a corps of six companies to any degree of perfection is very great, and, unless such perfection is obtained, the performance gives occasion for much adverse criticism; one man who goes to pieces at the work is not only likely to throw out and disconcert his comrades, but neutralizes the good efforts of the rest of the battalion. It would have been an additional attraction had Col. Hood been permitted to work his battalion at the attack in extended order; but time did not allow for this and it unfortunately had to be omitted. At the conclusion of the manoeuvres the regiment was formed into a square and was addressed by Major General Herbert who congratulated them on their excellent drill and appearance, and referred in his remarks to the historic actions of the Highland Brigade at Alma and Tel el Kebir. Accompanying the Royal Scots throughout the whole parade was the corps of Highland cadets numbering 56 youths, and their part in the afternoon's work was by no means inconsiderable. In nearly all of the battalion movements they took part and introduced a new and very pleasing feature into the inspection by the performance of the "Physical drill" to the music of the Scots band; this was splendidly done, all arms and bodies swinging in unison to the music and was one of the most attractive sights of the day. In the Major General's remarks he heartily congratulated the cadets on their smartness and efficiency. In addition to the views of the inspection, we have pleasure in presenting a portrait of Lieut.-Col. Hood, the new commander of the regiment, having been gazetted but a few months ago. As a soldier in every sense of the term, it is safe to say that Col. Hood is not excelled in the Canadian militia. A good disciplinarian, he is thoroughly well up in his drill, and his manner of handling the battalion on parade at the inspection is beyond all praise. Col. Hood is known throughout Canada as one of our leading shots, having taken a warm interest in rifle shooting since his first connection with the Fifth, many years ago; he has been to Wimbledon on the Canadian team twice already and gives promise of having several more trips across the water. In 1889 he accompanied the Canadian team as Adjutant, on the occasion of the last trip to Wimbledon, (the meeting of 1890 being held at Bisley,) and in the performance of his duties earned the golden opinions of the commanding officer and members of the team.



**A Cool Summer Dress—The New Bodices
—A Discovery—The Latest Folly—
An Old Custom Revived—A
Protest Against Veils.**

A cool summer dress will soon be very acceptable—at least we will hope so—though the bouts of coldness that come with the occasional rain showers make us still a little unwilling to don the thinnest of materials. Last year we were overrun with what was called Russian net, and certainly it was a useful fabric until it became vulgarized by being made in a poor material, which turned brown and rusty looking very soon, and became very shabby. However better makes of net are now manufactured of silk, which not only preserve their colour, but drape very prettily when arranged over silk. I therefore give you this week a model of this kind of thin summer costume, as it may be reproduced in other colours according to your own taste. This one you may please imagine has an underdress of "Opbelia" coloured silk. If you do not remember that tint, I may remind you that it is the pinkish-mauve of a



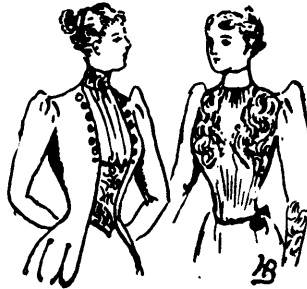
light shade that is sometimes called peach. The net itself that veils it is black, and is worked with a wide border round the hem of the green velvet—a bright emerald shade—in designs *applique* on to the net. The bodice is made full from the neck, and drawn into the corselet which is

composed of green velvet trimmed with jet. At least I should say that the silk fits plainly and tightly to the figure, whilst the net is pulled over it. And now to tell you a little more about the corselet. It is finished off at the lower edge with a fringe of a lovely kind of jet that is wonderfully light, and yet brilliant. It is a new thing, and each strand is like a fine round ruche made of jet, very thick and bushy looking. The sleeves are of the silk, covered with net, the lower part being of green velvet slightly trimmed with jet. I find I omitted to say that there is a flounce of the silk on the under skirt, so as to prevent the velvet embroidery of the upper one from falling inwards at the feet.

The new bodices are so wonderfully various that it would be quite impossible to describe a quarter of them. There seems an increasing preference for various kinds of chemisettes, whether made of lace, net or gauze. Here is a model of quite a new way of wearing a chemisette in a dress. The material of the costume may be of foulard, surah or any of those light kinds of silk. You will please



notice that the sleeves are put on without any foundation piece on the shoulder. I gave you some weeks ago a low dress treated in this way, and it is equally becoming to high costumes. The dress is opened back and front, but only in a short point behind. In front it reaches to the waist, where it terminates in a waist-band of black velvet, and a pointed band of the same is tacked down to keep the



pleats, or fulness in place across the chest. I remark, that as a change from the now rather overdone long jacket, the place of the basques is taken by those of the waistcoat, and the jacket is reduced to a short bodice almost of the dimensions of a little Figaro or bolero jacket. This should end in coat-tails or square basques behind, under which those of the waistcoat lose themselves. This style is suitable to woollen or plain silk fabrics. So also is the third little figuring, which has the chemisette of white silk—surah or foulard—drawn into a pretty corselet of the same material as the jacket—or one of a contrasting colour, if preferred—braided with gold. The same embroidery is seen on the collar band, and rows of gold ball buttons adorn each side of the upper part of the jacket. The division between each lapel of the basques is headed by a similar button. The last of the four shows a loose fronted chemisette of silk or gauze with Figaro fronts of passementerie or lace, the sleeves being similarly trimmed.

But before I go further I must tell you that I have made a discovery that may be useful to my kind readers, namely, that one can wash chiffon, and iron it without spoiling it. With many other people, I had supposed that once this lovely material was soiled, it was ruined and done for, but after making the experiment the other day, I was delighted to find it was really possible to wash it with the best result, and I was quite charmed at my success. Of course it requires care and delicate treatment.

The latest folly I think, is the injection of perfume hypodermically. Ladies may be very fond of scent, and weary of having to renew it often, but surely it is the height of absurdity to have it put into the skin. However, now there is a little inspissating machine invented by which the silly ones of our sex may be perfumed in this truly barbarous manner; it consists of a tiny syringe which contains six drops of an essence, and this can be pricked into the skin with the right hand. A medical man found out this possibility from having used a strong smelling drug for a consumptive patient by injecting it; and remarking on the manner in which it affected the skin and breath of the person, he was led to use scent to overcome the odour. He assures us that there is not the very least fear of blood poisoning. Once a week is all that is necessary for the operation. Pride feels no pain—it is said—so perhaps there will be found people foolish enough, and vain enough to try the experiment.

An old custom revived is that of hanging pictures by ribbons. I saw it mentioned in a ladies' paper quite recently as a new idea; but some eighteen years ago I remember it was quite the fashion, particularly in a small drawing-room, where large and heavy pictures would be quite out of place. It is well in such cases to hang the pictures by chains or cords, and then to so arrange the ribbon as to entirely cover them, ending with a rosette or bow to hide the hook or nail, from which they are suspended. Ribbon, however strong, is not quite fitted for the strain of the whole weight of even an ordinary sized picture. A great deal of taste may be displayed in the colour chosen, which should be repeated elsewhere in the room. I am dreadfully tired of those little Oriental cloths that people dab on to the backs of easy chairs, and crumple up in the middle by the way of draping them. Far prettier is the old fashion that used to accompany the picture ribbons of former times, namely, of soft, white muslin caps or covers to the tops of the chair-backs, edged with lace or daintily gaufréd frills, and caught up with bows of ribbon to match those that hung the pictures. If your room was papered with a grey tint, you had yellow or salmon pink ribbons; if the walls were of terra cotta in a pale shade (than which nothing is prettier to show off china or pictures), pale blue or a rich maroon would be suitable, and so on. Of course the curtains should sympathise in some dark, rich colour, with which the furniture should be covered; whilst the muslin curtains with their frills should be caught back with broad ribbons to correspond with those about the room. I generally found in the country, that with care a set of ribbons (unless of a very evanescent colour) lasted me a summer or winter season. The ugliest room may be beautified in this way, and with very little expense turned into a cosy home-looking apartment, from which the usual stiff, upholstered look, so dear to inartistic people, is happily banished. Muslin covers also have the advantage of being easily washed and "got-up," which the Oriental cloths, once dirty, do not stand at all successfully.

A protest against veils has been made by a lady in one of our weekly papers, and I think not without reason, for the so-called "bird-cage" arrangement that literally ties one's head up in a bag of lace or tulle is neither elegant nor comfortable. No veil should be worn that is not easily turned up and readjusted. This poor lady has been such a martyr to her appearance as to have declined "many a refreshing cup of tea" because she dared not interfere with the arrangement of her veil. Imagine being a slave to this degree of a piece of net! The old-fashioned plan of wearing just enough tulle to lightly cover the hair, and nearly reach down to the mouth is quite the most useful, as that is nearly all that is required to keep the hair in order from the ravages of the wind, and dust from the eyes. I hope we may never again see worn those terrible old-fashioned long "falls," as they were called, that were tied round the front of the poke bonnets of our great-grandmothers. The only remnant of anything like them is worn by the members of some Roman Catholic sisterhood, who walk out in large black cloaks, with white collars, and the real old-fashioned poke bonnet, with long black veil. It is in such a matter as this that common sense is shown by each woman adapting the fashion of the day to her own requirements without preserving its eccentricities.