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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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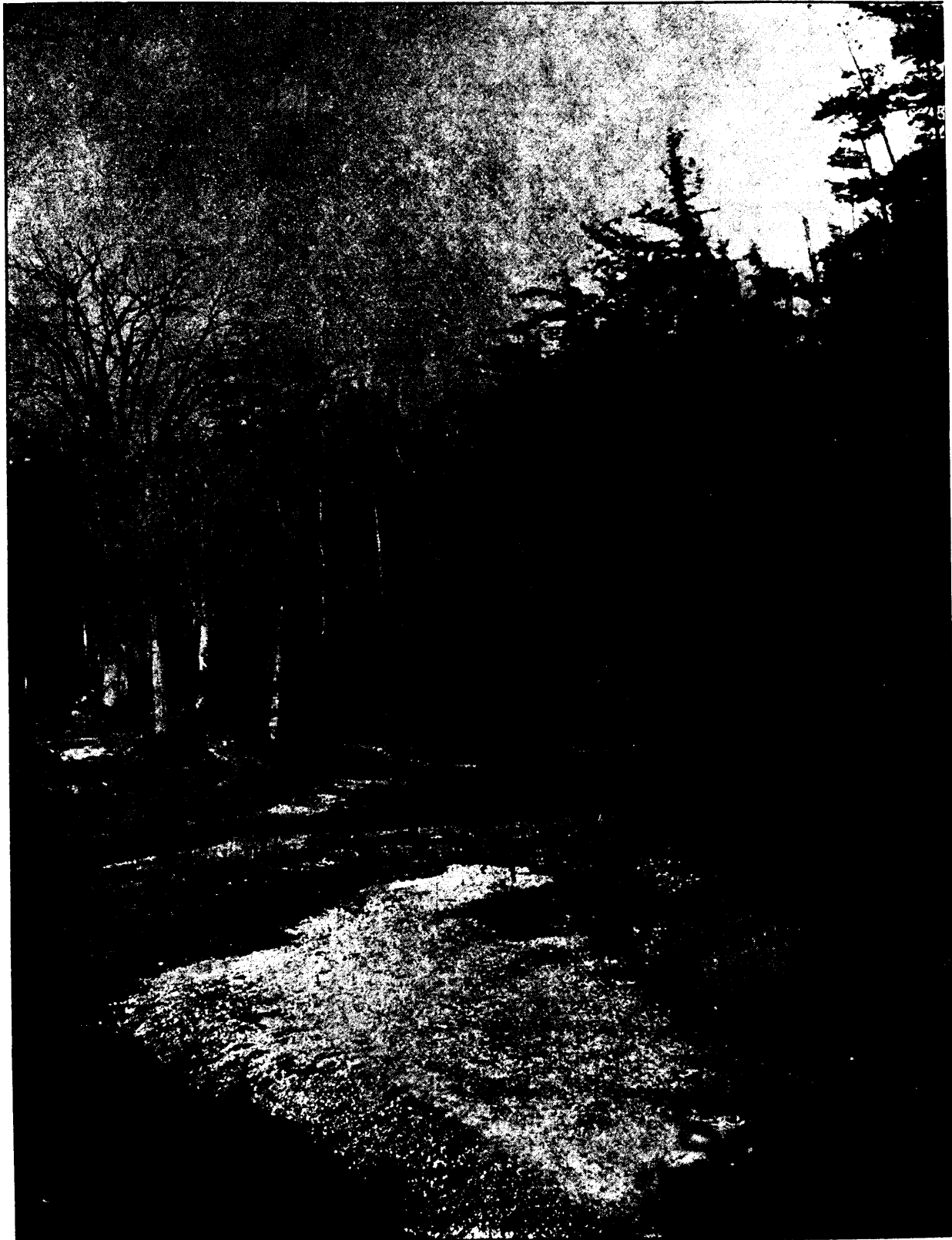
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SCENE IN THE DON VALLEY NEAR TORONTO.  
(Mr. Geo. R. Lancefield, photo.)

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20th DECEMBER, 1890.



We are reminded of the deadlocks of the old pre-union days on this Province by the action of the North-West Assembly in declining to pass the supplies, a motion to that effect having been defeated by a vote of 15 to 6. This hitch, which is a repetition of what took place last year, is due to a conflict of opinion between Lieut.-Governor Royal and the majority as to the control of the Federal funds. His Honor is willing that the Assembly should have full control of the local funds, but insists on retaining in his own hands the disposal of the subsidy voted by the Dominion Parliament. The Executive Council, on the ground that the Lieutenant-Governor has the letter of the law on his side, continue to serve as his advisers, though they would prefer to see the Assembly accorded the rights exercised by the Dominion. The situation is an anomalous one, and it is to be hoped that the proper steps to break the deadlock will be taken before the Territorial Assembly is again convoked. A despatch of the Colonial Secretary, in the year 1879, in reference to the case of the late Lieut.-Governor Letellier, says that the lieutenant-governor of a province "should, of course, maintain that impartiality towards political parties, which is essential to the proper performance of the duties of his office, and for any action he may take he is, under the fifty-ninth section of the act, directly responsible to the Governor-General. After quoting this opinion in his "Constitutional History of Canada," Bourinot adds: "The only safe principle that he can adopt for his general guidance is that pointed out to him by the experience of the working of parliamentary institutions, to give his confidence to his constitutional advisers while they enjoy the support of the legislature." The people of the Territories, being mainly from the older provinces, have carried with them the ideas of responsible government which prevailed in their former homes.

Much surprise, we are informed, was created by the decision of a popular audience in Calgary some time ago, when a discussion took place on "The Future of Canada." The speakers took sides—some defending the actual colonial federation; others advocating a federation of the Empire; others, again, declaring for independence, while a fourth party argued in favour of annexation to the United States. When a vote was taken on the result the audience pronounced in favour of the annexation argument. There is nothing remarkable in this. We have such debates in young men's clubs and societies very frequently in Montreal and other cities, and the judgment of the audience is given out as much on the merits of the cause defended, as with reference to the oratorical and debating skill of the speakers. The decision in the instance in question was a recognition of the abilities of Messrs. Sifton and McKenzie rather than of the advantages of annexation. There is no cause for alarm; but the opponents of the victors must endeavour to do better next time.

Canada has, it seems, contributed its quota to the long list of prisoners who, during more than four centuries, were confined within the strong walls of the Bastille. Of these distinguished unfortunates Mr. Phileas Gagnon, the well-known bibliophile and antiquarian, of Quebec (who has just been made a corresponding member of the Historical Society of Newport, R.I.), gives an interesting account in *L'Union Libérale*. It appears that Mr. Charavay (of whose business as an autograph-collector some particulars were not long since published in this paper) sent Mr. Gagnon on approbation a mass of manuscripts that had formed part of the archives of the Bastille. Mr. Gagnon was not long in discovering certain historic Canadian names in some of the documents submitted to him. They are signed by M. de Sartine, Lieutenant-General of Police in 1764, and addressed to the Comte de Jumilhac, at that time Governor of the Bastille. They concern a number of persons convicted of being accomplices in the frauds of the Bigot clique—Michel Jean Hugues Péan, Jean Cadet, Louis A. A. J. Pénisseau, Jacques Michel Bréard, Jean Corpron and François Maurin. Sieur Péan was a knight of the military and royal order of St. Louis, and had formerly been captain and aide-major of the troops of the marine. His wife, Madame Péan, *née* Des Meloises, had won the heart of Bigot, and figures frequently in the scandals of the period. Cadet was commissary-general. The extent of his defalcations may be gathered from the fact that in the judgment pronounced on him he was ordered to make restitution of 6,000,000 livres. He had, however, a counter claim against the Government of 11,000,000 livres, and the authorities, after a time, cried quits with him. Bréard was Controller of the Marine. Corpron was a Quebec trader, and had acted as clerk to Cadet; Maurin and Pénisseau held like positions under Cadet at Montreal. Péan was admitted to the Bastille on the 13th of November, 1761, by a *lettre de cachet* signed "Louis," and countersigned "Choiseul." Mr. Gagnon gives, as an example of the form of these powerful letters a copy, word for word, of the document that gave the famous Marmontel his entry into the great prison fortress. It is very simple. The Governor is instructed to receive the prisoner into the Bastille (or other prison) and to keep him there until further orders, and the King prays that God may have him (the governor) in his holy keeping. "Written at Versailles, the 27th of December, 1759. The order for release is in the same form of words, only that the person concerned is to be let out instead of in. The letters relating to the Canadian defaulters are orders for the admission of visitors on business or for friendship. The series is of considerable interest to the student of our history. Mr. Gagnon reminds us that Perrot, the contumacious Governor of Montreal in Frontenac's first administration, and whose name is preserved in that of Isle Perrot, was committed to the Bastille by Louis XIV. for punishment and example.

"Si fecisti nega" is a principle of action with which, in our own public life, we are not entirely unacquainted. Mr. Parnell's course would lead one to suppose that he deemed it safer not to take the trouble of denial, but to leave all controversy as to the facts of the case with his opponents. There are just two inferences to be drawn from his demeanour on this point. Either he is conscious, in spite of appearances, of relative, if not positive, guiltlessness, or he has deliberately adopted a strategy which, whether victorious or not, must throw the ranks of the enemy into confusion (while diverting attention from the real issue) and almost make them regret that they interfered with his leadership. As to the former alternative, it is quite possible that Mr. Parnell, while far from blameless, might be sinned against as well as sinning, though to prove this might necessitate disclosures which would be denounced as cowardly and could not fail to enlarge the range of the scandal. He might, therefore, prefer silence with all the misconstruction that it implied to such a mode of defence. If such be the case, and his Irish colleagues are aware of all the circumstances,

he may naturally feel resentment at their desertion. Before (and even after) the publication of Mr. Gladstone's letter, they were unanimous in their professions of unimpaired allegiance. Mr. Parnell, not without reason, thinks that if they were willing to adhere to him, knowing his faults but remembering his services, at the first meeting, it showed a strange fickleness or a lack of straightforwardness to accept immediately after the dictatorship of the Liberal leader. He feels aggrieved that a statesman who for years was the bitterest foe of their common cause should, by his trusted lieutenants and many of the men whom he had drawn from obscurity, be made the arbiter of the Nationalist party. Besides, he saw that more than one of the seceders were moved by personal grudges, at least as much as by patriotism, and were only too glad of the chance to take their revenge. Under these circumstances he felt himself justified in appealing from his parliamentary following to the Irish people from whom they had all received their mandates. This question is still *sub judice*; but, whoever wins, the compact Home Rule party is a house divided against itself, which, as we know on good authority, will not be able to stand.

It is no slight solace to those who would retain their good opinion of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition to know that no breath of scandal has sullied the fair fame of Parke, of Jephson, of Nelson and of our own Stairs. The honours paid to this last young officer a few weeks ago were gratifying to every true Canadian. "Young Jephson" is sometimes mentioned in Mr. Stanley's record as if he were—well, "Young Jephson." No one, however can read the letter which Mr. A. J. Mounteney Jephson sent, in May last, to the bereaved father of the late A. M. Mackay, pioneer missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Uganda, without having the highest opinion of the writer. As to Mackay, it was (and so Jephson considered it) an honour to be on terms of friendship with such a man. The tributes to his memory are proved by the simple narrative of his labours, just published by his sister, to have been amply deserved. The son of a Free Church minister, he was born in the manse of an Aberdeenshire village on the 16th of October, 1849. Twelve months ago no one apprehended so near a termination to his life of self-devotion. His father, being a man of study and a scholar of more than ordinary accomplishments, the boy early became a lover of books and knowledge. In 1867 (the family having removed to Edinburgh) he entered the Training School for Teachers, in connection with the Free Church, and to the benefits that he received at that institution he left grateful testimony. The bent of his mind was towards engineering, and after what many would have considered a thorough preparation for the profession, his desire for larger acquirements induced him to go to Germany, and he reached Berlin in November, 1873. He was for a time thrown into society which, to one of his belief and aims, could not but be distasteful; but he found a home by-and-by in the household of Hofprediger Baur, who called him his "Lieber Sohn Mackay." In 1876 he offered himself for missionary work (using the term in the largest sense) in connection with the Victoria Nyanza Mission, and the Church Missionary Society accepted the offer. In his last message, dated January 2, 1890, he gave an outline of the changes that had taken place during the interval between his arrival and the close of last year. It included the death of King Mtesa, the accession of Mwanga, his defection from his father's engagements and persecution, under Arab counsel, of the Christian community that had grown up in his realm; the murder of Bishop Hannington and the dismay and despair of the surviving Christians; their ultimate triumph after a sharp struggle and much bloodshed, and the hopeful condition of the Uganda mission-field. Before the letter containing this review of the later experiences of himself and his co-labourers reached England, the writer was dead. On the 8th of February he passed away after a short illness. Mr. Jephson's letter was written in May to Dr. Mackay. He described the exhaustion of himself and his comrades when

they reached Usamboro, and Mr. Mackay's kind reception, his influence over the natives, who trusted and loved him, and the sincere sorrow with which he had heard of his death. Enclosed in the letter was a cheque for £60 from the Countess of Noailles to erect a cross over Mackay's grave at Usamboro, with an inscription in Arabic, Swahili and English.

Wherever English institutions prevail, the traditional formula, "King or Queen, Lords and Commons," seems to be regarded as the *sine qua non* of legislative efficiency. All over the Empire (with rare exceptions) it has been taken as the almost obligatory model of a Parliament. The United States, following the traditions of the Mother Country, adopted the principle of an Upper House. In all constitutionally-governed countries we find it observed as *de rigueur*, it being almost universally accepted that a parliament must consist of two chambers. Mr. Gladstone calls this division of the legislative power into three branches, the *arcanum imperii*, and, indeed, it was so regarded long before his time. But that it is essential, even in England, there are those who deny. Mr. Gladstone considers the House of Lords a great power in the State. It may cause embarrassment to an administration, still its vote cannot deal it a fatal blow. On the confidence of the House of Commons, or the other hand, the ministry is dependent, and that House is the greatest power recognized by the British Constitution. From its judgment the only appeal is to the nation. Could the Upper House, then, be dispensed with? Whatever may be the case in Great Britain, experience has shown that in Canada the business of legislation may be efficiently conducted with a single (that is, the popular) Chamber. Mr. Rochon, in moving the second reading of his bill for the abolition of the Legislative Council in this Province, pointed to Ontario, and the example sufficed to illustrate his argument. His colleagues, however, with the exception of fifteen, left the solution of the question to the Government, 41 voting for Mr. Desmarais' amendment in that sense.

#### EXPERIMENTAL STATIONS.

The first report of the experimental station established in this Province is published in the last report of the Commissioner of Agriculture and Colonization. The Central and other experimental farms organized by the Dominion Government have been in operation for some years, and are doing a good work. The movement originated in the recommendation of a Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons in January, 1884, to obtain information as to the agricultural interests of Canada and the best means of encouraging and developing them. The committee took the evidence of a large number of persons, most of whom were experts in one or other branch, or in several branches, of agriculture. A series of questions covering the whole ground of the investigations which the committee had undertaken was addressed to persons likely to have data of value at their disposal, and nearly 400 replies were received. Deficiencies were pointed out in the cultivation of cereals and vegetables, in fruit-growing, in stock-raising and dairying, in the selection of seeds, in the use of fertilizers and in other important respects, and it was the opinion of the most enlightened and experienced of the witnesses that the establishment of a Central Bureau, under the direction of a superintendent, with a trained staff of specialists to assist him, would be the best plan for the systematic collection and dissemination of accurate knowledge on those points in which Canadian farmers had shown most backwardness. The Government lost no time in turning to account the recommendations of the committee, and a Central Experimental Farm was established in the neighbourhood of Ottawa and placed in charge of Mr. William Saunders, F.R.S.C. It is now thoroughly equipped, and has, since its inauguration in the spring of 1887, been the means of accomplishing a large amount of good in the Dominion. There are associated with the director, Mr. Saunders, a chemist, an entomologist and botanist, a horticulturist and a poultry manager. Our farmers

have been gradually learning that, by applying to the director, they are sure of receiving information and advice on any matter as to which they may be in doubt. During the last year, as appears by the published report, 6,864 letters were addressed to the director or some of his staff, and 5,428 were dispatched from his establishment. Pamphlets, including reports and bulletins, to the number of 41,584, and 3,662 packages of grains and seeds were also mailed in all directions. The enquiries are on all sorts of subjects connected with the operation of a farm. It is well that none of our farmers should be in ignorance of such a source of information, and that those who know of its existence should avail themselves of its advantages at a time like the present, when a good many seem to be perplexed as to the best crops or stock to raise and the most profitable manner of raising them and disposing of the surplus.

Besides the Central Farm, there are farms at Nappan, N.S., at Brandon, Manitoba (an illustrated account of which has appeared in this paper), and at Indian Head, N.W.T. A farm was also started at Agassiz, British Columbia, in August last year, so that there are now four of these farms in working order; in addition to the Central Farm at Ottawa. The report of the progress made at these provincial institutions is encouraging. Though each of them is under its own superintendent or manager, they are all subject to the supervision and direction of Mr. Saunders. The Central Farm is the model for the provincial stations, just as they are models and centres of information for the agricultural communities in the provinces. Mr. Saunders has also a general oversight over the farming industry throughout the Dominion, making reports on the districts he visits and offering suggestions to the agricultural societies and *cercles agricoles*. The Central Farm is indeed, a sort of headquarters of intercommunication for all the general and special agricultural societies and agencies throughout the Dominion, whether they are of a comprehensive character, or are devoted to stock-raising, dairying, horticulture, wool-growing, poultry-raising, or any other special industry. The experiments conducted comprise tests of wheat, barley, oats, Indian corn and other cereals, peas, vegetables and fruits, of various breeds of horses, cattle and other live stock, analyses of soils, trials of fertilizers, the description of insects, noxious and useful, and the modes of dealing with the former; of birds, with indications of their serviceableness or hurtfulness to the farmer's property; the planting of fruit and other trees suitable to our latitudes, and especially their naturalization in the denuded regions of the North-West.

The experimental station established at St. Hyacinthe is, as already indicated, under the control of the Commissioner of Agriculture and Colonization of the Province of Quebec. The law to which it owes its existence was passed in 1888. It has a chemical laboratory attached to it, in which analyses of soils, cereals, ensilage, milk, etc., are made. It began operations in July, 1889, when it was placed in charge of the College of St. Hyacinthe. The laboratory was ready in September and the director at once began work. There has also been since last spring a small experimental garden for the testing of seeds, fertilizers, etc. Four subjects have especially engaged the attention of the director, Mr. C. P. Choquette—ensilage of Indian corn, chemical fertilizers, ashes of forest trees, and milk. Of the analyses in all these cases full reports are given, with particulars as to the sources whence the samples were obtained and the circumstances of their production. The ensilage report is extremely interesting, showing under what conditions corn yields low and high nutrient values, and giving advice as to sowing and the distance between the rows. Our object at present, however, is not to quote results but to insist on the advisability of our farmers availing themselves of these institutions. There has been much discussion of late as to the renewal in this province of the attempt to raise beets for the manufacture of sugar, and it is more than likely that it will be made. But it is indispensable at the outset that the farmers be carefully instructed in the proper

method of beet-growing, or the failure also will be repeated. Whoever has read Mr. Wilfrid Skaife's paper on sugar-producing plants and the mode of cultivation in Bohemia, where he served his apprenticeship to the business, will have no trouble in discovering where the fault in this province has lain. This is just one of those points in which the experimental stations should be of benefit, and it would be well if the proper department directed attention to the need of both precept and example before the *habitant* is asked to invest his time and means in the industry. Many inquiries have of late been made as to the respective values (in the English market especially) of the different varieties of wheat. On this point, also, the tests already obtained should be made widely known.



#### MY CLASS IN GEOMETRY.\*

Some of our readers have doubtless studied a posthumously published work of the late Professor Clifford, entitled, "The Common Sense of the Exact Sciences." It is an attempt, by way of simple illustrations, to initiate non-mathematical inquirers into the mysteries of number, space, quantity, position and motion. It was, however, only a partial success as far as the class for which it is designed is concerned, though deeply interesting to such as the old Greek would have admitted to his school. Mr. Iles has, it seems to us, achieved a much greater victory over obstacles that every teacher must have encountered in endeavouring to make geometrical truths perfectly clear to ordinary pupils. His treatise to which we referred in our notice of the *Popular Science Monthly* for November, is an admirable example of "common sense in the exact sciences."

To make, for instance, an apparatus for the extraction of cube root would seem a difficult task. Yet all that is necessary is a cone and a jar half full of water, both graduated. Immersing the cone apex downward enables the operation to be performed. When cinders are shaken from a grate the smallest turn black soonest; for a similar reason the moon is a frozen globe, the larger earth is habitable, and the sun still pours out its stores of light and heat. When a phial partly filled with water is smartly shaken the larger bubbles come to the surface first; on the same principle the biggest steamer, other things equal, is always the quickest. These and other object lessons are made possible by Mr. Iles's original and entertaining paper, which should be in the hands of every instructor of youth.

#### DR. KINGSFORD'S HISTORY.

In our notice of the fourth volume of Dr. Kingsford's "History of Canada" in our last number it ought to have been stated that the work is on sale in this city at the store of Mr. Eben Picken, 33 Beaver Hall Hill, to whom orders for the last volume, or for the four volumes, may be sent.

#### THE BOOK BUYER.

The Christmas edition of *The Book Buyer* is full of attractive and interesting features. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of Sir Edwin Arnold, which is especially opportune in view of the publication of his new poem, "The Light of the World." Richard Henry Stoddard contributes a biographic sketch of Sir Edwin and a criticism (which is thoroughly independent) of his genius and work as a poet. Laurence Hutton writes of the "Curiosities of Jane Eyre." Reviews of and illustrative extracts from the more important recent works, by Noah Brooks, amply and beautifully illustrated from the works themselves, with correspondence from the leading centres of book-production, complete a very acceptable guide to would-be holiday purchasers. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Montreal: Eben Picken.

#### HEMLOCK.

Those who have read the first of the series of Gleaner Tales will be glad to have a second instalment. As its title informs us "Hemlock" is a tale of the war of 1812. It begins in Montreal and takes us through some of the most memorable scenes of conflict of that troubled time. An episode of the Acadian migration to Quebec forms the second and shorter portion of the volume. Mr. Robert Sellar, the author, has done justice to both his subjects. (Montreal: F. E. Grafton & Sons.)

#### CANADA FIRST.

Many of our readers will rejoice to know that this memorial of the late William A. Foster, Q.C., has been brought out by his friends. It is made more valuable by an introduction from the pen of Dr. Goldwin Smith, and a fine portrait of Mr. Foster, from the painting by Mr. Wm. Cutts, in the possession of the National Club. Besides the sketch of Mr. Foster's life and patriotic work, the volume contains his most important essays and addresses. As our readers may recall, a portrait of Mr. Foster and a brief account of his career appeared in THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED shortly after his death. (Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.)

\* My Class in Geometry. By George Iles. Reprinted from the *Popular Science Monthly*. New York: D. Appleton and Company.



GROUP OF CANADIAN BEAVER.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES

The present year promises to be one of the most successful in the annals of skating in Montreal, and although the accommodation for skaters will be much larger than in the past there seems every probability that all the rinks will receive their fair quota of patronage. The Victoria rink, which was formally opened on Saturday last, has thus early in the season a larger membership roll than ever before, and a glance round the spacious structure on Saturday was sufficient to prove that the efforts of the directors are fully appreciated. The attractions of the opening consisted of an exhibition of figure skating by Mr. Louis Rubenstein, and several more or less amusing races. From a racing point of view there was only one event likely to be of interest. I refer to the two-mile, in which C. Gordon won very easily from Fred. Scott. It had been expected that Irwin and Lavasseur would also start in this race, but they did not, perhaps because the season is too young yet for these flyers to get into trim for a hard trial at distance work. Gordon seemed to be in splendid condition, and this year it ought to take a remarkably fast man to beat him at any of the meetings. A five o'clock tea brought the formal part of the opening to an end, after which that magnificent sheet of ice was given over to the three hundred people who put on the steels for the first time this year.

The open air rink on the M.A.A.A. grounds is turning out a more marked success than even its most enthusiastic advocates anticipated. When on Thursday evening last it was thrown open to the public it was a matter for freely expressed surprise that such a sheet of ice could be kept in such excellent condition for skating, and all were loud in their praise. It may, of course, entail a vast amount of expense to keep this rink in order after heavy snowstorms, but with anything like good fortune and with the implements used on the grounds, it is likely that the rink will be a source of income to the M.A.A.A. rather than one of expense. There has been considerable discussion about the advisability of making a quarter mile track for the championship skating meeting. From a sporting point of view this idea is a good one, as it would do away with any excuse which the Yankee skaters might have about being handicapped by small rinks. There has always been a great deal of difficulty in bringing American and Canadian skaters together, and I can recollect no instance except in the figure skating competitions. It is true we have had no rich skating club to take enough interest in the matter to pay competitors' expenses, and this, no doubt, is to a large extent accountable for Canadians not going to New York.

But last year a good example was set, when Mr. Louis Rubenstein was sent to Russia to represent the Canadian Skating Association and came back with the world's championship. This was a much larger undertaking than anything that would be required this year. Of course the Skating Association is not burdened with a surplus of money, but if a subscription list were started the little money required would be soon raised. There are several fast men members of the association and a little money could be well spared in sending some of them to the American championships, and those who are not members and who have not offended against the amateur law, would only require to spend one dollar membership fee. There would be many advantages in this course, not the least of which would be the guarantee of amateurism, which always follows the members of any recognized club in racing contests. The suggestion is worth consideration anyhow.

Besides the rinks already spoken of there are three others, so well distributed over the city that there is but little danger of their interfering with each other. Both Mr. Moore and Mr. Robertson have had good sheets of ice for some time past, and Mr. Stenhouse is about ready to open on the Champ de Mars. Where last year three rinks seemed amply sufficient for all the requirements, this year there are five; but the increased interest taken in hockey will occupy a good deal of the spare space. The only difficulty to my mind is that there will be so much good hockey played this year that it will keep one busy trying to attend all the matches.

But if skating is going to boom what can be said of hockey? With two new clubs competing for premier honours, the old champions will have their work cut out for them. They will be the hardest played club this year, which means that, to my mind, they will win the majority of their matches. It was a good idea of the Shamrocks to organize a hockey club. An athletic club of the numbers of the Shamrocks should have had a seven on the ice long ago, but it is better late than never, and the effect will probably be noticeable next spring, when the crosse is taken up again, in the improved condition of the men. There is nothing that works to the disadvantage of any lacrosse club so much as a lack of means of keeping the men together during the long winter months. Then again, our lacrosse weather comes with such a rush, that for those who depend on outdoor work to get into training there is very little time left, and the result is seen in the quality of the play at the beginning and the end of the season. For winter practice there is no sport to compare with hockey in the way of keeping the lacrosse hand in. It has all the dash and brilliancy of the summer game and it calls for just as great powers of endurance. With the season ending at the beginning of March there are only two months left before the opening of the lacrosse season, and the men who have put in the winter with good solid hard work on the ice will have

very little work to do to fit themselves for lacrosse. The Shamrocks will see the wisdom of their present course when the great struggle of next year begins. So, too, with the Crescents, as I understand the personnel of the hockey club will be nearly identical with that of the provincial lacrosse champions. The latter clubs will use the Dominion rink, the Montrealers will play in the Crystal rink, and the Victorias will be at their old home on Drummond street.

The McGill men, too, are sanguine about their hockey prospects. They have not been blessed with any great amount of success in the past few years, and to a great extent were responsible for the change from the series to the challenge system. But it should be remembered that they were equally unfortunate in their football ventures, until a few weeks ago, and as no doubt many of the champion Rugby men will be on the ice it would not be a bit surprising to see success follow them in this sport too. What course Ottawa will pursue has apparently not been definitely settled yet, and although Ottawa is strongly represented in the new Ontario association it is altogether probable that the Quebec champions will hear from the Capital.

Speaking about hockey, I have been particularly struck during the last few years by the absolute lack of what might be called inter-provincial interest in the game. It has been practically confined to Montreal. It is true there have been some matches with Ottawa and Toronto clubs, but they bear no sort of comparison with the hard dashing game Montrealers are acquainted with. When Mr. Garvin was in Montreal last Monday, looking after the interests of the Toronto lacrosse club, I had a talk with him about the prospects of hockey up west. He is enthusiastic, and he says all the lacrosse men are in the same frame of mind. "We can hardly come to Montreal and get a victory, but one team will come up and make an effort for it anyway; but wait till we get a little experience and I think we will be able to hold our own." Mr. Clarence Martin, of Ottawa, also takes a good deal of interest in hockey, and I have his word for it that the Montreal champions will have at least one struggle with the men from the Capital to protect their laurels. The more the merrier. Competition is the life of trade, and the life of everything else for that matter. And just here, perhaps, a suggestion may not come amiss. There are now two well organized hockey associations in Canada, the one recently formed in Ontario and the old one, which, in the past, has been known as the Canadian Hockey Association. For purposes of convenience it might perhaps be as well to range them under the distinctive headings of Quebec and Ontario associations, although to my mind the Ontario association, in its organization, might have recognized the premier claims of the association under whose rules hockey has been kept alive. However, more of this some other time. There are two associations and they cover all the ground, for there is very little hockey played in the Maritime Provinces or the far West. Why not have



A SHOOTING EXCURSION TO CAP TOURMENTE.  
The Cross on the Summit.  
(Mr. M. A. Montminery, photo.)

the champions of both associations play off at the end of the season for the championship of the Dominion? If the secretaries of both associations would communicate with each other there is hardly a likelihood of any difficulty being thrown in the way, and if a public interest, something similar to that taken in lacrosse, could be aroused, it would give a greater impetus, especially in the West, than any the game has yet had.

\* \* \*

The question of the lacrosse championship has been settled at last, but the settling was an unhappy one. To most people it seemed a certainty that the Cornwall lacrosse club should be recognized as the champions, and as far as the mere game is concerned, they are so recognized. But the fatal technicality was out on the war path and the Cornwalls have dropped into his capacious maw and been thoroughly digested by this time. Under the strict letter of the law Cornwall has no right to the championship, but the Factory Town has been harshly dealt with for all that. There is a great deal of force in the argument that they had no right to drop a player because he was protested as a professional after playing three years, and more especial weight is added to this by the fact that the accusing clubs brought forward no evidence until so late in the season that it was practically impossible to remedy the evil done or give Cornwall a chance to justify its course. True, Leroux had been declared a professional, but only after the playing season was closed, and then the offender was immediately expelled from the club. That was sufficient to prove that all along Cornwall had played him in good faith; for at all events we are bound to believe that the Factory Town club was as honest in its intentions as any of the others. Neither the club nor Leroux had a chance to prove their innocence in time, and to most people it is plain that the club should not have been punished. If the Cornwalls are guilty for playing a professional, what is to be said of the Ottawa and Shamrock clubs, which played with them without protesting? The latter will probably answer they did not know Leroux was a professional. Cornwall answers the same way. Is not the statement of one club as good as that of the other. Why make the old distinction of fish and flesh?

R. O. X.

### Our British Columbia Letter.

The rush of summer travel to the Pacific Coast is now nearly over, that is of people who come merely for the pleasure of the trip. Every day still brings its quota of emigrants to settle in the country, and as the capabilities of the province become better known there is no doubt that the number will be largely increased. The interior has hundreds of thousands of acres suitable for cultivation or grazing purposes, and in the valleys and along the south bank of the Fraser fruit of all kinds is grown in abundance. The demand from the North-West Provinces will encourage the planting of more orchards, and the completion of the railways now projected and under way will open up more fine farming districts. The twin cities of Vancouver and New Westminster are shortly to be connected by an electric railway. This will bring the rich lands of the delta of the



A SHOOTING EXCURSION TO CAP TOURMENTE.  
The Chapel on the Summit.  
(Mr. M. A. Montminery, photo.)

Fraser into close communication with Vancouver, where there is a constantly increasing demand for farm and dairy produce of all kinds. British Columbia has for too long been regarded merely as "a sea of mountains," and even yet it is not generally known that we have a country unsurpassed for the inducements it can offer to settlers and requiring only more population and development to make it "blossom as the rose."

There is really no reason why winter should suspend or lessen the tourist travel. On our Canadian route there is little fear of delay or interruption, and the scenery of the mountains is perhaps even more impressive than in summer. In the November number of *Harper's Magazine* there is an article entitled, "A winter journey to Japan," a graphic word-painting of the white desolation of the great northern prairie and the wondrous snow-wrapped majesty of the mountain ranges. The name of Lafcadio Hearn had until now always conjured up the vivid colouring and luxuriance of the south; his pages seemed to be always steeped in the glowing hues of the tropics, and before us, as we read, rose visions of stately palm and tangled jungle of golden sands and crimson sunsets. But now he has taken us into a strange new northern world; as we journey onwards the great prairie sea rolls around us, the white billows shape themselves into mountains, the mountains rise and soar into shining peaks, until at last we are in the very shrine of nature where veiled in eternal snows her infinite purity and calm falls on us like a benediction.

One should be something of a poet to appreciate and describe the impressions of a journey across the continent, and yet it is remarkable how few travellers consider themselves unfitted for the task. They will "just jot down a few notes" and the decorations of their Pullman car, the attention of the employees, and above all the number and quality of the meals form subjects for their most animated descriptions. It is like the greater journey we are all taking together through life; the majority see nothing but the practical details that surround them, and the interpreters of a deeper meaning are few and far between.

Among the more prominent visitors to the Pacific Coast this autumn were Sir George Baden-Powell and Mr. Bryce Douglas, manager of the Naval Construction Company of Barrow-in-Furness. This company is building the three steamships for the Canadian Pacific China line, and this is the first time Mr. Douglas had visited the port of Vancouver, from which they are to sail. He was greatly impressed with the natural advantages of the magnificent harbour. The same company is also interested in the proposed line to Australia, and it is hoped that before long another great trade route will be opened up by the co-operation of the Imperial and Colonial Governments.

The annual exhibition of the Vancouver Art Association was opened in October by Lieut.-Governor Nelson. There was a large assemblage present to hear the addresses, and three galleries of pictures were thrown open to the public. Two of these were filled by a loan collection, among which were some fine paintings lent by Mr. J. M. Browning, Mr. H. Abbott, Mr. R. G. Ferguson and others. The third room was filled by the work of the pupils and also by the members of the association. Many of these were entered for competition. The Lieut.-Governor in his opening address said that he was glad to find that in building up a new city the people had not forgotten the claims of art upon all lovers of the beautiful. Vancouver in this respect had taken the initiative, and although Victoria had this year held an Art exhibition which was highly creditable to that city, still to Vancouver belonged the honour of having organized the first Art association in British Columbia. Mrs. Nelson then presented the medals with a few appropriate words to

each recipient. The gold medal for water colours, given by the Governor-General, was won by Mrs. A. St. George Hamersley, and one for crayon landscape, given by Mayor Oppenheimer, by Mrs. Reid. A gold medal for figure painting, presented by Mr. A. G. Ferguson, was awarded to Mrs. Lefevre, and a silver medal, offered by the association for competition among its pupils, was taken by Mrs. G. R. Major. Mr. H. B. Lewis won a gold medal given by Lieut.-Governor Nelson for his paintings of "A Moonlight Camp."

The association has already begun to form the nucleus of a permanent Art gallery, and by the liberality of Messrs. J. C. Keith and E. E. Rand a fine portrait in oils of Captain George Vancouver, R.N., from whom the island takes its name, has become the property of the city. This picture is a copy by Alldridge, of the old portrait in the Bethnal Green Museum, London, and permission had to be obtained from the British Government to have it copied for this purpose. How surprised the old explorer would have been could he have foreseen that, after a hundred years, his likeness would be brought across the seas to what was then a wilderness—the first gift of artistic value to a city then undreamed of, which would bear his name!

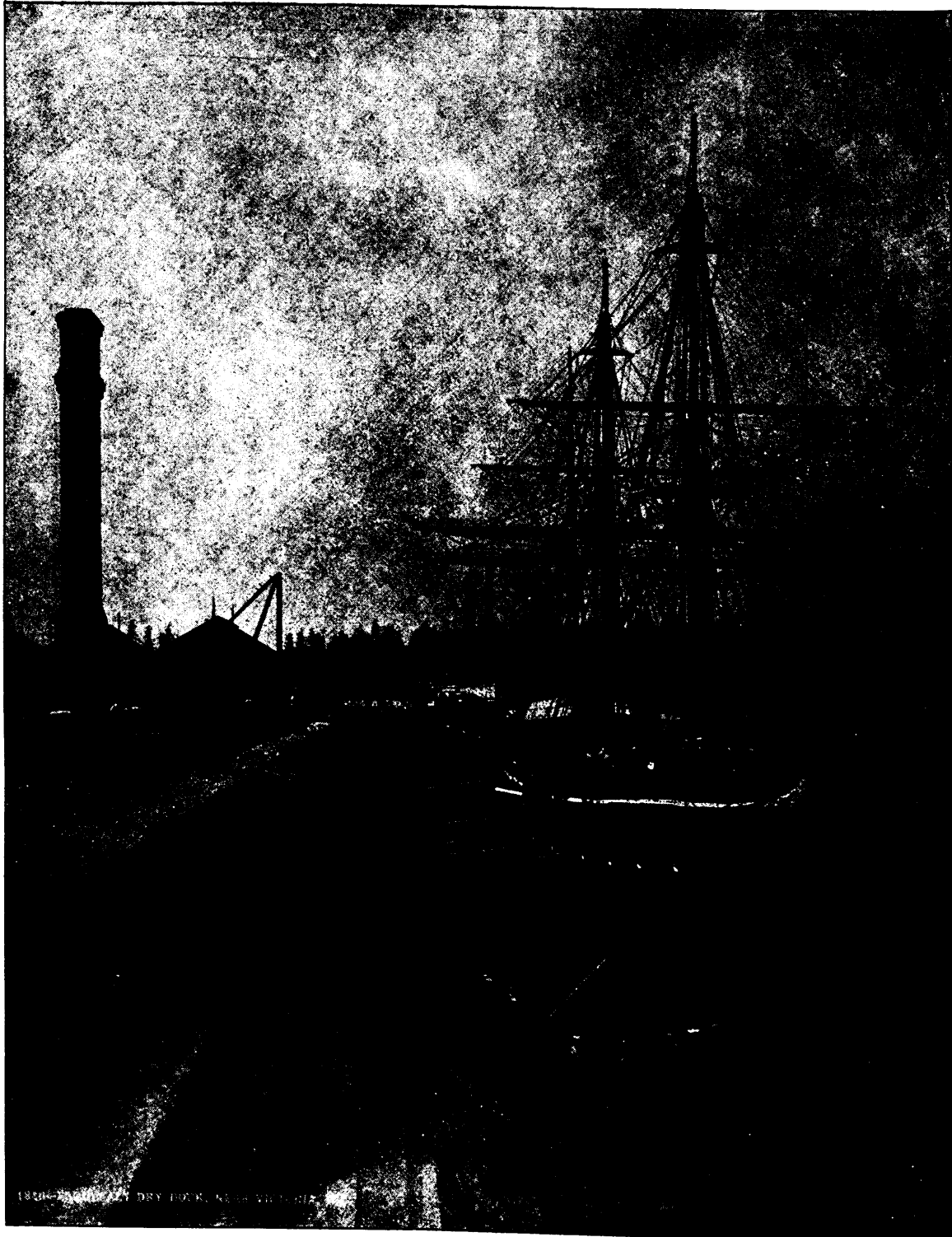
The adjourned meeting of Convocation of the University of British Columbia has been held, and the report of the committee appointed to revise the act unanimously adopted. These changes in the Act will be made at the next session of the Legislature, and then it is hoped that before long our university will be a *fait accompli*. The Provincial Government has appointed Dr. Powell, of Victoria, Chancellor of the university, and Mr. R. P. Cooke, of Vancouver, formerly of Brockville, Ont., Vice-Chancellor.

H. M. S. Melpomene is due in Esquimaux about the 18th December. Before the departure of the flag-ship Warspite and others of the fleet Victoria was even more gay than usual. Among other entertainments a very successful ball was given by the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Nelson. A brilliant fancy dress ball, given by Mrs. Ward, was one of the events of the season. A Polo club has been organized and is now endeavouring to secure grounds in Beacon Hill Park. This is an ideal situation for recreation grounds of all kinds and forms one of the chief attractions of the picturesque city of Victoria. On Saturday afternoons the scene at Beacon Hill is an animated one. The crowds of happy looking people, the vehicles and turn-outs of every description, well-appointed and otherwise, the bright, summer toilets of the women, the games of cricket, foot-ball and lacrosse going on amid the cheers of the spectators and music of the bands, the soft balmy air laden with fragrance and the green back ground of embowered trees,—all these give an impression of gay brilliancy not soon to be forgotten.

Still less can we ever forget the glorious view that breaks upon us as we turn and look across the sparkling waters of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, where bathed in sunlight the snowy splendour of the Olympian range rises in a delicate wave-like outline of shining peaks clear-cut against the sky.

LENNOX.

One of the most popular books ever published in Germany is the illustrated work on zoology, by the late Dr. Brehm, called "Thierleben." This work has been translated into seven languages, and of the German edition almost 100,000 copies have been printed. A new edition is now being issued with additions by eminent specialists and with a thousand new illustrations.



THE DRY DOCK, FSQUIMALT, B C.  
(Messrs. W. Notman & Son, photo.)

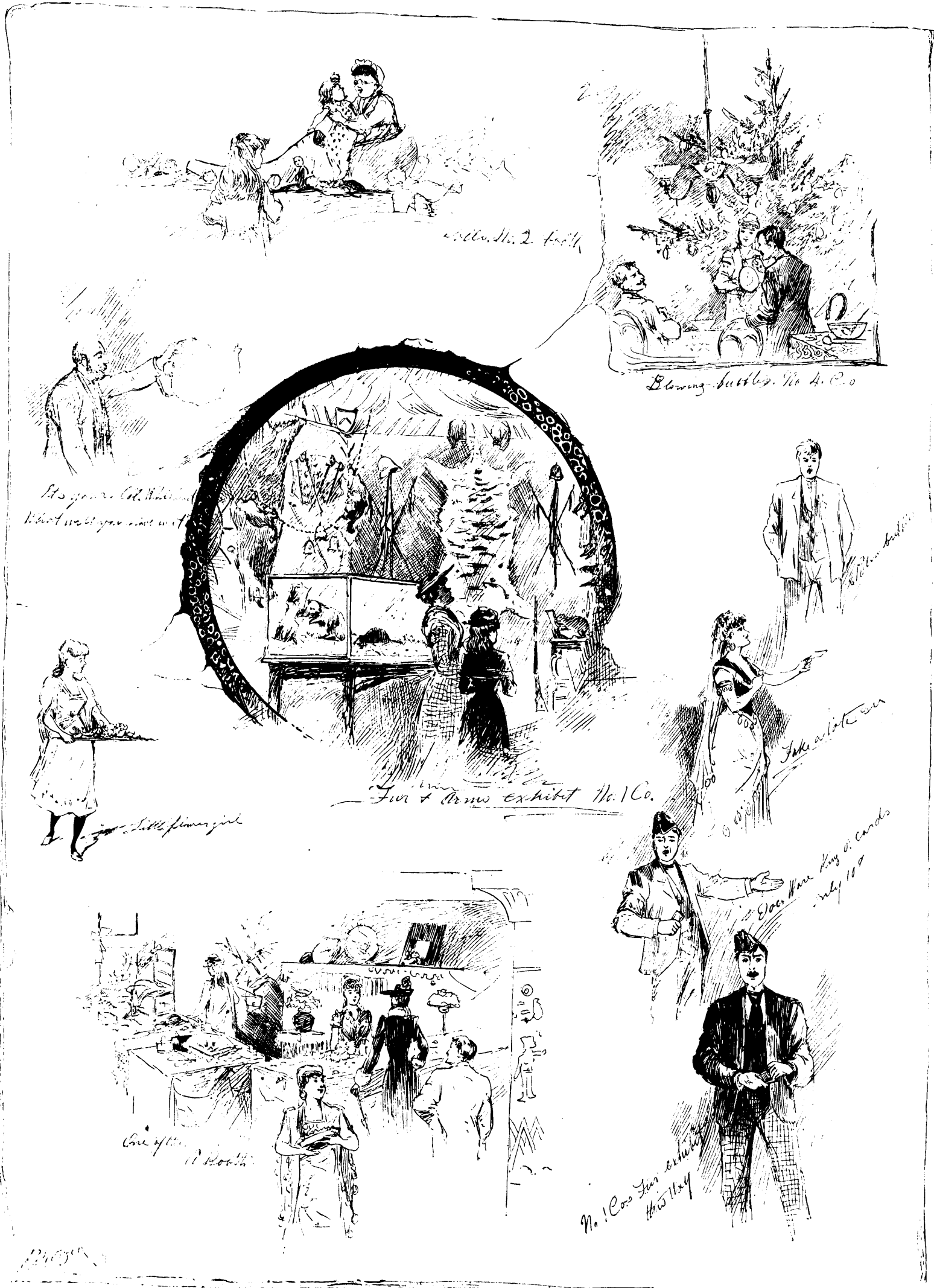


FIRST FIFTEEN OF HAMILTON FOOTBALL CLUB—Champions of Ontario.

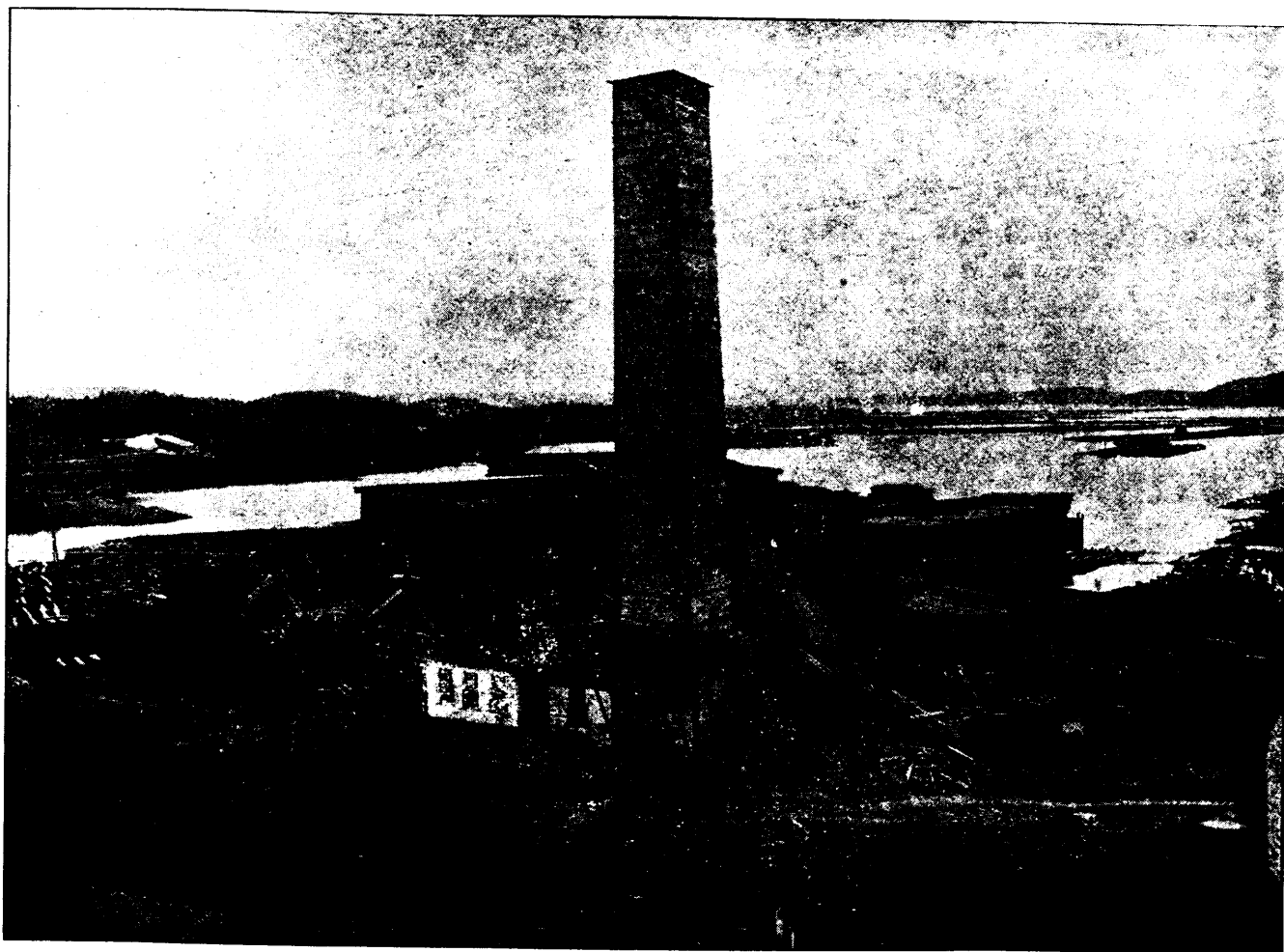


FIRST FIFTEEN OF BRITANNIA FOOTBALL CLUB (MONTREAL)  
CANADIAN RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAMS.

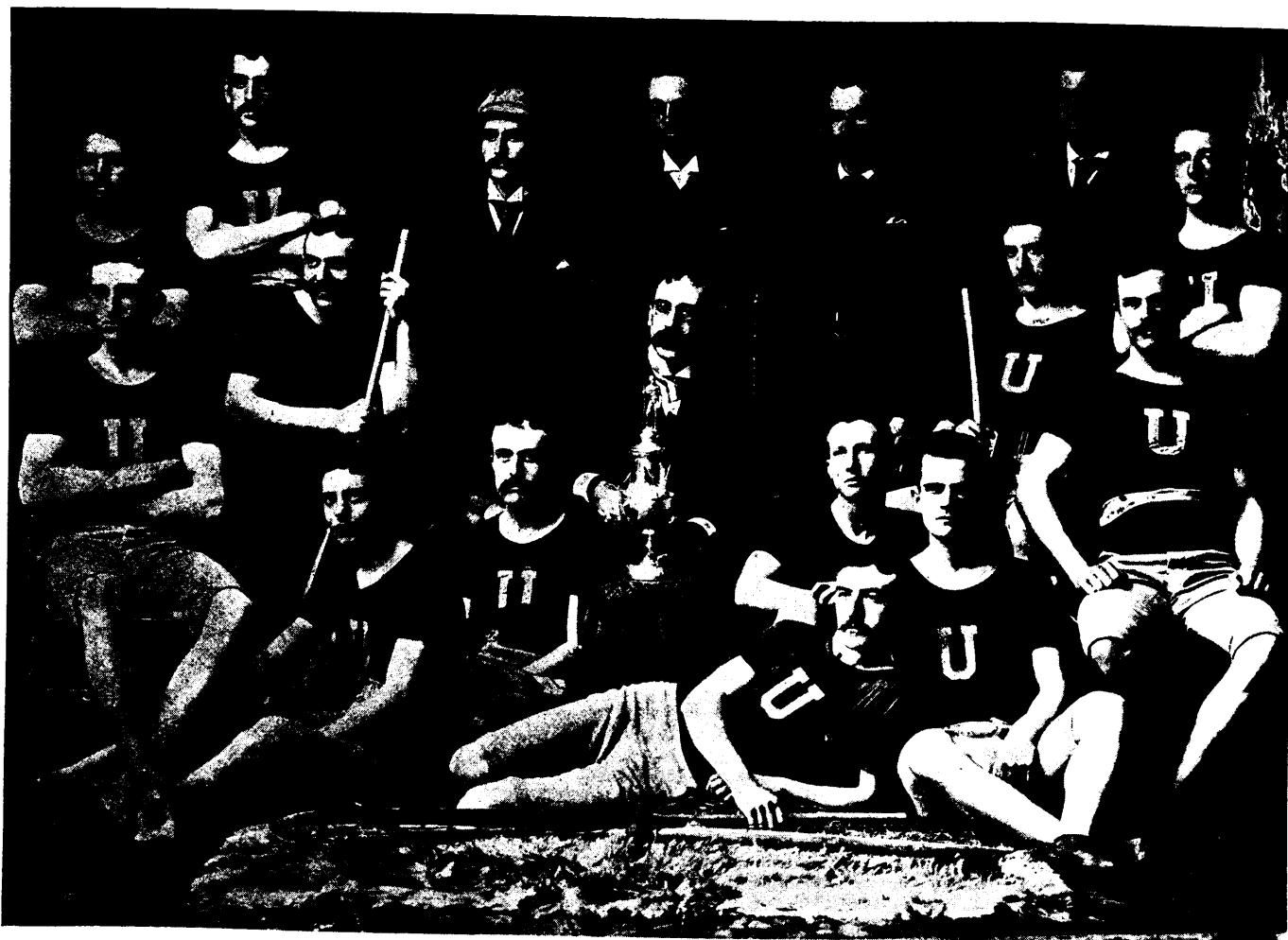




SKETCHES AT VICTORIA RIFLES' FAIR, 8th to 13 DECEMBER.  
(By our special artist.)

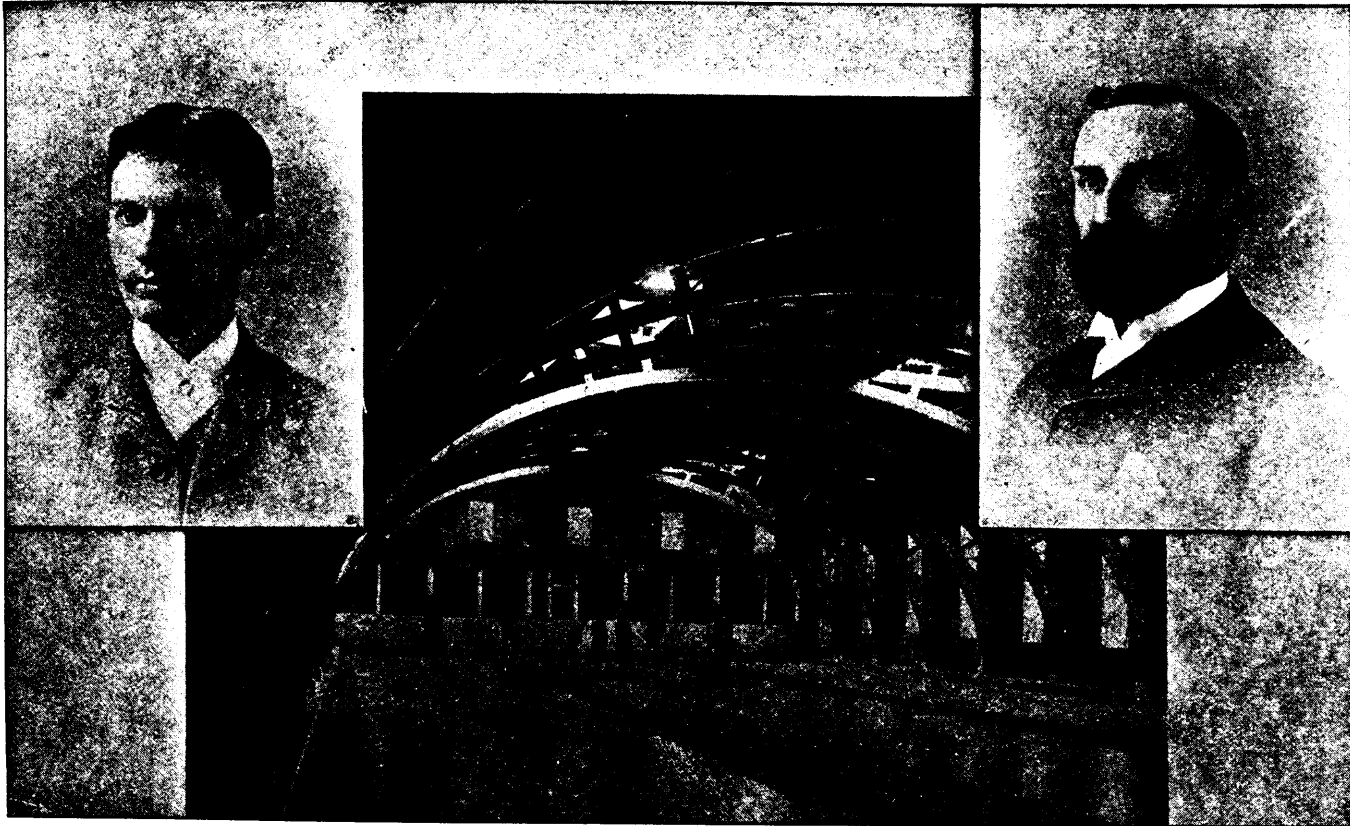


SCENE AFTER RECENT FATAL EXPLOSION NEAR ST. JOHN, N.B.



J. H. Davis. A. Williams. W. B. Esson, *Capt.* T. O'Reilly. H. H. Allingham, *Sec.* R. J. Armstrong. F. P. Magee.  
 R. Bartsch. V. G. R. Vickers. W. E. Jones. J. S. Esson. G. Wetmore Merritt, *Pres.* J. McFarlane. G. K. McLeod. S. T. Tufts.  
 F. J. Mahon. W. McCaffrey.

UNION LACROSSE CLUB OF ST. JOHN, N.B., Champions of the Maritime Provinces.



Mr. A. I. Hubbard, Secretary.

NEW RINK OF THE MONTREAL CURLING CLUB.

Mr. F. Staucliffe, President.

### Our Toronto Letter.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, December, 1890.

"Figaro here! Figaro there!" used to sing the Queen's tutor, and the favourite basso of his day, Signor La Clache, and so I have always called *Il Barbieri Figaro*, with the emphasis on the Fig. Yesterday when I asked Mr. Winnifell if the Paris *Figaro* was in yet, I was contentedly ignorant; but a gentleman in the store, who probably pitied my gross stupidity, was most careful to enquire immediately after me if he could see the *Figaro*—a gentle hint, which I am greatly obliged to him for thinking I should be quick enough to take. To-day, however, I say Figaro in gentle imitation of the genial singer whose broad white waistcoat even now gleams upon my vision. What a beautiful *Figaro* this year's Christmas Number is! Such softness of design and brilliancy of colouring! Such lovely tones in sepias, blues and browns! Such drawings! And then the wealth of its letter-press, its stories, poems, music, its jokes, puns and fun! But why do they send us the soup without its salt—the French in English? It seems to me that no one ought to have a *Figaro* that cannot read it in the mother-tongue. The French language has such capabilities of expression, such delicacy of touch, such quick sarcasm, such duality, if one may call it so, that power of expressing an idea that will awaken a thought beyond itself!—not the *double entendre* which is vulgar and ill-smelling, but the prose that echoes poetry. No matter how well a translation is done one misses the perfume of the flower. I shall get a French *Figaro* even at the large expenditure of a dollar and a half, but I do not want an English one.

And the other Christmas papers. So many and so beautiful. One hardly knows how to choose, still a couple of illustrations among the many your correspondent lingered over take precedence of them all. They are two belonging to that modest but always excellent Christmas Number, *Yule-Tide* "Sweet Seventeen" and "Sweetener Seventy." Can seventy be so beautiful? one asks, gazing upon the picture of a lovely old lady with white hair, soft, clear flesh like that of an infant, in soft white laces at neck and throat. Then let me live to seventy.

But we must not stop at the English papers, for have we not our own? Here is *Saturday Night*, for instance, as large as the largest, as rich with illustrations, as "full of meat" as the best of them, and Canadian! Mr. Sheppard himself has a story, and he is no mean story-writer, as "Dolly" can testify. Pauline Johnson has a poem, and of such quality is the number full.

I do not like to hear of any offence against good—that is, pun—taste in our theatres; but Dumas' "Clemenceau Case," as given at the Grand by a New York company, has drawn upon itself many strictures. Prudery is one thing, and vulgar realism another. We object to both, but if the choice is between two evils give us prudery.

I know a "case," that would furnish an equally attractive and yet perfectly pure piece for dramatic representation, and it has the merit of being Canadian, also. "L'Affaire Sougraine" (Darveau, Quebec, 1884), of our poet and author, M. Leon Pamphile Le May, is the "case"

I refer to. The plot of the novel—for novel it is—is strong enough, the characters strange, quaint, piquant, the circumstances Canadian, and the range of scene from the far North-West to Montreal. Why cannot we have it on our boards, then? Somebody was praising somebody else a week or two ago for having introduced a "Canuck" into a play. Surely, it is the irony of fate, or we should have had our own Canucks on our own boards long ago. Have we not yet outgrown the barbarism that needs coarseness to amuse it? If we have, there is plenty of Canadian drama for us to regale ourselves and the world with, full of wit and mirth, of wisdom and sentiment, and free from sense, when it means sensuality. Surely we are old enough to make our *debut* in this as in other of the arts.

Mrs. Harrison's charming volume of verse is out this week, and all who have read "Seranus" are expecting a treat. Some of the poems have appeared in the periodical press, I hear, but we shall all be glad to read them again; while the new ones—those that have not before been printed—are something to be anticipated. "Pine, Rose and Fleur-de Lis" is the elegant title of the book, and it is published by Kent & Co., King street, Toronto. Mrs. Harrison excels in the *vers de société* which Austin Dobson has made so fashionable and illustrated by such charming examples in his own work, and our "Seranus" comes not far behind him.

"From Grave to Gay, from Lively to Severe," brings us to a very important work that has just been published here by Williamson, King street, Toronto. "The Hittites," by Rev. John Campbell, I.L.D., of your city, is the work of a man who has scarcely his equal for learning on the continent. We have all been accustomed to read our Bibles so cursorily, to be satisfied with such vague conclusions on its simply-told statements, and to view the past (especially of a people who have fallen) from the exaggerated importance that attaches itself to an unchallenged present, that to learn that the peoples whose unfamiliar names and lost geography we repeat so glibly at school or at home, at church or in our closets, were great nations, the equals in power, civilization and riches of great nations of to-day, is to give us a new revelation. And not only of the people themselves—the Hittites, and as has also been lately told, the Amalekites—but of the Jews themselves, the Chosen People, the receivers of the oracles of God; whose literature is equal to that of the most cultivated people the world has ever seen; whose history has been miraculously preserved and with which has been embalmed the only cosmogony the world knows; that history of itself that is still a revelation of itself and a prophecy. A people whose priests, prophets and poets are and have always been the models of all others. Truly, it is little we know of a people whose very punishments are a prophecy, and of whom came the Light of the World. They are very profound thanks that we owe to those patient students who delve among the archives of the past and bring forth to us treasures the like of which we have never dreamed of, and reveal to us secrets in which are concealed the truths of our most holy faith. Days are these which kings and prophets have desired to see, yet have died without the sight. Let us not be too vain, and so lose our opportunities.

I learn with pleasure that one of your contributors, Mr. Matthew Richey Knight, is to publish a monthly, to be called *Canada*. It is a good name, loyal and comprehensive, and opens a far vista of possibilities. Prof. G. C. D. Roberts, Rev. Arthur Lockhart and other of our Canadian literati are to honour the first number by their presence. It is to appear in January, and will be well got up, the mechanical work being in the hands of the Nova Scotia Printing Company. Success to the new venture!

### Personal and Literary Notes.

Lady Brooke, who was, as Miss Maynard, known as one of the greatest heiresses, has perfected a scheme for teaching sewing to the children in her district which would bear inspection from other intending philanthropists.

A New Yorker who recently spent some time in the literary circles of London, says there must be at least one hundred biographies of Mr. Gladstone already in manuscript, awaiting the event of his death, at which time they will be ready for publication in book form.

The Canadian Methodists have been asked to contribute \$500 to provide one of the seven pillars for the City Road chapel, London, to be built in commemoration of John Wesley.

The Faskally Mansion House shootings and fishings in the county of Perth, Scotland, have been let to Sir George Stephen. The shootings extend to 10,840 acres, and the mansion house is at the south entrance to the Pass of Killiecrankie, near the junction of the Tummel and Garry, the Falls of Tummel and the Pass of Killiecrankie being within the Faskally policies.

The *Gazette*, of India, recently announced the departmental promotion of Lieuts. Cartwright and Duff of the Royal Engineers. These promising young officers are attached to the public works department in British India, and now grade as 1st class assistant engineers. Cartwright and Duff are ex-Kingstonians.

### "My Own Canadian Home."

At the coming Christmas closing exercises, for the first time in the history of our country, the school children of Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific will sing their own national song, "My Own Canadian Home." This is largely owing to the generosity of Mr. J. E. Ganong, of St. Stephen, N.B., who has presented copies to all the teachers and to the scholars of the principal cities of the Dominion, in all 95,000 copies.

The words of this song were written in 1888 by Mr. E. G. Nelson, and printed by order of the Department of Education on the covers of educational matter. In August of the present year they were set to music by Mr. Morley McLaughlin, and both the composers being residents of St. John, the Board of Trade of that city forwarded a copy, with a printed note, to every paper in Canada. The song is now played by the principal bands of America, including Gilmour's, Salem Cadets and the Washington Marine, and Mr. Ganong announces his intention of presenting the band score to every band in the Dominion.



FOR FAITH and KING  
a Romance of Ville-Marie

BY BLANCHÉ L. MACDONELL.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

She inspected everything curiously, fathomed intentions and analysed motives, listened and smiled suavely, but made no secret of the fact that her sympathies were not with the priest party.

Anne Barroy, a cousin and poor relation of the Le Ber family, who acted as attendant to the recluse and who was the only person who ever came into direct personal contact with Jeanne, headed the priestly faction. Anne had a stealthy way of moving noiselessly, with eyes modestly cast down and hands folded piously, as she groaned ostentatious *Aves*, but Nanon boldly declared that Mam'zelle Anne had eyes in the back of her head and a nose long enough to reach the utmost limit of everybody's business. Mademoiselle Barroy entertained profound convictions of the worthlessness and wickedness of the world in general, and seriously disapproved of Madame de Monestrol and her niece in particular. She was ever in active antagonism to Nanon, whose sauciness, audacity and power of sharp retort rendered her a formidable antagonist.



NANON.

"With foutanges and paniers, coquetry and late suppers, they have no regard for their souls," Anne muttered enviously. "Forgetting the promises of their baptism, like the unhappy Prelexta, spoken of by our holy bishop, who had her hands suddenly withered and died five months afterwards, and was immediately precipitated into hell, because, by order of her husband, she curled the hair of her niece and attired her after a worldly fashion."

In reality Anne was a dull, narrow-minded woman, desperately loyal to her own convictions and jealously aware that her only chance of distinction rested upon the claims of her saintly charge to superior sanctity.

"They feast these sinners while that angel eats only the food left by the servants, and that only after it has become unfit for human consumption—mouldy, indeed. A horse hair shirt and belt, shoes of corn, clothed in rags,—but I leave them to the wrath of God and the saints."

A youth of noble family, who had been sent out to the colony on a *lettre de cachet*, was also a member of Jacques Le Ber's household. It was whispered that Louis de Thevet, Sieur d'Ardieux, had incurred the enmity of his uncle, a great noble, by a series of graceless escapades. His own stories were always plausible. Having the misfortune to lose his father, so his tale ran he was in hopes of succeeding him as *Lieutenant-Général des Eaux et Forêts* of the Duchy of Valois, a hereditary office in his family, when his uncle and younger brother compelled him to sell it, promising him that the *Duc de Gusore* would give him a lieutenancy of infantry. He was secretly arrested and taken to the Citadel de Guise, at Châteaux Thierry, whence he was soon removed in a chain gang to the Islands. Afterwards sent to Canada, he was left by his relatives entirely without resources. An effort had been made to send him to Louisiana, but he resolutely refused to serve as a private soldier, alleging as a reason that he was of noble birth. Backed by Le Ber's powerful influence he contrived successfully to elude all efforts to dispose of him contrary to his own inclinations, and regarding his hopes, aspirations and desires the Sieur d'Ardieux had not the slightest hesitation about taking the whole colony into his confidence.

"The youth has expectations, nor can his uncle live forever. He may yet be a great noble with powerful influence at Court," decided Le Ber, when he offered the young man the shelter of his own roof.

Amidst these conflicting elements Lydia Longloys con-

trived to steer her course dexterously and to win golden opinions from all. In her own home she had been taught to regard the French as blood-thirsty Pagans, but she was compliant and adaptable and was quite as ready to adopt these people's faith and opinions as their fashions and manners. Père Henri de Mereil, of the Seminary, who spoke English and devoted himself especially to the conversion of heretics, declared that she was the most interesting convert it had ever been his privilege to instruct. If the English captive were occasionally betrayed by the levity of youth, it was the worldliness of the Demoiselle de Monestrol that was alone to blame. It would be sacrilege to blame the pretty creature's innocent frivolity and simplicity for other than childish vanity. A beguiling innocence was one of her characteristics, and Lydia had an easy way of explaining herself to be always in the right. She had a gift of tact and a surface gentleness that enabled her to accommodate herself readily to her surroundings. Her soft amiability and her teachableness were flattering and touching. Her pure and simple beauty would have shone alike at a cottage door or in the hall of princes,—every glance was an appeal, every smile a poem. During the long illness that followed the English girl's removal to Ville Marie, Diane nursed her with tender devotion. Lydia's trials and sufferings invested her with a mysterious halo of romance. The Demoiselle de Monestrol's generous imagination conferred upon the stranger qualities of which the Puritan maiden had formed no conception. Hating pain, she was only too well pleased to be allowed to forget the past; finding herself flattered and caressed she asked nothing better than to enjoy the delights of the present. Lydia had no enthusiasm; no spiritual insight; no warm, human sympathy to render the strict, severe rule of her childhood endurable. An orphan, thrown upon the charity of distant and reluctant relatives, she had ever been at variance with her own environment. She hated to think of the unloveliness of those early years, of the repression of all her natural inclinations. Without in the least realizing the fact Lydia had been bored to extinction. Her shortcomings had been disdained and sharply chidden by her thrifty New England kindred. She had only had a dim suspicion that she was beautiful; she had never worn costly and tasteful raiment; had never listened to the voice of flattery. Now, when she had escaped from the account of her own misdeeds, which had always been so heavily visited upon her, and which were to be still more actively rued later in fire and brimstone, the Puritan settlement of Grotton, near Boston, with its memories of friends and neighbours, precise restraint and rigid formality, became merely an unpleasant remembrance to be crushed out of sight. All the severe discipline of her New England training fell from her like a cast-off garment. Lydia learned French with marvellous rapidity. She donned powder and patches, fans and feathers as though to the manner born. She acquired a deliciously arch imitation of the Marquise's superb *à s*, and if she missed Diane's dainty grace her coquetry had yet a touch of sweet naturalness as of a child's affectation and extravagance. The two whose favour she failed to win and who quietly arrived at a very distinct perception of the situation, were Madame de Monestrol and Nanon.

"Plebeian to the core," smelling at her *flacon* as if to keep off infection, Madame nodded her stately head sagaciously. "Dame! all that will count for nothing. This English girl will keep all she gets and is clever at getting. The little one waters a barren field."

"Bah! that crocodile blonde demoiselle," Nanon bristled up fiercely. "There are two words to a bargain, and our demoiselle will always be a loser, for she is of those who give, the other—a sponge, indeed—of those who absorb all and yield nothing in return."

CHAPTER V.

"Il faut un peu légèrement et supe ficiellement couler ce monde et le glis er, non l'enfoncer."—MONTAIGNE III, 10.

A frontier town, at the head of the colony, Ville Marie was the natural resort of desperadoes of every description, offering a singular contrast between the rigor of its clerical seigneurs and the riotous licence of the wild crews that invested it. While a portion of the population were given up to practices of mystical piety, others gambled, drank and stole; if hard pressed by justice they had only to cross the river and place themselves beyond seigneurial jurisdiction. The citizens of Montreal were mostly disbanded soldiers, fur traders and *couveurs de bois* a riotous and turbulent tribe, whose control taxed the patience, tact and ingenuity of its priestly governors to the utmost. Scarcely more than a village in dimensions, limited as was the sphere of action, here existence offered many striking contrasts. In love with an exquisite ideal, men and women struggled to attain purity and unselfishness, nursed the sick and fed the hungry, loved and forgave, lived in godly fear and died fortified by eternal

hope, side by side with those who yielded themselves up to a most boundless licence.

Beautifully situated as it was between Mount Royal and the St. Lawrence, at that early date, Ville Marie could scarcely be termed imposing in appearance. It was busy and bustling, having once been described as "a place which makes so much noise, but is of such small account." The town wore an aspect half military, half monastic. At sunrise and sunset a squad of soldiers paraded in front of the Citadel, patrols marched through the streets at night, church bells, deep and sweet-mouthed, rang out the Angelus daily. Quaint steeples and turrets cleft the misty pallor of the sky, and the preponderance of large buildings, churches and convents imparted a substantial appearance to the town, which the number of its population and its scanty resources scarcely warranted. A row of small compact dwellings extended along a narrow street, then, as now, known as St. Paul street. The streets were well laid out. Some few of the houses were of stone, but most were of wood, with gables of stone as required by law, and roofs covered with shingles. All outlying houses were pierced with loop-holes and fortified as well as the slender means of their owners would permit. The gardens were mostly fenced by pointed cedar stakes and with poles firmly tied together. On the right hand and on the left, gloomy and silent, arose the primeval woods. Boats and canoes were drawn up on the shore, and there voyageurs swaggered and swore, and Indians, whom what Charlevoix quaintly terms "a light tinge of Christianity," had scarcely reclaimed from savagery, squatted in sullen apathy or quarrelled with brutal ferocity. Fields, studded with scarred and blackened stumps, between which crops were growing, stretched away to the edges of the bordering forest, and the green, shaggy back of the mountain towered over all.

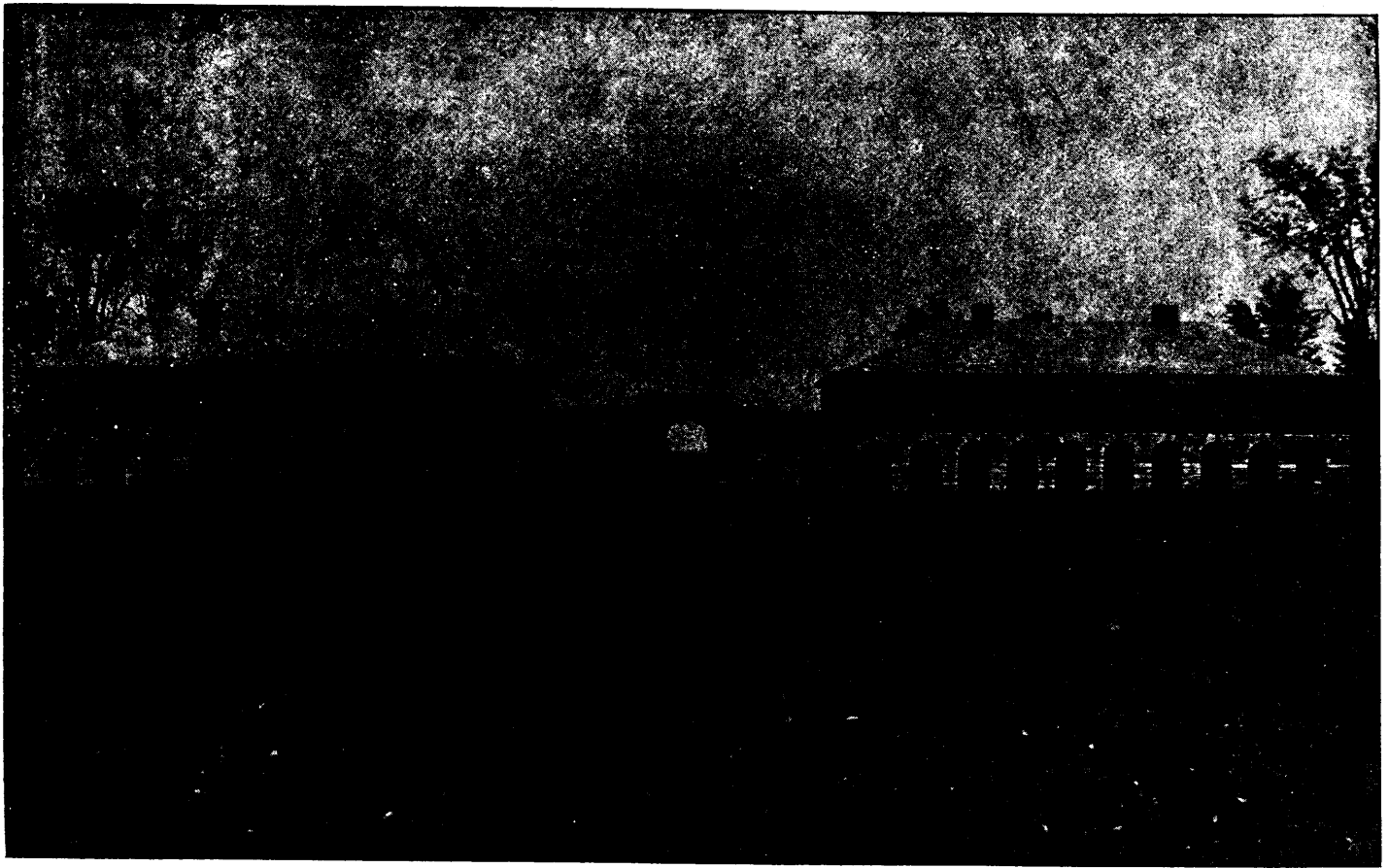
Crowning the hill on the right stood the wind mill of the Seigneurs, built of rough stone and pierced with loop-holes to serve in time of need as a place of defence. This mill had a right to claim one-fourth of the grain brought to be ground. Of this the miller received one-third as his share, and the Seminary required that the inhabitants should have all their corn ground there or at one of the other mills owned by the priests. On the left, standing on an artificial elevation, at an angle formed by the junction of a swift glancing rivulet with the St. Lawrence, was a square, bastioned fort of stone. This was the Citadel of Ville Marie. About 1640 M. d'Aillebout had removed the palisade of stakes that had formerly protected it and erected two solid bastions. The fort was provided with artillery, and here, in command of soldiers of the regiment of Carignan Salière, resided the military governor appointed by the Seminary. Overlooking the river, pictured in the limpid waters beneath, appeared the Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, whose walls of rough, gray stone had presented a symbol of hope to the yearning eyes of many a weary voyageur, many a travel-stained emigrant.

The Hotel Dieu, founded in 1644 by Madame de Bouillon, fronted on both St. Paul and St. Joseph streets, and was the abode of much charity, tender devotion and heroic self-abnegation. The nuns, a brave sisterhood, were nobly conspicuous in the annals of the colony, excelling in those acts of self-denial which had become symbols of faithful obedience to God and loving brotherhood with man. Beneath the snow-white wimples of these women beat hearts as courageous as ever stirred under robe of statesman or gorget of soldier. The buildings consisted of hospital, convent and church. The latter stood on St. Paul street and was in stone, in Tuscan style, surmounted by a triangular pediment and cross. On a gently swelling knoll, west of the Citadel, was the edifice erected by M. Charon as a hospital. The buildings of the Congregation of Notre Dame faced St. Paul street, while the back windows overlooked the river, the whole surrounded by a high stone wall. Here Marguerite Bourgeoys, assisted by a band of noble women, who for the love of certain eternal verities, always abiding in faithful hearts, patiently reasserting themselves, generation after generation, in the face of scorn and doubt, yet ever ready to be revealed to pure and loving souls in infinite sweetness and consolation, had laboured for the conversion of the savages, and here the young girls of Ville Marie received all the instruction they were likely to obtain.

Back of the settlement, from the Citadel out past the Parish Church, ran a rough country road. Fronting the river, on the line of the street, were the inclosures and buildings of the Seminary, fortified as was the Hotel Dieu to resist an Iroquois attack. The ancient edifice was the same shape as the present, forming three sides of a square with spacious grounds. The priests' gardens were already renowned in the settlement for the delicious quality of their pears and apples. In their case, order, method, industry and frugality had borne abundant fruit; the air of thrift and comfort which characterized all the Seigneur's belongings presented a painful contrast with the extreme penury of the colonists. The Parish Church of Notre Dame was directly in the centre of Notre Dame street,—in front of the site of the present church. It was a low edifice, built of rough stone, pointed with mortar, the high-pitched, tin-covered roof reflecting the sunshine in a dazzling fashion. The principal entrance was at the south end, and on the south-west corner was a tower surmounted by a belfry.

The public market was close to the St. Lawrence, directly facing the Seminary property; it was a favourite rendezvous for all the loiterers of the town, as were also the public pumps, which, for the convenience of citizens, were placed near the cemetery, at the Market Place and in the Jesuits' garden.

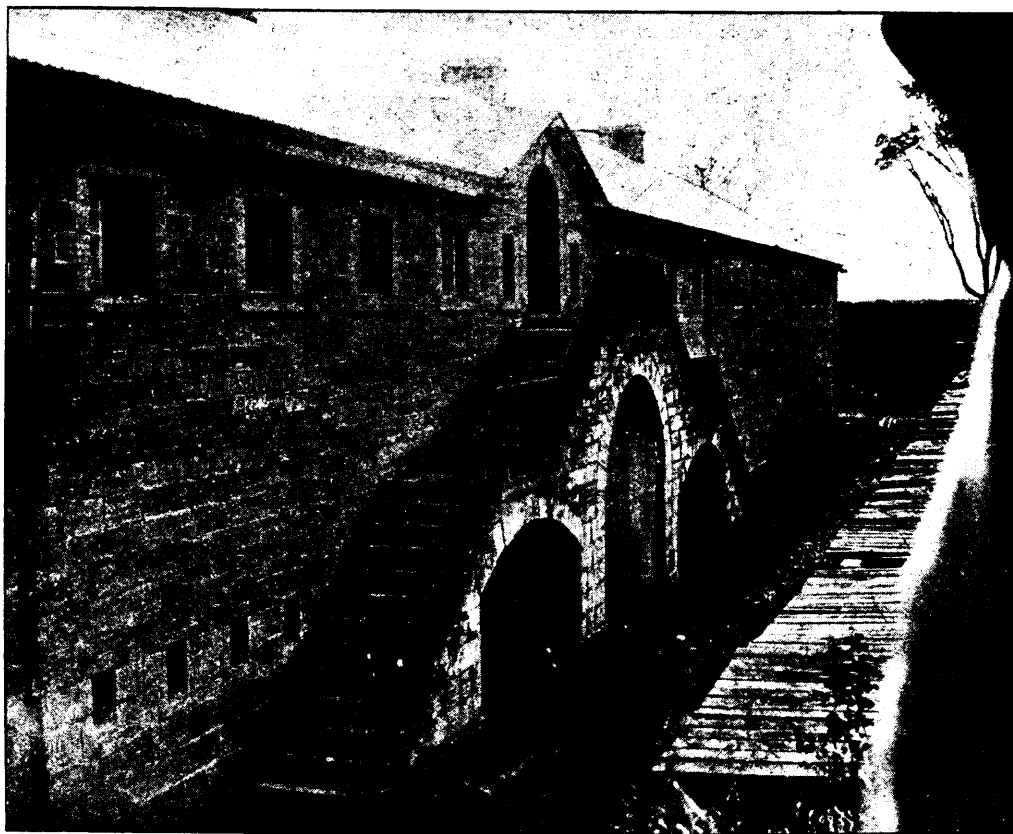
(To be continued.)



VIEW OF OFFICERS' QUARTERS, GUARD ROOMS &c., FROM CENTRE OF PARADE GROUND, LOOKING TOWARDS MAIN GATE.



THE BARRACKS.—FRONT VIEW.  
HISTORIC CANADA, VII.—ILE-AUX-NOIX, III.



THE BARRACKS.—BACK VIEW.

## HISTORIC CANADA, VII.—ILE-AUX-NOIX, III.

HISTORIC CANADA, VII.  
Ile-aux-Noix.

## PART III.—UNDER THE BRITISH.

The next incident connected with Ile-aux-Noix was very unsatisfactory, if not disgraceful. The result of the second attack on Plattsburg and the American fleet shows how official blundering can inflict greater loss on its own side than a powerful enemy.

"During the summer of 1814 each party strove to out-build the other. The Americans being quite at home got a formidable force equipped before the principal vessel of the British was even off the stocks. This vessel, named the *Confiance*, was launched at Ile-aux-Noix on the 25th of August." The fleet then consisted of one ship, one brig, two sloops and ten gunboats, the *Confiance* carrying 270 men and boys, the whole naval force of the British amounting to 1,426 tons of shipping, guns aggregating 765 lbs., and 710 men and boys. I quote these details from James, as before, on account of the incorrectness, to put it mildly, of the American narratives.

On September 10th Sir George Prevost ordered an attack on Plattsburgh, which was to be supported by the land troops, and the next day, "with the carpenters still working at her, and half finished as she was, the *Confiance*, accompanied by the other British vessels, stood into the enemy's bay." The American fleet was about the same as ours, numerically, but otherwise much stronger, carrying guns aggregating 1,194 lbs, their tonnage amounting to 2,540, and manned by 898 seamen, besides detachments from the 6th, 15th and 33rd regiments of infantry, acting as marines.

Prevost instead of responding to the signals of the fleet to co-operate, according to his own previous instructions, ordered the troops to cook their dinner. Meanwhile one of the British sloops struck a reef, Capt. Downie, of the *Confiance*, was killed early in the action, and the ship itself, owing to its unfinished condition, could not be manoeuvred readily enough to bring all its guns to bear as required; seven of the gun-boats, which were only manned by landsmen, as our naval author takes care to tell us, disgraced themselves by flight, leaving six of our vessels to receive the fire of the American fleet and forts.

After an action of 2 hours and 20 minutes and a loss of 129 killed and wounded on our part (over 18 per cent. of the whole force) the *Confiance*, the *Linnet* (brig) and the *Chub* surrendered. The *Finch*, which ran aground, and the *Chub* were the two prizes captured from the Americans the year before at Ile-aux-Noix.

Active hostilities ceased soon after this action and peace was finally restored by the treaty of Ghent in December.

This post continued to be garrisoned until the withdrawal of the British troops by the Gladstone government, the garrison being reinforced during part of the Fenian excitement by a detachment of the Montreal Garrison Artillery.

The photographer has done his work so thoroughly that there is no need to describe Fort Lennox as it stands today.

But, if I may be allowed, I wish to enter a protest against such a valuable property being destroyed through sheer neglect. Whether it will ever be of great military

importance again or not is a matter for military experts to determine, though military experts are not always infallible when it comes to prophesying. In the meantime it will suffice to remember that when Ile-aux-Noix fell into the hands of an invader, the same fate befell Montreal; and when Ile-aux-Noix proved to be "too hard a nut to crack," Montreal was safe.

It is not now a question whether it would be wise to expend thousands or millions in fortifying it, but whether the thousands or millions which have already been spent there should be utterly thrown away and lost.

When I was there the *one* pensioner, who constituted its whole garrison, was doing what he was able to check decay and delapidation, opening doors and windows in warm, dry weather, and shutting them against the cold and damp, but in spite of his efforts the blue mould was getting in its work, just as it did at the Levis forts, until a penny-wise pound-foolish government was forced to spend a few dollars on coal and stoves so as to keep them dry. Our government "by the people, for the people, &c." seems to have millions for railways of doubtful utility, and is generous with superannuation funds for the benefit of political hacks, but when it comes to spending a few dollars to keep in repair military works that have cost enormous sums, then we are so dreadfully economical that we cannot afford it.

To "jack-up" a few of the key-stones that are in danger of dropping out and to clinch them in their places with iron wedges, and to purchase a few stoves and enough fuel to keep the place dry, would not cost very many dollars per annum, any more than would the pay of one or two extra pensioners to assist the garrison of one.

Even were it certain that the place will never be needed for defence again it would be worth preserving as an historical monument, almost equal in interest to the fort at Chambly, for the restoration of which the Government did make a grant. But its chief claim is on the score of utility and real economy; its position in regard to Lake Champlain is that of the stopper to a bottle. We have found it exceedingly convenient to cork up that bottle in the past, and may, on some future occasion, need to do so again. Providence and the Mother Country have placed that stopper in our hands, and we would be very silly to throw it away. The millennium has not come yet, and so long as we are spending \$900,000 or a million a year on our volunteers, it would be very inconsistent to allow our forts to fall into decay.

R. C. LYMAN.

## WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

In October and the first part of November there is a lull between the summer and the winter gaieties, but with the advent of December our city once more awakens to the gay, social life for which it is noted. So far, the season promises to be an unusually brilliant one, and our leaders of society are preparing for the round of balls, dinner-parties and five o'clock teas, though the last named is giving place to a newer fad—that of an afternoon dance—which is to commence at four o'clock and end at seven. Dinner dress is the correct thing, so as to be ready at the close for any dinner engagement.

One or two large children's parties are upon the tapis for the holidays—genuine old-fashioned parties—such as our grandmothers love to talk of. These have been planned to be, as much as possible, on the same model, and no doubt the children will thoroughly enjoy them, and not the children only, but those who are happy enough to have an invitation to help to amuse them. Those who can enter into the fun and frolic confess that it has been every whit as pleasant to them as to the little ones, and is a change from the formalism of grown-up parties. If you wish to keep your heart young and free from the cynicism of the world, associate with the young, enter into their life and innocent gaiety.

December is also the month *par excellence* for what some, especially the sterner sex, have designated as "those dreadful bazaars." These declare, with a good deal of truth, that their wives spend half their time in making things, only to buy them in again. Many of our churches have abandoned bazaars altogether substituting in their stead the giving of money, and really it is surprising how well it has worked. A good many declared, when it was proposed to do away with bazaars, that the people would not be willing to give money, but the churches that have adopted the plan find that they make as much, if not more, and without the amount of trouble that the bazaar entailed. At a recent meeting held at Rideau Hall in connection with the Institution for Trained Nurses, at Ottawa, to discuss how it would be best to meet the expenses of furnishing the institution, Her Excellency Lady Stanley expressed a strong disapproval of raising money by means of bazaars for any charitable object.

No doubt, in a few years more, bazaars and fancy fairs in connection with churches will be a thing of the past. The minister, who lately had to have the arrears of his salary paid through the means of a series of tableaux, etc., must long for his parishioners to adopt the tenth-giving plan.

The bazaar of the season was that held at the Armory in aid of the building. Seldom has there been seen a more fascinating and beautiful sight than that presented in the Victoria Armory, which was transformed into a great eastern mart, where a variety of goods, suitable for holiday gifts, were displayed. But though some of these were most gorgeous the great attraction was the fair dames and maidens who officiated at the stalls, making in all one of the prettiest and most delightful gatherings Montreal has had for some time. A description of the fair appears in this number.

Our first snow-fall has seemingly come to stay, greatly to the delight of those who dislike a green Christmas. The display of holiday gifts in the shops is this year even richer and daintier than ever. And one wishes for the purse of Fortunatus to invest in the many lovely articles that meet the eye. Both the Chinese and Japanese stores are showing some rare and lovely goods from their different countries. In the former a very beautiful set of China is displayed. Messrs. Sharpley and Sons have a very fine display of Royal Worcester China, which is very beautiful, and offers a tempting inducement to the Christmas buyer. A very rich and varied assortment is also to be seen at Messrs. Birks & Co., and no one need go away unsatisfied.

# OUR ENGRAVING

**BEAVER GROUP.**—Of all animals, none are more deserving of our intelligent attention than the interesting creatures depicted in our engraving, yet few are more difficult to study. Original investigators have diligently sought to answer all our questionings by excursions to the beaver's lonely haunts. But soon this opportunity will disappear, for ere long the beaver will have passed for ever from our land, and then to the museums alone may we turn for information. We should, therefore, preserve with the utmost care the material still at hand. Several remarkable points are embodied in the carefully arranged group reproduced in our illustration. The attempt is here made to present as much of the life of the beaver as could be portrayed within the limits of ten superficial feet; and by the art of taxidermy to set forth the features and accomplishments of these busy workers, happily displayed in their double domain of earth and water. The first essential is that the animal should be typical for size, and as we find here a magnificent adult specimen whose live weight would approximate to fifty pounds and, by way of contrast, a six months old "kitten," whose weight when living did not reach ten pounds. The second requirement is that (while the specimens maintain a perfectly natural position) the tails shall boldly exhibit their absolutely unique character; this much abused and quite unfamiliar organ having inspired a sad amount of romance—for man has decreed that, if the tail is not, it should be, used as a spade or trowel. Now, observe the curious hind feet, with their ample webbing, so suggestive of their aquatic affinity, and note the more curious arming of the second digit with compound claws. Passing over the most conspicuous beaver-features, let us glance at the diminutive, yet nimble, front feet and the eyes so disproportionately small, while well adapted for use under water. The ears are scarcely discernible in the deep, soft fur of the winter coat, and the little nose almost slips our attention, which is now centred on the heavy, powerful incision teeth. These are the weapons with which he assails the forest monarchs and easily lays them low. The process is admirably explained by the immense chips which strew the ground, and the *modus operandi* is at once revealed if only the sharp-cutting teeth, the chips and the markings on the stump be carefully examined. The same tools which fell the tree soon complete the task of dividing trunk and branch into portable sections, preparatorily to transport for the requirements of dam or lodge. The bark of the tender branches furnishes the chief winter food of the family, and thus busily through the fall is the supply gathered. See the nicely peeled "whittle-sticks" in the foreground, where recently a meal has been partaken of. The staff of life, however, with beavers is something which even man does not despise, and in the quiet water will be seen the pretty flower of the pond lily, which lead us by their fragrance to anticipate the feast. The large sweet root-stems of the plants are most nutritious, and on this delicious diet does the beaver linger, as man "over the walnuts and the wine."

**EXPLOSION AT SOUTH BAY, NEAR ST. JOHN, N. B.**—An appallingly fatal explosion took place on the 25th ult., at Mr. E. D. Jewett's mill, South Bay, an inlet of the St. John river, a few miles above the city of the same name. The wrecked buildings, with the mangled remains of the victims, made a spectacle happily not often beheld. The heavy brick and stone furnace walls were scattered all over the ground, while the woodwork and roof of the furnace rooms were piled up in a confused and smouldering mass. Very powerful boilers had been situated here before the catastrophe. Now they lay shattered where they had alighted after being hurled forth with terrific force and awful loss of human life. Our engraving gives a better idea of the scene of disaster and death than any words can convey. The following persons were killed immediately or fatally injured: Henry Baird, aged about 50, married, belonged at Pisarino; James Baird, aged 16 or 17, son of Henry Baird; Andrew Wark, of Carleton, unmarried, about 24 or 25 years of age; Herbert Kelly, aged 12 or more, of South Bay; Bert Curry, aged 8 years, son of Robert Curry, of South Bay, and Michael Lynch. The latter's brother George was terribly scalded. Some of the boilers, it is said, were old and had been through an explosion at the West Head mill fourteen years before. They had been overhauled and tested, and were pronounced safe before being put in the mill. On the morning of the 27th the smouldering fire broke out afresh, and the mill was totally destroyed. The property was valued at over \$20,000, and was insured for \$15,500. It was owned by Messrs. E. D. Jewett & Co., and was built in 1870.

**CAP TOURMENTE.**—Standing on the Frontenac Terrace, that incomparable boulevard of which all Quebecers are

so proud, the spectator views with admiration the grand scene spread out before him, and notices in the distance a gigantic promontory (Cape Tourmente) which looms to the north and over the Island of Orleans. A party of friends resolved to ascend the mountain to enjoy a better view from its summit. Messrs. J. M. Tardival, painter; J. A. M. Gagnon, advocate, V. E. P. Hudon, of the firm of Gervais & Hudon; E. Moreau, tailor; M. A. Montinery, photographer; E. Gauvreau, S. R. Benoit and E. Huot, of the Banque Nationale, left Quebec on the 25th of October last at 6.30 p.m. by the (Quebec, Montmorency and Charlevoix Railway, and arrived at Saint Anne de Beaupre at 8 a.m., where they remained that evening. Next morning (Sunday) they attended divine service there, and, having breakfasted, left at eight o'clock in vehicles which awaited them, and after an hour's pleasant drive reached Cape Tourmente. The day was a delightful one, such as can only be enjoyed in our Canadian fall; the ground was covered with leaves, which formed a soft footing for the jolly pleasure-seekers who, leaving behind the dust of the city, were in halting with delight the pure mountain air. The ascent was made by a pathway cut in the side of the mountain, due to the late Reverend H. Laverdière, of the Quebec Seminary, who died in 1873. Since then some thoughtful friends, wishing to perpetuate his memory, have placed on the side of the mountain a board bearing the following inscription: "Voie St. Charles, à Chs. Honoré Laverdière, l'amitié reconnaissante." (St. Charles Road, Charles Honoré Laverdière, in grateful remembrance.) A little further on another inscription reads thus: "Voie St.



MR. H. B. SMALL, Ottawa.

Honoré, à Chs. Honoré Laverdière, l'amitié reconnaissante." (St. Honoré Road. To Charles Honoré Laverdière, in grateful remembrance.) In the middle of the hill is to be found a wooden cross bearing the following words: "Montée de la Cime. Cette croix a été plantée par M. P. Guilbault en 1877. (Ascent to the Summit. This cross was erected by M. P. Guilbault in 1877.) At 10.30 the excursionists had reached the summit of the mountain, and cries of admiration escaped from their lips at the scene so grand and diversified which lay unfolded before them. At their feet rolled the majestic St. Lawrence flowing towards the sea like a gigantic serpent; to their right the beautiful Island of Orleans, in front of them Grosse Isle, where the Quarantine is situated, and still further down l'Île aux Réaux, Marguerite Island, Crane Island, and the south shore, with its steeples glittering in the sun like so many minarets. In 1869 a large cross was erected on the summit of this cape by Doctor Lemieux and his classmates, and later on, in 1870, through the efforts of Major Hamel, a beautiful chapel was built containing a fine statue of the Blessed Virgin. From a short distance towards the east, a splendid view can be had of Lake St. Joachim. What a pretty site for an observatory! remarked one of the party, as they stood 1,900 feet above the water level. It is to be hoped that ere long this idea will be realized. After a short prayer, the party partook of a hearty lunch and were then photographed by M. Montinery, who also took several other views, two of which are reproduced in this present issue. The descent was then begun and the bottom of

the cape reached after a walk of forty-five minutes. At 4 o'clock they took the train for Quebec, where they arrived shortly afterwards, highly delighted with their day's outing.

**MR. H. B. SMALL, SECRETARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, OTTAWA.**—Whose likeness appears in this number, was born in England and was educated at King's College, London, and at Lincoln College, Oxford, coming out to Canada in 1853. Mr. Small has devoted much of his time to literary pursuits, and entered the Civil Service in the year 1868, when he joined the then newly formed Department of Marine and Fisheries. From this he was transferred to the Department of Agriculture in 1870, being appointed private secretary to the Hon. C. Dunkin, its minister. Rising from the position of third class clerk through all the different grades, Mr. Small was appointed secretary of the Department in January, 1889. He is the author of a number of works on the resources of Canada, and is a well-known contributor to numerous periodicals and scientific publications. He is a member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, and of numerous literary and scientific institutions both in Canada and the United States. Mr. Small was one of the four gentlemen commissioned by government to meet and accompany the British Iron and Steel Institute through Canada on their recent visit here, and made himself exceedingly popular with our visitors. Active to a degree, and in the prime of life, he has, we hope, a long future before him.

**BRITANNIA AND HAMILTON FOOTBALL CLUBS.**—The unusual interest which has been taken this year in Rugby

football is more than sufficient reason for presenting our readers with a series of photographs of the leading fifteens in the country. The Hamilton club, the champions of the Ontario Union, have made a record for themselves on the field during the past season that any club might well be proud of. In fact they have won the championship twice, having administered a defeat to Queen's in their first match, which, on appeal by the latter to the powers that be, was ordered to be played over again; and when the day came they simply accentuated their first victory by achieving a second one. Without a doubt the Hamilton club is the best exponent of the grand old game of Rugby in the West, and they are more particularly to be congratulated on their success from the fact that difficulties have had to be surmounted which would have discouraged a less sanguine club. The Britannias have struggled hard for a great number of years to wear the title of champions of the Quebec Union, but during the last six years have been unsuccessful. However, only one fifteen can lay claim to the title each year, and while the Brits may not wear the bays of the victor they still have the satisfaction of knowing that no club in Canada has done more to encourage and keep alive football than they have done. It has been their misfortune to come always so near the diamond ridge of their ambition that it seemed the stretching out of a hand would have reached it, but then the fickle goddess would frown and another chance would be gone. It is a matter of doubt in a great many people's minds whether the Britannias should not have been declared this year's champions of Quebec; but this question, like a great many others, has been decided in the committee room, and for the present they must be satisfied with second place. With the work done during the season the readers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED have been made acquainted in the "Sports and Pastimes" column.

**THE UNION LACROSSE CLUB.**—In the last few years a remarkable interest has been taken in the Maritime Provinces in the national game of lacrosse, and this week an engraving is given of the club, which, if not exactly the pioneer, can at least take credit to itself as being the first champions of the province. An old Montrealer is the secretary of the club; a more advanced lacrosse enthusiast than Mr. Allingham it would be hard to find, and he has worked hard for athletics, and lacrosse in particular. He was elected a member of the executive of the Canadian Skating Association at its last meeting. Since the Union organized in 1889 nearly a dozen clubs have sprung up in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The handsome silver cup shown in the picture goes with the championship, but this trophy has to be won twice before becoming any one club's property. Lacrosse has had a hard struggle with the counter attraction of baseball, but high salaries killed the latter game, and the devotees of lacrosse then had practically a clear field. In the past season the Union club has lost only one goal, while they won nineteen, a record of which they may be pardonably proud.

**THE DRY DOCK, ESQUIMAULT, B.C.**—A dry dock was comprised in the terms on which British Columbia consented to admission into the Dominion. An arrangement made by the original agreement fell through, however, and in November, 1873, a grant of \$250,000 was substituted for a guarantee of the interest on a loan. After some misunderstanding which followed a change of ministry had been adjusted, an act was passed in 1874, by a section of which advances were to be made from time to time out of the Consolidated Revenue Fund. Objections were raised to this plan also, and the controversy was prolonged from year to year, until in February, 1880, an order-in-council was

passed for the payment of the quarter million, on the condition that, if the local authorities failed to complete the work, the Dominion Government would assume the responsibility. In 1884 the task fell to the Department of Public Works at Ottawa, and a contract was entered into with Messrs. Larkin, Conolly & Co. for that purpose. The sum agreed upon was \$374,559. In 1885 Parliament voted \$490,000 for the completion of the dock. A contract was also made for a wrought iron caisson (costing \$50,200) to be built into the dock. In 1886 a further sum of \$295,000 was voted, and the work was ready for vessels before the close of the fiscal year. The total expenditure was \$1,058,418.77, of which, by the original agreement, the sum of \$250,000 was refunded by the Imperial Government. The harbour of Esquimaux is very capacious, and affords a safe and commodious anchorage for vessels of every size. It is three miles from the city of Victoria. It has long been the headquarters of the British naval squadron in the Pacific, and, before the dry dock was built, it had already a navy yard, a hospital and other buildings requisite for a station. The graving dock is 400 feet long by 90 in breadth, and is constructed on the model of the best works of the kind.

**THE MONTREAL CURLING CLUB.**—Among the winter sports, of which Canada boasts of not a few, curling is one of the most popular games. Young men and old men, bachelors and benedicts, display the same enthusiasm when once they are initiated into the mysteries of the "in and out turn," the "inwick and the draw." The first curling club in Canada (probably in America) was the Montreal Curling Club, founded on the 22nd January, 1807, with the following members, limited to 20: Rev. Jas. Somerville, Wm. Logan, G. Garden, G. Gillespie, Alex. Allison, Jasper Tough, Thos. A. Tyrner, David Mitchell, jr., Alex. J. Shakel, Alex. Cunningham, Alex. Davidson, Rev. James Harkies, David Mitchell, Jas. Caldwell, Robert Armour, T. Crawford, W. Scott, J. C. Stewart, A. Roxburgh, Thos. Blackwood. At this time the club met to play on the river. Some years later they played in a shed near the foot of McGill street, and later on the club built a rink on St. Catherine street, near Dummond, where they fought their battles for nearly a quarter of a century. About two years ago the old club's prospects for further existence looked slim. The ground on which their rink stood was sold, and the club was homeless. Through the kindness of Sir George Stephen, they remained in possession during the winter of 1888-89, and it was during this season that, while a party of the Montrealers were on their way to curl the Quebecers they started a subscription of funds to buy land and build a rink. The amount realized that night was \$1,500, and so hearty was the response of the members that enough money was raised to purchase a block of land on St. Catherine street, near Mark, and upon this site was built the present magnificent rink, with three sheets of ice (the only one in the Province with more than two). To the liberality and energy of Messrs. F. Stancliffe, Abbott, Cowan, Hon. G. A. Drummond, T. Darling, W. J. Fenwick, C. J. Fleet, R. W. Macdougall, Capt. Newton, W. W. Ogilvie, A. F. Riddell, E. Stanger, R. W. Tyre, D. Williamson and others is due in a large measure the happy position of the club to-day. Among the old records of the club are some most interesting items, showing the tendencies of the times. Among the old membership roll will be found such men as the late Dr. G. W. Campbell, Jas. Tyre, Col. Dyde, Sir Hugh Allan, Robt. Esdaile, Gen. Earl. Later on we find the names of J. S. Macdougall, Geo. Denholm, E. A. Whitehead, Hugh Paton, Sir F. de Winton, Alexander Uaquhart, H. A. Budden, Rev. James Williamson and many others—keen, bent curlers. Our engraving shows the interior of the new rink, and gives the portraits of two of its most popular and energetic officers, Mr. F. Stancliffe, President, and Mr. A. I. Hubbard, Secretary. Both have held office for two seasons, and much of the success that has attended the Club's efforts in every way is due to their vigour and devotion to its interests.

## Dick and John.

(AN EPISODE IN COLLEGE LIFE.)

By SPRIGGINS.  
(CONCLUDED.)

As he rises from his seat the deep, regular breathing from his friend's room announces that the latter sleeps the sleep of the sound and healthy. John listens to him a moment half enviously, and, as he listens, the demon of mischief enters into him. A brilliant idea occurs, and a grin of prospective joy illumines his melancholy face. Entering the room softly, he lights the gas and takes a hurried look at the sleeper. No fear of disturbing him, and no fear of his pretending sleep, either. There is that in the face of the slumbering youth that speaks for itself. The strong-limbed, fleet-footed Dick is undoubtedly deep in the land of dreams. John notes this, then his eye wanders about the apartment, until, finally, it rests on a small table near the head of the bed. An alarm clock is thereon, and it ticks right merrily. The unbidden visitor's face broadens to a grin, and he steps cautiously over. He examines the set alarm and sees it is placed to ring at a quarter past six. One deft push of his finger alters this to half-past three or thereabouts, and then exit the unbidden visitor with a smile.

When he is safe in his own room the smile develops to a chuckle, and he mutters, gleefully:

"Great Scott! Dick will wish he had got up and smoked when I asked him. If he had I should never have dreamed of this racket." Then John disrobed, and soon he, too, is in the arms of Morpheus.

"Hello! Confound that clock—deuce take it. Oh, come off, can't you! I hear your blamed voice." And Dick jumps from his bed, yawns sleepily, and stares viciously in the direction he supposes the alarm clock to be. "Dark as pitch!" he groans, "and cold, too," with a shiver. "Didn't think the mornings were so horribly dismal at this season."

He lights the gas, as he speaks, and then proceeds to get into his jersey.

"I had no idea it was so dark at this hour," he mutters, taking a gloomy look at things through his bedroom window. However, I suppose it will brighten up presently. It won't take long once it starts," with an effort at cheerfulness.

He beats his egg in the tumbler, gulps it down, and puts the finishing touch to his toilet. Then he departs hastily. It is only a distance of a hundred yards from his boarding house to the practice ground, and his long legs make short work of this. The rapidity of his passage prevents him from noting the unusual darkness. But when he arrived at the grounds and finds them stretched out before him shrouded still in the gloom of night, he feels perplexed.

"Must have made a mistake setting that clock," he thinks, ruefully. "Surely, it is never so dark at half-past six in the morning—at least, I never remember it being so before." He takes a few turns around the cinder path to get warm, then strolls out to the street feeling rather foolish. "I could have sworn that clock was set all right," he muses. Suddenly the idea strikes him, and he jumps high into the air.

"That villain, John!" he almost shouts. "Oh, what a fool I am! Could it have been him?"

He buttons his overcoat tightly, and stalks thoughtfully back in the direction of his boarding house. As he does so, a sound is borne to his ears along the shadows of the street, and, instinctively, he stops to listen.

There is no voice to be heard how, but athwart the ghostly stillness strikes the tramp, tramp of boots on the stone pavement. Dick peers curiously in the direction whence these sounds come, and, dimly, he makes out two figures advancing under the light of a distant lamp. And, as he awaits their approach, the words of a well known college ditty is borne to him:

The other night I came home late,  
In a way that was a sign,  
I'd supped and wined in jovial mind—  
I seldom sup and wine.

I came up-stairs and there—but ah!  
Details are such a bore!  
And there and then, like other men,  
I slept—I seldom snore.

As Dick listens to the well known tune (trotted out, regardless of possible sufferings on the part of nervous sleepers in the vicinity, by strong, youthful lungs), his vexed expression clears somewhat, and a sympathetic smile replaces it as he beats time with his foot on the stone pavement.

"Little Mark, the sleepless one," he murmured to himself, smilingly. "The beggar is never in bed before daylight."

"Hello, Mark!" he shouts, and the two figures swagger along arm in arm. "What time is it?"

Little Mark unhooks his companion and surveys my hero critically.

"Why, it is Dick!" he says in solemn accents to his friend.

The friend laughs, strikes an attitude. "Richard is himself again," he says, tragically. "Oh, Richard, let me embrace thee!" and he advances with outstretched arms.

"Keep off," warned Dick, laughing. Then, as he recognizes the second person, he adds, reproachfully: "You are a nice one! You promised me to be up for practice this morning, and here you have not been to bed yet."

Little Mark interferes to defend his companion. "Best thing in the world!" he avers, gravely. "Sleep is a mistake, it unsettles one's constitution. We have been down at the hospital waiting to see an operation that never took place. Business before pleasure, dear boy!"

Dick brightens up at this. "Look here, you two," he says, eagerly, "come with me as far as my boarding-house, I want you to do me a favour. What time is it, by the way?"

Little Mark draws from his pocket a watch, and, after looking critically at it for a few moments, he answers briefly, "Watch stopped."

Scarcely were the words uttered when the church clock near by strikes four deep, sonorous strokes, and then Dick's suspicions become certainty. He feels sure he is the victim of one of John's jokes, and, at the thought, his half-formed plan for revenge matures. Rapidly he explains the state of affairs to his two companions and begs their aid.

"All you have to do is to ring the bell and tell the girl Doctor K— wants John to come at once to the hospital. The operation is to be performed immediately. Then, when she goes up-stairs to call him I shall sneak in. I have no latch key, you see, so it will kill two birds with one stone." And Dick laughs gleefully.

The others are quick to enter into the plot and promise obedience. And, as Dick anticipated, so it happens. The girl leaves the door slightly ajar, and, muttering a hasty acknowledgment to his two fellow-conspirators, my hero

creeps into the hall. He hides in a dark corner thereof until he hears his friend's steps descending. He listens to him fumble at the door a moment, then it opens and closes again with a bang. And this time John is off on a fool's errand.

Thereupon Dick stalks complacently to his room, and is soon once more in the land of nod. An hour of refreshing slumber and he is conscious of an oppressive sensation. His senses collect themselves gradually; finally the oppressive sensation is located, and lo! he opens his eyes to find John calmly seated on his stomach. One sweep of that brawny arm and the oppressor no longer oppresses. He is sprawling at full length on the bedroom floor and Dick towering over him with threatening crest.

John raises himself on his elbow, caresses gently the back of his head, for it has come into contact with the hard boards with no small violence.

Dick's anger vanishes at once. "Did I hurt you, old man?" he says, anxiously.

And John heaves a deep sigh. "Sir," he says, with as much dignity as his very undignified pose permits, "you have wounded my feelings, but let that pass; you have sent me tramping to the other end of the city all to no purpose, but let that pass; you have afflicted me personally with grievous bodily pain, but let that pass; and your present attitude is an insult, but even that I pass. Only, oh, my friend, let us not henceforth waste wantonly on each other that genius which aims at our mutual discomfort. Let us even combine and war against the world. Let us cry quits, oh, Dick, my friend!"

And Dick grasps him by the hand, and straightway they swear never again to play pranks at each other's expense. And thus far they have kept their word.

## Remembrances of the "Meadow Hen."

The two Indians carried their light but bulky loads of birch bark down to the shore, where their little canoe lay upturned among the grasses. The nearness of the sun to the distant hills and the red flush on the Tobique's hurrying breast told them that it would be wise to stay where they were all night and wait for the morning to start on their homeward voyage.

A fire was soon kindled, and over it a small kettle was hung, for Indians, as well as white men, enjoy and use the beverage so soothing to weary hunters called tea, also a small frying-pan filled to overflowing with pork and beans and set in a bed of coals. While one Indian sat on a log and acted as cook, his companion cut two large arm-fulls of ferns, that grew near by, for beds. After the meal was finished and every drop of tea in the kettle and every bean in the pan had vanished, our two friends spread their blankets on their fragrant couches, rolled themselves up, with their feet towards the fire, and went to sleep. When they awoke next morning the sun had just risen, and the gentle breeze and cloudless sky bespoke a fine day. After cooking a breakfast very similar to their tea, they placed the huge rolls of bark in the canoe and started on the homeward voyage, that began and ended in a day.

In less than an hour the Red Rapids were reached, and with one plunge the canoe sported on the foaming half mile track, speeding quickly for the quiet waters beyond. Again the canoe glided smoothly, low hills grown with hick-ma-tack and birch rose close to the water, and their reflections quivered in the stream as it quickly sped by. A meadow hen started from the grass and flew northward, and the two Indians drowsily kept time with their paddles to the song of the rapids now far behind.

As the canoe and the river sped on, so sped the day. Again the sunset came and again the hurrying breast of the Tobique was flushed with crimson. The light canoe was run into shore near a small village and unloaded under the admiring gaze of half a dozen papooses.

Mornings and sunsets came, the gunwales were cut and smoothed from strong white spruce, ribs were shaped from the youthful cedar tree, and the frame-work of the "Meadow Hen" was finished.

Next a huge sheet of bark was cut into shape, spread tightly over the canoe and sewn to the gunwales, and, after all weak places being liberally daubed with rosin, the "Meadow Hen" became a canoe.

While she was still in the prime of youth, she was taken to Fredericton to distinguish herself on the blue waters of the St. John.

Weeks and months lengthened into years, and when the once dashing "Meadow Hen" came down to our Island home to help make merry a rural fortnight the memories of the Tobique and her youth were but dim in her mind.

On the warm sand of the Island shore lay the "Meadow Hen." Truly, she had seen the day when her bark was smoother and devoid of so many scratches, and her gunwales white, but what cared she for all this; was she not keeping good company, for there on the sand beside her lay the "Blue Heron," once a dashing young canoe from Grand Lake? The sun slowly sank away in the west, and as the stars came out one by one and the "Lady Moon" unveiled her face from the gossamer clouds, a gay party of campers wound their way to the shore. The two canoes were launched, and as the "Meadow Hen" glided along under the same stars that had silvered her track so often before, the memories of the Tobique and her youth crowded back into her mind, and she was happy.

G. E. THEODORE ROBERTS.

The Rectory, Fredericton.





AFTER WORK.

(From the painting by G. A. Holmes.)

(Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.)

### To Mine Own Countrie.

O country mine, Canada, beautiful maiden,  
Stayed, in thy course, with irresolute feet,  
Where the path from the forest, all gloom-begirt, laden  
With odours of pines, and the upland road meet!

Behind are the perils thy wisdom eluded,  
The foes that thy courage undaunted hath slain,  
The clearings, once giant encumbered, denuded,  
And broad acres greening or golden with grain.

Think not of the past, with its echo of gladness,  
Its flush of achievement, its portion of pain,  
Its dawning day darkened with noontide of sadness,  
And April sun breaking through cloudlets of rain.

Why pause, when before thee the highway is rounding,  
To rise to the prairie, to sweep to the lea,  
With deep restful valleys and rivers abounding,  
And mountains whose purple heads flush o'er the sea?

Take heart and push onward! The morning is waning,  
The noon with its shadowless glory is near—  
Still trust in the God who hath led thee, disdainful  
The thought of disaster that prompts thee to fear.

No longer a child of the forest, a woman  
Whom destiny waits with a sceptre to sway,  
Go bravely to meet or the friend or the foe man,  
Who welcomes thy coming or stands in thy way.

And He who is Lord of the forest and fountain,  
The sweep of the prairie, the swathe of the sea,  
An Ancient of days, when the scour of the mountain  
Was rent by the storm-cloud's incarnadined glee,

Who sitteth supreme o'er the nations for ever,  
Shall guide thee to greatness and shield thee from shame,  
Shall crown with completeness each honest endeavour  
That's done in the truth and the trust of His name.

—K. L. JONES.

Kingston, 1890.

### Book Chatter.

STUDIES IN LETTERS AND LIFE,

By George Edward Woodberry—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1890.—is a collection of essays published in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Nation*, revised for publication in book form. Whether they will pay or not seems

doubtful. There are so many books published now-a-days that, to secure a wide circulation, a new volume requires some *raison-d'être*, a choice of subject, or method of treatment that one does not exactly get elsewhere. Rudyard Kipling fulfils both conditions, and the seventh commandment opens up a range of such an astonishing extent as to make the future of the many of the Oklahoma boomers of literature. Mr. Woodberry fulfils neither condition. He writes on well-worn themes in a manner so good that it is difficult to find any fault with it except its lack of salient features. For its own sake the book is, without doubt, well worth publication. It would have been wrong to have such scholarly work consigned to oblivion in a newspaper. Browningsians were delighted with his monograph on the "Death of Browning"—dashed off at an hour's notice on the imperative press—and there is an admirable passage in "On the Promise of Keats," that relieves the grim way in which the austere mind of Mr. Woodberry regards the reveller in the beautiful, "A shadow of reality to come!" What a light that sentence throws on the aspiration for sensations rather than thoughts; for beauty rather than logic; for the sight rather than the mediate perception of the divine! So, at least, it is plain, Keats "understood himself"; and whether one counts his faith a vague self-deception, meaningless except to a mystic, or has found the most precious truth borne in upon his heart only by this self same way, the recognition of the poet's philosophy not merely lifts Keats out of and above the sphere of the purely sensuous, but reveals at once the spiritual substance which underlies his poetry and which give it vitality for all time. To other men beauty has been a passion, but to him it was a faith; it was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen—a shadow of the reality to come. It was not as with other poets, in the beauty of nature, the beauty of virtue, the beauty of a woman's face, singly, that he found his way to the supra-sensible. He says, in his most solemn words, I have loved the principle of beauty in all things. Dying, he said it proudly, as one who had kept the faith that was given him. And since he chose that declaration as the summary of his accomplishments, it needs to be borne in mind, with all its large and many-sided meanings, by those who would pluck out the heart of his mystery. The other essays are on "Landor," iconoclastic but convincing; "Crabbe," "Aubrey De Vere on Poetry," "Illustrations of Idealism," "Remarks on Shelley," "Some Actors, Criticisms on Othello, Iago and Shylock," "Sir George Beaumont, Coleridge and Wordsworth," "Three men of Piety" (Bunyan, Cowper and Channing); "Darwin's

Life," "Byron's Centenary." Those old-fashioned people who still retain a love of good reading, who like to see the judgments of a sound scholar, critic and poet on some of the great masters of the century in literature, will not regret purchasing this book, which bears the impress of Oxford rather than America, though Mr. Woodberry is a good New Englander, whose "North Shore Watch" was pronounced by no less a judge than Edmund Gosse one of the greatest poems written by an American of the younger generation. The get-up of the book is as unexceptionable as the style of the writing.

### THOU SHALT NOT,

By Albert Ross. (New York, G. W. Dillingham & Co., 1890—100th edition.) When a book goes into its 100th edition one says to one's self, as Carlyle said of a religion which had sustained so many millions for so many hundred years, as Mahometanism has, that there must be something in it. What is there in this book which has been abused as indecent, vulgarly written, and what not? What there is in it is interest that never flags for five pages. Mr. Porter, who has almost lost his identity in "Albert Ross," is like a man who stands on a bank watching the ever-widening circle made by his throwing a stone in the water, and before there is any danger of its passing out of sight throwing in another stone to make a fresh circle. It may not be high art, but it is admirable stage management, that makes one feel sure that the author could, if he chose, write a capital play. The book, which is cleverly founded on the fringe of the famous Tweed Ring, exposes in all its hideous nakedness the vices of the uneducated wealthy, who have no form of pleasure but the indulgence of their various animal instincts, but it does not tell them for the morbid pleasure of the telling, but to lead up to the proof that "the wages of sin is death." It is open to the charge of showing the sin as well as the wages, but it is only fair to Mr. Porter to remember that he makes one of the villains repent and the other a revolting instance of treachery and bestiality, sinking lower and lower, till overtaken by an awful death.

"Albert Ross" is a play of Albatross, the *nom-de-plume* of a Minnesota man settled at Cambridge, Massachusetts, named Linn Boyd Porter, who, financially, has achieved the greatest literary success of the day, not less than 60,000 having been sold of any one of his volumes except the last, of which 45,000 have sold already, though so recently published.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.