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NOVEMBER
1892.

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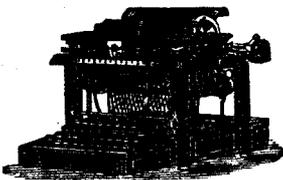
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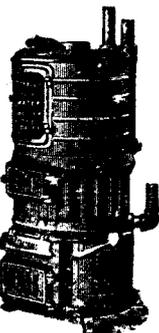


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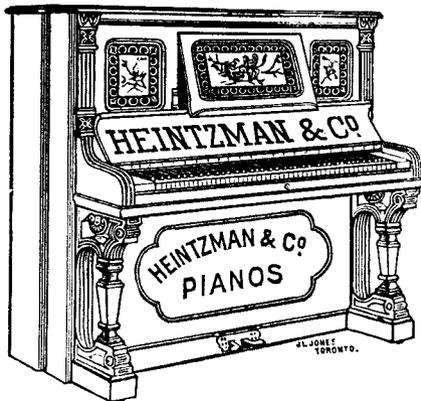
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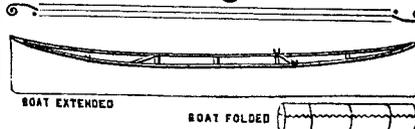
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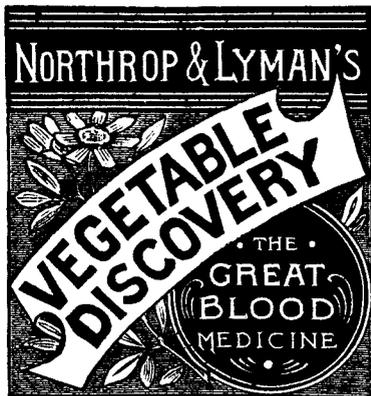
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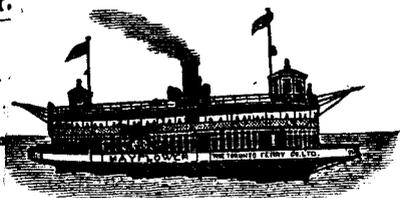
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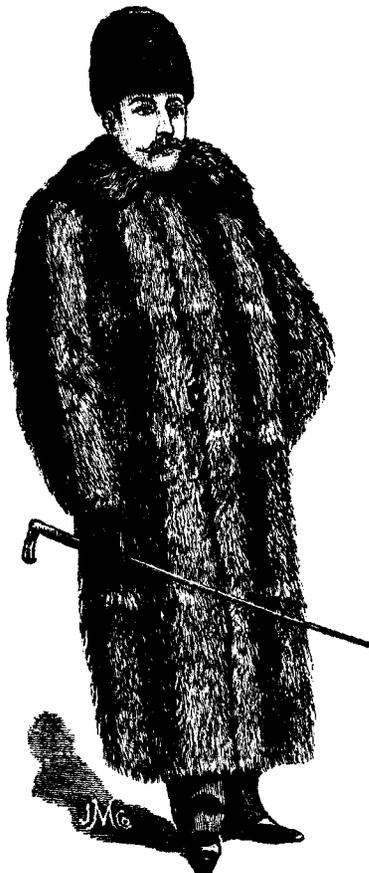
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The Dominion Illustrated Monthly.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

Volume 1. No. 10

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LORD TENNYSON.

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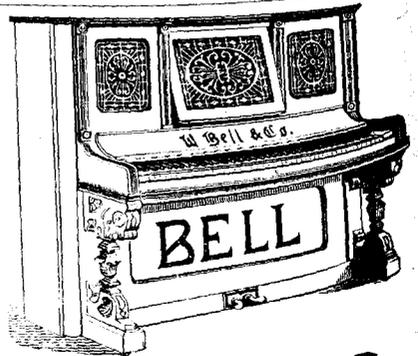


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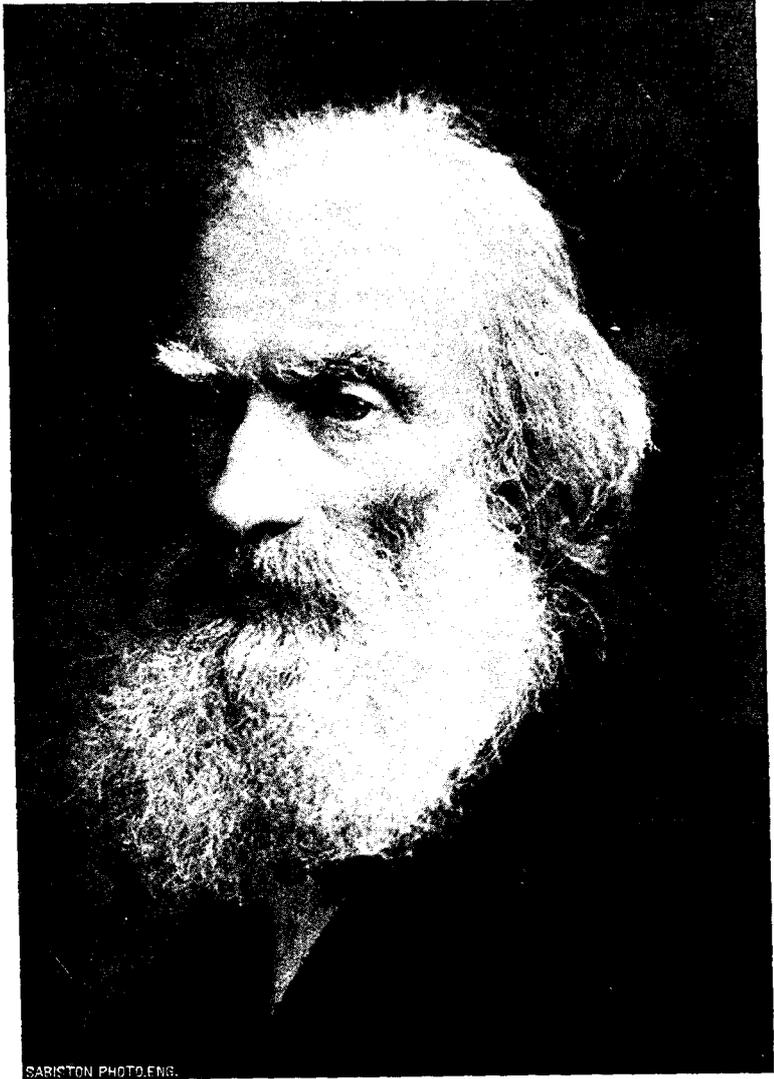
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THE LATE SIR DANIEL WILSON, L.L.D.



ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA IN THE YEAR 1892, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1892.

No. 10.

THE LATE SIR DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.



WITH the life and career of the President of Toronto University, the public of Canada, are familiar, for at the time of his death, on the 6th of August last, the daily press of the country, published very full accounts. Sir Daniel Wilson was born in Edinburgh, on the 5th of January, 1816, and was the second son of Mr. Archibald Wilson, a prominent merchant of Auld Reekie. He received his education at the famous High School of that city, and in due time proceeded to the more famous University, where he greatly distinguished himself. Like his brother George, the chemist and professor, he early evinced a taste for science and letters. At the age of twenty-one, he went to London, taking up archæology as a favorite pursuit, and performing literary work for the newspapers, magazines and reviews. Having a natural fondness for art, he devoted much of his time to drawing and engraving, becoming proficient in both departments, in a very short time. He returned to Edinburgh, continued his contributions to the press, assisted the Messrs. Black by writing many of the leading articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica, 8th edition, and edited, with conspicuous ability, the proceedings of the Scottish Antiquary. He loved to wander about the streets of old Edinburgh, and with all the enthusiasm of an

antiquarian, investigated every object of interest, with which he came in contact. The result of his labors found expression in 1847, in his remarkable volume, "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time," which he illustrated himself, many of his sketches being drawn on wood by his own hand, an art which he had acquired in England. A quarter of a century later, a second edition appeared, and in 1890, the revised edition, sumptuously illustrated, was issued. This work instantly gave him fame, but it was his Pre-historic Annals of Scotland, 1851, which drew the plaudits and encomiums of men high in the field of scientific research, and gave to him a name and a character, which remained with him to the last. In 1863, this able book appeared again, revised and enlarged. Hallam the historian declared it to be the most scientific treatment of the archæological evidences of primitive history which had ever been written, an opinion which was shared by the most eminent scientists of the day. Among such leaders in the field of investigation, Dr. Wilson enjoyed an enviable place, while his position in all literary and educational circles was not less exalted. In 1853, through the good offices of Lord Elgin, influenced, it is said, by Hallam's statement, he was appointed professor of History and English Literature at University College, Toronto. From that date until his death, he has been identified with the growth

and development of higher education in Ontario. To trace its history and achievement, step by step, is to write the story of Dr. Wilson's life. He embarked on the duties allotted to him with zeal and vigor. He had been installed but a few months in his chair, when the Principalship of McGill University was offered him. High as the post was, however, he felt compelled to decline it. He worked with great industry and perseverance. His extraordinary tact and versatility, his varied accomplishments, his geniality and strong common-sense served him well, and he instantly became successful in the highest degree, as lecturer, examiner, and member of the Senate and Council of the University. His elucidation of the subjects belonging to his Chair was clear and convincing, and his manner of address was so pleasing, that he was never at a loss for an audience of delighted listeners. The right word to say came to him very readily. In addition to his college work, he devoted many hours to literature, ethnology, archæology and popular science, producing valuable papers and monographs on all these departments of intellectual development. To the various transactions of the learned bodies of the old and new worlds, he was a frequent and much-prized contributor, while his lectures before public institutions, his numerous writings in the press and in the serials, his contributions to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and *Chambers's Encyclopædia* and the several books he contrived to publish from time to time, kept his name well to the front as an original and scholarly thinker. He found time too, to connect himself with such bodies as the Canadian Institute, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Ontario Teachers' Association, the Council of Public Instruction, the News Boy's Home (of which he was a founder), etc. The gentler sex had ever in him a warm friend of the cause of higher education of women. To the poor he was always kind, giving freely of his means, with the heart and sympathy of a philanthropist.

In 1881, on the death of Dr. McCaul, Professor Wilson was promoted to the Presidency of the University. The choice was a good one, and he soon gave evidence of his remarkable skill as an administrator and executive officer. Under his government the College made great strides in all its departments, and many students from all parts of Canada and the

United States were attracted to its walls. Women were admitted to the lecture rooms, and their number during the last half dozen years has increased rapidly. In favour of University federation, Dr. Wilson did his utmost to promote that laudable object, and lived long enough to witness the fulfilment of the greater part of his scheme. He saw, too, many colleges affiliate with his beloved university. Faith in her future he always had. In 1891, at Commencement Day, he said in an address: "We welcome an expansion of our resources in the realization of the long controverted scheme of university federation. A university embracing several well equipped colleges, stimulating each other in healthful and friendly rivalry, cannot fail to acquire additional strength thereby. I anticipate at no distant date, as a result of this union of our resources, the efficient organization of post-graduate work, such as cannot fail to largely increase the influence of this university as a centre of higher culture."

Always before the eyes of his students he kept in view the great moral truths. Kindly advice he ever gave to them, and all who came to him felt drawn by love and tender sympathy. In his youth, he was a companionable man. In his old age, there was no change in his relations with his fellows. To young and old the sweet simplicity of his nature was always present. On that commencement Day, to which reference has just been made, he said, turning to the host of bright young faces before him, the students of the year, who had just welcomed him with the song of "He's a jolly good fellow": "Your opportunities are exceptionally great. We seem to be at the near close of one great cycle in the intellectual life of the English race, and as we watch with eager expectancy for the promise of the new dawn, every environment is calculated to stimulate the rising generation to noble aspirations and unflagging zeal. Once before in the grand era of the Reformation, under another great Queen, the brilliant Elizabethan age shows forth in unparalleled splendor with its poetic idealist Spenser turning back wistfully to the age of chivalry and romance, and its Shakespeare, grandest of realists, mastering the supreme compass of humanity for all time. Once again, under wise and noble queenly rule, we have witnessed an outburst of genius in many respects recalling that of the Elizabethan age. But it too draws to its close. Of

its eminent historians and philosophers, some of the foremost have already passed away. Its most distinguished men of science are among the honored dead.

Browning now mingles his dust with the elder chiefs of song in the poet's corner of the great abbey, and there, too, a fitting place has been found for the memorial bust of New England's graceful lyrical poet, Longfellow. In the preparations already in progress for the fitting commemoration of a grander cycle, completing the revolving centuries since Columbus—400 years ago,—braved the mysterious terrors of ocean and revealed to Europe another world, the Poet Laureate has been invited to pen the ode that shall voice America's celebration of her new birth. But the veteran poet pleads the privilege of age. He has laid aside his singing robes. His lyre is unstrung. It seems in all ways as if another great era had run its course, and

“As in a theatre the eyes of men
After a well graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next.”

So we, not idly, but in anxious expectancy, watch for the promise of the new dawn.”

In the compass of this sketch, which, owing to want of space, must be considerably abbreviated, it will not be necessary to dwell further on Dr. Wilson's university life, nor will it be deemed necessary to deal at length with his writings. He wrote many books. He was a true and melodious poet, and though “Spring Wild Flowers,” was, as he used to say, a youthful production, it contained many verses of striking power and originality. In later life, good fruit continued to drop from his muse. He loved poetry and poets. His life of Chatterton is a charming study of the “marvellous boy,” superior to David Masson's monograph on the same subject, more lovingly done, and richer in information. His essay on Caliban, or the missing link, is ingenious, critical, and full of lofty imagination. A curious volume, “The Right-hand; Left-handedness,” growing out of papers read before the Royal Society of Canada, and the Canadian Institute of Toronto, was the last volume from his pen. It contains eleven chapters of very interesting data about the “dishonoured hand,” for which history, the various sciences, literature and the scriptures, have been levied upon for allusions and exemplars. The great work of Dr. Wilson, however, is ‘Prehistoric man; researches into the origin

of civilization.” On that book, his fame as an investigator, and scientist, will rest. It has not a dull page, though the subject is deep and often abstruse. Light is thrown on the dark places with a power little short of the magical, while the splendid literary style of the author,—often poetic, and always luminous,—gives to the work an attractiveness which compels attention. When the Blacks of Edinburgh decided to issue the ninth edition of their *Encyclopædia Britannica*, they did not forget their old friend, living in Toronto. They entrusted him with the articles on Archæology, (pre-historic) Canada, Chatterton, Montreal, Ontario, Toronto, Robert Fergusson, Edinburgh, and several others. He was very proud at being asked to write the article on his native city, especially as he was living so far away from the scene. As he was the best authority on the subject, however, it was not singular that the publishers of the *Encyclopædia* demanded his pen.

When Lord Lorne founded, in 1882, the Royal Society of Canada, he called on Prof. Wilson to aid him in the task. He became the first president of section 11, which is concerned with English literature, history and archæology. In 1885 he was unanimously elected president of that important body. The Transactions contain many valuable papers from his hand, and at the last annual meeting, held in Ottawa in May and June last, he read a most interesting and valuable paper on the law of copyright. The society ordered it to be printed.

At this meeting he was particularly bright and cheerful, though his face bore traces of fatigue and hard work. He had a kindly word for everyone, and in the discussions which came up on Dr. Patterson's papers on the Language of the Beothiks or Red Indians of Newfoundland, and Sir William Alexander and the Scottish attempts at the colonization of Nova Scotia; Prof. George Bryce's Assiniboine river and its forts, and Mr. R. W. McLachlan's Annals of Nova Scotian currency, he had much to say of a helpful character. The centre of a little group consisting of Sir William Dawson, Principal Grant, Dr. Sandford Fleming, Dr. William Kingsford, the historian, and myself, Sir Daniel remarked in his quiet, quaint way, “I think I am really getting to be an old man, for the other day I was pointed out by some young ladies in the university as that ‘dear old man,’ Sir Daniel Wilson.” Now, when one arrives

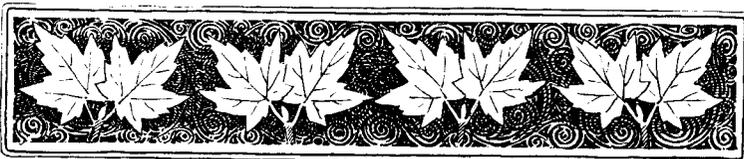
at that stage he is old indeed." In the general laugh which followed, both Sir William Dawson and Principal Grant also declared that they had undergone a similar experience. But all insisted that the President of the University of Toronto was the youngest of the party. Left-handed himself, he could use either hand well, and when I mentioned to him that a very young member of my family was addicted to the habit of using the left hand, he said, "Let him use it, don't check him. It is good to be able to employ both." From the first day of its formation he was a strong friend of the Royal Society of Canada. By the fellows of that body he was greatly admired, respected and loved. He attended nearly every meeting, though the sessions often drew him away from his home in the middle of his college work, which pressed for completion. At all meetings, with perhaps two exceptions, he read papers, and added value to the papers of others by the wealth of his own knowledge of the subjects treated. He was a good off-hand speaker, and the humour which frequently enlivened his remarks was refined, delicate and infectious.

Sir Daniel Wilson was, above all things, a manly man, courageous in his conduct as well as in the expression of his opinions. It was not in his nature to shrink before disaster or trouble, or to succumb in the face of trial. When the fire destroyed the college buildings, Sir Daniel was one of the first to go to the scene, saving by his wise direction, life and property, and for hours exhibiting the greatest energy. At about 11 o'clock

he hurried home for a few minutes, saying to his daughter in a brave, cheerful tone, "the old building's gone; but never mind, it wasn't half large enough, and we'll soon have a better one. Get me something, (which he named), and I'll be off again, to make sure it's quite out." Prof. Ashley came in a few minutes later, saying, "oh Mr. President, don't be discouraged." "Discouraged!" replied Sir Daniel, "I should think not, you'll see, we'll soon have a far finer building," and off they went together to do what more there remained to be done. From that moment, not a murmur escaped Sir Daniel's lips, but his whole energy was devoted unceasingly to building up the new edifice, and repairing the great damage which fire and water had done.

University after university granted him the highest academic honours they had to bestow. The various learned societies of Great Britain and America and Canada were proud to enroll his name on their list of members, and in 1888 the Queen, in recognition of his invaluable services to education, science and literature, offered him knighthood. This honour he at first was tempted to decline for reasons personal to himself. But later counsels prevailing he accepted the mark of his Sovereign's appreciation of his work. The limitations to which this paper is subjected precludes ampler treatment of a subject which is full of lessons. It is the story of a beautiful life, useful in its every feature, perfect in its domesticity, simple, unaffected and true.

GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L., LL.D.





A Strange Disappearance

PROLOGUE.

In the year 187—, on the 14th day of July, the following advertisement appeared in the leading

London papers :—

"Missing from her home, a young lady, tall and slight, chestnut hair, black eyes and expressive features; speaks with a slight foreign accent. A reward of one hundred pounds offered to any one who can give positive information concerning her. Address Z, Post Office, South Audley Street."

A day after the appearance of this advertisement the following words in the Agony column of the *Times* newspaper attracted the attention of a very benignant and natty-looking old gentleman, who was quietly sipping his coffee at breakfast :—

"Well, happy, cared for, explanations in due time, Medora."

Two weeks afterwards, the missing young woman, as suddenly and as quietly as she had left it, returned to her home, number 5 South Audley street. Whether her father upbraided her, received her warmly or coldly, or deemed the explanations of her strange conduct satisfactory or otherwise, was, and has still, remained an impenetrable mystery to the gossips of the neighbourhood.

The scandal the event aroused died a natural death; the sensational leader on the subject, in the daily papers, was curiously commented on and forgotten, and a busy world occupied with its own concerns, soon banished from its memory all traces of this strange disappearance.

THE STORY.

I

I, Medora Arlford, spinster, having hitherto preserved a discreet silence as to the reason of my sudden flight from home during two weeks and wishing to absolve myself from certain aspersions cast at the time, on my fair name and fame, by malevolent gossip; intend now to give the world the truthful and unvarnished history of my escapade, the motives that prompted it, the secret which occasioned

it, together with the record of what happened during my absence and transpired on my return home.

Let me say a few words about myself.

My mother, who was of French birth and descent, died in my infancy. French was therefore my native tongue, and its accent which lingers still in my speech, is due to the French surroundings and education of my early life.

My father always seemed to me somewhat of a self contained, morose man. There was always a cold formality about him that repressed the caressing endearments of his children. The burden of some unexplained secret trouble at all times appeared to oppress him, and affected his manners and conduct. I never attempted to court his sympathy. I never could guess his silent deep-rooted sorrow. But strange to relate, it was all hereafter explained to me in a manner I least expected. And stranger still, my flight from home appertained somewhat to my father's secret.

I was always a dutiful daughter. I respected my father. I managed his house. I attended to his comforts. I tried to solace his weary hours. But all those sweet confidences springing from close sympathy were lacking between us.

What became then of that fount of love common to my sex?

Did it waste its sweetness on the desert air?

Did it grow parched or subside for want of use?

I answer my own questions in a very few words. The tenderness and devotion of my nature were all lavished on my only brother Hector. And to each other we were companions, friends, nay almost like lovers.

Having thus briefly narrated my family surroundings, let me at once proceed to the first circumstance which necessitated my escapade.

II.

My brother, the type of a modern Englishman, remarkable for dignified reticence, and placid demeanor, one day in a breathless, excited manner quite unusual to him, called me to the window, and bade me observe a house situated at the corner which had lacked a tenant for some considerable time.

I obeyed him and looked out.

The house betrayed an appearance of life, noise and bustle, a scaffolding had been raised in front of it, on which were workmen,—all busy painting, and decorating its exterior.

"I wonder who has taken 'Milford House'" I asked Hector, after having completed my survey.

"Whoever has taken it," replied my brother, "intends to have it beautified."

"It is high time—considering what a tumble-down place it must be, quite a blot on our street," I answered.

"I wonder who the occupants will be?" he asked.

"I don't think this is our concern," I replied. "You are more curious than I ought to be, if I may assert the privilege of our sex—curiosity."

Had I only imagined then how the matter was destined hereafter to concern us, I should certainly not have rebuked Hector.

After a while, "Milford House," basking in its glory of fresh paint, showed unmistakable evidences of being occupied.

Gossip soon revealed its inmates to me and oddly enough, they consisted of father and daughter. One day I watched the latter leaving the house and I must say her appearance impressed me very favourably. I don't agree with those ill-natured cynics who assert that one woman seldom praises the beauty of another. At any rate, the received *dictum* of these perverse critics must receive a signal denial—as far as my experience could form an opinion of Miss Angela Vinesly.

I pronounced her then and I still think her to be one of the most attractive of her sex—I was always a poor hand at minute descriptions—and after all, how can mere words picture the charm of a bewitching face or an irresistible smile.

After his remarks, I was not surprised when Hector, who often threw off his *nonchalance* when in my company, addressed me in a somewhat unusual strain, on the subject of Miss Vinesly. "By Jove! Medora, have you noticed

our new neighbour. I think she is perfectly lovely."

I nodded a smiling assent to his remark.

"I wish we knew them, can't you manage to get an introduction or call or something?" continued my brother.

"I don't see how we can do so, as we don't know them," I answered, adding laughingly, "Why, Hector, I shall begin to think you are in love."

"What did you say their names are?" asked my father when I, later in the day, mooted the subject of calling on our new neighbours.

"Vinesly."

When I mentioned it my father grew as black as a thunder cloud.

"On no account call on them," he said, "I expressly forbid it."

"Is there any reason?"

"There is a reason—which I do not care to enter into. It is sufficient that I prohibit your calling—and I must exact obedience from you, Medora."

I forebore to argue the question and I merely replied, "Very well," and left him.

"I don't understand it at all," was Hector's remark to me, in the evening. "It is strange conduct, and borders on the despotic, Med. If it is only a whim, it is a most extraordinary one. What are we to do?"

"Humour the whim, if it is one, for the present, as there may be a cogent reason at the bottom of it."

Little did I think at the time that this conversation was a link in the chain of events that induced me to leave my home!

III.

Weeks sped on, and nothing happened to disturb the even tenor of our monotonous lives, until one day Hector burst upon me with these words:

"At last I have met her and spoken to her."

"How did you manage that?" I asked.

"By the merest possible chance," he replied. "She was crossing the street with her father, who, being infirm, leant upon her arm, when suddenly a hansom cab came dashing round the corner of the street, and a serious accident would have occurred had I not been in time to prevent it. I was thus lucky enough to be of material assistance to her when my aid was most necessary, and I escorted them to their own door. I must also tell you that her manner and conversation charmed me, and when I left them I promised to call on them with you."

I severely blamed Hector for making this promise, and yet after a while, my interest in the romantic affair and the strong affection I had for my brother made me relent. For after all, it might only be an unreasonable whim on my father's part, whilst my own sympathies were entirely with Hector. Reasoning thus, I determined upon the visit.

"This is my sister Medora," said Hector introducing me to Miss Vinesly, who welcomed us very heartily. "Father, these are our neighbours, Mr. and Miss Arlford." Our fair hostess then introduced us to a tall, middle-aged man, whose air and bearing were distinguished by a certain stateliness, but whose manner nevertheless seemed abstracted and dreamy. As I gazed on him I discovered the cause of this; he was totally blind.

On hearing our names mentioned by his daughter, to my astonishment, a strange pallor crept over his face. Angela noticed it at once.

"Are you ill, father?" she said.

She immediately excused herself to us and led him out of the room.

On being left with my brother, I could not help whispering to him: "Is not this odd?" Evidently the same cause that had occasioned our father's prohibition to call at "Milford House" affected her father on hearing our names!

What mystery then had connected the lives of these two men in the past so as to so strangely affect their present relations? Sitting in the silence, waiting for our hostess, this questioning thought invaded both our minds. We did not discuss it; but it somehow already marred the pleasure of our visit.

As soon as Angela returned, we forgot all about it. Her bright *insouciance*, her vivacity and the inexpressible charm of her conversation dispelled unpleasant thought.

"You must come very often," she said, when we were about drawing our visit to a conclusion. "and you must not exact visit for visit—in fact, father never calls on anyone and I hardly ever go out without him."

This was pleasant assurance for us. At all events there was no danger of *their* calling on *our* father.

"No wonder you are in love with her," I said later on to Hector. "Why, I am in love with her myself."

The natural result of our first visit was a frequent renewal of them. At first I went for Hector's sake, afterwards I went

for my own. The charming companionship of Angela attracted me; and the affability and intellectual supremacy of her father fascinated me. No allusion was ever made to the strange effect which the mention of my name had occasioned him on my first interview.

I could see that his fondness for Angela and her solicitude for her father were beyond the reach of my description. The fact of his absolute dependence on her only seemed to spur her activities on his own account.

After a while, his regard for me increased, and altogether our acquaintance with the inmates of "Milford House" proved a source of real pleasure to us—despite the prohibition of our father.

To say that Hector made the most of his time and opportunities to create a favourable impression on his *inamorata*, would be a needless assertion on my part.

Unfortunately for him, his opportunities were not so favourable as they might have been; for as Angela seldom left her father, my brother's chances were few and far between. You will not wonder, then, that in my solicitude to serve my brother, I made the most of Mr. Vinesly's partiality for me by endeavouring to take Angela's place.

Accordingly, the course of true love ran smoother than one might have imagined, taking all circumstances into consideration. Reading Angela's nature by the light of my own, I could form a conclusive opinion upon her sentiments as far as Hector was concerned, and so I was not at all surprised when Hector one day informed me of the news I had anticipated.

"Med—good news for you. Angela has promised to be my wife." I have a vague impression now, at this distance of time, of the perfect delight which animated my brother's manner.

My congratulations for his future formed another and the concluding link to what was to follow.

IV.

Some days elapsed. It was summer time. The heat of the day had subsided, and slanting shadows fell upon South Audley street. The cool breath of the twilight hours came like a benison after the burden and heat of the day. I was sitting in the drawing room of "Milford House" with Angela. Her father had gone to take his afternoon nap. Hector was at home ready to make excuses for me in the event of any one enquiring for me.

Our conversation ran into one groove consisting of an inexhaustable and pleasant topic. You will not be far wrong when you guess this topic to be a lover's future hopes and plans.

"Of course I am very happy," Angela said, in answer to some of my remarks, "but do you know, Med., our marriage will be a rare and exceptional one."

"If you mean its rarity to be the fit sequel of true love, when so many *marriages de convenancés* are the order of the day now, I agree with you, dear."

"You hardly take my meaning," replied Angela. "My marriage will be exceptional because it will be a very quiet one, and instead of my husband taking me to *his new* home I shall take him to *my old* home. Not for a dozen husbands would I leave my helpless father. The only difference will be that Hector will have to share my ministering offices."

Under the present circumstances I admitted the wisdom of this arrangement.

In the meantime I was on the horns of a dilemma. As yet we had kept our visits a secret from my father. Was it right to be silent about Hector's engagement and forthcoming marriage? But how dare we do so in the face of his extraordinary prohibition. And I also quite deemed myself the culprit in the matter, as I felt myself responsible for any unforeseen trouble that might hereafter arise from the present state of affairs.

The day fixed for the marriage drew near. It was to be a strictly private wedding. My brother, for reasons already explained, would not make it public, and Mr. Vinesly was averse to all parade and show.

V.

The day arrived at last. For once in a way the London sun shone brilliantly, and a cloudless azure sky beamed upon our smoke-begrimmed street. I made excuses to my father that I intended to spend the day with a friend, as my brother and I resolved not to divulge our secret just yet to him. After his prohibition it was not at all likely that he would give his consent to the marriage, and why should the happiness of the new couple be troubled by an unjustifiable whim? Later on, when it was an affair of the past, we could tell him all.

The marriage took place at a neighbouring church. I remember the blind father giving his daughter away, the dashing air of Hector's best man, the bright contented look of Hector and the

ravishing appearance of the lovely bride.

It was all over, and we adjourned home to lunch. Then Hector drove off with his life partner for an outing in the country, promising to return to "Milford House" in time for dinner.

"Med will look after you, father, dear," said Angela, as she tenderly kissed him, though I still fancied there was a hidden reluctance to leave him,—even to accompanying her husband.

I promised faithfully not to leave Mr. Vinesly till his daughter's return and thus fortified with my promise Angela departed.

The hours wore on agreeably for both of us. The plans, projects and happiness of the bride and bridegroom formed the topics of our discourse that never seemed to tire either of us. Soon the dinner hour approached, and we were on the tiptoe of expectation. Mr. Vinesly, whose other senses, like all the blind, were painfully acute, would often pause in his speech as if he heard a sound, which an ordinary ear might not catch. I only noted at intervals the rumbling of distant vehicles, the hum of passing voices, or the tramp of passers-by. There was no sound of the welcome knock which was to delight us both.

It was now long past the dinner hour, and there was no sign of the approach of the happy pair. I began to grow uneasy. My anxiety was afterwards toned with alarm.

Had anything happened to them? If so, what was it? Soon all kinds of horrible conjectures passed through my brain. But I repressed all I felt in my endeavours to calm Mr. Vinesly, who was now becoming vaguely alarmed.

But the hours wearily passed, and still the wanderers did not appear.

A foreboding of some certain disaster now took possession of me. What else could have kept them away from us at this time and on this day?

At last there was a sharp knock at the door, which made my heart beat violently. There was a sound of voices below, and the servant entered the room and handed me a telegram. As I opened it hastily and feverishly, I felt the hot grasp of Mr. Vinesly's hand in mine. With my whole attention centered on the message I seemed to feel the tremor that agitated his frame. I read on till with a sigh of relief I said:

"They are both well but will not return to-day."



"The servant entered the room and handed me a telegram."—(Page 594.)

Whether the occurrences of the morning had shaken him, or the sudden relief, coming like a shock on his over-anxious temperament, had unnerved him, I cannot say; I only know that on the utterance of my words Mr. Vinesly fell into a swoon.

I immediately summoned the servants and the nearest doctor. I forgot all about myself, my father, and the bride and bridegroom. I only remembered my promise to Angela, not to leave him.

We removed him to his bed. I officiated

as mistress of the household, issuing directions to the servants and taking the instructions of the doctor. I ministered myself to the sick man's wants and kept watch and ward over him as his attendant and nurse.

The telegram informed me that Mr. and Mrs. Arlford, despite their promise to return home, had decided suddenly to take a short honeymoon trip. Should I telegraph word of Mr. Vinesly's illness to them in order to hasten their return?

Why should I mar their happiness with bad news. Mr. Vinesly was not in danger, and his condition might improve. The telegram assured me their jaunt would not extend beyond a day or so, so I resolved to wait.

But how about myself? I dared not leave the patient when first he was taken ill, and when night came how could I report myself to my father without explaining everything to him? I was certain he would prohibit my returning, and if I did so I would break my sacred pledge to Angela. I was thus on the horns of a real dilemma. How should I decide?

Just then, in my moment of hesitation, Mr. Vinesly, who had recovered consciousness, asked for me. I went to his bedside.

My presence cheered him. The consciousness that my influence could assuage his suffering silenced my doubts and upheld me in the purpose which had just begun to dawn on me, namely, to remain for a day or two beneath the roof of my new relations, whilst I summoned the newly married truants home. Supposing Mr. Vinesly's illness proved fatal, would Angela ever forgive me if I did *not* stay?

Accordingly, I gave one of the servants a note for my father, merely informing him that I intended to stop at the house of a friend who was suddenly taken dangerously ill, and that I should soon return home.

I told the servant not to wait for an answer, as I did not wish, for reasons I have stated, that my present whereabouts should be known to him, and at all events my note would relieve his anxiety as to my safety and well being.

Thus taking everything into consideration, I think I adopted the only right course I could under the circumstances.

* * * * *

Let me now calmly narrate in the order of events what happened afterwards.

The night wore on; the medicines I administered relieved the patient. Towards morning I saw a decided change for the better, and the doctor's arrival confirmed my opinion, and accordingly wearied with watching and the day's anxieties, I took possession of Angela's bed-room and snatched a few hours repose.

VI.

I was up betimes the following morning, and I was glad to hear that the permanent recovery of the patient was assured.

The postman's arrival brought me two letters that I had expected; namely, one from Hector and the other from Angela. They were both written in the same vein and under the same influences.

I need not state that the vein was a gushing one, and the influence was that produced by the happiness they found in each other's society. But the most surprising and annoying part about the letters was their making so light of not returning home according to promise, and they never stated whether it was a premeditated or an impulsive action on their part.

"You promised to look after and stay with father," wrote Angela. "I have no uncertainty about this. I can trust him to my sister's fond care until our return."

I answered the letters. I said nothing about Mr. Vinesly's sudden illness, as since his convalescence was assured there was no need to write disquieting news, though I urged them to hasten home. I did this on my own account, as my own father, despite my letter to him, might be getting very anxious about *me*. And so I waited events.

On the following morning, however, to my great horror and consternation, I read in one of the daily papers the advertisement stated in the *prologue* of this narrative. "Whatever has possessed my father to advertise for me, as if I intended to run away from home," was my mental ejaculation!

Was not my note to him sufficient assurance that I was under a respectable roof, tending illness, doing good? How could he treat his daughter like a mad run-away? What would the world say? What would my friends imagine? In the resentment I then felt I resolved to treat him as he had treated me, and to answer his advertisement by another. Accordingly I published my reply to his in the "agony column" of *The Times*, which would certainly attract his notice, as he always read this special paper.

I must say on sober reflection, that I was not perfectly pleased with myself.

To be publicly advertised for as a run-away young woman was not a delightful thought, but I certainly was not to blame in the matter. Then the rude awakening to the truth had to take place at some time or another. I could not keep the result of my brother's marriage to the daughter of the man whose house I had been prohibited entering, a life long one,—and would not my father rightly accuse me of being the cause of it? Under these

circumstances would he ever receive me under his roof again? And had I not merited this disgrace?

But what was the reason of my father's original interdiction?

All these questions were answered sooner than I expected.

VII.

"Is your father's Christian name Eustace?" asked Mr. Vinesly, a week after I had answered the advertisement and when his health was completely restored.

"Why do you ask?" I replied, with a prescience that I was about to hear something that concerned his and the past history of my father, and that the mystery that affected both of them would be unravelled at last.

"I can see by your question, Medora, that his name is Eustace, and now that you belong to *my* family I must tell you something to interest you since it concerns *your* family."

With this preface Mr. Vinesly began his narration.

"Many years ago, when I was a young man, and, I may add, a poor one as well, I had a dear friend of my own age. He was well off in a worldly sense and possessed all the qualities to attract men and fascinate women. Although he lived at his ease and I had to toil for my daily bread, we were still constant companions, following the same out-of-door pursuits, choosing the same intellectual pleasures, and addicted to the same youthful follies. But our friendship, steadfast and unswerving during many years, was suddenly overshadowed.

"Of course you can guess the reason of it. We both fell in love with the same woman and so the *cordiale entente* between us received a shock.

"Although we made a confidant of one another on every other subject, we were discreetly silent on this one, and it just happened that Florence Adescombe favoured me, and one day I summoned courage to declare my suit and was accepted.

"As we were both of us poor, and as Florence supported her parents by her industry, we resolved to keep our engagement a secret until my worldly circumstances improved, nor did I even impart the news of my happiness to my friend. One day, however, to my utter astonishment, I heard that Florence was engaged to be married to no less a person than to

Eustace. I did not at first believe it; but the news was soon confirmed. What do you think I did under these cruel circumstances? I did not upbraid the false Florence, curse womankind for her perfidy, or vent any bitter reproaches on my friend. I just said and did nothing, and let matters take their course. If Florence chose to throw over the poor man for the sake of the rich man, that was *my* misfortune. I had not gauged correctly her feelings for me, that was all. And if Eustace had supplanted me by reason of his superior worldly position that was *his* good fortune. I merely fortified myself with those wonderful verses of the sixteenth century:

"Shall I wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?

* * *

If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go,
For if she be not for me
What care I for whom she be."

"Well, Med, I need not weary you with any unnecessary details; the day fixed for my friend's marriage drew nigh. I sent them a present and wished them the usual felicitations; but I did not intend to be present at the marriage ceremony.

Now prepare yourself for a startling surprise. On the day appointed for the marriage, when I was brooding at home and fortifying myself to the utmost with the verses referred to, for I need not tell you I still required the *panacea* of a good deal of philosophy to reconcile myself to the loss of the woman I loved, a loud ringing of the doorbell startled me, and before I could recover my surprise Florence, dressed in her wedding attire, pale and flurried with agitation, stood before me.

Was it an apparition or a creature of flesh and blood? In my bewilderment I hardly knew what to imagine. But the tremulous human voice soon awoke me to the strange reality of the situation.

"I dared not enter the church. I could not utter false vows. I could not hate myself for ever by pretending to love him; my mother's poverty tempted me to share his riches; I yielded only to regret; I have wronged *you*--forgive me."

She almost gasped these words, and then, evidently overcome with the strain of her wild excitement, fell fainting in my arms.

My love, that had never waned, at that moment grew intensified. I soothed her, forgave her, and tried to comfort her, and later on we were married.

But I have not finished yet.

Despite our narrow means we were very happy. We often had hard work to make the two ends meet, but love like ours soon lightened toil and sweetened privation. We never discussed the past. Her broken confession to me on the day when she was to be his wife was sufficient to acquaint me with everything; how the glamour of his wealth had made her false to me, and the poverty of those she loved had determined her choice, until the truth of her nature had at the last moment conquered.

But now comes the saddest portion of my story.

One day, a few months after we had been married, we met your father. For your sake, daughter, I cannot dilate on the scene that ensued. He vilified us, upbraided us, cursed us, and would not permit me to explain anything to him. And his cruel language cruelly wounded the feelings of my darling.

On her account I almost hated him, for after that dreadful interview my wife was never like her usual self, for his reproaches evidently had sunk deeply into a nature over-sensitive and highly wrought. By degrees her health failed her and—for I cannot linger on those days of trouble—after Angela was born she pined away and left me alone in the world, my daughter, her almost living image, being my only remaining solace and joy. And the shock to my own nerves, the affliction which seemed to rend my soul affected me to such a degree as to completely impair my physical vision. Yes, Medora, it drove me frantic!—it made me blind! My brief dream of happiness was rudely snapped. The common objects of earth now are always dark to me, and I can only discern the beauty of Angela's love and devotion and your affection, daughter."

I pressed his hand fervently to give him strength; he returned the pressure and continued:

"You know now how the mention of your name on the day of your first introduction acutely affected me. It was like probing into a wound almost healed. And afterwards, it seemed unaccountably strange to me, that the son of the man who hated me should woo the daughter of her, the cause of it, and stranger still, that you should have been the aid and abettor of it all. At first I refused consent to the marriage, afterwards I reluctantly gave it. When the happy couple did not return home on the day of the ceremony, the idea that some unknown calamity had

arisen from the union caused my illness. But you tell me they will be here soon and so all will be well."

VIII.

At last then, I knew all. The mystery of my father's conduct was explained and I could even make excuses for him. He judged like we all do, from appearances only. He had known all, surely he would never have nursed any enmity against those whom he considered had deeply wronged him; and by some strange fatality, I was the unconscious instrument of renewing happily with different results the love of the second generation. But as long as there was cherished strife and vindictiveness between my father and her's I felt that I had not completely fulfilled my task. My bounden duty was now evident—I must make peace between them at all hazards. But in the mean time, the love I had fostered and brought to a happy climax, had made me a culprit. It had caused my escapade. I therefore had to claim indulgence for myself and then I had to intercede for all the parties concerned. It was certainly a difficult task.

At the end of two weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Arlford, radiant in health and happiness, returned home on the same day I quietly entered my own abode.

My father was not in—I waited his arrival with an anxiety I cannot describe.

At first he would not speak or listen to me. After a while, I called to my aid all those womanly sweet resources that I could think of. I humoured, smiled, entreated, and finally secured his attention. I first discovered why he had publicly advertised for me. The reason was clear. My note had never reached him. The forgetful servant in the busy, anxious time of Mr. Vinesly's illness had forgotten to deliver it. After I had received pardon for running away, I mustered courage to tell him of his son's marriage, but with proper tact I did not then mention the *name* of his bride. He was astonished; but on my assuring him that she was in every way worthy of him, he actually expressed a desire to see them immediately.

I promised soon to give him this pleasure. But how was I now to continue my narrative?

I adopted the usual safe method. I told him his own love story without mentioning names. I excused her and exonerated her lover.

When I had proceeded as far as their

marriage, he rose and angrily bade me stop.

"How do you know all this, and how dare you speak to me of matters that don't concern you,—I will not have her name or his name mentioned." Having said these words, he was about leaving me, but I clung to his arm.

"Father, surely we may speak of her. She is far above our regrets or anger—she is dead."

He repeated the word "dead" mechanically, and pressed his hand over his forehead as if to recall the past.

He stood still for some minutes and I did not disturb him.

Then I seized my opportunity and spoke. "And he, father, he is blind; for the sake of the love you had for her, comfort him in his sorrowing loneliness. "Let him feel the warm grasp of your hand again—let him hear the sound of a voice that shall be again the voice only of a friend."

He did not answer me; but I could perceive his heart had softened at last.

"And there is another reason."

"What reason?"

"For the sake of *your* son and *his* daughter. Their love surely must not lack your blessing."

"We shall see about it," was my father's answer as he left the room.

EPILOGUE.

Although my father did not promise, I knew he would accompany me to "Milford House" on the morrow. Then the two men shook hands, and their warm grasp told me that forgiveness and peace had driven strife and enmity from their hearts for ever!

There is no occasion for me to tell you that we now all formed a happy family party.

To a certain extent I have only been a passive agent in this little drama, but there are times when I am credited with being the cause of it all and I do not contradict the assumption. Anyhow, I trust I have righted myself in the world's estimation and I am sure I shall never regret the cause of my "strange disappearance."

ISIDORE ASCHER.



CANADIAN POETS IN MINIATURE.



Bliss Carmen.

If forced to pass in silence by
Some scores who roll a phrenzied eye
Athwart-along this great Dominion,
Impute it not to studied slight,
Ye heirs of super-solar light,
Nor pipe me down with harsh opinion.

Hail *Carmen*, in thy robe of mist,
Adorned with streaks of amethyst,
Whose cut the cold logician crazes ;
Hail *Lampman* ! prone to pensive mood,
In love with Nature's virginhood,
Among the Millet and the daisies.



Arch. Lampman.

True singers both, if for the sake
Of beauty's charm we freely make
Concessions granted Keats and Shelley ;
Your dainty verses serve, at least,
To round a sentimental feast,
Divinely flavored cream and jelly.



Geo. Martin.

A little more of human life,
Its love and hate and ceaseless strife,
The tragic drama of the ages,
Might win for each that better part,
The homage of the human heart,
And bind us to your honied pages.

If aught in *Martin's* muse offends,
With *Marguerite* he makes amends,
And so we give him absolution ;
Smile, Hebe, smile while holding up
For him an overflowing cup
And seat him on a silken cushion.



Chas. G. D. Roberts.

In *Roberts* one is sure to find
A vintage that exalts the mind
Strong aqua vitæ, Madame Grundy ;
Blow fresh, ye winds, and chant and hum
A tribute to his genius from
Vancouver to the Bay of Fundy.



John Reade.

Orion, god of stormy skies,
Behold him with thy sleepless eyes
And shield him from the world's rude bluster ;
For has he not thy story told
In words that flow like molten gold,
Reflecting thy eternal lustre.

In *Reade* the polished scholar, see
How sense and harmony agree ;
Too scanty now his classic numbers ;
Too modest to assert his place,
And jostle in the bardic race,
He proses while his musa slumbers.



J. Hunter Duvar.

Awake, O dreamer ! fancy not
Thy early melody forgot,
The grace and charm of Merlin's story ;
Again thy lucent wings expand
And shed upon our smiling land
A new and more exceeding glory.

Rev. A. G. Lockhart,
"Pastor Felix"

Lo, in the east a regal star
Illumes the heavens ; hail *Duvar* !
The Garden of the Gulf adorning ;
No petty satellite art thou
With borrowed light upon thy brow ;—
Shine on, and cheer our Nation's morning.

Who wakes the harp of varied tone
Which youth and age delight to own ?
Our learned and loved convivial *Murray* ;
All things upon the earth below,
And in the heavens, he seems to know,
And laughs, when querists think to flurry.



Chas. Mair.

Hail, *Pastor Felix* ! king of hearts,
Who does not know his "taking arts" ?
Who fails to read his tender lyrics ?
Like voices of the wind and stream
They speak to us as in a dream,
And shame our metrical empyrics.



Chas. Sangster.

For *Mair's* broad brow a wreath of bay,
 And roseleaves scattered on his way,
 We grant with some slight hesitation ;
 For does he not say what he thinks,
 Instead of using shrugs and winks,
 When Yankees rouse his indignation ?

McLachlin, Sangster, wear your crowns
 Unmoved by curling lips and frowns
 Of those who deem you out of fashion ;
 Brave pioneers ! you led the way
 Where youngsters blow their horns to-day
 With less of sterling sense than passion.



Rev. F. G. Scott.

In *Scott* the strength of *Thor* is seen ;
 A norland tempest, swift and keen,
 We witness in his daring pinion ;
 Anon, the softest zephyrs sigh
 Caresses blooms that fade and die
 Within his fairyland dominion.



W. W. Campbell.

This much is due, but for the rest
 Some sad reversal ;—through his *Quest*
 A wave of intellectual treason
 Rolls dark and dismal, sweeping o'er
 Pure gems that pave an ocean floor,
 A ghostly ice flood, out of season.

Next *Campbell*, golden-shod, appears,
 Bearing his sheaf of ripened ears ;
 Dear, dearest to thy heart, fond *Mother* ;
 For he has touched the deepest deep
 Where thy bruised love is sure to weep,
 And hallowed it as has no other.



Arthur Weir.

A sprig of laurel pass to *Weir*,
 His country's special sonetteer,
 For if in spots a little rusty
 He shows us, the persistent elf
 He yet may rival *Petrarch's* self
 In lines that never shall grow musty.



W. D. Lighthall.

To *Lighthall's* patriotic zeal
Is due a cloud-invading peal
Of praise from brother bards Canadian ;
For has he not to England shown
That we can pipe, and flute, and drone
As did god Pan in woods Arcadian.

What fair enchantress leads the choir
Of Nymphs who feed the sacred fire,
With spices on Apollo's altar ?
Seranus, chanting notes that tell
Of legendary lore and spell,
Like sound of timbrel, harp, and psalter.

Mrs Frances J. Harrison,
"Seranus"

Tis pity that her Gallic rhymes,
Those jingling bells of olden times
Should mar, with wearisome intrusion,
The symphony of native strains,
That medicine our earthly pains,
And make "dull care" a blest illusion.



Mrs S. A. Curzon.

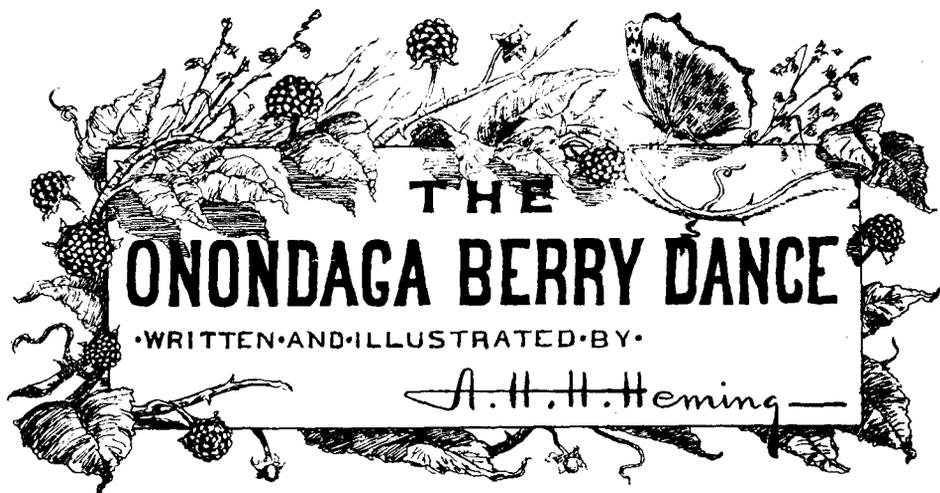
Curson! Fidelis! Pauline! three
Sweet muses linked with *Gowan Lea*,
Demand a generous libation:—
For each has brought her offering meet,
To lay at Poesy's white feet,
Rosebuds of purest exhalation.

With bared bowed head I pass by those
Who in their silent crypts repose,
And leave their honored names unspoken ;
With moistened eyes we ponder o'er
The sad vicissitudes they bore,
Till hope took flight and hearts were broken.

Miss A. M. Machar,
"Fidelis."

Adieu ! sweet wizards, each and all,
Who here in my enchanted hall
Have made for me an hour of pleasure ;
Your songs shall haunt my charmed ears
Till in the dusk the shape appears
That bids us foot an awkward measure.

Clio.



THE ONONDAGA BERRY DANCE

•WRITTEN•AND•ILLUSTRATED•BY•

A. H. H. Heming



THE deep shadows of the overhanging trees are broken here and there by the brilliant reflections of an August sun sparkling and flashing on the rippling waters; over the river floats the soft peals of the village church bells. Half a dozen bronzed faced Indians go tramping along the hot, dusty road, to attend the little white church on the hill. As our horses break into a trot we leave behind us a cluster of white-washed log and frame houses. With the sun in our faces and the Grand River on the left, we ride for an hour or so, then at the third ferry landing we leave the river road and enter a thickly grown hardwood bush, through which we follow for half a mile or more an old cow trail that winds in and out among the trees and undergrowth, over decayed and moss-mantled logs, and across strips of fern-covered marsh, when unexpectedly we come out on a small clearing; and there, on a knoll in the centre, stands the Onondaga Long House.

The name originated from the oblong shape of the structure. It is built of dressed logs roofed with shingles, and on either side open two small square windows. The only entrance looks out over a green sward that is broken on the right by several Indian graves.

A clump of trees on the left partly hides from observation a rude log hut wherein is held, in the early part of February, the

annual sacrifice of the burning of the white dog.

Tying the horses to a tree we walk over to a group of Indians who are lounging in the shade at one end of the building. My companion (Sam. Styers, a Cauaga) converses with an old man who possesses a profusion of shaggy gray hair, which falls over a pair of very broad shoulders. While Sam is addressing him in the Onondaga tongue I take a sketch of the old fellow; three or four smiling youths look over my shoulder and seem to be highly delighted when they see their old chief outlined on paper. From experience I have found that the easiest way to get on the best side of a red man—or for that matter any kind of man—is to make a sketch of him, and, if you flatter him a trifle, so much the better. Probably it was the first time these pagan people had ever seen anything of the kind, for as soon as I tore the sheet from the pad it was eagerly handed around from one to another, followed by numerous exclamations that I could not understand, but which I surmised expressed satisfaction, for in less than two minutes I was introduced to the head men, and ceremoniously escorted into the building. With the exception of the small space at the doorway, a bench runs



Blind Chief Gibson.

completely around the room. In the centre are two benches, at the end of which rests, on a high box, a huge iron kettle containing a very insipid sample of home-made berry wine. We are politely accommodated with seats among the chiefs at one end of the room, while the women and children fill up the other. Directly as the men and boys occupy the side benches, blind chief Gibson (the famous Lacrosse maker), rises to announce the names of the singers and drummer for the opening dance. Twelve young men take possession of the centre benches, and facing each other they lean

tapped with a stick it produces a very peculiar sound.

At the beating of the drum as a signal, the singers break into a wild and weird chant; around them a procession of dancers move in single file, making a circuit of the room; with their heads inclined forward they keep time with the rattles by jerking the forearm up and down. The step—if I might define it as such—is decidedly an odd one; it altogether differs from the half-trot that generally characterizes the dances of the western Indians. There is nothing graceful about it; evidently all the rigidity that can be



The Onondaga Long House.

forward with elbows resting on their knees; each holds in his right hand a rattle, which is fashioned from a section of cow's horn, half filled with dried peas and fastened to a handle about ten inches long.

Opposite the wine kettle, and facing it, sits an old wrinkled and long-haired chief, who leads in the singing; he is holding by his left hand a small drum about eight inches in diameter, made of thin layers of the inner skin of hard-wood bark glued together; the bottom is water tight, the top being covered with sheep skin; about half an inch of hot water is poured into the cylinder, the vapor of which causes the skin to moisten slightly, so that when

displayed is the perfection which every dancer strives to attain. The figure performed is not unlike the "Tablet Dance" held annually by the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, but in the step there is no resemblance.

With a rigid body they take a very short stiff-kneed jump, leaving the ground with the heel and toe at the same instant, and lighting squarely on the foot; then, with a double rocking motion of the feet, and turning in and out of the toes, they jump again.

One half of the circle is composed of men, the other of women, the ages of both sexes ranging from eighteen upwards.



Hemingway
PARSON PHOTOGRAPHIC

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE ONONDAGA BERRY DANCE.

The leadership is taken by the oldest man participating in the dance.

When the chanting gains a higher note, the leader turns facing the second man, and likewise the third faces the fourth, and soon to the end of the line ; still keeping up the same monotonous movement with the feet, they move in and out in a manner rather similar to the grand chain in our Lancers. As soon as the leader reaches the last man, instead of continuing the figure with the women, he reverses and works his way back to his original place ; then they all take hold of hands, and finally the leader passes the wine kettle ; at once the drum beats wildly, and, with a furious shaking of rattles, the chant increases in volume. The old female leader has thrown off her shawl, and ramming her pipe into her pocket, she joins in the chorus of the song ; immediately it is taken up by the entire assembly of nearly two hundred voices ; around and around sweep the perspiring dancers at an exhausting pace.

The dust rises in clouds from the rotten pine floor, and the uproar is deafening. Fifteen times they pass the wine kettle, then the excitement decreases, and gradually the chorus dies out until the rattlemen only continue the chanting. For the last time the leader comes abreast of the kettle ; the dancing instantly ceases. Stepping forward he seizes a large wooden spoon, from which he helps himself to several mouthfuls of wine ; in turn everyone follows his example by partaking of the beverage. Thus ends the principal feature of the Berry Dance.

Leaving the stifling and dust-laden atmosphere, they loll around in the cool shade of the trees, the men and old women smoke their blackened clay pipes, while the young braves are flirting with the dusky maidens, and the boisterous children fight for the possession of the lunch baskets.

A century ago the Onondagas were one of the wildest and bravest tribes that composed that ancient confederacy known as the Six Nations or Iroquois, which then represented the finest types of the aboriginal tribes of North America. To-day they are the last to be civilized. Two-thirds of the nation are pagans, believing only in the "Hawennyoh" as they term their Manito-God. They annually assemble at the Long House in the various seasons throughout the year to worship or give thanks to the Almighty for a bountiful harvest of berries or corn. All their

prayers and supplications are chanted in a weird manner.

During the interval I busied myself by filling up a number of blank pages in my sketch book with the various types, characteristics, and expressions of a once dreaded race.

The majority of people imagine that all red men possessing moustaches or whiskers are half-breeds, but this is not always the case, especially as among the partially civilized tribes the hairy-faced men predominate. I could cite scores of examples where pure blooded Indians are



The Female Dance.

favoured with rather handsome moustaches.

Among the eastern tribes there are few men who still keep up the ancient custom of extracting the hair with tweezers. To-day it is still a necessary function of the toilet among the Blackfeet, Bloods, Crees, Kootanais, Assiniboines, Shoshones and Flatheads.

After the much needed rest the dancing is resumed ; this time only the females participate, and the dance is conspicuously

void of that obnoxious shaking of rattles which characterized the preceding one. A dozen wrinkled and witch-faced women (the oldest in the tribe) go crooning

the dances this may be considered the most graceful.

Several dances of more or less interest are indulged in until late in the afternoon; then the final one commences, in which both sexes of all ages enter, the children taking as prominent a part as their seniors. With the exception of a few minor figures this dance differs very little from the opening one. At the close of the dance a number of short speeches by the head chiefs present concludes a wonderfully interesting ceremony. The people are dismissed amid a confusion of



An Onondaga Brave.

around in a circle, and stepping to the time of the drum. This is tame and uninteresting compared to the former, but the weird and spook-like figures of the dancers remind one strongly of the fourth act in Macbeth, where the witches mumble out—

Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.

Then follows the male dance; every performer is provided with a rattle, and the drummer, taking the head of the line, they move back and forward, but gradually proceeding until a circle is completed, then reversing they repeat it. Of all



The Old Fellow.

talking and laughing, barking of dogs and crying of babies.

As the sun settles down behind the dark outlines of the distant trees we mount and ride away.



CRICKET IN CANADA.

PART III.

THE History of Cricket in the Province of Nova Scotia resolves itself practically into a history of cricket in Halifax, for, while clubs have come into existence and had their being for a time in other places, yet the noble game has found no permanent home outside of the capital. Truro could at one time boast of a team worthy to cope with the best that Halifax could put in the field, and the town that could produce a Blair, a McCully, and a Muir is worthy of mention even in this short history. W. Webster of Kentville, equally at home with bat or ball, was in his day worth a place on a representative Provincial eleven. Yarmouth, Windsor, Wolfville, Stellarton, New Glasgow, Pictou, Sydney, and a number of smaller towns have also at times put creditable representatives in the field, but their efforts have been spasmodic, and with a few exceptions these places have now no clubs.

In Halifax ever since 1860, and even earlier, although not much remains by way of record, cricket has been played every year. From lack of organization, however, little would perhaps be done for a season or two together, yet there has always been a small but vigorous following who have kept the fire burning on the altar, and who in 1882 fanned the flame which kindled into being the Wanderer's Amateur Athletic Club. Halifax owes whatever she now has of prominence in cricket to the presence there of the Army and Navy. For upwards of thirty years contests for the supremacy have been vigorously waged between the civil and military forces. Without this annually recurring rivalry cricket in Halifax would have died a natural death years ago, for while there is, and has been, enough material among the civilians to form one respectable eleven, it is at least fifteen years since there has been enough material for two.

Previous to 1860 there is no record of any civilian organization for cricket, although matches had been played in Halifax for many years. It is, however, recorded that about 1858 the present

Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, the Hon. M. B. Daly, then secretary to his father Sir Dominick Daly, Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island, while on a visit to Halifax, astonished the natives by compiling the then unprecedented score of 106, including one hit for a clean run seven. This gentleman was one of the originators of the "Halifax Cricket Club" in 1860, on whose membership rolls we find the names of L. J. Morton, M. B. Almon, Thos. Abbott, Stubbing, and the late C. B. Bullock. This club existed down to about 1875, having witnessed the birth of several other civilian clubs, of which "The Thistle," "The Mayflower," and "The Phoenix" were the most important. Matches were played by the civilian clubs among themselves, and by each club against the garrison, and every now and then the civilians would combine their forces against their military rivals. Matches were also played against teams from Fredericton and St. John's, New-



Rev. T. D. Phillips.

foundland. Of these clubs the Phoenix, organized in 1867, outlived the others, and in turn gave up the ghost about 1879. The brothers Morris, J. Davis, the fast round arm bowler, R. Hodges the wicket keeper, J. Hutton, the Gorham brothers, Kearney, another fast bowler who played as late as 1884, T. Major, and L. R. Kayes formed the backbone of the clubs other than the "Halifax," and sterling work they did in the days when underarm bowling was the rule, round arm the exception, and overarm yet an invention of the future.

Mr. Daly, who as a M. P. frequently played for the House of Commons at Ottawa, and played for the Wanderers as late as 1886, is now with Mr. Stubbing a frequent spectator at matches, while Hodges and Hutton rarely allow an opportunity to escape them of seeing their favorite game. Special occasions bring out the Gorhams, Davis, and Kayes, and wonderfully full of interest are the stories

they all can tell of old time scores, and hits, and catches.

Extended reference has already been made to that most complete and important event, the Halifax Tournament of 1874. It will, however, be of interest to give the destination of the trophies presented. The cup for batting average went to D. S. Newhall, who bowled 17 wickets for 127; the cup for highest aggregate (197) to Rev. T. D. Phillips. Bats for score above 50 were awarded to R. S. Newhall, Capt. Wallace, Rev. T. D. Phillips (2), Hon. Keith Turnour, Lieut. Mitchell, and D. S. Newhall.

From 1879 to 1882 was a dull period as there was no permanent cricket organization, for most of the older players had given up the game, and the younger men felt little or no enthusiasm on the subject. In 1882, however, some of the Halifax boys returned from school in England and played a few matches against military teams with so much success that the idea



Umpire. J. P. Maxwell. Synnot. J. Meldon. R. Kennedy, (Umpire.)
 Kennedy. E. Fitzgerald. D. Cronin. Lieut. W. Johnston. Lieut. J. Dunn.
 T. C. Lyall. Gilman. J. W. Hynes. J. P. Fitzgerald.

GENTLEMEN OF IRELAND XI.

of a cricket tour was suggested. The project took form, fixtures were arranged, a team got together, and a start made. On leaving Halifax it was suggested that the tourists should have a name, and the appropriate appellation of "Halifax Wanderers" was unanimously adopted. Stellarton, Truro, Amherst, Moncton, and St. John were visited in the order named, and an almost unbroken succession of victories for the visitors was the result.

These successes led to the foundation of the Wanderers Amateur Athletic Club, which has in the past ten years built two athletic grounds, put in the field teams for cricket, football, baseball, lacrosse, tennis and quoits, furnished Henry and Fuller for the International team of 1886, Henry and Annand for the Canadian eleven in England in 1887, Henry for the team of 1888, and Kaiser for that of 1891. F. A. Kaiser and W. A. Henry have been throughout the most successful run-getters for the club, in fact each year there has been between these two gentlemen a good



F. A. Kaiser, Halifax.



W. A. Henry, Captain Halifax Wanderers.

natured rivalry for the average, closely pressed in the earlier years by W. G. Brookfield and latterly by J. G. Mackintosh. Kaiser's best performance was in 1889, against the navy, when he and F. A. W. Taylor going in first put together 252, without the loss of either wicket; the individual scores being respectively 125 and 111. Henry in the same year compiled 108 against the Garrison, and Lieut. E. P. Douglas, during the same season, put together 116 for the Garrison against the Wanderers. Henry's next best achievements were 92 against Ottawa in 1886, when he and H. Oxley (53) put on over 140 for the sixth wicket, and 88 in 47 minutes against the Gentlemen of Gloucestershire in 1887. Among other bats who have contributed to the success of the "Wanderers" in the past may be mentioned W. H. Neal, T. J. Cochran, W. A. Duffus, E. P. Allison, C. J. Annand, E. G. Kenny and W. B. Ferrie. Kaiser, Henry, Neal and Ferrie are still playing, and among the recent acquisitions to the batsmen are J. G. Mackintosh, a young player of great promise, a useful wicket keeper and a neat field, and L. W. Reed, an excellent patient bat, a good medium pace bowler and a capital field. His latest achievement consists in going in first against the Garrison in July and carry out his bat for 50 out of a total of 136, and in bowling 5 of their wickets in the second innings for 14. L. M. Johnstone is also a promising bat, and T. J. Cahalane scores rapidly when



J. D. McBeath, Fredericton.

well set. In the early days of the club L. J. Fuller and Kaiser did most of the bowling, assisted by Kenny and Henry. As the years have rolled on the bowling has been taken up in turn by Cochrane, W. Thompson, who for a few years was remarkably successful, G. A. Taylor, Duffus, Allison, Armand, Cabalane, Leigh and Reed.

During all the years above referred to the army and navy were as enthusiastic on their side as were the civilians on theirs. Scores of names could be mentioned of those who when stationed in Halifax, were celebrities with the bat or ball, more especially do we recall those of Capt. Wallace, Major Northey, the Hon. Keith Turnour and Captain Cummings of the army, and of Lieuts. Hodder and Login of the navy who will long be remembered in Halifax as among the ablest exponents of the game. In more recent years Newnham, Munro, Mane, Douglas and Rawson were opponents to be feared, while the present garrison team, with Bengough, Stockwell, Babington, Drew and Hughes can give a very good account of itself.

Cricket has not been much played in New Brunswick, outside of Fredericton, St. John and Moncton, but ever since the fifties the two former cities have had re-

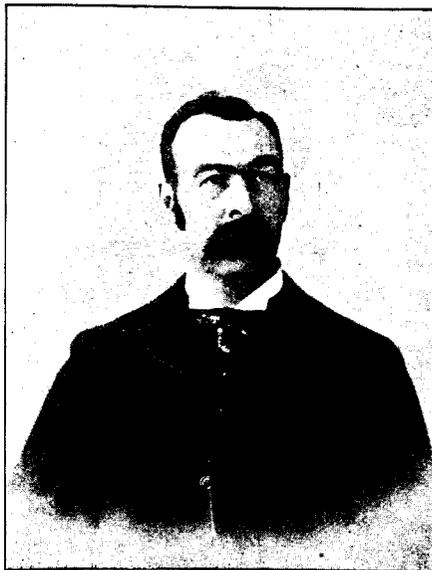
doubtable clubs, fortune from time to time giving the palm to one or other. In the thirties the late Hon. J. A. Beckwith organized a club to play the local regiments, being assisted in his task by Miller and Smiler. It would seem that from that time the capital of the province was rarely without a club though the doings are not recorded. In the year 1852 an old lover of the game, Robert Edgar, who had played in Hampshire for his county, conceived the idea of putting new life into the club in Fredericton. It is said that the eleven he got together manufactured their own material, for in the days of sailing ships an order sent one season to England was not filled till the next. Edgar, who was captain, with Ward, Winslow, Gough, Needham, Ackerly, Cameron and Spencer, played their first match against an eleven of the Rifle Brigade, under Col. Eales, on the old Biggs green, on King Street, and defeated them. After four years of steady work the club turned out a team which had arrived at a considerable degree of perfection. The captaincy in 1856 had fallen to J. A. Beckwith, in which year he defeated St. John and made in that match a brilliant stand with Maxwell, the two together putting on 90 runs for the 6th wicket, of which 90 Beckwith's share was 50. The other players in that match were Tobin, who was wicket keeper) in which position he excelled), Seaward, Taylor, Bland, McBeath, Briggs, Bryson, Matthews and Elliott. The Hon. J. A.



John O'Brien, Fredericton.

Beckwith, who has been called the father of cricket in New Brunswick, maintained his active connection with the game till the age of seventy, and after that might always have been seen watching with great interest all the matches of his old club.

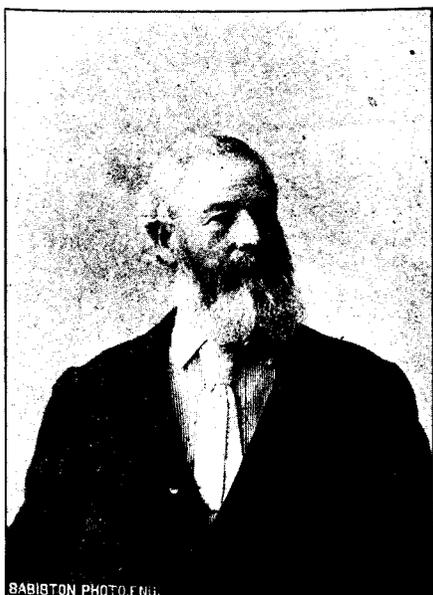
In 1857 a quarrel with the 76th regiment, in which the military did not behave very well, seems to have put an end to all cricket hostilities for a while. It would seem that the old club disbanded for a time, for in 1860 the Fredericton club reorganized, calling itself the St. Annes Club. Its representatives in the field that year were Lee, Carter, Lipseth, W. S. Morris, Sutherland, O'Brien, J. C. Wetmore, Bryson, W. Smiler, J. McBeath and A. G. Beckwith. Admirers of this eleven have claimed that it was, at that time, the finest eleven in the Dominion, but in the absence of comparative trials of strength it is impossible to judge of the accuracy of this claim. McBeath was the "champion" batsman, John O'Brien has the reputation of being the best bowler the club ever produced. His style was good square round arm, after the fashion that then prevailed, and so fast as to win for him the name of "Demon." In a match in 1860, he with the late Hon. W. C. Lee, despatched the St. George's club of St. John for 18 runs. W. S. Morris, now commandant at Fort MacLeod, did a great deal for the encouragement of the game and was a sure



J. D. Hanlon, Fredericton.

run-getter and admirable field. On occasion, too, he could trundle well as the 60th Rifles know to their cost, for he once took all ten of their wickets for 33 runs. "Dan" Tobin was in his day a celebrated wicket keeper, for which position, his great height, 6 feet 2 inches, helped him very much, giving him an immense reach. He was a very pretty bat and a great favourite with the old club. In more modern days J. D. Hanlon proved himself a very effective bowler. Interest in the game waned with the departure of the military, and while there has ever since been a club at the capital, there have been no giants, as there were in the good old days of '60.

Perhaps it is because St. John about this time began to eclipse Fredericton commercially, that we find cricket beginning to flag at the capital and to prosper more and more at St. John, as that city steadily increased her supremacy. The presence of the 18th Regiment and the 15th Royal Artillery at St. John is responsible for the organization there in 1855 of a civilians' club. The military had good wickets at all times on the grounds of the Barrack Square. Among the old civilian cricketers there were some good men, notably the two bowlers of the club, Agar and J. Ward, the latter of whom was also a fine bat. Other men of the old days were Kirby, Rich, H. Ward, Bunting, Van Buren, Godsoe, Robinson, Lowry and G. S. Smith. About 1860 the St. George's Club was formed and put in



BABISTON PHOTO. ENG.

"Dan" Tobin, Fredericton's wicket-keeper.



G. W. Jones, Captain St. John Club.



H. H. Harvey, St. John.

the field, Duncan, Bitenshaw, Machattie, Marsh, Mana, Ward, Curtis, Anderson, Frith, Smith and Hubbard. Prior to the withdrawal of the military in '66, the St. John club was very strong. W. Lee was its captain, and is to-day spoken of as St. John's best all-round cricketer. He had under him D. D. Robertson, J. Duncan Robertson, G. N. Sharpe, E. Lloyd, Geo. McLaughlin, J. Hardman and B. Brodie. Hardman recently played for Montreal, but is now in Chicago, and Brodie for

Ottawa. This eleven usually gave the regimental elevens and the Fredericton team tit for tat.

When the regiments formed column of route and marched out of St. John they took the cricket enthusiasm with them, for they removed the great incentive to exertion, competition. Before long the young men, deprived of their pastime, bestirred themselves and made application successfully to the government for the use of the old Barracks crease. Interest in the game was gradually revived, the visit of the Halifax Wanderers and the Garrison eleven of the same place giving a new impetus from outside. The Barracks crease was discarded and a lease taken of the Agricultural and adjoining



F. C. Jones, St. John.



W. J. Starr, St. John

grounds, where, after a first rate crease had been laid, the Moncton Club sent up an excellent team to play on the opening day, Dominion Day, 1884. George W. Jones had just returned from Merchiston College in Scotland, where he had been captain of the eleven, and when he had been chosen captain of the St. John Club



C. St. C. Skinner, St. John.

took the men in hand. A reference to the records of the Canadian eleven in England will show what a fine bat this gentleman is, and he at all times proved a tower of strength to his own eleven. Under his management for five years the club flourished, frequent visits being interchanged with Fredericton, Moncton and Halifax, when St. John always held its own. The men who developed, about this time, were Fred. C. Jones, also trained at Merchiston, H. Harvey, who in addition to being a bowler is a finished bat; W. J. Starr, equally accomplished, J. Thomas, a good run-getter, A. McIntyre, Gordon McLeod, Hansard, S. Smith, and Claud S. Skinner. C. Skinner has been captain of Harvard for two years and is a dangerous bowler. Last year St. John tried conclusions with Boston. At present there is a lull in hostilities, but enthusiastic cricketers such as A. O. Skinner, the popular president of the club, say that if the first named men would get into good form and arrange fixtures with Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Fredericton and Boston annually, they

would give an excellent account of themselves. While distance from place to place militates against the game in St. John there is every reason to believe that that city will always have, as it has had, and to-day possesses a first rate eleven. No more successful system for promoting the welfare of cricket in New Brunswick could be adopted than the formation of a provincial association. Its primary object should be to increase the number of local clubs so that more competitors near at hand could be found.

Long distances between competing clubs stand in the way of frequent visits and cricket to succeed must be played continuously through the season. The same reasoning applies to Nova Scotia, but not with equal force, for Halifax has always the men from the regiments and ships to play against; still, the adoption of a plan by which the number of local clubs would be materially increased would at once make its influence felt. In Canada the time and the purse of the cricketer are limited, and that arrangement which will draw least on both, while at the same time it provides lots of games, is the one best suited to the needs of the cricketing community.



Jas. W. Thomas, St. John.

The oldest club in the Province of Quebec of which any record is available is the Sherbrooke Club, which was established in 1836. The first eleven were Major Henry Beckett, Henry Beckett, Jr., Alexander T. Galt, (now Sir Alexander), W. C. Mears, H. Taswell, W. Ansel, D. Ansel, T. Wheeler, R. D. Moskill, J. S. Donohue, and T. Brown.

Many English emigrants settled hereabouts. These and the eleven of the Bishops College, Lennoxville Club, organized under Bishop Williams the then principal, himself an enthusiastic cricketer, made good sport for many years. Later matches have been played with Quebec, St. John, and Montreal.

It is impossible to say what is the earliest date at which the regiments stationed in Quebec Province played cricket. For us, however the record only becomes interesting when we find Canadians taking up the game. What any particular regiments on foreign service did among themselves is of no more moment than as being the incentive which prompted the civilian's, as they are always termed in the old scores, to play cricket. It is natural that all the early contests should have been between the red coats and the citizens. In old Quebec with its citadel and ramparts, where Wolfe and Montcalm, after bravely deciding that this Canada of ours should owe allegiance to the British Crown, lie wrapped in eternal slumber, there have been more iron than leather balls sent down. Whether it be that where such serious games were played no idle sport can find a home, that since the merry Dauphin's jest with English Harry, "this mock of his has turned all balls to gun stones," or because of the disinclination of the French to play cricket that the game has never flourished in Quebec we know not, but certain it is that it has had no abiding place there. From time to time there have been clubs and cricket, but neither have been permanent.

Great Montreal however, for half a century, though split in two by the disregard of more than half of her citizens of the game of cricket, and handicapped for lack of some such cricket breeders as the Ontario Public Schools, has maintained her place among the greatest clubs of Canada. The first international match with the United States played in Canada took place in Montreal in 1845. Her's was indeed the enterprise that first induced an English team to brave Atlantic's storms and come to us. Lillywhite in his "*Trip to Canada and United States*," an illustrated volume of some seventy pages published in 1860, sets at rest the dispute which had apparently arisen at the time, as to whom the credit was due of bringing Parr's team here. He gives a statement signed by George Parr and John Wisden to the purport that, their "engagement to play

the four matches was made solely with the Montreal Cricket Club of Lower Canada whose guarantee we accepted for our expenses and remuneration." W. P. Pickering was the secretary of the Montreal Club, and he on its behalf conducted the English party throughout their travels which proved so costly that the gentlemen of Montreal were obliged to subscribe to make up a deficit of something like £100.

The premier club of Canada's greatest city is the Montreal C. C., though it has not always lived under that name. The Vespers is entitled to the distinction of being the oldest civilian club in that city, for, half a century ago, they bowled and batted on the corner of Ontario and St. Urbain streets, on the very spot where now the pupils of St. John's School hunt the leather. This was the pioneer citizens' club which first joined issue with the military and which, strange to say, when the Vespers had become, as it afterwards did, the Montreal C. C. in turn merged its interests with the military in a common organization known as the Montreal Garrison Club. Born to oppose the Garrison itself became a military club. Before this first renomination however, the Vespers had been played for the last time, night had intervened and the morning of a new era saw the Montreal C. C. vigorous and rich, disporting on its new ground where Mackay street now runs.

Before the days of railways in this country matches between clubs at a distance were rare, yet the Toronto club had gone to Montreal in 1846 to engage in what was intended to be the first of a series of "Home and Home" matches and where they won by seven wickets. It was not till 1849 that Montreal was able to return the game, but in that year Conolly, Maline, Wilgress, Shipway, Napier, F. Brown, J. Brown, Powell, Stewart, McDonald and Robinson travelled five hundred miles by stage and boat to keep their pledge, despite the fact that they lost by an innings, and 101 runs. Heward 58, Sams 52, and Parsons 51, were the chief contributors to their oponents total of 218. Napier was their great bowler, and we find him nine years later playing for Canada in the International match with the United States, though not trundelling so well as his colleague from Montreal, Hardinge, who took seven wickets for 52 runs in the first innings of that match. Fourdiner was another Montrealer who played for Canada in the same game.

About 1853 the Aurora club was in existence: it and the Montreal club put an eleven in the field against the 39th Regiment which they defeated by five wickets. Next year the Montreal club alone was beaten by the same regiment by 2 runs, and in this way victory coming now to the citizens anon to the regiments, the contests went on. It was upon this new crease we have mentioned that Parr's eleven played in 1859, and here many an-

Young Canada club was at the time playing, and here the military joined forces with their old antagonists and was founded the Montreal Garrison club which existed till the removal of the troops in 1870, at the time of which exodus the club was again renominated the Montreal C. C. Four years however, before the troops vacated, the Philadelphians, captained by Dan. Newhall, played two matches at Montreal in both of which they were



GARIBTON PHOTO. ENG.

J. C. Badgley. A Browning. C. W. Dean Miller. A. P. Drummond.
 C. McLean A. Fraser J. Smith F. Guerrier.
 J. C. Pick H. Hamilton. C. E. Smythe.

MONTREAL C. C. XI, 1880.

other redoubtable contest took place, chiefly however with the military, for isolation has always deprived Montreal of the numerous fixtures that Toronto, surrounded by her hundred clubs enjoys. Notable among the men of this time were Hardinge, W. P. Pickering, Napier, Swain, Fisher and Webber Smith.

When in 1862 Mackay street was opened through the old crease a move was made to the Phillips' estate, where the

beaten, Pebys scoring in one of them the first century made on the ground. C. D. Rose, Hornby of the Canadian Rifles and Capt. Wallace of the 60th were large scorers too. Here in 1868 Willsher and Freemans' eleven played their only Canadian match.

From '64 to '67 the military were very strong, the 30th Regiment, "The Travelling Tinkers" contributing some fine men who played as a rule, under Capt. Northey,



A. Browning, Montreal,
Compiler of highest score (204) in America.

once a captain at Eton and afterwards killed in Zululand. Lord Cecil, an old Harrow boy, Cobden, who learned his cricket at Rugby, and who was an excellent wicket-keeper as well as a fine bat, (a brother of that Cobden who, playing for Cambridge a few years later took the last three Oxford wickets in four balls when they wanted but three runs to win the match,) "Schoolmaster" Foster, notably one of the best cricketers in the service, Hornby, a cousin of the Lancashire hero, and Capt. Birch, an old Marlburian and a fine bat, now living at Montreal, were hard men to beat. Capt. Phillips of the Grenadier Guards was a good all round man, and Colonel Bathurst who frequently played for the Gentlemen of England helped to make up a practically invincible eleven.

Peacock the bat maker turned out then, as he does now, some fine drivers. The civilian eleven of this time was chosen from such men as Young, Smith, Murray, Tetu, Mackenzie, Ridley, Bacon, Buchanan, Hardman, Hebden, Oswald, Elliott, Jones, Pearn, Rose and Brotherhood. Hebden, Tetu, Rose and Oswald were the bowlers, the best batsmen being Tetu, Murray, Mackenzie, Brotherhood and Hardman.

In 1872 Fitzgerald's team, of which, by the way, that gentleman, and not W. G. Grace, was the captain, played in Montreal. Six years later the second largest in-

dividual score—202—ever made in America was compiled by Leisk, of Hamilton, during a match at Montreal with the local eleven. Playing for Montreal in 1880, A. Browning made at Ottawa the American record for individual score—204—in an innings, the total of which was 402, to which Badgeley contributed 80. This large score was made in one of the matches played by the Montreal Club while on an eastern tour, during which they defeated Hamilton, then very strong, lost at Port Hope and drew with Kingston. The middle seventies were active years for the Montreal Club, at that time very strong. In 1875 they won nine out of fifteen matches, of which two were drawn. The next year H. C. Simonds, one of the best all round men Canada has ever had, made some big scores, notably 60 and 75 in one match against Ottawa. The men of this period were W. Smith, G. L. Hardman, E. H. Gough, F. Stancliffe, H. C. Simonds, C. L. MacLean, J. Smith and T. D. Bell. Some of these gentlemen are playing to-day, but their places have been filled from time to time by others, prominent amongst whom were Guerrier, Browning, Badgeley, Pinkney, Alslow, H. Hamilton, F. T. Short and P. Barton, all of whom have shed lustre on the club.

Both of Sanders' English elevens won at Montreal, as did the West Indians in 1886, and the Halifax Wanderers in the



F. C. Stancliffe, President Montreal C. C., 1884-6.

same year. This was the last season on the old St. Catherine street ground, since which time the club has never had the exclusive use of a ground of its own, nor exhibited the old-time vigour nor enterprise. The prosperity of the period covering the last three years of the club's domicile on the old ground was largely due to the untiring energy and valuable services of the then president, F. Stancliffe. This season the club sent an eleven west, which, however, did not meet with much success. All clubs have their periods of depression, and from such a period is the Montreal C. C. now emerging to the prosperity of an era in which it will accomplish mighty feats.

The St. George's Club was organized in 1873, and two years later played eight matches, winning six and losing one. They had first the old St. Denis grounds, and afterwards the college crease. The Grand Trunk Railway Cricket Club, whose members were employees of the railway

company, was established at Point St. Charles in 1854, and has often won good matches. The Victoria club had a fitful existence. The little village of Chambly, thanks to the efforts of the Austin family, all good cricketers, supported a club for many years.

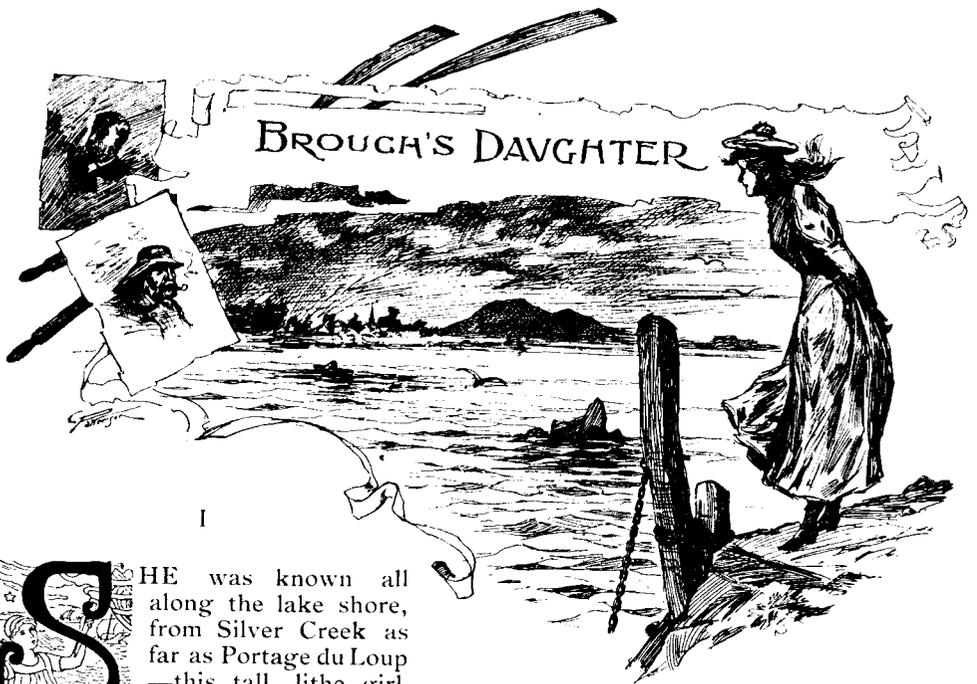
The schools of Quebec have not done much to help cricket. Native cricketers have not been numerous; reliance has for the most part been placed on transient visitors and Englishmen coming to reside near Montreal. Bishop's College School of Lennoxville, is the only scholastic institution that has materially helped. Under the successive masters, Clinton, Petrie and Lloyd, some fine bats have been turned out. But, glorious prospect! In the last two years the schools of Montreal have taken up the game, and from them, it is hoped, the older clubs will be recruited.

G. G. S. LINDSEY.

THE GIANT.

GREAT River of the North, majestic stream,
 Titan, begot of god-wed mother, Earth!
 What awful, world-racked throes ushered thy birth?
 No weakling's cradle rocked thy infant dream;
 But, couched on Nature's breast, the Eagle's scream
 Thy lullaby, thou stretch'd'st thy brawny girth,
 While his peaks, trembling, echoed to thy mirth
 As thou did'st wake to know thy strength supreme!
 Now, to thy lair, where beasts and wilder men
 Do rage and bite, while thou dost, sodden, sleep,
 Thy Master comes, and thou'rt no longer free;
 In fretting chains, by crag and mist-wraithed fen,
 Forth leads, and bids thee cleave, full wide and deep,
 For Him, a portal to the rock-barred Sea!

SAMUEL MATHEWSON BAYLIS.



SHE was known all along the lake shore, from Silver Creek as far as Portage du Loup—this tall, lithe girl with her straight brows—if not personally, at least from hearsay; for she was quick of wit and sharp of speech, and her sayings were retailed many and many a time, sometimes with even more than their original embellishments, about camp fires in the woods, or to a select few off duty on the schooners and other craft which plied the lake during the season.

For twenty years Brough, her father, had been keeper of the Mern Lighthouse, situated on a "nastyish bit" near the north shore of Lake Erie. Where he had come from the people about did not know, although most of them remembered his arrival with his little girl, a dark-browed child of four or five years; but of his wife he had never spoken to any of them. He was a strange man, moody and reticent if let alone, but apt to be violent if questioned against his will. This his neighbours soon discovered and had gradually fallen into a way of respecting his moods, which were variable in the extreme. At first he took little notice of his child, and it was surprising how soon she learned to do things for herself, but as she grew older his feelings alternated between indifference, an occasional sort of pride in her ungirlish feats and language, and positive hatred, in which mood his conduct became so rough towards her that the men about—his own associates—had

been heard to say they found it hard work to keep their hands off him. This sort of treatment the girl bitterly resented, and, although moved by no cowardly fear, kept away from him as much as possible, or welcomed any company to the house beneath the revolving light, so that, at least, she was not alone with her father.

Thus she grew up, vigorous in mind and body, greatly preferring, as she frankly said, the company of men to that of women—and this was not very surprising, all things considered. Her accomplishments were what might have been expected under the circumstances,—more masculine than feminine,—for she could beat most of the men about in a fair race, pulling a steady, long stroke, for which they professed great admiration; had been known to swim to the Papoose, an island four miles out and back, with scarcely breathing space between, and could dive from any rock about with as little sound as is compatible with such an operation. She had been heard to say that she could read and write, although no proof had ever been given her hearers, but she could swear, upon occasion, that they all knew, with great ease and brilliancy. Added to all this, Meg was intensely womanly, so far as love of finery went and dancing, and attended all the routs far and near, in whatever sort of weather, as long as a boat could leave the light-

house, dressed in her best, where she not unfrequently made conquests of a certain sort,—that is, the men followed her about, appearing to enjoy with great relish her often caustic wit, if not directed against their own failings. Still, although considerably admired, Meg did not apparently come up to the domestic requirements of her masculine friends, for, having reached her twenty-fifth year, she was still unmarried, while most of the other girls had long been transferred from the houses of their fathers to homes of their own.

Surely there never had been a more exquisite morning. The beautiful words of Heber's hymn :

"All thy works do praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea,"

could scarcely fail to recur to any lover of Nature, for each and all were so beautiful. Summer was still in its infancy, but an unusually early season had already developed the beauty of the trees, which stood out on the land side against a sky of vivid blue, half covered with ripples of white like the sand behind the retreating tide ; while on the other the waters of the inland sea danced joyously in the beams of the morning sun, as if the shore for miles did not bear pitiful evidence of the fury of last night's storm. But Meg Brough was in no sentimental mood this morning, though sometimes she noticed effects of cloud and water with a singularly critical eye. She was in a "mighty hurry," as she would have said, having left undone some of her morning's work to row to the village that she might hear all the gossip about an entertainment of a more than usually hilarious nature, which had taken place there the night before, and to which she had been unable to go in consequence of the storm. Along the beach to right and left of her lay boats of various build, mostly with their oars inside. But of these Meg took no heed. She was scanning with some impatience the movements of a boat which danced up and down upon the waves a short distance out, entirely at the mercy of the fresh morning breeze. Upon the stern of this boat was painted in large white letters *Mern No. 2*, and its sole occupant, a man in a blue shirt, was indolently leaning to one side gazing into the water.

"Wonder who he is," said Meg to herself, with some impatience, "Ah! must be th' English chap, I reckon! Good

lack! he ain't in want o' cheek, any how!"

For a minute or so longer she waited, as if the contemplation of his indolent figure afforded her some unwilling pleasure, then placing her hands trumpet-wise before her mouth, she sent a clear, strong "Hullo" across the water. A wave or two crept up upon the sand, a great white gull swept past, and then the stranger straightened his back, threw a glance about the horizon as if to see for whom the hail was intended, suddenly realized the situation, and turned his face towards the shore.

"Hullo," called Meg again, this time beckoning energetically with her hand, "you there—I want that boat! Bring her in!"

For answer he took up the sculls, till then idly drifting alongside, and began to make for the shore. The last pull sent the boat's keel grating up against the sand, whereupon her occupant got up, stepped over the side, and taking the chain cable in his hand, faced the girl. For a moment they looked at one another, and during that time Meg somehow took in the fact that he was a gentleman,—she had not seen many in her life,—that his face was bronzed with exposure to the sun, his moustache fair and drooping, his eyes,—she did not know their colour until afterwards,—frank and manly, then he took off his hat, and said with a certain grave courtesy Meg had never seen before,

"I beg your pardon, I did not know this was your boat, or—"

"Neither it is," she interrupted, somewhat flippantly, "it belongs to the light-house out there,—and so do I!"

"Ah," he said, and his voice had the slightest suspicion of a drawl in it, "then I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss Brough?"

"Commonly called Meg, or Brough's Daughter—yes!"

"Then, Miss Brough, will you allow me to say that I am glad to have met you at last," he went on, taking off his hat again. "I have heard a good deal about you!"

"About me? Lord! Who from?"

"Mol—Oh!—Miss Finch I think her name is!"

"Then you didn't hear over-much good of me, I reckon," returned Meg, tilting her chin.

"Didn't I!" chaffingly, "How do you know?"

She reddened, and looked defiantly

across the water, but made no answer.

There was a pause, then she turned to him again suddenly.

"Where did you see her?" she said.

"Her? I beg your pardon! Oh! Miss Finch, you mean? I met her at the,—at the dance last night."

"Were you there," said Meg, eagerly, "how did you like it?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well enough! How was it I did not see anything of you?"

"Because I wasn't there," she returned, grimly.

"But why weren't you?" laughing, "That is the point!"

"Father wouldn't let me," shortly.

"I didn't think you would mind much what he said!"

She looked at him quickly.

"That's some of what Moll Finch told you, I guess," she said a little bitterly, "but you see," with a laugh, "I couldn't help it. Dad kept too sharp an eye on the boats. He said if I wanted to go so awful bad I might swim. It didn't matter so much about me, but as long's he was keeper o' the Mern Light, the boats shouldn't be smashed up any more'n he could help!"

"He said that—to you!" said the stranger.

"He said that,—to me," she repeated mockingly, "but you needn't look so mad,—it's only his little way! I want to hear about last night, though! You didn't like it, eh? Why didn't you?"

"Because—Oh! I'll tell you some other time! By-the-by, when may I see the lighthouse—at any time, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, there's nothing to hinder, that I know of,—but I ain't there very often," said Meg, composedly.

"Are you not? What a calamity! Only I don't see that that would make much difference," coolly. "It is the lighthouse I want to see, and, I suppose" laughing, "you don't take the lighthouse with you when you go out!"

"Not often," she returned, drily, "you see it's too big for my pocket, and not—big enough,—for my heart, I suppose!"

He glanced at her curiously, to see how far she understood her metaphor, if metaphor it were, but she only looked back at him with a smile of childish simplicity, and continued:—

"I was in an awful hurry to get home about half-an-hour ago, though you wouldn't think it to look at me. I must go. Good-bye!" and before he could

offer any assistance, she had shoved off the boat, sprung into it, and with oars poised, nodded to him from a few yards away. About a quarter of a mile out she paused and looked up, shading her eyes from the sun. Already the manly figure was striding along the sand, and as the girl looked after it, she took up her oars with an unwonted sigh, and resumed her way.

Although Meg had not previously seen him, the English stranger—Frank Probyn by name—had made his appearance in Millersville several days before, and naturally the popular feeling had changed from limited curiosity to profound sensation on hearing from the elderly man-servant who accompanied him their intention of settling there for a time at least. General interest, also, was taken in the curious dwelling being put up for them. This building somewhat resembled a boat house, and consisted of two rooms, one of which overhung the water with a sort of balcony in front, while the other strongly resembled in size and otherwise a cook's galley, as indeed it was. For his master, Duffer, the man, seemed to have an unusual affection, and appeared to be no new acquisition in the family, for after his first reticence had vanished, he was found by his various interviewers only too ready to give any particulars concerning his master's former life. Nor did he fail to draw comparisons between the luxurious home they had left, and their present mode of living. Among other things, his master's family occupied a large share of his conversation, which it is unnecessary to state was eagerly listened to.

"That beautiful an' sweet she is—Mr. Frank's mother—as you would think she were a h'angel from the skies, i' stid o' a mortal woman,—and his father too,—a finer gentleman never stepped, only they can't never hit it off, him an' my master, more's the pity!"

On one point, however, he was silent, and that was concerning the cause of the last trouble between father and son. He allowed them, however, to understand that this had resulted in a violent quarrel, the total withdrawal of the young man's allowance, and the expressed wish on his father's part never again to see his face, unless he should return to his senses, and walk in the path pointed out to him.

For several days, Meg, contrary to her custom, stayed much in-doors, and, I fear, allowed her thoughts to dwell more than was exactly prudent upon the handsome

face of the stranger. Then petulantly declaring that if it were her presence which detained him, he might come and welcome, she, one beautiful day in early June, unfastened one of the boats, and sped away to her favorite haunt among the islands; for the girl was full of inconsistencies of character, and when the mood came upon her, loved utter solitude and the beauty of nature even more than at other times she sought and revelled in rollicking and ungente company. Upon her return, she found her father in an unusually genial mood, and was informed that "th' English chap" had been there, had spent a couple of hours with him, and that "he was no fool either!"

"Did he ask for me?" hazarded Meg, after a time,—why she could not say.

"You," said her father, contemptuously, and laughed, "not as I heard on! He said as he were comin' back soon though—but look here, my lass, if you think he's comin' after the likes of you, you'd better get that maggot out o' your head as soon's you find convenient!"

But Brough was not infallible, and so he might have acknowledged, had he ever acknowledged himself wrong about anything, for the new-comer not only made his promised visit, during which the uses and beauties of the revolving light overhead were fully discussed again, but fell into the habit of coming, and gradually his entertainment was handed over to Meg, who did not seem to accept it unwillingly. Upon these occasions, Brough, his sole topic of conversation exhausted, now thrust his hands into his pockets, and surlily retired into contemplation of the smoke from his short black pipe. Sometimes, indeed, he seemed to listen to the singular talks which were carried on in his unnoticed presence,—talks which by degrees assumed a higher plane of thought, and had as subjects many topics of interest to a cultivated world. Then Mr. Frank, as the Millersvillites called him, began to bring books, and if Meg hailed their reception with delight, her father did not follow a good example. Coming upon her one day deep in the volume she held, and having spoken without receiving any answer, he violently declared with an oath that unless she took them out of his sight, he would "heave all them trash o' books into the lake," and the girl, knowing that in such matters he never failed to keep his word, sighed, and with her hands full, retired to her own room.

And now a very marked change began to come over this young woman. Her manner and speech became more refined, also, her dress lost its former traces of loudness, and began to exhibit symptoms of a carefulness it had before entirely lacked. She no longer found pleasure in gossiping with the women of the village, but rather kept away from them as much as possible, or made her visits short, and only when they could not be helped. All this was naturally attributed by Meg's quondam friends to the fact of her being the chosen companion of a man socially above her, and was commented upon by them with cruel and bitter jealousy.

"Though she do hold her head so high," they said, "*Miss* 'ull find out too late that the likes o' them a'int to be trusted, an' then maybe her pride 'ull have a fall!" but as far as she was concerned personally they held their peace, probably remembering Meg's temper of old, intolerant of criticism, and that whoever was beaten in an encounter of mother-wit, she was not! So the months succeeded one another, and the summer, the happiest Meg had ever known, glided away, leaving nothing behind it but a memory. The grain grown on the farms had long been reaped, the fruit merrily gathered,—the weary sun sought his rest earlier every evening and rose later each morning, and the mellow peace of Indian summer settled down over the land. Upon such a day Meg and her "summer-day friend" as he had laughingly dubbed himself, returned to the lighthouse from a favorite resort among the islands earlier than was their wont. At the foot of the stairs they separated, and Meg slowly ascended to the tower alone. An hour afterwards, sitting thoughtfully in the half-light with her hands loosely clasped upon her knee, she was startled by a sudden step upon the threshold.

"Who is there?" she said, peering through the gloom. "Oh, Mr. Frank!"

"Not Mr. Frank to you," he said, half angrily, as he walked across the room and stood before her. Then suddenly softening, "My name is Francis! All the people I have ever cared for have called me Francis!"

"But what have you come back for,—Mr. Frank?" she said, perversely.

"Say Francis!"

"I had better fetch a lamp," she said, starting from her seat, "it is getting so d—," but he put out his hand, and detained her.

"You need not," he said, simply, "I have not a moment to spare. When I got back to the shanty I found a telegram waiting for me," touching his breast pocket, "from my mother—from England! My father is ill!"

"Very ill?"

"Yes, very ill," he said, "he may not be,—living, when I reach home!"

"It will be a great grief to you, if it is,—so?" she said, in a low voice, longing to lay her hand upon his arm,—to touch his hand,—in some way to show the sympathy for him she dared not put into words.

"Yes," he repeated slowly, "a great grief!" There was a pause, and then he went on, "I have not been a good son to him, and I am the only one he ever had! But I am glad—glad," his voice quickening with a sort of passion, "I can say it even now, that the last time I saw him I would not,—would not obey him!"

Meg did not reply. She knew to what he referred, for he had told her,—how that for this disobedience, refusing to marry a woman he could not love, his father had cast him off, desiring that he might see his face no more!

"When do you go," said Meg at length, breaking the silence. "To-night?"

"Yes, now," he answered, "I shall catch the Inman steamer from New York to-morrow, if I am fortunate!" So they left the room, and went down the steep stone stair to the water's edge side by side, like any other pair of friends, silently.

"Good-bye, Francis," she said sadly, for the first time calling him by his Christian name.

"God bless you, Meg!" In the dark she could not see the look in his clear, grey eyes, nor the stern self-control in his resolute chin, but his voice betrayed him. "I will come back to you again!" That was all; and while the girl stood there, numbly looking after him, long after even the sound of the oars had ceased, he, a passionate pain at his heart, sped through the dark, muttering through his teeth,

"It is better so—better so! If I had told her,—if I had even put my arms about her,—I *could* not have left her!"

II.

All traces of summer were gone. Except for the belt of tamarack on the other side of Cherry Creek, the branches of the trees were all bare; scarcely a leaf of all that a week or two ago had made the landscape a thing of beauty, now quivered

upon its stem. Dark, lowering clouds and frost had replaced the mellow brightness of Indian summer, and the first snowflakes were already wavering through the keen air.

After navigation for the season had stopped, Brough and his daughter, according to custom, left the light-house, and established themselves on shore, in the cottage assigned for their use. For a time, after she had become accustomed to her loneliness, the girl was happy, but it was the happiness of expectancy, rather than of present joy. Although at first she scarcely knew it, the whole fulness of her life had centred in the coming spring, when, she thought, her lover,—there was no other conclusion to come to,—would again be with her. Even the prospect of a long and dreary winter without him did not cause her much pain.

"I shall have so much to do," she would think sometimes joyously; "he would only be in the way! Oh, if I could only make myself better for your sake,—Francis!"

And so she fell to studying with greater zeal than ever, reading with eager attention, and thinking out as she went about the house the great thoughts of the writers, until she lived in a world far removed from that about her. It is hard to make this girl,—one of the rank and file of life, who had grown up from her cradle without one refining influence, except what had stolen into her heart from the great heart of nature—it is hard, I say, to give her in her upward struggle even a semblance of reality. And yet why should she not be real? How have so many sweet and noble lives, yes, and great minds arisen from humble origins if not through the at first unnoticed reception of beauty of form, or colour or sound, made broader and deeper as the soul groped on, often alone, towards the light. At this time, I dare say, Meg had little conception of the sympathy of kindred spirits,—but she was often struck with the simplicity of what she read in books which at first she had almost feared to touch, and had felt many and many a time, that the thoughts thus presented for the first time to her mind, had been familiar to her all her life.

Late autumn drifted on into winter. The whole landscape lay swathed in its snowy garments, and out from the shore of the lake crept its covering of ice. Nothing ever happened in winter at Millersville. It was the dreariest time of all the year. No railway came within

several miles, and it knew no more the hilarious jollity of the fresh-water tars who frequented it during the summer months. As time went on, the confident hope in Meg's heart respecting some communication from England, turned into impatience, and her studying began to be neglected, while she pondered over the imaginary contents of her letter with an increasing and passionate heart-hunger which she no longer tried to hide from herself. To make the matter worse, she had plenty of time to brood over her trouble, for her father spent most of his time away from home, or sat in surly silence smoking his pipe beside the kitchen fire, and the breach between herself and her neighbours seemed daily to grow wider.

The people, indeed, had welcomed her on her reappearance among them, with surprise, but coldly,—then, seeing the difference, began to look on her askance, and finally ceased to notice her at all, although in such a marked manner that there was no mistaking their intentions. Truth to tell, they had nothing against her except jealousy; but a wise man once said, "Jealousy is cruel as the grave," and since his time nothing has altered less than human nature! I daresay none of them had ever heard the very human proverb, "It is easier to see twenty running before us, than to know that one is gaining ground," but the spirit of it they acted upon with much ability. Meg had always been regarded with a more or less jealous eye by her associates, having been from her childhood of a strong, self-confident nature, ever ready to undertake anything, and almost sure to bring it to a successful issue. Still, she had been one of themselves. Now all was changed. Her quietness and studious habits were, of course, completely misunderstood, and the bitterness of her bitter life daily increased by the animosity directed against her.

Month succeeded month, and the flickering flame of hope grew dimmer and dimmer in the girl's heart. Her books had been cast aside, she had no heart to go on with her self-imposed studies. Now, when her work was done, her diversion, if diversion it could be called, consisted in taking restless, lonely walks along the snowy roads, striving to outstrip the trouble she carried at heart, and returning with the sky above her a glory of faint crimson and gold, or even sometimes when the crescent moon rose in the deep azure behind the leafless branches,

and cast their sharp, black shadows upon the snow.

As for the man who had brought such love and such sorrow into that humble life, what shall be said of him, seeing that he was no knight-errant "to love and ride away," but one of those who carry beneath a careless exterior a true and manly heart. Attracted at first by Meg's rare beauty, as well as her evidently unusual intellect, he had formed the plan of educating her in his idle hours, and in so doing had learned to love her with a depth and tenderness he had never hoped to feel for any woman. Thus the summer days had come and gone, each more joyously than the one before, until the urgent summons from home had reached him, when he had gone with one purpose,—a speedy return to win and wear the love which in his humility he did not know he already possessed,—held steadily before him. The sad duty, however, which met him on his arrival, of succeeding to house and lands, and of comforting a gentle and beloved mother in her widowhood, dispelled, for a time, this thought from the first place in his mind. There was much to be done, also, with regard to the estate, which gave him little time for thought. Legal documents to be carefully read, and consultations of great length and greater monotony with lawyer and steward, and Francis found it required all his attention to take in the subtleties of connection between landlord and tenant, with their duties and obligations. After a time, however, he found that with familiarity came a strange weariness and distaste for what had had much interest. Some weeks of rain and gloomy weather added to this feeling, and finding it impossible to settle down to anything, he wandered about, moody and restless, or shut himself up alone, ever dwelling upon the summer days that were gone, and the woman he had left so far away. At first his reflections were altogether happy, but soon a view of doubt came to torment him. Of course it was all about Meg... was she the sweet womanly woman she seemed to be, or were his eyes blinded by this insane love which had taken possession of him... how could she be endowed with noble qualities of heart and mind,—she who had been brought up among such people... whose mother was unknown, unspoken of... and of whose unspeakable father he could not think without a shudder! How could he take such a step, and break his mother's heart, the most loving heart

that had ever beat... and so on, and so on, until it seemed as if peace had left him for ever. This state of mind probably arose from an unhappy circumstance of which he happened to hear a good deal at the time. It concerned the son,—also an only son,—of a near neighbour, between whom and themselves there was a friendship of long standing. At school and college Jack Chevenix had always been his particular chum, a fair, handsome lad, ever foremost in anything that needed daring or steady courage, and with a taking manner that made him everyone's idol. About the time that Francis had left home, now nearly a year ago, there had been grief and consternation at Bradbourne also. Young Chevenix had insisted upon marrying a young girl, beautiful indeed, but much inferior to himself socially.

"Not that that would have mattered so



"A friend of yours?" she murmured at last.
"Who is she?"—(Page 627.)

much," said old Sir John, with unmistakable tears in his honest blue eyes, "if we could have been sure she would be a fit companion for the boy, but—"

The family had not been mistaken, and already the sad consequences of that hasty marriage were developing in a manner more painful than any expectations. Francis had already seen and heard much of this, and as has been said it preyed upon his mind, growing deeper from day to day. To Mrs. Probyn the matter was at first inexplicable. She could understand her boy caring greatly for the unhappiness of his friend, but being wise in her quiet way she could not account for the despondency in his manner, until she became convinced that there was a deep personal trouble underlying it.

Fear of she knew not what haunted her continually, and her constant desire to know all was coupled with an equally strong wish to turn and flee from the impending trouble. I think, though, that she had more than an inkling of the truth at last, at any rate, by the time his trouble became intolerable, and he turned

to her for council and sympathy. She was not surprised, then, when one day, after the usual pretence of conversation at luncheon, as they rose from the table her son said awkwardly,

"Would you mind coming to my den for a few minutes, mother, I,—I should like to speak to you."

"Certainly, dear," was all she said, following him, outwardly calm though with apprehension at heart.

Within the study door, she paused, and he involuntarily stepped forward to cover something on the desk, but drew back again. She put her hand on his shoulder.

"What is it, Francis?" she said, smiling nervously, "may I not see? There was a time—"

"You must know sometime or other," he said, moodily. "I asked you here to

tell you about it! Yes, look!" as he spoke he held towards her a small square of ivory, upon which was painted with some talent a girl's face. Mrs. Probyn took and held it towards the window, for it was a foggy, wet day in February, looking steadily at it for some moments, while her son's eyes watched her eagerly.

"A friend of yours?" she murmured at last. "Who is she?" then seeing the unmistakable look in his face, she put both hands upon his arm.

"Oh, Francis!" she said, faintly. The secret was no secret now.

There was a long pause. Now and then a bright coal dropped from the grate, and the gloom of the dismal day grew deeper. Then Mrs. Probyn sank into a chair, and said with downcast eyes,

"Who is she? tell me! She has a,— noble face!"

Thus encouraged Francis unfolded the story of his life from the first day at Millersville until the summons for his return home had come, leaving out, it is to be feared, much of the rude life and surroundings of the lighthouse people, but yet saying nothing of Meg which was not strictly true. From time to time his listener bent forward over the picture in her hand, and looked at it with a strange fascination. When he had finished and sat silent, she turned towards him for the first time, looking straight into his face.

"I know now," she said, gravely, rising to her feet. "what has been troubling you. You would like to have my consent to your,—to your marriage! I—I cannot make up my mind at once, but,—I like her!" As he closed the door after her, Francis smiled. She had carried the miniature away with her.

Any one who has been tried in this way will not wonder that for a time the close friendship which had always existed between mother and son seemed to be under some constraint, but the reasonableness of life returned to the young man, and with it his faith in Meg, never to be lost again! If the woman sighed in secret, who was there to know,—it is a way women have. When she gave him back the picture, she said apologetically,

"I should have given it to you before, Francis, but I couldn't,—part with it,—really!" She hesitated, and added with a faint sigh, "I think she has fascinated me!"

So the matter was settled, and these two occupants of the grand old house looked forward in different ways to the

spring, all unaware of the tragedy to be unfolded by it, with an intensity of which even they were scarcely conscious.

III.

The spring was early that year. The snow disappeared sooner than usual, but the lake was more than ever characteristic of itself in violent and sudden storms. Meg was glad when the time came to return to the lighthouse, for the water splashing against the rock below she found more companionable than the wind murmuring among the yet leafless trees. One morning, a fortnight or so after their re-installment, Meg awoke to find the weather apparently settled. Some of the joyousness of nature must have found its way into her heart, for as she went about the house, a faint colour came to her cheek, and the old spring to her step, and when Brough looked into the room after breakfast to say gruffly "I'm going ashore, lass!" to her surprise she had to stop humming a favorite air to answer him.

"I feel just as I used to when I was watching his boat coming," she thought with a happy smile, and her busy hands stopped their work as she pictured the beloved, blue-shirted figure bending to the oars. Strange that even the thought of her recreant lover could not make her sad that morning! There was much to be done about the house, and so busy was she that the dinner hour had arrived before she was aware. In consternation casting a rapid glance towards the shore for her father's boat, she noticed for the first time that the sky was no longer blue, but covered with drifting, ragged clouds, while in the west was banked up a wall so ominously black that the girl needed no reference to the glass beside her to forecast the coming storm.

"I wish he would come,—I wish he would come," thought Meg restlessly, as she stood at the window watching the swift and measured stride of the stormy clouds, and the sunken rocks which from time to time showed their jagged heads above the waves. She knew it would soon be madness to attempt a return, and a great fear took possession of her. Not for the lamp,—indeed she never thought of that,—for she had known for years how to light and manage it as well as the keeper himself; nor was it that she dreaded the long hours of the night alone with the wild wrath of nature. What hurt and humbled her was the fact that her father, a man who had not even

the excuse of unsteadiness, for he never drank enough to forget himself, should shirk his duty and think nothing of it! It was not the first by several times that this had happened, although, owing to her own foresight, no accident had ever occurred, but Meg's heart sickened within her at the thought of the reprimand which his conduct had received a year ago, when his offence had first been made known to the authorities.

The day advanced. Twice had she clambered up the ladder to the lamp-room to see that all was safe, and once down the stair in the rock, clinging for very life to the iron support, to make sure of the boats. It almost seemed as if her father had prepared for the storm, for the two boats swung about more securely fastened than usual.

All the joyousness of the morning had vanished, and a fever of anxiety and dread for the future filled her heart. What would become of them should he this time receive his deserved dismissal from the only employment for which he was fitted! Towards evening the gale increased and with it the girl's apprehension. At eight o'clock she made and forced herself to drink some strong coffee, and then as secure as might be in the knowledge that all in her power had been done to avert catastrophe, and that the lamp overhead was sending out its steady rays across the raging water, she became calmer. Taking a book from the shelf, and her half-grown Maltese kitten upon her lap, she sat down to renew a yesterday's interest. At first the interest did not come, but by-and-by, it was evident she had caught the fleeting absorption. The kitten, nestled against her arm, purred itself to sleep, the fire in the stove went out, the wind howled furiously against the walls, the clock in the corner ticked away one,—two hours, and still the girl did not change her position, or move except to turn over the pages. Then a certain nervousness began to manifest itself, and her breast began to heave with suppressed excitement. There was a great deal in the tale of matters with which Meg was familiar,—water and rocks, and the wild forces of nature,—for it concerned the fisher-folk of the Lewes, and was evidently written by one who had been an eye-witness of the scenes which he portrayed. And surely he possessed a rare gift of language, for the reality of it was impressed upon the mind of the reader with a fearful intensity. Above her hung the leaden sky, broken by no rift or gleam

of light; behind, the perpendicular rocks, at their foot a narrow strip of beach piled here and there with broken spars and driftwood, which the hungry sea seemed to envy, and furiously strove to snatch back to its wild embrace. Just out of reach of the waves stood a melancholy group. An aged man, whose long, white hair fluttered in the wind, for his head was reverently uncovered, and his bonnet held with thin and faltering hand,—near him a younger man, his head also bare, and three women wrapped in plaids cowering in the shelter of the rocks, while before them upon the sand lay the body of one to whom the sea had done its worst, and prone beside it a girl, with her wild, white face upon its bosom.

A fiercely prolonged blast seemed to shake the very rock, and Meg pushed the book away, and started to her feet.

"I cannot bear it! It is too awful,—too awful!" she cried aloud. "O my God," despairingly throwing up her arms, "am I going mad!" for above the howling of the wind came a human voice,—an exceeding bitter cry. "Meg—Meg!"

She sprang to the door.

"Yes, Francis, yes!" she shrieked, with desperate haste wrenching back the heavy bolt. As it slid from its socket, the door was dashed furiously against her, but she recovered herself, and clinging to it peered forth into the darkness. Once,—twice she tried to send her strong young voice across the air, but the words were whirled away and lost almost before they had left her lips. For some moments she stood thus, listening intently, but there was no repetition of the cry, and then re-entering the room sick at heart began walking up and down the room. Once as she turned her eye fell upon the tall, old clock with its hanging weights, and she paused in wonder at the lateness of the hour.

"A quarter to eleven—a quarter-to-eleven!" and then went on wildly, her clenched hands hanging at her sides, her pitiful eyes staring blankly before her, until weary with the weariness of sorrow, she flung herself into a chair, and stretching out her arms upon the table, fell asleep.

It was late the next day when the keeper returned. Meg was sitting despondently beside the table, her head leaning upon her hand, and did not look up when he entered the room. He stood for a moment regarding her. It was evident that he had been working himself into one of his



"Who did it? Where did you get it?" said Meg, unsteadily."

most savage moods. Perhaps, he had already found it the most effectual means of putting a stop to unwelcome questions on the part of his daughter.

"Can't you speak?" he demanded at length, roughly, "perhaps," he went on louder, without waiting for an answer, "perhaps you think not speak' to me' ull mend matters, — but it won't do — it won't do, I tell you!" furiously. "What do you think o' that?"

That was a piece of white substance a few inches square, soiled and smeared as if with water, which he threw towards her. The girl looked at it,—then looked again. It was a painting of a woman's head,—of herself,—so well done that there was no mistaking it.

"Who did it? Where did you get it?" said Meg, unsteadily, regarding her father with wide-open, terror-stricken eyes.

"Who did it,—" he repeated, mockingly, "don't you know? But you needn't be afraid—he won't never do no more! Did y'ever see this before?" even Meg, well as she knew her father's moods, had never before seen him look as he did then, and shrank back for a moment as he flung into her lap a damp, dark leather pocket-book. She put her hands upon it tenderly. She knew what he would say next, for had not the horrible hours of the previous night in a measure prepared her, but her fear of him was gone. She rose up and stood before him, and her voice sounded strange to herself when she spoke.

"Yes, I know it," she said, slowly, "it is Mr. Frank's! What have you done with him?" •

"I,— we — I had naught to do with it," he returned, subdued in spite of himself by her unnatural calm, "he,— he is dead? He was on board the Polly Sidons, and she went ashore last night at Cat Point! Two men and a boy was drowned,— Tom Long were one, 'n he were the other! They didn't know who he were, when he come ashore this morning, till they found your picter, an' then they sent for me. We buried him an' the others there, an' they gave me his things fur to be sent home to his folks!"

She opened her lips, but no sound came. Then as he was turning away,

"When," she said, dully.

"Oh, I dunno! Somewheres about eleven last night, I reckon. Least ways his watch stopped at the quarter!"

What is the use of attempting to describe passionate grief? God be thanked, it does not enter into the experience of us all. When she could Meg shut herself up in her own room, and wrote to his mother. Such a letter! A letter that one finding yellow with age would blister with tears again for the sake of the women who loved him!

It was early June again when the answer came, just a year from the time when she had first seen her lover. Brough brought it one afternoon, and gave it to her silently. A fitting answer, and one which sad as it was, brought yet a kind of comfort to the almost desperate heart of the desolate girl. The last words were these.—

"If my sorrow has made me selfish, try to forgive me! once I had all things, and now they are taken away,—my beautiful daughter and her child, my husband whom I loved,—and now, now,—my boy—my only son! I am desolate and alone, a childless widow—and if you loved him, I ask you to come to me! Come to me, O, my daughter, that we may not sorrow apart, but together. Frances Probyn."

After a while Meg opened her door and went out. Her father was still sitting as she had left him an hour before, on the step

at the door, only now the glory of the setting sun shone lingeringly about, as if bidding the beautiful world a tender good-night. She went up to him, and put her hand upon his shoulder, involuntarily. She did not often touch him caressingly, he had put a stop to all that when she was a little child.

"Father," she said, in a low voice, "I am going to leave you,—I am going away!"

"Are you?" he said, indifferently, "where to?"

"To England,—to—to his mother!"

There was a pause.

"And this fine madam—what do you know about her?" he went on presently.

"Nothing," said Meg, with a sob, "but that she is good and kind, and—and she wants me!"

"Why should she want *you*," said Brough, contemptuously, "what claim has she on you?"

"She has no claim on me," said Meg, desperately, "there is no sense in it at all,—only—if—he had come, I would have been her daughter, for—for he was coming to marry me!"

The last words were spoken rapidly, and towards the end her voice almost died away. Perhaps he did not hear the latter part of the sentence, at any rate he took no notice, but bending over to knock the ashes out of his pipe, said with a short laugh.

"Sure women are kittle cattle to manage? If my leave's what you want, I reckon you have it already. I can get on as well without you as with you!"

It was no use. Her little feeling of tenderness towards the only parent she had ever known was thrust back upon her, so with a heart made, if possible, heavier than before, Brough's daughter prepared to leave her home. Quietly as she went about it, her plans somehow became known, and for a time, both before and after her departure, her movements were regarded with much curiosity. But the nine days wonder of those of Millersville calmed down eventually, as was but natural, and before long it was as if she had never been, for she was forgotten.

KAY LIVINGSTONE.



PAGE

MISSING

LORD TENNYSON.



HE story of Lord Tennyson's life is so intimately interwoven with the conception, writing and publication of his poems, that even a list of these latter would represent in outline the main interests, events and incidents of the great Laureate's biography. During the half of his long career he was the official minstrel of the English court. Of that position a great historian expressed more than a century ago a very candid opinion. The author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" thought, indeed, that the office was an anomaly, that it might profitably be dispensed with, and that the good sense of George III. and the generous superiority to personal considerations of Mr. Warton, who was Laureate when he wrote, justified him in asking for its abolition. There were many sinecures at least equally deserving of Mr. Gibbon's disapproval; the Government disregarded his plea, Dr. Warton did not resign and a few years later that "man of genius" was succeeded by Mr. Pye who, after calmly bearing for nearly a quarter century the satiric shafts of Peter Pindar, closed the dynasty of the king Logs of verse. With Robert Southey in 1813 a new order of courtly singers was inaugurated and since then each successive occupant of the Laureate's throne has added to the dignity and prestige of his title and his task. On Southey's death in 1843, his friend Wordsworth reigned in his stead, and when Wordsworth passed away in 1850 Alfred Tennyson became the Laureate not of England's young Queen only, but of the great English race.

The time of his appointment was a turning-point in the world's history as well as in that of England, and it fell to Tennyson more than any of his inspired contemporaries of his own stock and speech to declare the significance of the transition and to proclaim the promise of the coming day. How he did so, I will endeavor to show. But first it will be

seasonable to say a few words, as to the gifts of thought and expression, the bounties of heredity and of circumstance, the traditions and pre-judgments, the social *milieu*, the friendships, the boons of training, and the recognition, prompt with the few, tardy with the many, which had gone to the making of the poet and the man whom his sovereign delighted to honour and whom the speakers of his mother tongue were to hail as *primus inter pares*.

An exceptionally benign Providence seems to surround some rarely endowed individuals with an environment exactly fitted to the development of their highest faculties. Of such harmony between the person and the sphere in which his lot is cast Alfred Tennyson was a striking and happy example. His father, a clergyman, was highly favoured by descent, physique, mental capacity, force of character, wealth of refined taste and admirable temper. He had not only wisdom and honour, but also a fair share of wealth; and, apart from his sacred calling, he belonged to that class which his son has glorified by the words, "grand old name of gentleman." The gens of which he was a scion was the same which had yielded the Barons d'Eyncourt and could claim kinship with the Plantagenets. If to make all knowledge, aspirations and tastes subsidiary to the one grand aim of enshrining thoughts on the whole vast range of human concern in almost perfect verse suffice to justify the application to the late Laureate of the qualification of many-minded, it is to the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, with his comprehensive grasp of all that can be learned and his love of learning, art and science, that we must look for the poet's prototype. For he, too, not only read and wrote poetry, but he was a student of painting, of architecture, of music, an able mathematician, an adept in ancient and mediæval history and a charming and instructive talker on a wide range of topics. That the children of such a father would be lovers of knowledge, of beauty, of truth and of all that is worthiest of admiration in character, in achievement, in the great, fair living world around them was in the course of things. At Cambridge Frederick took

the Chancellor's medal for a Greek poem on Egypt—a promise afterward fulfilled by several volumes of verse. Charles Tennyson (known later as C. T. Turner) became an original and versatile writer of sonnets. Edward also had the poetic gift and Alfred early revealed that rich endowment of imagination, those scholarly tastes and that fine power of observation which were destined to bear such a grand harvest in the years to come.

What he owed to his mother was that spirit of unflinching gentleness, tenderness and reverence which pervades his writings, inspired some of his most touching poems and gave to his philosophy a large-hearted sympathy with humanity and an undaunted hope in its future.

Whatever the late Laureate may have learned at school or college, it was in the home of his childhood that he served the apprenticeship to which the world is most indebted. Even the amusements of his youth were lessons in culture, in history, in romance. With his brothers he delighted in re-enacting the tales and legends of kings and knights, of pilgrims and hermits, of troubadour and jongleur, of the days of chivalry and the crusades; or in representing amid the fair and peaceful scenes of rural England the exploits of the demigods and heroes of ancient Hellas. Homer, Theocritus, Mallory's Arthur, Chaucer and some of the Elizabethan poets are mentioned among the favorites of his boyhood. Like some other great poets, he had tried his hand at verse before he entered his teens, and before he was out of them he had risked rebuke in the lists of publication. "The Poems by Two Brothers" (Charles and Alfred Tennyson) appeared anonymously in 1827. Was it merely a coincidence that the "Guesses at Truth, by Two Brothers" made its appearance in the same year? Whether the title of the Hares (John Charles and Augustus William) suggested that of their younger contemporaries or *vice-versâ*, it boots not much to know. In different senses and ways, both volumes were seed-books. In the following year Alfred Tennyson went to Cambridge, whither Charles accompanied him and Frederick had preceded him. Of his life and work there we know enough to be assured that his rare gifts did not pass without acknowledgement in the circle of clever fellow-students, to which he became a centre of influence. Among those who shared his closest companionship were Richard Moncton Milnes (Lord

Houghton), Frederic D. Maurice (subject of a well known poem), R. C. Trench (Archbishop of Dublin), Henry (afterwards Dean) Alford, James Spedding, the biographer and editor of Bacon, to whom were addressed the stanzas "To J. S.," the gifted and scholarly Edward Fitzgerald, Kinglake, author of "*Eothen*" and "The Invasion of the Crimea," Thackeray, Kemble (to whom was written the "Sonnet to J. M. K."), and, dearest of all, Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the historian of the Middle Ages. The Chancellor's prize for an English poem, the subject of which was "Timbuctoo," was Tennyson's chief certificate for proficiency in college themes, and he left Cambridge without a degree. Before he bade adieu to the banks of the Cam, he had, however, again made his bow to the public, this time without a partner. This singleness of authorship was not, indeed, the plan on which the volume of "Poems Chiefly Lyrical" had been originally devised, it being the intention of Tennyson and Arthur Hallam to have come before the world in a book of joint production. But the elder Hallam disapproved of the project so far as his son was concerned, and the latter had to rest contented with reviewing his friend's work. Hallam's review, which appeared in the *Englishman's Magazine*, gave evidence of the deeper insight conferred by affection when combined with adequate intelligence for the appreciation of works as yet unjudged by the highest tribunals. For with the decisions of these latter Hallam's comments are in remarkable consonance. At this point in the lives soon to be parted so sadly yet so fruitfully, it may be worth while to take a glimpse at the young reviewer as the poet has depicted him:

"O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn:

Or in the golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister sung,
Or here she brought the harp and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon.

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods
Beyond the bounding hill to stray,
And break the livelong summer day
With banquet in the distant woods;

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,
Discussed the books to love or hate,
Or touched the changes of the state
Or threaded some Socratic dream."

Then came the change, and where two were wont to meet in glad converse one sits solitary and

" All the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight."

Only "this poor flower of poesy" remains, unfaded, though long little cared for. But this is an anticipation. The volume of "Poems Chiefly Lyrical" was followed by another before the poet's brother-singer (brother by affinity he was to have been, more than brother he was by close friendship and spiritual sympathy) vanished from the sight of those who loved him. It was in 1832 that this volume, which comprised some of the loveliest of the shorter poems, made its appearance. In the interval between the two publications Tennyson and Hallam travelled together, their goal being the Pyrenees. It is to this journey that reference is made in the letter from Lord Tennyson to Mr. S. E. Dawson, published in the second edition of "A Study of the Princess." Lord Tennyson writes: "When I was about twenty or twenty-one, I went on a tour to the Pyrenees." In that touching little poem, "In the Valley of Cauteretz," written on the occasion of a second visit to the scenes that he and Arthur Hallam had frequented together, Lord Tennyson makes distinct reference to the earlier journey and to his *compagnon de voyage*. The poem is so short that I may quote the whole of it:

" All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where the waters flow,
I walked with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley while I walked to-day,
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
The living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me."

As the estimate that Hallam put upon Tennyson's "Poems chiefly Lyrical" might be ascribed to friendship, had not the judgment of later and more mature critics confirmed it, so the relations between the two young men (Hallam and Tennyson's sister Emily being betrothed) might be deemed to account for the Laureate's warm praise of Hallam's character and abilities, did not other testimony go and justify his laudation. There seems, indeed, to be no doubt that Arthur Henry Hallam was a man of rare gifts and that not Tennyson only but all who came in contact with him looked upon him as a

man of the highest endowments of intellect and of a character peculiarly attractive. To Tennyson he was as nearly perfect as mortal man could be. The influence that he exercised on the Laureate's early years seems never to have waned. To Hallam we owe "In Memoriam" and the Blameless King bore his name. His death struck Tennyson's lips with almost total silence (so far as any voice reached the public) for some nine years. Then (just fifty years ago) appeared the volume in which Tennyson uttered the first clear note as an interpreter of his age. In his "Poems chiefly Lyrical" he had revealed his possession in goodly share of the artistic gift, though as yet, for all his wealth of imagery and colour, with a vagueness of delineation that betrayed the prentice hand. As yet too he was, like Wordsworth's child, "moving about in worlds not realized." His studies were mainly of the past, of Greece, of the Middle Ages. Only here and there he shewed a consciousness of the modern England which was afterwards to win his most loyal devotion. Touches that disclosed his love of fair English scenery both of the interior and of the coast there were, it is true, in several of his word-pictures. But those idylls of English life to which he owed so much of his popularity with all classes of readers were the conception of a later period. "The Miller's Daughter," "The May Queen" and other poems, such as "On a Mourner" that have their best inspiration from English rural scenes and the joys and sorrows therewith associated, came out in the volume of 1832. But it was not till "Locksley Hall" had caught the ear and heart of the English people with its music, its pathos, its aspiration, its sympathy with progress and reform, that Tennyson was accepted as the spokesman of what was best in the progressive spirit of his time and country. In "Of old sat Freedom on the Heights," and "Love thou thy Land" we find as much of the old man's caution as of the young man's enthusiasm, but the principles and sentiments are those of one who had not watched in vain the dawn of that struggle for reform and fuller liberty which synchronized with the birth of new realms in both east and west. But during the ten years that followed—years of seclusion and study, of self interpellation and obstinate questioning of man and nature, years that were to the poet what the solitude of Arabia had been to the great Apostle—Tennyson had pro-

fited by a series of spiritual experiences that were to help in shaping his whole after career. The solemn mystery of death, touched with such deep yet simple pathos in *In Memoriam*, had invaded the inner circle of his life and set ajar a door that never wholly closed for him till he passed through it a few weeks ago. During those silent years the poet seems to have revolved nearly all the manifold themes of his later poems, touching some of them tentatively and forecasting others in hints which are not hard to interpret. Then it was that he

"Dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that
would be "

Then it was that he struck the key-note of the wholesome and hopeful philosophy which harmonizes all the many-toned, many-themed outpourings of his long-sustained music and gives a sort of fugue-like significance to his entire self-revelation. The desire and hope of what is best in the English people never had a more truthful utterance than that which Tennyson has left us. Nor, though he abhorred the didactic in verse, have the English people ever had a teacher to whose lessons they more readily gave heed, and this was simply because no other teacher understood so thoroughly the pupils whom he addressed. Happily placed by birth and training in a sphere which the loftiest could not disdain, while with the lowliest it was in daily contact, he had opportunities which assuredly he did not neglect, of becoming acquainted with every phase of English life. The courtly, the learned; the powerful, the wealthy; administrator and soldier; merchant and manufacturer; author and artist; the churchman, the Catholic, the dissenter; the fashionable and the retired; the artisan and the labourer—with them all he was on easy terms of more or less intimate intercourse. Beginning, *more canonico*, with "The Northern Cobbler" and ending with the address "To the Queen," after he had received the

"laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base,"

we could easily cull from his poems portraits and pictures of men and women and their environments in every rank of English life. Moreover, in epic and drama and idyll and ballad he has illustrated a great deal of what is most salient in the life of court and camp and cot in the England of the past from the far-off ages of Celt and Roman to the present. The

starting-point of Tennyson's vocation as poet of his race in this peculiar and comprehensive sense was the issue from the press in 1842 of the volume that contained *Locksley Hall*. In 1843, Wordsworth, just made Laureate in succession to his friend Southey, pronounced Tennyson the first of living English poets. A reverse of fortune, notwithstanding the successful sale of his works, made the grant of a pension in 1845 not unwelcome. Two years later "The Princess" made its appearance. In 1850 Tennyson married Miss Sellwood, a niece of a hero who gave his life to the cause of geographical discovery and left Canada his bones*—Sir John Franklin. The publication of "*In Memoriam*" also signalized it; and, as already mentioned, it was in the same year that, on Wordsworth's death, Tennyson was appointed Poet Laureate.

I have already pointed out that his acceptance of the Laureate's functions divided Tennyson's life into two almost equal portions. Had his career ended at the date when his official life began, he would have taken an enviable rank in the hierarchy of English song. The author of "*In Memoriam*," of "The Princess," of "Locksley Hall," of "Oenone," of "Ulysses," of "The Palace of Art," of "Morte d'Arthur," of "The Dream of Fair Women," of "The Lotus Eaters," of "The May Queen," would have left a fame of enduring vitality. The most exalted among his brethren had greeted him as first among his poetic peers. He was then older than Byron, Shelley, Burns, Keats—all singers of the first class—had been when they were called away. Yet we can hardly imagine such a truncated column as would represent the repute of Tennyson had his singing ended ere his laureate's task began. Even "The Princess," one of his most characteristic works, would have been left sadly imperfect compared with what the poet's thoughtful and elaborate revision afterwards made it. And then how sadly shorn of some of its consummate triumphs would have been Tennyson's career robbed of the glory of the "Idylls of the King." And, again, that unique masterpiece, "Maud," we would sadly miss it from the list of the

*It will be remembered that Tennyson wrote the inscription for the cenotaph in Westminster Abbey:

Not here! the white North has thy bones; and thou,
Heroic sailor-soul,
Art passing on thine happier voyage now
Toward no earthly pole.

Laureate's works. Even if (as the critics would have us believe) the world could have done very well without Tennyson's seven dramas, the absence of his single monodrama would have been a very real loss to poetry. There are doubtless a good many who would be glad if it had never entered the heart or brain of Tennyson to write his terrible palinode (as it is commonly deemed), "Sixty Years After." The reception of that octogenarian poem was, indeed, evidence of the reluctance of the Laureate's contemporaries to take his dramatic ventures *au sérieux*. Seldom has it happened to a poet choosing the dramatic form for his compositions to have the sentiments of his *dramatis personæ* so persistently and unreasonably attributed to himself as was the case with Tennyson. The disappointed suitor in "Locksley Hall" and "Maud" passes through many changes of mood before the goal of purpose and action is reached. Why should the poet be considered in either case to be giving utterance to his own feelings or opinions? What would be said of a critic who would deal in this fashion with "Bishop Blougram's Apology," or any other of Browning's spirited monologues? There is, doubtless, a reason for the difference of attitude in listening to the two great poets when they don the mask, and it is the reason already indicated. The drama was not Tennyson's forte, and if he had written seventy, instead of seven plays, the verdict would be the same. I can recall the curiosity with which "Queen Mary" was awaited some sixteen years ago and the disappointment that it caused to those admirers of Tennyson who had hoped that the excellence of the work would silence the critics who had denied to him the dramatic faculty. I can recall the impression which the reading of "Queen Mary" produced upon a mind then saturated, as it has not been in later years, by the Laureate's writings. But how much was that impression due to foregone conclusions? I can not say, but I am inclined to believe that, however anxious we may be to shake off the influence of

"Too presumptuous indolent reviewers,"

we are unconsciously affected by their judgments, which, as we know, are often prejudices. I still think, indeed, that Tennyson was mistaken in his self-measurement when (or, if) he looked upon his dramas as his best work. At the same time it is surely unfair to decry his plays,

as if they were of inferior quality. In "Maud," he offended a good many to whom the Crimean war was a monstrous crime. In "Queen Mary" he went directly counter to the traditional and still vigorous sentiment of the British people. To invest with kindly interest—the interest that surrounds a love-sick, sorrowful, suffering woman—a ruler whose name had been written on the heart of generation after generation of English people in the reddest hues of the Scarlet Woman in her most sanguinary temper, and had, even in the opening mind of shuddering infancy, been associated with scaffold and stake and all the horrors of the Inquisition—was a task which Shakespeare himself, had he been given back to us, might well have recoiled from attempting. Even with all Mr. Froude's skill and force of special pleading at his back, the Laureate was undertaking a tremendous task when he asked his fellow-countrymen to give their sympathy to "Bloody Mary," yet who can read his drama without having his heart touched by the loneliness, the hope deferred, the long neglect, the teeming disappointments, the wasted life of that miserable Queen? But, even had it been ten times more skilful in the management of historic data, the drama's name and subject were invincibly distasteful to the mass of the Laureate's compatriots. To the impartial student of history it is a work of even exceptional interest apart from its literary value, in connection with the great religious conflict of the 16th century, with the development of English liberty and constitutional government, and with the theory of heredity—secular parallel of original sin. In the theme of "Harold," the poet was more fortunate, and had it come first, I have no doubt that, with a considerable number of readers, Tennyson would have attained a reputation as a dramatist more in unison with his fame as a singer than it was his lot to win. Its dedication to Lord Lytton (the son of his sometime adversary) was in keeping with his nobly forgiving temper, and the closing lines of the prefatory sonnet are not without pertinence at this day when father and son and he who greeted the son for the father's sake

"Are where each stands full face with all he did before."

If in "Queen Mary," the Laureate followed Mr. Froude, in "Harold," Freeman was his guide, while in "Becket"

he had a choice between two rival writers, who, for a space, were noisily contentious. Between the dates of these dramas there was an interval of seven years, which yielded "The Falcon," "The Cup" and "The Promise of May." The whole six were the work of a single decade (1875-1884). Lord Tennyson's latest dramatic effort, "The Foresters," was put on the stage a few months before his death, a noteworthy exception, surely, to Mr. Moore's dictum that "no first-rate man of letters now writes for the stage." The dramatic work of the Laureate is worthy of a separate study.

If Lord Tennyson deviated from the path which his inspiration prompted him to follow so far as to give to seven of his themes the dramatic form, he was careful not to offend a jealous mistress by abandoning poetry for prose. Even in those years when the *res angusta domi* might have justified his taking service under the *Musa Pedestris*, he did not waver in his allegiance, and Carlyle, who at one time feared lest he should come to absolute poverty, lived to see him loyally rewarded far beyond the achievement of his own dogged industry. What gift Tennyson had by nature was fostered and cultivated with an assiduity rarely paralleled in literary history. Several of his earlier poems give one the impression of a certain dilettantism and even of the hard glitter of artificiality, though even in "Timbuctoo" (which won the Chancellor's medal at Cambridge), we find a distinct avowal of the moral purpose of poetry—that moral purpose which made Matthew Arnold speak of its future as immense and to pronounce its unconscious poetry the strongest part of the religion of our time :

"There is no mightier spirit than I to sway
The heart of man ; and teach him to attain
By shadowing forth the unattainable."

Thus wrote Tennyson in his nineteenth year, and later, in "The Palace of Art," he showed how unsatisfying is the love of the beautiful divorced from earnestness and lofty aims. I have already hinted at the change that came over him during the years that followed Arthur Hallam's death. After his awakening, he became more and more an artist, and to the last was most fastidious both as to the melody and meaning of his words. But more and more at the same time he grew into the voice of his age's highest aspiration. He kept pace not only with the movement of political thought once he realized the

significance of what was going on around him, but also with the disclosures of science and the advance of religious opinion therewith associated. But as he had his art under control, so also he kept a rein on his enthusiasms, checking by words in season the rashness that would disregard tradition and precedent and snap the links that bound the present to the past. To revolution he gave no countenance, although in his grand allegory he recognized the need at times of the direst conflict and sweeping change.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new
And God fulfils himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

In "The Two Voices," fifty years before his death, the Laureate gave expression to those sifting interrogatories that take the soul by storm, and again and again in the half century that followed, "The dull and bitter voice," "the barren voice," made itself heard. But the poet never leaves it unanswered. The answer, too, varied, though perhaps there is nothing in the Tennysonian oracle that has the completeness of solace that we find in some of Browning's Delphic utterances—"Rabbi Ben Ezra," for instance. In such poems moreover as "Despair" and "In the Children's Hospital," there seems to be a false note.

"How could I serve in the wards if the hope of the
world were a lie?"

Surely there is a higher note both of love and duty than this ! We find the higher strain of a love that seeks no reward, nay, that is willing to share the worst doom that may overtake the beloved one in "Rizpah" :

"And if *he* be lost—but to save *my* soul, that is all
you desire,
Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my boy be
gone to the fire?"

Besides, what irksome tasks are discharged every day by persons who never dream that they are doing anything heroic, and are glad to earn the pittance that keeps them and those dependent on them alive !

There is a fine, manly philosophy in the ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington :

"Not once or twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory ;
He that walks in it only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which out-redden
All voluptuous garden roses.

Not once or twice in our fair island story
 The path of duty was the way to glory ;
 He that ever following her commands
 On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
 Through the long gorge to the far light has won
 His path upward and prevailed,
 Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled
 Are close upon the shining table-lands
 To which our God Himself is moon and sun."

In a comprehensive sketch of this kind, it is impossible to give anything like a *précis* or criticism of the poems that made the poet's reputation. Most of them have been mentioned in the course of the preceding remarks. Every reader of Tennyson has his favorites in the Laureate's works. To some he is the author of "In Memoriam" and with that poem mainly is associated. To others the "Idylls of the King" are the most precious of his writings. Others deem "The Princess" his most noteworthy production, while others, again, prefer "Maud" to all the rest of his works. I have met persons who put the highest estimate on "Tithonus," on "Ulysses," on "Locksley Hall," on "The Dream of Fair Women," on "Rizpah," on "Ænone," on one or other of the songs in "The Princess," on "Enoch Arden," on "Aylmer's Field," on "The Grandmother," on "The Charge of the Light Brigade," on "Break, break, break," on "The Daisy," on "The Northern Farmer," on "Boadicea." In so many tastes satisfied we have evidence of the height and depth and broad horizon of the poet's range. There is not one of these poems that has not its special claim on our admiration. But poetry that has become popular suffers to some extent from the same cause which dooms popular music to depreciation. Fastidious ears weary of airs that assail them at the street corners and already Tennyson's poetry has begun to share with the golden verses of his great predecessors the vulgarization which is at once the prize and the penalty of their excellence. There was something in Tennyson's construction, especially in blank verse, which provoked imitation, and, as the generation that began by reading James would find it hard to prize the Waverley Novels, so those who had grown enamored of the tricks of minor poets,—those in whom the sense of discrimination was feeble—would come to Tennyson's charms with jaded appetites. But the test of true love is the discovery of seeming commonplace in beauties of face and heart and mind once regarded as beyond compare, and my own experience is that once by thoughtful study one has

won fair insight into the meaning and excellence of a great poem (and a great poem may be of any length), it remains "a joy forever." To-day, when I read the Idylls (in which, owing to the fact that I was of mature years when their publication began, I first found Tennyson "a wonder and a wild delight"), all the old sorcery is upon me once more and I am transported to another world. I confess that in my intimate preferences for what gives me pleasure and profit in poetry I am, to a large extent, an impressionist, associating certain poets with certain periods, circumstances and moods, so that I could calendar my mind's history with the names of those writers that left their mark upon it.*

It is not impossible that, having undertaken my first serious study of Tennyson in a time which I might call my *tempo felice*, I associate his poems with all that makes life most worth living. Browning, on the other hand, came to me as a healer in a season of wretchedness when "Mene, mene" and "Ichabod" seemed written on a thick veil that hid all the glory of creation. To both I owe a debt—to one the gratitude we give to those who rejoice in our joy ; to the other the thanks without words that we feel to those who stood by us in our sore distress. My experience has been that the former is the rarer benefactor. But why speak as if Tennyson and Browning were the only poets of our time? I have ever refrained from abandoning myself to the narrowness of any school. My motto is *Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*, and I hold that those who call themselves by the names of men or cliques shut the doors of their hearts and intellects to much, the lack of which tends to impoverish. Excellence is desirable but our interest in the living world would shrink wofully if we set up a standard that made it an offence to stray

* I read Milton's epic through in successive days in a Botanic Garden which at last became to me a veritable garden of Eden. Before that time it was my lot to spend a good part of my boyhood with one whose memory went back to the days of Burns and from whom I learned a good deal listening to his reading of the 18th century poets, including several well nigh forgotten writers from Prior to E. Darwin, not excepting that plague of George III., Dr. John Wolcot. From another elder friend of a later generation I learned to prize what was finest in the poets of the earlier 19th century, and still later by one not very long deceased, himself a poet of repute, I was brought into communion with a large number of the English poets of both hemispheres, whose works and sometimes whose correspondence he used to read privileged circle of youthful listeners.

beyond one trimly cultivated garden, however fair and fragrant it might be. The gifts of the gods are far too precious to be slighted by presumptuous mortals, and to those gifted ones who give the people of their best the receiver's attitude should be that of thankfulness, not of disdainful scrutiny or invidious comparison. If we want an example, we have it in the words in which these exalted ones recognize each other's worth.

Is there, then, no place for the critic's functions? Yes, ample place. From Aristotle, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Quintilian, Longinus, to Matthew Arnold, Mr. Theodore Watts, Russell Lowell and Whipple, no fair and wholesome criticism has been written in vain. But how much that goes by the name has been shallow and short-sighted and unsafe in every way for the seekers of guidance it would be easy to show by examples *ex magno . . . acervo*. As to Tennyson, while his career has given scope for the two extremes of coarse and unjustifiable detraction and petty carping, on the one hand, and on the other of unmeasured praise, there is no lack of direction, interpretation and winnowing commentary for those who would enter the stately fabric of his creation, with all its delicate ornament, and listen to the manifold music of organ-pipe, and lyre, of shepherd's reed, and hunter's horn, of tragic chorus, of "rich Virgilian rustic measure," of "ancient melody," of "passionate ballad," of "trumpet's call," and the burden, half wail, half triumph, of his own wonderful age. Of works containing such direction I would especially mention for "The Princess," Dr. S. E. Dawson's "Study," the second edition of which is enriched by the rare recognition of a charmingly open-minded letter from Lord Tennyson himself. This "Study" was reviewed by Mr. Myers in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and was welcomed as a valuable key to a treasury of poetry until its publication but fitfully and inadequately estimated by either critics or readers. The poem has been disparagingly compared with "Aurora Leigh"—a gifted woman's plea for her trammelled sisters—and charged with ill-timed frivolity in the treatment of a great theme. For reply to this charge, I say simply: "Read it with Dr. Dawson's commentary, giving heed, both for it and his other works, to what the Laureate says of some of his minutiose critics, such as those of the *Cornhill Magazine*, the *British Quarterly Review* and other periodicals. For the same

society before which Dr. Dawson read the paper subsequently developed into his "Study of 'The Princess,'" Mr. R. W. Boodle prepared two elaborate papers on "The Idylls of the King," afterwards published in the *Canadian Monthly* for December, 1880, and April, 1881. In these he (1) traced the gradual development of the Arthurian legend from its beginning to Spenser's time, and (2) undertook to show the significance of the Idylls as an allegory on the hopes and fears, the political and religious prospects of his time. Tennyson himself, indeed, informs us (as Mr. Boodle has not forgotten) that "this old, imperfect tale" has another meaning—"shadowing Sense at war with Soul." It is susceptible of still other explanations, for was not the Round Table "an image of the mighty world," and was not its dissolution the death of "the good old times," and was not the King's mind, as he started on his last journey, "all . . . clouded with a doubt," and yet

"King am I whatsoever be their cry."

Can we doubt that here and elsewhere Tennyson is glancing at the religious conflict of his day? It would be hard, indeed, to name a theme of contemporaneous interest which the Tennysonian muse passed by unheeding. I have already indicated his spirit of generous sympathy with progress and freedom and religious toleration and the caution with which at the same time he deprecates the danger of

"That which knows not ruling that which knows
To its own harm."

Take him for all in all, Tennyson is the safest of all poets for the household, and although he eschews the pulpit and the desk of his "musty Christopher," few poets have taught a loftier morality. No poet of our century has been oftener quoted in sermons by theologians of all schools. Nor have many poets of his rank touched so many chords of emotion. He is, at times, "most musical, most melancholy." In the management of blank verse for both epic and lyric strains he has no superior—in his century no equal. Its very perfection has been made a reproach to him, and, strange as it may seem, not altogether without reason. For his reluctance to tolerate the brusque or harsh in construction or metre was a drawback to the success of his dramatic poems, especially where passion was supposed to hurry the speaker on to utterance not only unstudded but broken

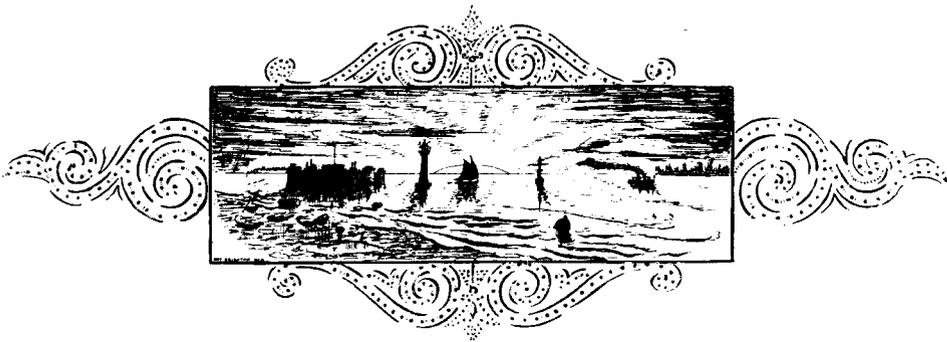
and incoherent. Yet, so much an artist was he and so close a student all his life that he strove not in vain to overcome this untimely fastidiousness and in "Rizpah," he has produced a perfect poem, save perhaps, for the somewhat formal succinctness (due to exigencies of rhyme) of the final line. It was of this poem that Mr. Swinburne wrote: "If after a thousand years all trace of all his poems had vanished from all human record, save only these eight-six lines of *Rizpah*, proof positive and ample and overflowing would be left in the survival of these that in him, if ever upon earth, a great poet was born.

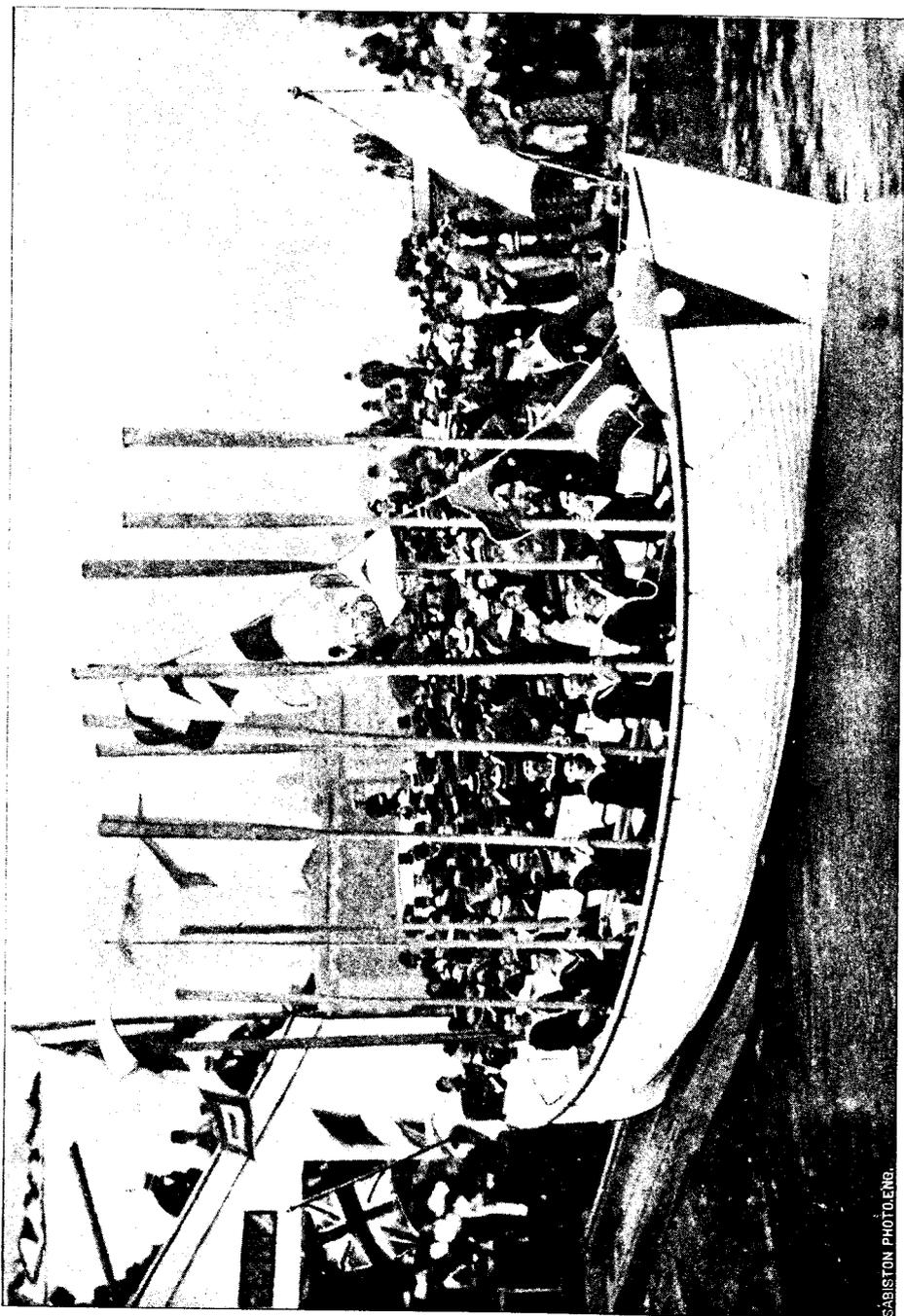
* * * Never since the very beginning of all poetry were the twin passions of terror and pity more divinely done into deathless words." This is no common praise from one who is, since the Laureate's death, deemed the greatest of England's living masters of the art of song.

And if space permitted, I might add many another tribute from Lord Tennyson's contemporaries. Let one, however, stand for them all. It is from one to whom even Mr. Swinburne might well be proud to come second, from Robert Browning, the selections from whose poems published in 1872 were "dedicated to Alfred Tennyson—in poetry illustrious and consummate; in friendship noble and sincere."

Just a word before concluding these scattered remarks. Let it not be forgotten that, if Tennyson loved his England, he never forbore, in our season of need, to say a kindly word for Canada; nor, when the day comes for our federation to claim its long denied escutcheon, could we have a motto which while honouring him, its author, would do greater honour to ourselves than "That True North" against whose separation from the Empire he so earnestly protested.

JOHN READE.





LAUNCHING OF THE "GRACE DARLING."

SABISTON PHOTO ENG.

THE "GRACE DARLING."



Capt. Geo. Tyler, Commandant Sons of England Naval Brigade.



HE beautiful sheet of water known as Toronto Bay, while affording the means of recreation and exercise, claims annually a long list of victims, who, through carelessness or inexperience, find a watery grave whilst in pursuit of the pleasures afforded by sailing, rowing or canoeing.

To remedy this it has been a cherished hope of Mr. George Tyler, of Toronto, to see a lifeboat station established on the Bay, and thus afford the means of rescue in case of accident. This is now a *fait accompli*, and we have pleasure in drawing special attention to the noble work.

Mr. Tyler has been from boyhood connected with nautical life, and possesses a rare experience in this connection. He

was born in Manchester, in the county of Lancashire, England, on the 19th of January, 1860. He early evinced a love for a life on the wave, and joined the Royal Naval service in 1875, commencing his career on the "Impregnable" training ship, stationed at Devonport. He served in the Channel and Mediterranean squadrons, and in various vessels on special service, and was afterwards stationed on H.M.S. "Boadicea," the flagship of Rear Admiral Sir Noel Salmon, holding the position of captain of the maintop and coxswain of the lifeboat.

Mr. Tyler left the Royal Navy and came to Canada in April, 1886, settling in Toronto; at once identifying himself with the Sons of England Benevolent Society, he commenced at that early period to organize a drill corps in connection with the society, which resulted in the Grand Lodge at its meeting in February, 1889, authorizing the formation of the S. O. E. Naval Brigade.

A meeting was at once called which was attended by over 300 members of the S. O. E. B. S., a constitution committee was formed, which at the end of a week handed in to the executive council their proposed constitution, which was adopted by the executive, and the first company of the Brigade was formed on the 22nd of June 1889, numbering 33 men. The uniform of the British Navy was adopted, and the uniforms contracted for without delay.

The Brigade progressed steadily, companies being formed in Hamilton and Belleville, the total membership being now 300 men.

Owing to the serious loss of life on Toronto Bay and the absence of any organized and systematic means of saving life, Capt. Tyler conceived the idea of forming a Brigade and building a lifeboat; this, after many obstacles and difficulties was accomplished, and the 24th of August 1892 saw probably the first launching of a lifeboat in Canada under official auspices.

The ceremony of consecrating the new vessel was performed in a most impressive manner by the Rt. Rev. Arthur Sweatman, D.D. Bishop of Toronto and a distinguished member of the S. O. E. B. S., while the christening ceremony

was gracefully carried out by Mrs. Kirkpatrick wife of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario who was also present. The christening was performed in the old time-honored way and the breaking of the bottle of champagne by Mrs. Kirkpatrick was the signal for letting go the tackle, and amid the strains of the National Anthem by the band, and the cheering of the people assembled to witness the proceedings the "Grace Darling" slid gracefully on to the bosom of Toronto Bay.

A few particulars as to the dimensions of the "Grace Darling" will be of in-

ture of this boat is that she is built on an *apron*, that is to say, the stem or stern posts could be knocked clear away from the boat and it would still remain seaworthy, from the fact of the framework being built on to inner posts separate from the outer posts. She is also practically uncapsizable.

The "Grace Darling" is only intended for lake service in heavy weather or any serious accident involving the lives of many, there being a smaller boat or dingy for service on the bay measuring 15 feet long by 5 feet beam and 20 inches deep, and capable of carrying fifteen



Capt. Tyler and detachment of S. O. P. Naval Brigade at (temporary) Lifeboat house.

terest to the general reader. She is 35 feet in length, 8 feet 6 inches beam, 3 feet 3 inches in depth amidships, fitted with airtight compartments at each end, with 16-inch air tubes along each side, having great width of floor and is capable of carrying 100 people in a heavy sea. She carries two masts, lug rigged, and is completely equipped with grappels, anchors, hawsers, lifebuoys and all life-saving apparatus. Being built of 5/8 inch white pine on white oak frames, fastened with Swede iron (which will not rust in fresh water) the "Grace Darling" is of great strength. A prominent fea-

ture of this boat is that she is built on an *apron*, that is to say, the stem or stern posts could be knocked clear away from the boat and it would still remain seaworthy, from the fact of the framework being built on to inner posts separate from the outer posts. She is also practically uncapsizable.

The crew of the "Grace Darling" numbers twelve men besides the captain, George Tyler, who is ably assisted by the coxwain, his brother, Richard H. Tyler. The crew can be communicated with by telephone from the station and gathered there in a short time.

The cost of this lifeboat and boat-house was \$750, which is being entirely

defrayed by public contributions, the hardware having been generously given by the firm of Messrs. Rice, Lewis & Son.

The temporary site of the boathouse (at the foot of Lorne street) was kindly granted by the city and C. P. R. until such time as a permanent station can be secured.

The crew undergo regular training and practice, and it may be confidently hoped that pleasure seekers in future will trust themselves with more confidence on Toronto Bay and near the neighboring summer resorts with the knowledge of such efficient help so near at hand in case of accident.

THE LIFEBOAT.

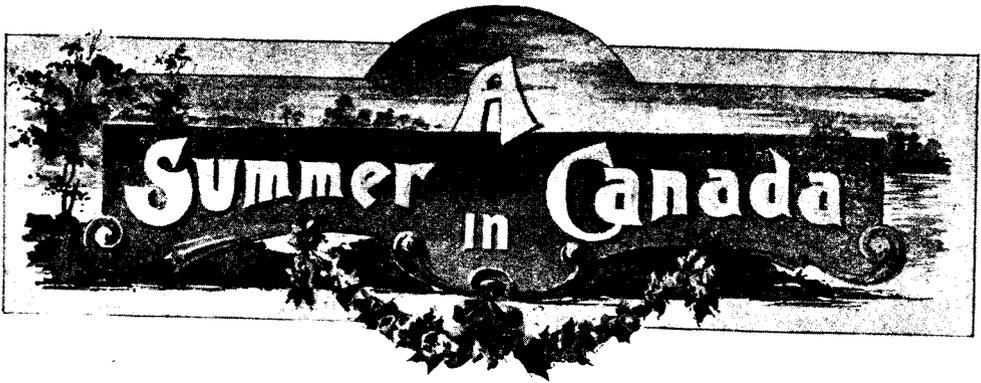
Then launch the lifeboat! England's sons
 Are pledged to be her crew!
 All ready, each within her stands,
 With lion heart and willing hands,
 Trained for the task in view.
 The highest sea that ever runs
 Shall find them ready too.

God speed the lifeboat and the men
 Who may be heroes soon,
 When some distressed and labouring bark
 Drives, leaking, shoreward through the dark
 Of tempest-shrouded moon,
 While waves surge o'er and o'er again
 The decks, with wreckage strewn.

Good fortune now attend her course
 Through perils of the deep!
 Oh! never may her mission fail,
 Lest orphans for their father wail,
 And widowed women weep.
 Thou who canst stay the tempest's force,
 Thine eye upon her keep.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

Extract from "Lines composed on the launching of the Grace Darling, 24th August, 1892."



(Continued from page 584.)

VI.



MISS Rushie, too, thought a good deal of Sallie Carter in the days that followed. Though she had ceased to believe in Mrs. Benjamin's French, she had still perfect faith in her diplomatic powers. And so, whenever she imagined the fairer *château* that was to rise on the ruins of the old—and perhaps neither Madame de la Roche nor the young Seigneur dwelt more lovingly on the picture or touched it with tenderer grace—the stately galleries within and the shadowy walks without were haunted by this familiar figure from old Virginia. The vision of the blonde, buxom, and somewhat hoydenish Sallie as *châtelaine* jarred upon her artistic sense, and the thought of her as Madame's daughter filled her heart with dull pain.

But though her pleasant days would doubtless come to an end, Miss Rushie was of too sweet and grateful a nature not to enjoy them while they lasted. Madame de la Roche, always under the supposition that she was Mrs. Benjamin's paid bond woman, opened proceedings in her favor by begging her of her tyrant for two hours daily—French conversation being the ostensible object—and by gently but firmly putting aside all the tyrant's excuses. All too late Mrs. Benjamin regretted having disported in borrowed plumes. But for this, she reflected, she might have made one of the party; learned to rattle off French as Miss Rushie was beginning to rattle it off—an accomplishment she really valued; and then in Madame's own tongue she might have discoursed of the charms of Sallie Carter.

The situation was thought over in the silent watches of the night, and the decision arrived at was marked by her usual audacity. She simply joined Miss Rushie as she set out for the cottage, with the cool explanation, "*Pour écouter, you know.*"

Madame, however, was equal to the occasion. She kept both ladies to luncheon, and then, positively refusing to have "one so accomplished" as listener, sent Mrs. Benjamin home in the dog-cart with André the savage for driver. Was there a touch of sarcasm under Madame's stately grace? As ill-luck would have it, Mrs. Benjamin had that very day so far forgotten herself as to drop into French and even to "pidginize" in Madame's hearing. Excitement had done it. A lively calf having frolicked up to her on the lawn, she had rushed up to the cottage shrieking, "*Mon Dieu, il me hookera!*"

And now began for Miss Rushie golden days in which the long repressed desires of mind and heart were alike satisfied. Sometimes they read in the little library, and Madame's picturesque description of historic scenes, in many of which her ancestors had nobly borne their part; her charming sketches of literary men; her witty anecdotes of the days and personages of *salons*; were worth, as her enthusiastic disciple fully understood, whole years of ordinary education. Sometimes they would, as Madame said, join the peripatetics, and sauntering down to the old *château* and through its fragrant garden closes, converse of all manner of people from *Robert Elsmere* to Judge Paxton. It was through Madame, too, that Miss Rushie went back to the Elizabethan poets—first known in her father's library, before the era of Gussie and drudgery—

and that she spent many an hour at the farm with those of our own day. "I can never, never, be lonely again!" was the scholar's thought as she kissed the page that shined Sir Galanad. And the teacher said to herself, "How she drinks it all in! Poor child! it may be of use as well as of comfort to her, by and by."

The pleasure of those morning hours was the only pleasure Mrs. Benjamin did not share—if I except canoeing, which she stoutly refused to try. The young Seigneur spent most of his mornings working in his office or galloping over his estate; but in the afternoons and evenings he was often pressed into service for the benefit of Madame's friends. It was a bitter trial to Mrs. Benjamin to have to sit on the shore with Madame, while the canoe which, she persisted in believing, had so nearly proved fatal to her, bore the young Seigneur and Miss Rushie far out on the river and performed

wonderful evolutions there. Often she failed to hear Madame in her wild desire to hear what was being said by the two a quarter of a mile away. Sails she tabooed as sacredly as canoes, and the "good wide, flat-bottomed row boat," in which she expressed a willingness to embark, not being forthcoming, adhered perforce to *terra firma*. On this she held her own, walking miles with great strides that never seemed to tire her, or sitting bolt upright beside the young Seigneur behind his fiery black thoroughbreds, as rigid and as fearless as a graven image. Rose Marie was proud of the sensation excited by her appearance and eccentricities; and none of the family except the farmer, who was a jolly old soul, was ever guilty of even a smile at them.

Does the reader share Mrs. Benjamin's curiosity as to what the canoeing *à deux* was bringing forth? The young Seigneur, his romantic appearance notwithstanding,



"While the canoe bore the young Seigneur and Miss Rushie far out on the river."

was an exceedingly practical character—an excellent man of business, a keen sportsman, and not at all a lady's man. He had never been in love in his life; and when Madame de la Roche sometimes spoke to him of taking a wife, his laughing reply was that he had no time for such nonsense. He adored his mother, was impatient of whatever broke in upon the privacy of his home; and he had begun his acquaintance with Miss Rushie with a strong prejudice against her as a weeping young woman. On the other hand Miss Rushie soon discovered that the young Seigneur was a most masterful character, and was not a little afraid of him. But for Madame's express command that she should learn to manage a canoe herself, she would probably have sat up prim and proper to the end of the chapter, and been anathematized in the young Seigneur's memory to this day. But paddling is a fine art with no nonsense about it, and Miss Rushie, fortunately, loved the water. So it chanced there sprung up a *camarade-à-la-mer*—at first confined to things aquatic, but gradually extended over other matters until Madame dubbed the pair "Friends in Council."

Jim Junior's letters helped to break the ice. Jim Junior seemed to fancy that the demise of "Old Jinks in Arkansaw" had been arranged for his particular benefit, and favored Miss Rushie from time to time with fearful and wonderful scrawls embodying suggestions of what it would be desirable to send him. Jim Junior's pleasure in receiving the articles could scarcely have been greater than Miss Rushie in procuring them. From "Injun curiosities" the demand rose to "bar-skins;" and emboldened by success, Jim Junior next proposed that Miss Rushie should write to his father and mother, claiming a visit from him. "Put it strong," wrote this youthful Machiavelli. "Say you can't get on without me no how. I have a new *shoot*, and I tell you it's a stuner, so you needn't be 'fraid I won't look *respectful*."

"I fear I shall have to say no at last," said Miss Rushie.

"I should think you would," put in Mrs. Benjamin with temper. "This is *my* expedition, and I wouldn't stay in the same house five minutes with that spoiled brat!"

Madame de la Roche, interested in all that concerned Miss Rushie, was a good deal troubled that her *protégée* should spend so much money on her nephew's

whims, and greatly surprised that she should have so much money to spend. Mrs. Benjamin, she concluded, must, in spite of her faults, be a generous mistress. Still, it was not right that one who had her own future to think of should spend all she possessed. "The child is too generous and never thinks of herself," she said, "I must give her a little lecture."

Madame gave her little lecture, and Miss Rushie, never dreaming that it was delivered under an entire mis-conception, received it with her usual sweetness, and promised amendment. "But you can't think how nice it is to be able to please Jim Junior," she pleaded. "Until just before I came north, my income was practically nothing; and I used to dread Christmas and birthdays because I had so little to give. I have all these years to make up, you know."

"Then Mrs. Benjamin, I take for granted," said Madame, "is kinder in deed than in word. But—forgive me, *chérie*—are you sure of always remaining with her? and is it wise to count upon it?"

"Mrs. Benjamin!" exclaimed Miss Rushie, in dismay. "Oh, I would not like to think of being always with her." And the conversation being interrupted there, she walked home puzzled and sad over the question of her future—a question that was forcing itself more and more upon her as the months at Pointe au Paradis passed away, and to which as yet she had found no satisfactory answer. Mrs. Benjamin had indeed proposed that they should live together. "A widow and an old maid, we shall be well-matched," she said. "We might just as well join incomes, and I dare say Aunt Minerva won't mind." Aunt Minerva, she well knew, would be wild with joy to have a Talbot in the house. But such a prospect seemed to Miss Rushie a dreary one. She would far rather go back to her brother's, even to the old drudgery and Judge Paxton's visitations, if only Jim and Gussie would give her a little affection. It would be pleasant to be able to do something for them, at any rate, and she felt herself already on good terms with Jim Junior.

Meantime, her friendship with the young Seigneur progressed apace. The latter, in her opinion, was just what a brother ought to be, just what she wished Jim had been. He procured for her the "curiosities" desired by Jim Junior, and added largely to them from his own stock. He advised her, sometimes scolded her, and

was always frank and kind. Mrs. Benjamin was fond of descanting to Miss Rushie on the young Seigneur's soft, dark eyes which, she declared, had a "Charles the First expression," a "look of doom"—bringing out the fatal word as if spelled in capitals. "I fear," she wound up on one of these occasions, "Sallie Cyarter will find herself a young widow," At which prediction Miss Rushie could not help laughing merrily; for, however, it might be as to Sallie's wifehood, in her early widowhood she had no belief. The soft, dark eyes, she had discovered could both flash and tremble; and she could not associate the idea of doom (in capitals) with one who had startled her by speaking of Jim Junior as the "young cub," and Mrs. Benjamin as the "old girl." For ought she could see, he was likely to live to a good old age and die peaceably in his bed. At first, it must be confessed, his practical nature had been almost a disappointment to her, and she had betrayed this to madame while discussing

with her the portrait of a certain knightly ancestor who, but for his velvets and laces and plumes, might have been the young Seigneur himself. Madame smiled, and yet she was a little hurt." "What would you?" she said, with dignity. "He is the best of sons, the best of landlords, and—if I, his mother—say it, one of the best of men. And do you think, foolish child, the Comte Raoul was more heroic prancing in battle than my Louis in saving old Lacasse's life at the risk of his own? He is where the good God has put him, and I am more than content."

Miss Rushie, in course of time, was content also. But I question if she would have been but for the Lacasse incident.

It may be supposed from Madame de la Roche's remarks and from what the reader already knows of the elder Virginian, that the latter was growing more openly unamiable as Miss Rushie's popularity and happiness increased. Not at all. Mrs. Benjamin was one of those persons—happily a minority of our race—who not only take others at the world's valuation, but whose principal reason for ill-treating anyone is that it is entirely safe to do so. As long as Miss Rushie played the first act of Cinderella, and bore so uncomplainingly her poverty, drudgery and loneliness, Mrs. Benjamin despised her; when the fairy godmother appeared upon the scene, it was quite a different matter. It was not only that she did not want to offend the de la Roches, but that her respect for Miss Rushie increased a thousand fold when she discovered Madame's affection for her, and, above all, the good understanding that seemed to exist between her and the young Seigneur. For herself, she got on very well with Madame, but she had a wholesome fear of the young man who was so like a Vandyke picture, and who yet with the eyes whose melancholy depth she had interpreted so tragically, seemed to read her through and through. Not for this, however, did she for a moment abandon her designs. She wrote numerous and lengthy epistles to Sallie Carter and received numerous and lengthy epistles in return. Had Miss Rushie dreamed that it was anxiety in regard to her humble self which



"The portrait of a certain knightly ancestor."

was leading Mrs. Benjamin on to overt acts in favor of the Carter alliance, she would have been more surprised than ever at her own happiness.

Mrs. Benjamin meantime treated Miss Rushie with growing respect. She deferred more and more to her; professed marked consideration for her opinions; and dignified what she had formerly scoffed at as prejudices into principles. "I am going to Vespers," she would say, "but don't think of coming. I understand your conscientious scruples."

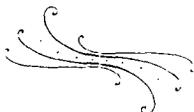
For herself, as she again and again confided to Madame, she had no conscientious scruples. Years before her foreign tour she had conceived the idea of guiding the intellect of Talbotsville and had instituted a Madame de Staël Club. The predecessor of the clever youth who was in the habit of making the remark already quoted as to Sallie Carter's age (for Talbotsville from time immemorial had had its wit and its fool), reported forthwith that to gain a double portion of the spirit of her illustrious prototype, she would preside at the meetings of the Club sitting up in bed, and, with a dirty night cap on; and the club had died of ridicule. Its would-be founder, however, startled Talbotsville more and more by the direction taken by her literary researches. She professed to have discovered grave reasons for throwing aside the faith she had inherited, was fond of quoting the *Westminster Review*—occasionally even hinting that she was a contributor to it—and after any confession of her want of faith, would add, "You know I met Renan when last abroad." As on the occasion referred to, Renan had not spoken to her nor she to Renan, it must be supposed that in heresy as in love, "propinquity does it." At the time of her northward move, she had been in

correspondence with a psychical society in New York, with a view to a course of lectures from an Esoteric Buddhist. "Perhaps I have been wrong," she modestly said to Madame, after giving—from her point of view, of course—an account of her mental career. "I fear I have made a god of intellect." And she gave Madame to understand that, if, after weighing Esoteric Buddhism in the balances, she should find it wanting, she might next "revert," as Disraeli delicately puts it, "to the ancient faith." And the reader, in all this, need not set her down as a hypocrite. Stronger minds than hers mistake novelty for progress, and crave a new sensation as those addicted to grosser stimulants crave a dram.

Madame de la Roche met these personal revelations with delicate reserve. In conversation with her new friends, religious differences had always been referred to frankly as matters of fact, never as matters of argument. Many times during the summer Miss Rushie had been driven to the services of her own Church—Mrs. Benjamin on these occasions being escorted by Rose Marie to "le beeldeeng," where she had learned to content herself with a humbler place than that first elected by her. Mrs. Benjamin had no doubt that her liberality was the talk and the admiration of everybody, high and low; and she determined to give a crowning proof of it. If it should lead to nothing, so far as religion was concerned, and she should still determine to be an Esoteric Buddhist, the experience might be of value to her in a literary point of view—for, of course, this would-be de Staël had every intention of, some day, writing a book.

A. M. MACLEOD.

(To be continued.)



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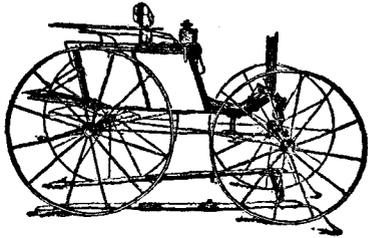
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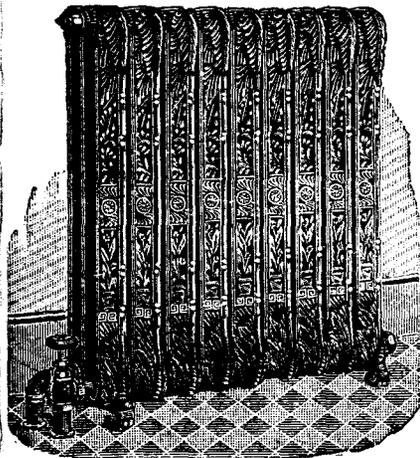
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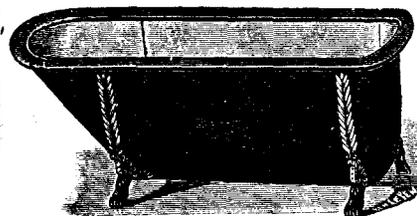


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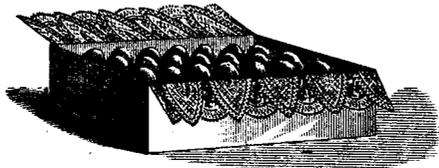
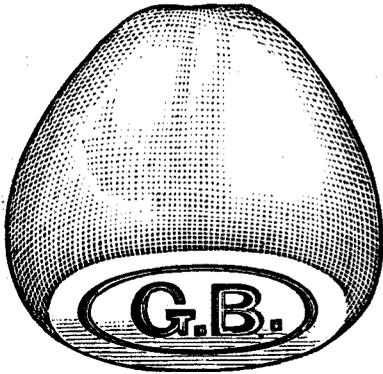
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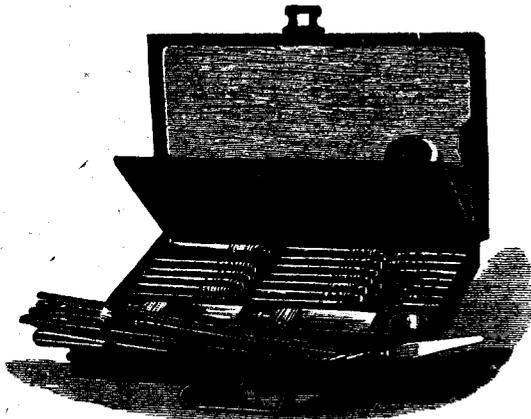
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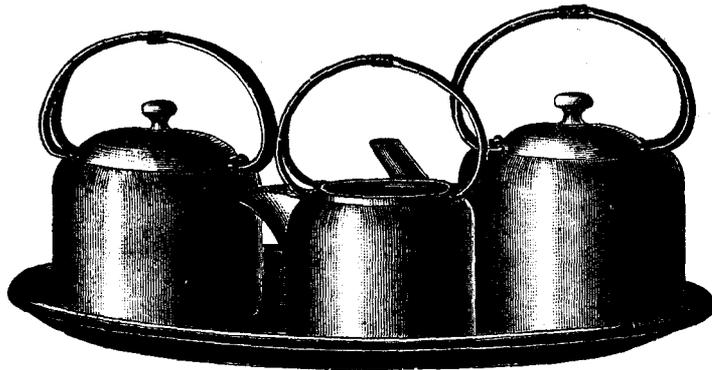
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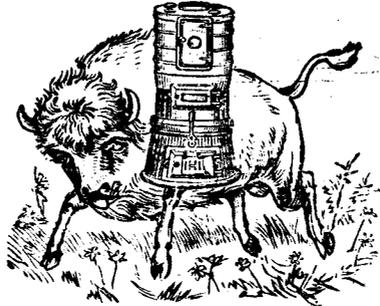
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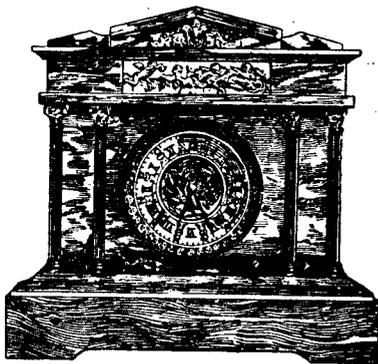
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