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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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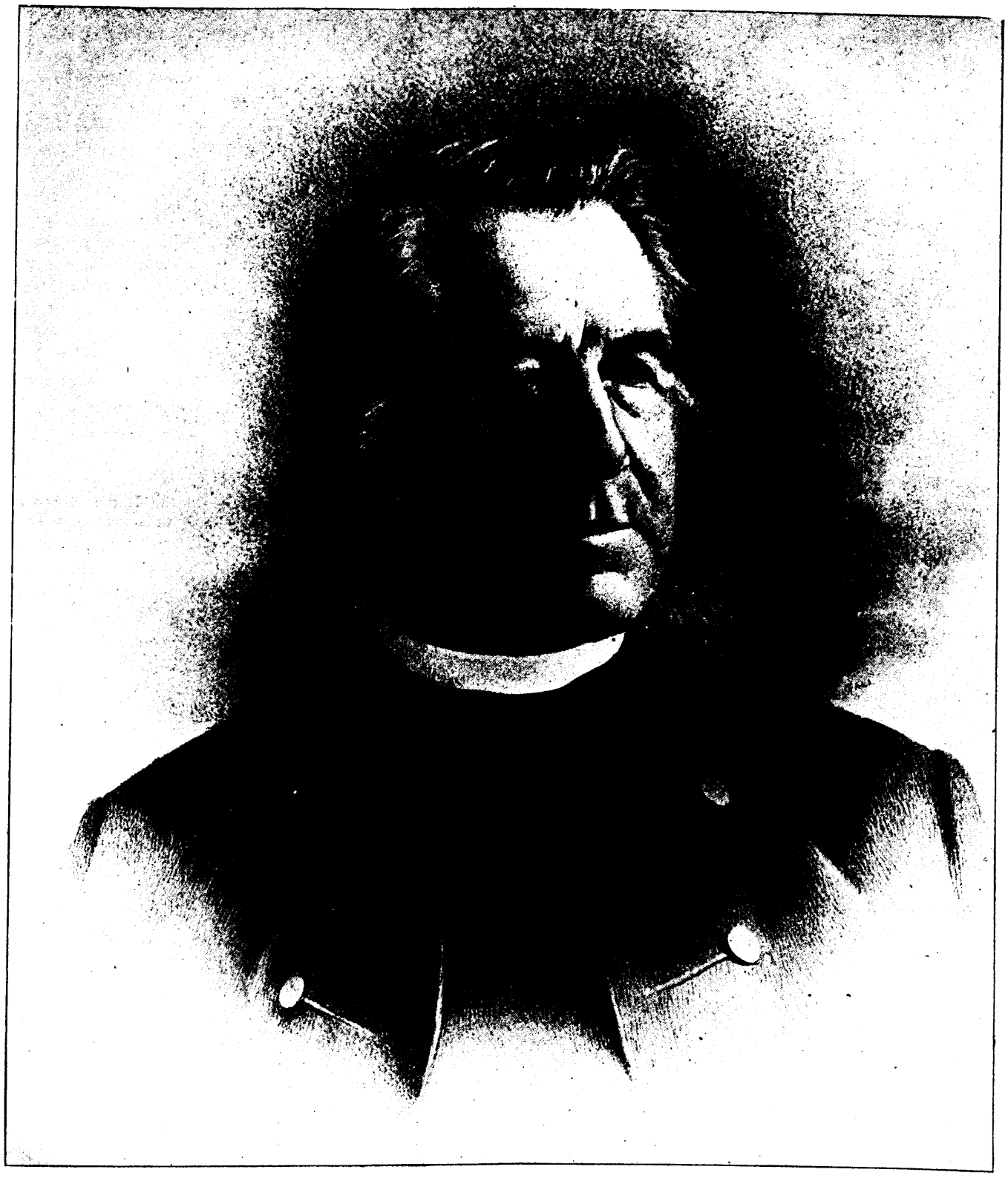

HIS LORDSHIP THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM BENNET BOND, Bishop of Montreal.

From a photograph by Notman.

The Dominion Illustrated.

$4.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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3 & 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E. C.
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

27th APRIL, 1889.

Current Topics.

Donald Morrison has been captured at last. The credit for his arrest is mainly due to two men, Constable MacMahon, of the Montreal police, and Peter Leroyer, the well-known half-breed hunter. The expedition to Megantic has not, therefore, proved fruitless after all. A man accused of the gravest crime on the calendar has been at last taught the lesson that no person, however he may consider himself to be fortified against retributive justice by mistaken sympathy, can succeed in persistently defying the law with impunity.

The Dominion Government has under consideration a series of resolutions recently passed by the Halifax Board of Trade with reference to the Atlantic mail service. The main point to be decided is the winter port and its definite mention in the contract. The Board of Trade lays stress on the advantages that Halifax offers for such a position—its safe approach, depth of water and secure anchorage, as well as immunity from tidal disturbances and freedom from fogs. The harbour can, moreover, it is urged, be depended upon to remain open all the year round.

There is one consolation on which communities and individuals can always fall back, whatever troubles may beset or disappointments worry them. They may be sure, if they only look carefully around them, to discover some other community or individual worse off than themselves. In Canada, for instance, we have no negro question, such as is now perplexing the statesmen of the Republic; we are fairly out of the track of the cyclones that desolate our neighbours, and we are not, like our fellow mortals in Dakota, a prey to the ravages of mice. Those small but destructive pests are, we are told, "so plenty in the blizzard district that the cat market has gone up, and toms and tabbies are being shipped west in carloads and sold at $2 apiece."

The Winnipeg *Commercial*, while admitting that the President's proclamation regarding the taking of seal in Behring Sea had been misunderstood at first, and assuming that, if it be accepted in its literal significance, it is not really calculated to excite any apprehension in Canada, thinks, at the same time, that it would be well to have some definite assurance on the subject. It points out—what is really a consideration—that, since the first rash claim on the part of the United States to the exclusive control of the fisheries in those waters, an uneasy feeling has prevailed among Canadian fishermen, as though they were not quite sure what resentment might await them if they attempted to exercise what they believe to be their rights. It is even asserted that this undercurrent of fear has been strong enough in many cases to keep fishermen away from the haunts that would yield them the best harvest, thus virtually losing the profit of the season's work. That is a state of things which is simply intolerable, and the only way to prevent its repetition is to insist on a clear and open denial from Washington that the Government entertains the ideas which have caused this absurd alarm.

The state of feeling which is said to exist in China at present towards the foreign population can hardly be contemplated with equanimity by the people of Canada. We can, it is true, felicitate ourselves that it is not the Government or the people of the Dominion that provoked the tempest of retaliation that is ready to burst forth with indiscriminate and unreasoning passion on the devoted heads of European and American residents. There was a time when it was the French who were the objects of Mongolian wrath, and the closing years of the Empire witnessed the terrible revenge, for slights and domineering long tamely submitted to, of the Tientsin massacre. Who was to blame, it is needless to ask now. The blunder was expiated in the blood of scores of innocent people. M. Ferry's policy revived the dormant grudge at alien pride and contempt, but the menace was not carried out. For years past the Americans, while sending missionaries to China, have been treating the Chinese who landed on their shores as if they had no rights as men. The day of vengeance was postponed again and again. Last fall the Pekin Government was insulted to serve political ends. Now it is appealed to for protection. What if Government and people come at last to think that forbearance has ceased to be a virtue? The situation is certainly a critical one and we can only hope that rumour has exaggerated.

We have taken a long time to define our boundaries, both those which part Canada from her big neighbour and those which sever the provinces from each other. Nor has the decision in either case always given satisfaction. Although the late Sir Francis Hincks became reconciled, some years before his death, to the Ashburton treaty, few Canadians will be found to share in his satisfaction, and when we read, in the late Sir George Simpson's interesting record of his "Journey round the World," of that older Vancouver, the thriving nucleus of a great Canadian city, we cannot rejoice at an arbitration that set our boundary hundreds of miles north of it. The Seward purchase brought new complications, and we have still no defined boundary to our Northwest on the side of Alaska. For years the inhabitants of Ontario have been in doubt as to where their domain ended. In the latest published map of Canada, based on Government authority, that province is separated from Quebec by a line drawn due north from the head of Lake Temiscaningue to James Bay. And that, it seems, is the line which is to be accepted as a settlement of the question, though Mr. Mercier is not yet satisfied. There are some thriving French-Canadian settlers on the shores of Lake Temiscamingue, and the Lake St. John region is growing in population and wealth, but, setting aside those comparatively recent attempts at colonization, the inhabitants of the region north of the St. Lawrence have penetrated but a short distance into the interior. There is a vast expanse still to be occupied.

A tabulated statement, in a report just received, shows that the Royal Colonial Institute received, as gifts to its library, during the past year, 809 volumes, 951 pamphlets, 22,419 newspapers, 8 maps and 139 articles classed as miscellaneous. Among the most important of the donations were a complete set of the Hakluyt Society's proceedings, 75 volumes; the latest edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica; a complete set of South Australian Law Reports and Blome's Description of the Island of Jamaica, published in 1672, the oldest book in the library. The Institute acknowledges its obligations to the various Colonial Governments for their parliamentary and other publications. Our own Government is credited with 31 volumes and 35 pamphlets. The universities, the Royal Society of Canada, several historical and other societies, and about half a dozen newspapers are also among the Canadian contributors. As the Royal Colonial Institute aims to represent the resources, needs, progress, etc., of the entire colonial domain of Great Britain, it ought to be deemed a duty on the part of the colonies to help it in every way possible. The library, more especially, ought to be a centre of trustworthy information as to every subject connected with the colonies. On the 1st of January last it contained 6,885 volumes, 2,863 pamphlets, and 209 files of newspapers. Back numbers of 79 colonial newspapers, for which there was not enough space at the Institute, were sent to the British Museum, where due care will be taken of them.

A memorial, addressed, some time ago, by the Royal Colonial Institute to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, dealt with a subject of considerable interest to Canadians, as to other colonists. According to the Imperial Legacy and Succession Duty Acts, the liability of property to pay duty depends upon the domicile of the deceased owner instead of on the situation of the property. A person who dies domiciled in the United Kingdom, leaving property in a colony, may, therefore, be taxed twice, once by the Government of the former and again by the Government of the latter. The Council of the Institute contended that the liability of the estate of a deceased person to pay duty should, as in the case of probate duty, be determined not by his domicile, but by the locality of his estate at the time of his death, and urged upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer the advisability of introducing a measure into the Imperial Parliament to exempt personal property not situate in the United Kingdom from liability to pay legacy and succession duty. The reply was that the Lords of the Treasury could not see their way to adopt the suggestion, as it would involve a considerable loss of revenue, and there would also be a risk of involving Great Britain in controversies with foreign Governments. The Council of the Institute still, however, maintain that the principle for which they contend is a just one, as the present anomalous condition of the law presses unfairly on colonists and has the effect of deterring persons domiciled in the United Kingdom from making investments in the colonies.

FAIRY.

Who dares to say that fairy queens
Come never now as long ago,
Ere little maids are in their teens,
When daisies nod in the sunset glow?

There's many a secret in eyes that glisten,
Told in a tone that no man hears,
When little maids lean out to listen,
And bluebells tinkle for tiny ears.

TYNG RAYMOND.

THE POWER OF ADVERTISING.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Goschen, has, in presenting his budget, given the newspapers of Great Britain a grand gratuitous advertisement. The sale of coffee had, he said, largely fallen off of late, owing to the persistent advertising of their wares by the dealers in cocoa, the result of which was the establishment of a tremendous trade in that commodity. No more significant statement was, perhaps, ever made by a finance minister. Here we are informed, on the highest authority, that continuous advertising had succeeded, in the course of a comparatively brief period, in producing what is equivalent to a dietetic revolution in British society. No more emphatic tribute was ever paid to one of the most important functions of the newspaper and periodical press. There is nothing, probably, in the range of human habit on which it is more difficult to work a change than the articles of food to which daily use has accustomed a community. And of such articles there are none which, in the course of generations, have acquired such an undisputed right to their places on the British breakfast table as the tea-urn and the coffee-pot. If a law were passed prohibiting the use of tea or coffee to the British householder, he would be a wise or bold statesman who would answer for the consequences. Temperance reformers may contemplate with complacency the gradual creation of such a change in public sentiment that the British workman will no longer look upon his beer as an inalienable right. But they have not yet ventured to propose an interdict on the tea and coffee of the British millions. Yet, without the least agitation, without mass meetings, without the aid of either pulpit or platform, the thing has been brought to pass in thousands of homes, the inmates of which have consented to forego their habitual beverages. How was the marvel accomplished? Simply by the insertion in certain newspapers and magazines of a few business-like words recommending a rival commodity. This is an economic fact of some importance, or the Chancellor of the Exchequer would not have deemed it worth mentioning. But it has also a lesson of deep interest to all persons who have wares to sell. It reveals, in a most striking manner, the wondrous power of advertising, and it is worth while to make enquiry as to the kind of advertising which produced so remarkable a result. If a notice of anything—a meeting, an auction, some specialty in food and dress, or a house to let or sell—appears a single time in the columns of a journal in the ordinary way and is paid for—we call that an advertisement. But advertising, such as Mr. Goschen had in his mind, was something more than that. It was persistent advertising. Only persistent advertising can have any effect on a busy, versatile, frivolous and distraught public. What is seen once or twice fades from memory. To impel the public mind with determination in any direction, it is necessary to agitate, whatever the object, question or cause at stake may be. A single grave and lucid article, lecture, speech or sermon may suffice to inspire a few earnest minds with fervour of purpose strong enough to carry them to the goal of accomplishment. But the mass of mankind is hard to move, hard even to touch. The same truth, however obvious it may seem to the initiated, must be repeated over and over many times before it begins to make an impression on the many. It is the same with advertising. An advertisement may be seen a dozen times before it is even read. But gradually it wins its way to the inner consciousness and then it is never forgotten. Such a maker's name is henceforth associated with such a commodity and *quis separabit?* There are articles which we could easily mention that it would be well nigh impossible to disconnect from certain names. Nor is there the least likelihood that the owners of those names ever regretted the outlay to which that association of ideas is due.

The men whose names have thus literally become household words studied advertising as an art—the art of capturing and keeping the attention, the interest, the sympathy, the custom of the public. To-day, advertising has become more than an art in the merely figurative sense. It has its special professors—its experts and its own organs. In one of these, the *Office*, we saw not long since some statistics touching the growing practice of magazine advertising in the United States. Let any one take up a copy of the *Century*, of *Scribner*, of *Harper* or of *Lippincott* and he will see how thoroughly alive are the business classes among our neighbours to the importance of keeping constantly in touch with the more intelligent order of readers. The advertising columns in those magazines furnish a key to the industrial and commercial life of 60,000,000 of people. In Canada, unhappily, we are still mainly dependent on the United States or Europe for our periodical literature. Our advertisers being, therefore, limited in their choice of mediums for communicating with the public, have become habituated to the daily newspaper as the *ne plus ultra* of their hopes. That such a restriction of their patronage is a mistake it is scarcely necessary to point out to those who have any knowledge of the use that is made of the monthlies and weeklies across the border and the ocean. The most profitable of all advertising is that which appeals to the readers of the high-class illustrated periodicals. In the States one firm may have its advertisement constantly in from three to a dozen such periodicals. Such advertising pays. In Canada we have so few monthlies and weeklies that the advertiser is saved from the perplexities of choosing. There is all the more reason why he should not neglect to avail himself of such periodicals as we have. The DOMINION ILLUSTRATED circulates not only through the length and breadth of Canada, but over a great part of this continent and of Europe, as well as the more distant parts of both hemispheres. It has been complimented in England for its superiority to the British illustrated press. It is read with interest everywhere. It is, therefore, an admirable medium for what the Chancellor of the Exchequer calls "persistent advertising." We invite our business readers to put it to the test.

HERE AND THERE.

GÉRÔME ON MODERN ART.—The famous French artist, Gérôme, contributes the following to an article on himself in the February *Century*: "You ask me about my method of teaching. It is very simple, but this simplicity is the result of long experience. The question is to lead young people into a straightforward, true path; to provide them with a compass which will keep them from going astray; to habituate them to love nature (the true), and to regard it with an eye at once intelligent, delicate, and firm, being mindful of the plastic side. Some know how to copy a thing and will reproduce it almost exactly; others put into it poetry, charm, power, and make of it a work of art. The first are workmen, the second are artists. An abyss separates the mason from the architect. To-day, in this epoch of moral and intellectual disorder, there seems to be a sovereign contempt for those who seek to elevate themselves, to move the spectator, to have some imagination; for those who are not content to remain fettered to the earth, dabbling in the mud of realism. It is to-day the fashion to which all the world sacrifices, because it is only granted to a few to have a well-balanced mind, and because it is easier to paint three fried eggs than it is to execute the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. But all this will pass like a shadowy phantom, and it need not make us uneasy."

A SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL.—A painted glass window in memory of Shakespeare has just been placed in the hall of the Stationers' Company by Mr. Joshua W. Butterworth, a member of the company. The design is by the donor, who has been assisted in the final execution of the work by Messrs. Mayer and Co., of Munich and London. The centre of the window is occupied by a full-length portrayal of the poet in the attitude in which he is most usually represented, the authority for the likeness being the Chandos portrait now in the Ellesmere collection. The contour of the figure is derived from the statue of him by Roubillac in Westminster Abbey, and the signature at the foot, "William Shakespeare," is after an accurate tracing of the poet's signature to a deed now in possession of the Corporation of London. The motto "He was not for an age, but for all time," is beneath: and two medallions below represent the "Birthplace of Shakespeare" and the Church of Stratford-upon-Avon, between them being portrayed the arms and crest of the Shakespeare family. It may incidentally be mentioned that two painted glass windows in memory of Caxton and Tyndale were placed in the hall last year, another, representing St. Cecilia, having been placed there in the previous year. The three windows are the gift of Mr. Edmund Waller.

A SONG.

Who would not brave the fiercest storm
That ever shook a rafter,
If only for the sweetened charm
Of the calm that follows after!

Who would not face the darkest night
That ever followed even,
If but to take renewed delight
In the glowing noonday heaven!

Who would not quarrel with his love
And brave the storm of sorrow,
If only love's bright bliss to prove
With kisses on the morrow?

Ottawa. ARTHUR WEIR.

SLACK TIDE.

My boat is still in the reedy cove,
Where the rushes hinder its onward course,
For I care not now if we rest or move
O'er the slumberous tide to the river's source.

My boat is fast in the tall dank weeds,
And I lay my oars in silence by,
And lean, and draw the slippery reeds
Through my listless fingers carelessly.

The bubbling froth of the surface foam
Clings close to the side of my moveless boat
Like endless meshes of honeycomb—
And I break it off and send it afloat.

A faint wind stirs, and I drift along
Far down the stream to its utmost bound,
And the thick, white foam flakes gathering strong
Still cling, and follow, and fold around.

Oh, the weary green of the weedy waste,
The thickening scum of the frothy foam,
And the torpid heart by the reeds embraced,
And shrouded and held in its cheerless home.

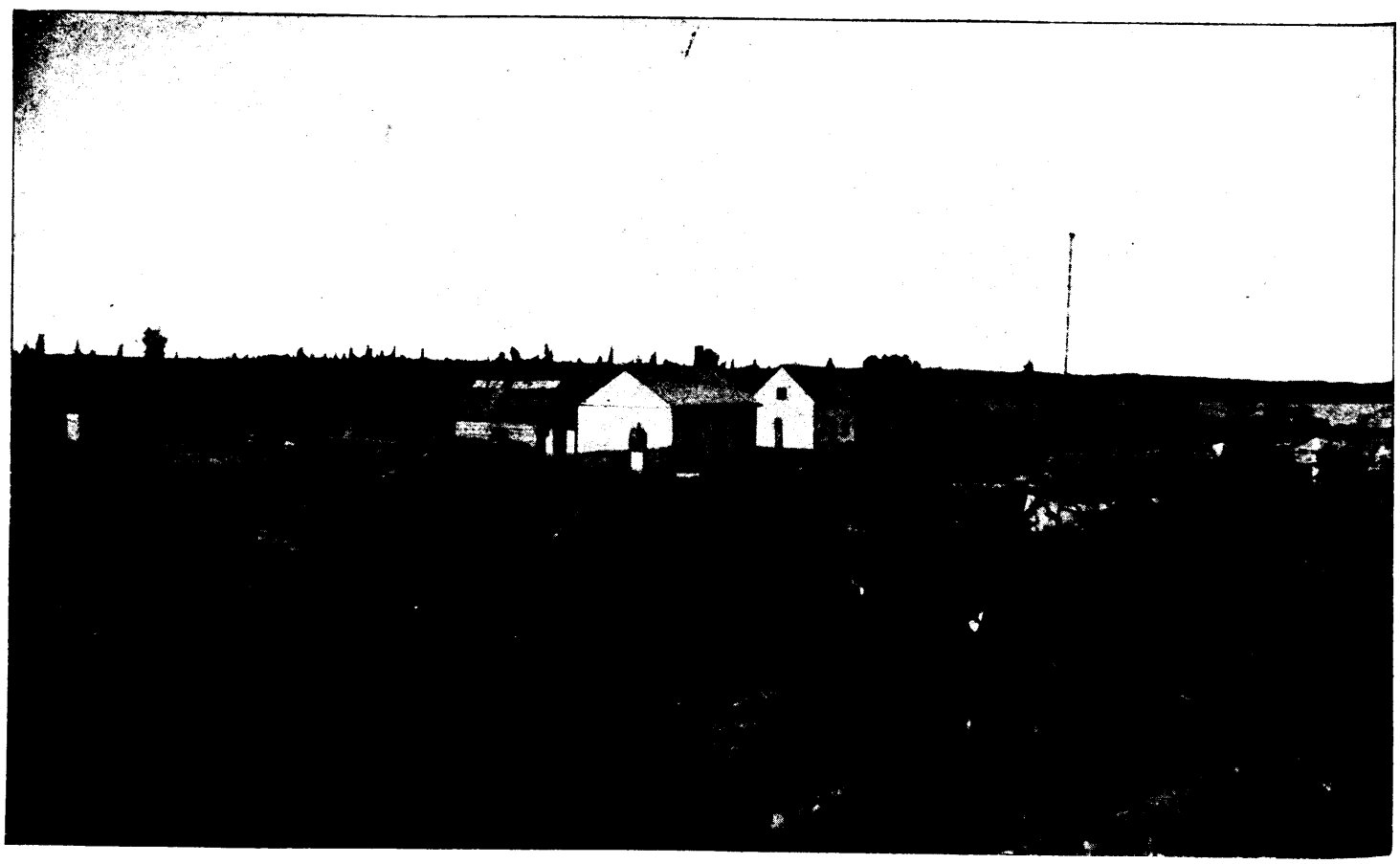
The fearful stillness of wearied calm,
The tired quiet of ended strife,
The echoed note of a heart's sad psalm,
The sighing end of a wasted life.

The reeds cling close and my cradle sways,
And the white gull dips in the water's barm,
And the heart asleep in the twilight haze
Feels not its earth-bonds, knows not alarm.

SOPHIE M. ALMON.

HON. M. J. POWER,
SPEAKER OF LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF NOVA SCOTIA.
From a photograph by O'Donnell.

REV. CURÉ A. LABELLE,
DEPUTY MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND COLONIZATION, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.
From a photograph by Livernois.



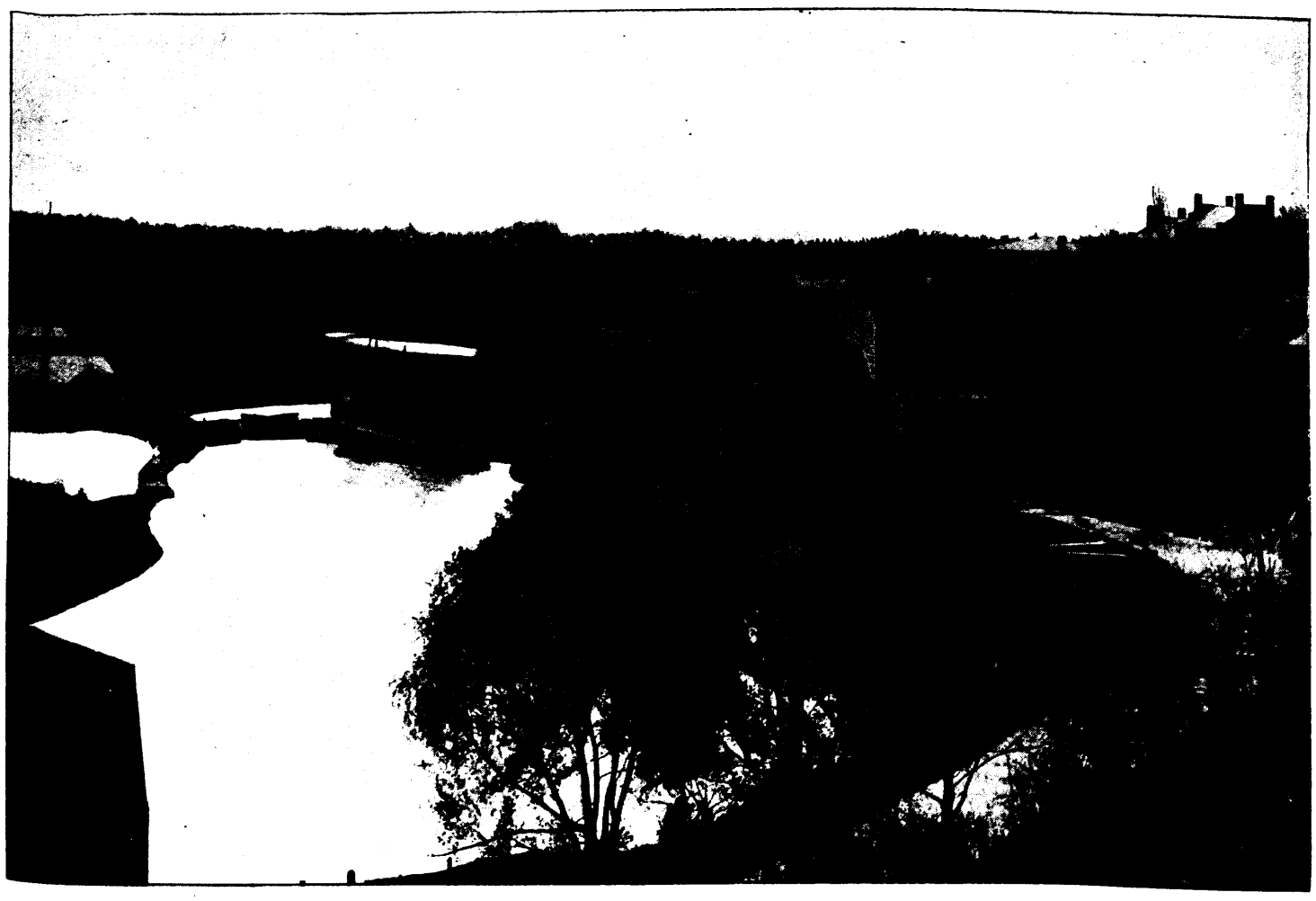
HUDSON'S BAY CO.'S POST, LONG LAKE HOUSE, NORTH OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

HON. FRANK SMITH, Privy Councillor.

From a photograph by Topley.

HON. JOHN COSTIGAN, Minister of Inland Revenue.

From a photograph by Topley.



OLD WELLAND CANAL, St. Catharines, Ont.

From a photograph by Poole.

Our Engravings.

RIGHT REV. W. B. BOND, LL.D., ANGLICAN BISHOP OF MONTREAL.—Montrealers will have little difficulty in recognizing the portrait of this esteemed churchman. For some forty years his tall, commanding figure and handsome features have been familiar in the pulpits, the streets and the social circles of this city. During the greater portion of that long period Dr. Bond has been identified with St. George's Church. The career of Bishop Bond presents an example of what is extremely rare in his communion—his Lordship having been, in succession, missionary, curate, rector, rural dean, canon, archdeacon, dean, bishop and metropolitan. In every one of these capacities he has shown a devotion to the work of his ministry which won him confidence and respect and at each stage justified his advancement to higher dignities and responsibilities. In Canada, which has had the benefit of all his labours as a clergyman, there was, when he assumed charge of it, no higher office in his church than that of chief pastor of the diocese of Montreal. If, for some ten years past, the metropolitical dignity has been no longer connected with it, the severance has been simply owing to Bishop Bond's self-abnegation. Deeming that the devolution of the Canadian primacy by the rule of seniority would prove an acceptable *modus vivendi* and tend to the peace of the whole ecclesiastical province, he surrendered the precedence, in so far as his own personality was concerned. Like his two predecessors, in the See of Montreal, Bishops Fulford and Oxenden, Dr. Bond is a native of the south of England. He was born in Truro, Cornwall, an ancient archidiaconal centre, constituted a bishopric some years ago, and in which the present Archbishop of Canterbury served his episcopal apprenticeship. In 1840, when in his twenty-fifth year, William Bennet Bond was admitted to the priesthood by the late Bishop of Quebec, Dr. G. J. Mountain. After acting for two years as travelling missionary, with his central station at Russelltown, P.Q., he was appointed incumbent of Lachine. In those early years he displayed the ability, earnestness and assiduity which have been so marked in his whole career. As assistant minister of St. George's, during the incumbency of the late Rev. Archdeacon Leach, D.C.L. (1848-1862), and as rector of that church, after Dr. Leach's retirement (1862-1878), Dr. Bond was unwearied in the discharge of his pastoral duties. As an administrator he had no superior among the clergy of the diocese—a qualification which made him an excellent rural dean. In 1863 he was created a canon by Bishop Fulford. In 1870 he was nominated Archdeacon of Hochelaga by Bishop Oxenden, and on the death of the Very Rev. Dr. Bethune, in 1873, he was made Dean of Montreal. The resignation of Bishop Oxenden, in 1878, making it necessary to elect a successor, the choice of the synod fell upon Dean Bond. Bishop Fulford, who was appointed by the Crown to the See of Montreal in 1850, was ten years later elevated by the same authority to the rank of metropolitan. When for that mode of appointment synodal election was substituted, the concentration in Montreal of the twofold dignity—thus putting a newly consecrated bishop over his brethren of the other sees—gave rise to unwelcome complications. Dr. Bond, therefore, withdrew his claim to the primacy, and the Bishop of Fredericton, as the earliest occupant of the episcopal bench, became *ipso facto* metropolitan. Bishop Bond bears his years well. If it cannot be said of him that his eye is not dim nor his natural force abated, he has, at least, more of the vigour of his prime than most men carry beyond their three score and ten. Some great sorrows, as well as unceasing labour and official cares, have helped to bow that majestic frame. About twenty-five years ago Dr. Bond lost a son to whom he was much attached; some years ago Mrs. Bond was called suddenly away; and the death of his daughter, Mrs. Robertson, was a third blow which demanded the exercise of firmest faith Col. Frank Bond, for many years lieutenant-colonel of the Prince of Wales Regiment, and Major E. L. Bond, are sons of the Bishop. Mr. Alexander Robertson, Secretary of the Harbour Commissioners, is his son-in-law.

THE HON. MICHAEL JOSEPH POWER, SPEAKER OF THE NOVA SCOTIA HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.—This gentleman. whose portrait our readers will find on another page, has long been a prominent figure in the Nova Scotian capital, of which he is a native. Born on the 23rd of February, 1834, of parents who were both from Waterford, Ireland, Mr. Power was educated at the Union Academy, Halifax. As a business man he soon achieved success, and he has been for years the army contractor of the Imperial Government for land transport. His capacity for public life early attracted attention, and he has filled a number of important civic positions—having been an alderman, chairman of the city Board of Works, vice-chairman of the Board of School Commissioners, Commissioner of Public Gardens, and President of the Charitable Irish Society. In his younger days he took an active interest in military affairs, and held a commission in the 63rd Battalion of Rifles, from which he retired with the rank of captain. He is also a J. P. for the county of Halifax. At the general elections of September, 1878, Mr. Power, with the Hon. P. C. Hill (then Premier and Provincial Secretary) and Mr. Donald Archibald, ex-M.P.P., now High Sheriff of the county, were the candidates of the Liberal party for the city, in opposition to Messrs. C. J. McDonald, W. D. Harrington and John Pugh. The Conservatives carried the day, but in 1882, Mr. Power, along with the Hon. W. S. Fielding (now Provincial Secretary and Premier) and Mr. J. G. Foster, against Messrs. W. D. Harrington, Jonathan Parsons and John Pugh, was elected. Again, in 1886, Mr. Power, the Hon. Mr. Fielding and Mr. Wm. Roche, jr., defeated Messrs. John Y. Payzant, W. D. Harrington and James N. Lyons by over 1,000 majority. When the Legislature met Mr. Power was elected Speaker of the Assembly. Mr. Power, who is a Roman Catholic, has been married since Nov. 20, 1860, his wife being a daughter of the late P. Kent, Esq., of Halifax.

THE REV. F. X. A. LABELLE, DEPUTY-MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE FOR THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.—The name of Curé Labelle is better known to both sections of our population than that of any other clergyman of his Church in this province. His handsome, genial face and vigorous, active frame are not unfamiliar in the streets of our chief cities. Of late Quebec has naturally had a fuller claim to his presence than Montreal, on the streets of which he used to be a familiar figure. Curé Labelle will live in our history by the name which his earnest and energetic patriotism has won for him—that of "Apostle of Colonization." By word, by pen, by act, on the platform, in the pulpit, and in the trackless forest, which he has done so much to open up to culture and civilization, Mr. Labelle has been indefatigable in the cause of which the motto is: "Let us take possession of the soil." Born on November 14, 1834, at the pretty village of Ste. Rose, Laval county, he was, in his tenth year, sent to the Seminary of St. Therèse. There he made good and sure progress, his favorite studies as his mind progressed being philosophy and history. Deciding to become a priest, he was in 1858 admitted to minor orders, and for three years afterwards remained at the Seminary of Ste. Therèse as a teacher. In 1855 he removed to the Grand Seminary, Montreal, where. having devoted himself exclusively to the study of theology, he was in due time ordained priest by Mgr. Pinsonneault in his native village. He served for some time as *vicaire* to Father Vinet, now a prelate of the Holy See, in the parish of Sault-au-Recollet. Thence he moved to St. Jacques le Mineur, and in 1859 he was sent to the mixed border parish of St. Antoine Abbé, as first resident curé. The task of organization which there awaited him was no easy one, but he overcame the obstacles in his way and left the newly constituted parish fairly prosperous, when in 1859 Mgr. Bourget appointed him to Lacolle. There new triumphs rewarded his energy, determination and tact, and when he left Lacolle in 1868, not only the Catholic but the Protestant portion of the community had come to recognize his ability and moral worth. On the occasion of the Fenian raid in 1866 his conduct excited general admiration. While not forgetting the peaceful mission of his sacred office, he inspired his people with courage to resist an aggression so unjustifiable. The great crisis in Curé Labelle's career took place when he passed from Lacolle to the more important sphere with which his labours were to be so long associated. St. Jérome was admirably fitted to be the central point of the great work which for twenty years has so largely employed his faculties. He saw with sorrow that many of his fellow countrymen were turning their backs on the rich areas that were at their disposal to add to the population and strength of an alien nationality. To retain those would-be wanderers on their native soil, and to make them prosperous and contented with their lot in their own land—that was the aim he kept steadily before him. How he set about putting it in execution, and how he succeeded in gaining to his views and efforts the influence of the Government, the higher clergy and of the most influential men in the province—to make that clear would require a volume rather than a sketch. Suffice it to say that Abbé Labelle was not the man to look back once he had put his hand to the plough. Colonization roads, in the first place, railways, as soon as the money to build them could be procured, a generous land-grant policy strenuously prosecuted—these were the agencies by which he assured himself and others of success. His perseverance was indomitable. No discouragement daunted him. If he could not get steel rails for his railway, he would try stout wooden ones and trust to Providence. To his impulse railway extension in this province (and indirectly throughout the rest of the Dominion) is largely due. But the Northern Colonization Railway is his darling achievement. His foresight recognized the folly of leaving our own vast North unoccupied—that mighty expanse of wood-land and agricultural and pastoral land stretching away up to the watershed that parts the Hudson's Bay system from ours, and of which the gate of entrance is night to his beloved St. Jerome. A trunk line to begin with—and the future of that great North was assured. Again and again Abbé Labelle's friends regretted that his office as a clergyman prevented him accepting positions to which no one was better entitled or better suited than he. It remained for the Hon. Mr. Mercier to overcome those scruples and to convince Abbé Labelle that there were functions which he could fill with more advantage to the country than any one else, without derogating from his dignity or usefulness as a priest. The only surprise which his acceptance of office excited among his former friends was at the circumstances under which it took place—circumstances which seemed to imply a change of political allegiance. But with party, Curé Labelle can reply, a priest has nothing to do: his single aim is the good of his people.

THE HON. FRANK SMITH, SENATOR, P.C.—We present our readers in this issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with the portrait of a gentleman whose name is, doubtless, familiar to many of them. The Hon. Frank Smith, though in the decline of life, having been born at Richfield, County Armagh, Ireland, in 1821, is still full of vigour and enterprise. The greater part of his career has been passed in Ontario, where he has long been known as a business man of energy and resource. In 1866 he was elected mayor of the city of London. In 1871 he was nominated to the Senate under the first Dominion ministry of Sir John Macdonald. In 1882, after the general election, he was called to the Privy Council and accepted a position in the Cabinet, without, however, taking charge of a portfolio. The Hon. Senator Smith resides in Toronto. He is president of the London and Ontario Investment Company, of the Home Savings and Loan Company, of the Toronto City Passenger Railway and of the Northern Railway Company. By religious profession Mr. Smith is a Roman Catholic.

THE HON. JOHN COSTIGAN, M.P., MINISTER OF INLAND REVENUE.—Mr. Costigan, whose portrait will be found on another page of this issue, is a native of this province, having been born at St. Nicholas, P.Q., on the 1st of February, 1835. He was educated at the College of St. Anne, where he gave evidence of those intellectual powers which he has since turned to account. Having determined to settle in New Brunswick, and completed his course in law, he soon manifested an interest in public affairs, and, in 1861, was asked to stand as a candidate for the representation of Victoria in the Legislature of that province. He was elected and occupied his seat until 1866. After the passage of the British North America Act made New Brunswick one of the provinces of the Dominion, he was returned to the House of Commons for the same county, which he has represented uninterruptedly ever since. In May, 1882, he became Minister of Inland Revenue, a position which he still holds. As a member of the Roman Catholic Church, Mr. Costigan has been regarded as the defender in Parliament of the interests of his co-religionists in New Brunswick. In that capacity he made a strenuous effort to have the New Brunswick School Act, which did away with the separate school system, disallowed, but the opinion that the question was of provincial jurisdiction prevailed. As a Canadian of Irish descent, Mr. Costigan has ever been alive to the welfare of his compatriots of Irish origin. It was as representing their sentiments that, in 1882, he moved the resolution for a petition to Her Majesty that Home Rule be granted to Ireland. That Mr. Costigan's services have not been unappreciated by those in whose behalf he has so consistently laboured was evinced by the splendid gift to him of a residence in Ottawa from a number of his admirers. Mr. Costigan has been married since 1855, his wife being a daughter of Mr. John Ryan, of Grand Falls, N. B.

H.B. CO.'S POST, LONG LAKE.—This is another post of the Lake Superior district, of which we have given some glimpses in previous numbers. The lake at the head of which it is situated is more than fifty miles long, but extremely narrow, seldom attaining a breadth of more than four miles, and sometimes not exceeding half a mile. The northern end of Long Lake lies close to the water-shed that parts the Hudson Bay from the Lake Superior systems. The post may now be reached from Schreiber, a station of the C.P.R., almost directly south of it. The geological character of the stretch of country from Sudbury to Port Arthur, which includes Long Lake and its surroundings, has been thus described: "For about seventy miles it passes over Huronian rocks. Thence to about fifteen miles from the Nepigon river the Laurentian is the most widely spread formation, though intersected by beds of Huronian, with extensive granitic and dioritic intrusive masses." It is rich in minerals and has attracted much attention of late, especially the tract between Long Lake and Lake Nepigon and the shore of Lake Superior. Port Arthur, the capital of the district, is already a place of importance and is destined in time to become a great city. The scene depicted in our engraving gives evidence of advancing civilization. The defensive aspect—stockades, etc.—which were deemed to justify the name of fort being absent, and the buildings resembling the home of a well-to-do pioneer rather than the local centre of a great quasi-military organization. To the sportsman, the explorer and the huntsman, these strongholds of the great company, with their courteous and hospitable officers, are ever welcome lodges in the wilderness.

OLD WELLAND CANAL, REAR OF ST. PAUL STREET, ST. CATHARINES.—The old Welland Canal is associated with the first great industrial awakening of Upper Canada and with a public man—the late Hon. W. H. Merritt—than whom no one has deserved better of our country. The idea of the undertaking first occurred to him while he was serving as a militia officer in the war of 1812. The first sod was not turned, however, until November 30, 1824. In the "Life" of Mr. Merritt, by his son, the reader will find many interesting particulars regarding the inception and progress of the work. The picture which we present to our readers to-day is an admirable example of the combination, in Canada, of what is attractive in scenery, with the many-sided vigour and enterprise of a progressive industrial life. "In these peaceful and prosperous days," writes one of the contributors to *Picturesque Canada*, "the Niagara district is covered with pleasant homesteads, thriving villages, and busy market towns, but it can boast of only one city. That is St. Catharines, built on the line of the Welland Canal, three miles from its port of entry, and the chief shipping, manufacturing and trading emporium of the peninsula." The name does honour to not only the wife of the Hon. W. H.

Merritt, but also commemorates the ladies who shared the happiness of two other prominent landowners of the district. those of Col. John Butler and the Hon. Robert Hamilton, who all had a share in building up the place. The real founder of its prosperity was, however, Mr. Merritt, to whose great scheme St. Catharines owes its rise from a petty village to an important commercial town. The old canal abounds along its course in charming landscapes, sometimes suggesting glimpses of canal-crossed England. The scene in our engraving may be taken as fairly characteristic. Away off in the background rise the grand old woods of which Sangster has sung so sweetly. In the nearer distance we catch sight of the G.W.R. bridge, with a train of cars just passing over it. Then filling the body of the picture we see the canal and lock No. 3, with steamboats on their way through. Enough of St. Catharines is comprised in the foreground to give us an idea of what it is like and to justify the praises which it has elicited from residents and visitors. The works of renovation, enlargement and general improvement to which the new canal owes its existence were begun in 1875, and the result is sure to compensate many times for the additional outlay.

GROUP OF ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMICIANS AND OF ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY.—We present to our readers in this engraving a representative group of members of our Canadian Royal Academy of Art. Five of the gentlemen who compose it were on the roll of the Academy, as founded by the Marquis of Lorne. The project was foreshadowed in his lordship's address at the formal opening of the Art Gallery in this city in May, 1879, and in the following year the Academy was duly organized, its first annual exhibition being held at Ottawa in March, 1880, and similar gatherings having taken place in successive years since that date. Like its British prototype, the Academy is composed of academicians and associates. There are also associated designers and associate architects. In our picture, Messrs. L. R. O'Brien, R. Harris, Forshaw Day, J. W. H. Watts and J. Smith were among the original nominees of the founder, Mr. O'Brien being called to the honour of presiding over the institution, and Mr. Smith being appointed its treasurer. Mr. O'Brien is well known in connection with *Picturesque Canada*, the pictorial supervision of which was entrusted to him. The name and work of Mr. Harris are well known to our Montreal readers. Like Mr. Forshaw Day, who is connected with the Military College, Kingston, he came westward from the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Brymner (Mr. Harris's successor in our Art School), Mr. Hutchison (architect), Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, Mr. O. R. Jacobi, Mr. A. T. Taylor, M.R.I.B.A., and Messrs. Watts, Foster and Forbes are all well known personally or by reputation, to most of our readers. Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, R.C.A., is a sculptor some of whose works have already been Illustrated and described in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

INTERIOR OF THE BASILICA, QUEBEC.—The first parochial chapel of Quebec was built by Champlain in 1632, in honour of Notre Dame de Recouvrance, in fulfilment of the vow he had made when he was obliged to abandon to the brothers Kerkt the city which he founded. That chapel, erected almost on the site of the present English Cathedral, was destroyed by fire in 1640. The clergy of Quebec then determined to construct a more spacious edifice. The first stone was laid by Father Lallemant in 1647, on the site of the present Cathedral, the land being given by Guillaume Couillard. It was in the form of a cross, 100 feet long by 38 feet in breadth, and was terminated in 1650. The Rev. Father Poncet said the first Mass in it on Christmas Eve in the same year. In 1666 it was solemnly dedicated by Mgr. de Laval. Till the Conquest there was a chapter which recited the canonical office every day, thus enhancing the splendour of the religious service. The Cathedral of 1748 was entirely destroyed during the siege of 1759. In 1766 a new one was begun, which was opened for public worship in 1771. In 1774 Bishop Briand asked all the members of his diocese to contribute towards the embellishment of the Cathedral, which was still defective in many respects. Mgr. Signay, also, while he was curé of Quebec, had several repairs made and provided the structure with two sacristies. Mgr. Baillargeon, who succeeded Mgr. Signay as curé, had the old portal replaced in 1843 by a new cut-stone façade, according to a model prepared for the purpose by Mr. Thomas Baillargé, architect. "Lovers of antiquity," wrote M. l'Abbé (now Monseigneur) Legaré, "saw the old physiognomy of their church give place to a new and more pretentious aspect, which, though more sumptuous, was still somewhat heavy, especially when charged, as it was later on, by the tower. It was not by the wish of M. Baillargeon that the addition was made, but his Lordship was overruled by the majority of his council, who thought their taste superior to his." It was in 1859 that the massive stoves were introduced to heat the Cathedral. Until that date the faithful had to depend upon the fervour, more or less intense, of their devotion to protect them from the rigours of the winter. The choir of the Cathedral is remarkable for its majestic baldaquin, which is admirably adapted to set off the grander ceremonies of religion. When the Cardinal officiates on the great pontifical festivals, there are few churches in the world that offer a more magnificent spectacle than the Cathedral of Quebec. This church is 200 feet in length. The nave, without being rich, pleases the eye at once by its simplicity and the beauty of its lines. The ancient edifice gives an impression of style, a characteristic which always attracts strangers and in which so many modern churches are lacking. In this respect it stands out in favorable contrast with some other churches of recent construction in this province and even in the ancient capital. Some architects, indeed, knowing that their public is not very strong in the matter of church-building, seem to delight in raising structures that have neither style nor character, sometimes not even solidity. The ornaments of the cathedral which serve for the pontifical offices are of great richness. A complete set was given by Louis XIV. to Mgr. Saint-Vallier. It is now, of course, too old to be used, except on rare occasions. Another set was made at Lyons during the administration of Mgr. Turgeon, which for splendour and taste is the admiration of all connoisseurs. Nine bishops of Quebec have been interred under the choir of the cathedral—de Laval, de Lauberivière, Briand, Hubert, Plessis, Panet, Signay, Turgeon and Baillargeon. The remains of Mgr. de Laval repose now, however, under the vaults of the chapel of the Seminary. On the occasion of the festival of the two hundredth anniversary of the erection of the See of Quebec, the Pope raised the Cathedral to the rank of a minor Basilica. The Cathedral possesses a number of remarkable relics. Among them one is especially noteworthy—a portion of one of the arms of the Apostle Paul, which is placed in the cupola that crowns the chief altar.

RESIDENCE OF WALTER MCDONALD, ESQ., CO-PROPRIETOR OF THE GLENDYER MILLS, MABOU, C.B.—This engraving gives at once a glimpse of pretty scenery and a revelation of industrial progress. The view of Mr. McDonald's home, with its background of forest and its foreground of pasture land, sloping down to the stream whose waters have evidently been turned to account, is characteristically Canadian. Even in the older provinces, out of the virtually boundless expanse of habitable land, only a little plot here and there has as yet been occupied. Yet, on the other hand, how thoroughly has nature been subdued where the pioneer has broken ground, and what an old-world look have some of the chosen abodes of our prosperous men. The Mabou district, though by no means new in point of settlement, may, in some respects, be reckoned among the later conquests of well-directed enterprise. The river that gives it its name combines the substance and force of many streams—some of which coax the angler with allurements of trout and salmon and other denizens of the waters. The country through which they pass is fertile and the scenery at the mouth of the Mabou is considered very fine. The village of Mabou, though small as yet, shows vigorous life, and in that life the Glendyer Mills constitute a noteworthy feature.

LA ROSÉE, BY E. LANSYER, ANGUS COLLECTION.—Emmanuel Lansyer, Vendeean by birth, studied painting with Viollet-le-Duc, Courbet and d'Harpignies. In his choice of subjects he is unpretentious, aiming rather to bring out fresh or commonly unperceived features in familiar, everyday scenes, to any hunt after what is *primâ facie* sensational. Nature to him has many aspects, the diversity of which escapes careless observers. Submitted nameless to the public, comprising amateurs or even artists, the motive of this picture might be apprehended by but few. Yet, the subject is an extremely old one. It has drawn to it the thoughts of poets—incidentally, at least—since the Muses were born of Memory and Reflection. That ancient questioner, Job, included it among the marvels of creation, and a long succession of bards have taken up the theme. It is one of the phenomena of that Proteus, to whose multitudinous development Ruskin has given so much thought—a phenomenon to which, perhaps, art has not always done justice. One of Lansyer's merits is his conscientious perseverance. If he undertakes to illustrate a phase of nature, he will look her steadily in the face until she reveals at least a part of her secret. For a full appreciation of his success here we must send our readers to the gallery, but our engraving has not failed in indicating to what triumph Mr. Lansyer aspired and to how much of it he can lay claim. It is, indeed, a remarkable picture which does no discredit to the artist's cross and medals.

THE HUNTSMAN, BY KOWALSKI, ANGUS COLLECTION.—This is one of the pictures of that welcome donation with which Mr. R. B. Angus recently enriched our Art Gallery, and which our readers have already had opportunities of admiring. It is a fine example of what Kowalski can do in his moments of high inspiration. The season, the hour, the character of the ground, eagerness of pursuit, concentration of aim, are well depicted in the advancing figures. The action of each of them is a study in itself. Our engraving gives a good idea of the general effect.

LAC BOUCHETTE.—This lake, of which a picturesque view is afforded on another page, is situated near the head waters of the river Ouiatchouan, in the county of Chicoutimi. It is connected with Lake Ouiatchouan, and is within a short distance of Commissioners Lake, from which it is separated by the Blueberry Hills. Though not hemmed in by mountains like Lake Edward and Cedar Lake, Lac Bouchette is prettily situated and possesses many attractions for tourists. It is four miles long, and the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway runs within a very short distance of its easterly shore, about 160 miles from the city of Quebec. Owing to its relative proximity to some of the settlements south of Lake St. John, Lac Bouchette lacks in some degree the wild grandeur that characterizes other lakes in this northern country, whose natural surroundings have escaped the desecrating axe and fire of the lumberman and the squatter.

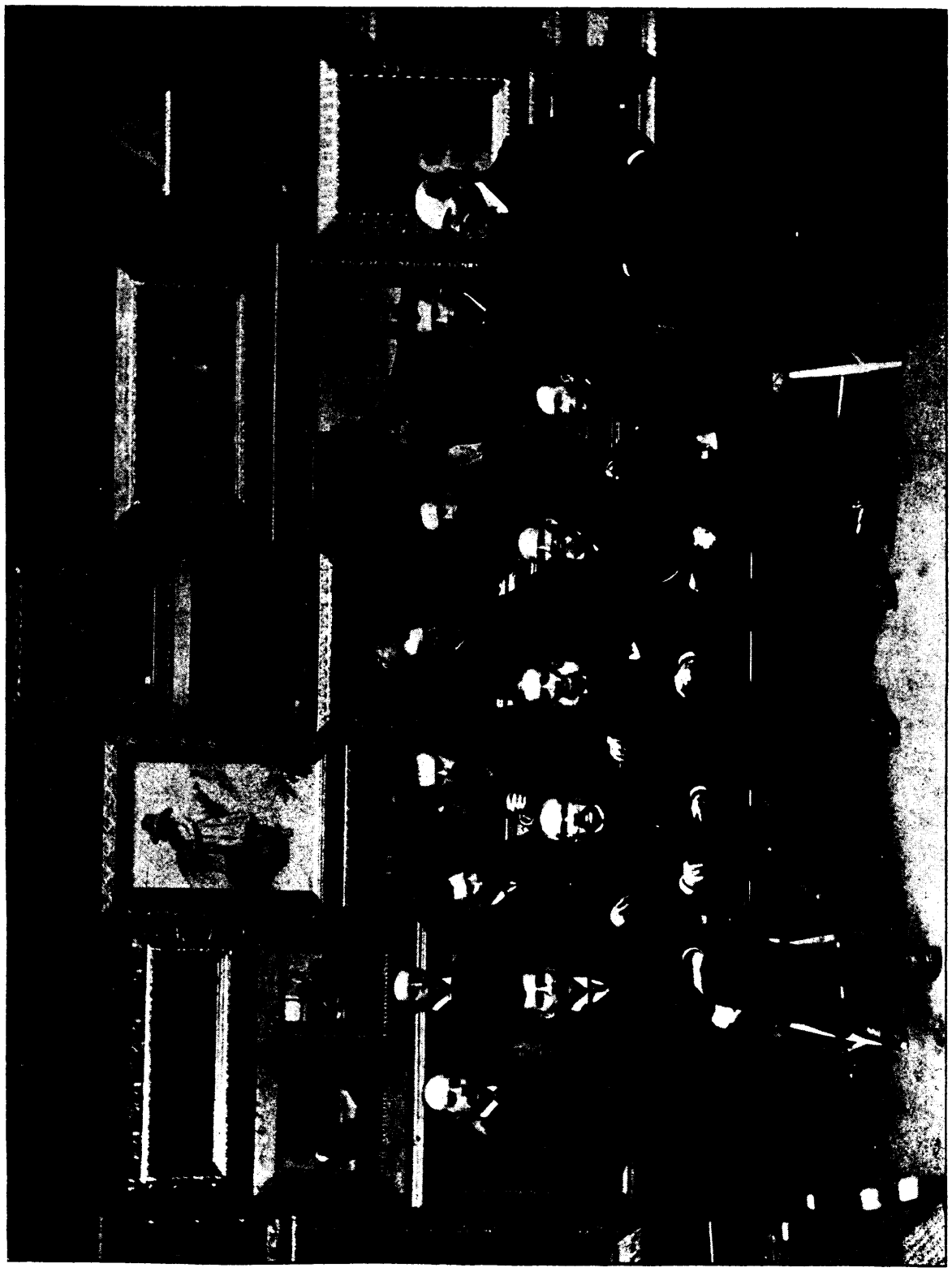
LAC AUX CÈDRES.—Cedar Lake, a glimpse of a small portion of which is afforded in one of the illustrations in this number, is better known by its French name, Lac aux Cèdres, or by its Indian title of Kiskisink. It lies close to the line of railway, at a distance from Quebec of 135 miles, or 22 miles beyond Lake Edward. Like the latter sheet of water, it is one of the very few lakes in this district, easily accessible by railway, that has not been let by the Provincial Government to some private fishing club. Cedar Lake has been leased by the railway company, whose agents issue passes to those desirous of enjoying the splendid trout fishing which it offers to sportsmen. The trout in this lake run to a very large size, one taken through the ice a few weeks ago weighing 15 lbs. Its waters also abound in dory and white fish. Its scenery is really magnificent. Richly wooded mountains descend abruptly into its limpid waters, not only to mark their confines, but to dot them here and there with wild and rocky islets. Upon its shore the Metabetchouan Fishing Club have erected a commodious log house and established their headquarters, while the twenty lakes they have leased are in the immediate vicinity and afford fine sport. Mr. Theo. W. Downs, United States consul at Quebec, leased this reserve from the Government, and when the club was formed turned the lease over to the new organization. The club is composed principally of residents of Connecticut, Senator O. H. Platt being the President.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

Reference has already been made in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED to the paper on the author of "Saul," read before the Society of Canadian Literature on the 25th of March. The occasion was rendered more interesting by the presence of several persons who had known Heavysege. Mr. George Martin, one of the poet's oldest and most intimate friends, occupied the chair, and the essayist was Mr. G. H. Flint, of the *Witness*, the journal with which Heavysege had been so long connected. The paper was valuable, both as a biography and a criticism, Mr. Flint having evidently spared himself no pains in collecting from a variety of sources, whatever would shed fresh light on the career, character and genius of a poet of whom Canada, and Montreal especially, has reasons to be proud. The views of eminent critics who had pronounced judgment on Heavysege's merits, presented by Mr. Flint, made quite an imposing array, the list comprising, with others, the names of Bayard Taylor, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Longfellow and Emerson. He also read a number of carefully chosen passages from the poet's writings in illustration of his thought and style and peculiar power. The following is the substance of the paper :—

Charles Heavysege was born in Liverpool, England, on May 2nd, 1816. His father was a master cabinet-maker in fair circumstances, and gave his children such an education as the middle classes of Englishmen obtained in those days. Heavysege, in writing of himself to Charles Lanman, says: "I have been, and am now, one of what is called the working class, a circumstance of which I am rather proud than otherwise; but my father was the heir to a patrimony which, from a romantic idea of justice, he, on coming of age, sold, and divided the proceeds amongst his relatives, and so reduced himself from the condition of a yeoman to that of one dependent on his own hands. My maternal grandfather, too, wasted a small fortune in the indulgence of a too gay and hospitable disposition, which eventually brought him to end his days in an inferior position." It was probably through this gay spendthrift that the author inherited his artistic and poetic taste. At any rate, it was supposed to be hereditary on his mother's side of the house. His parents were very strict in their religious views and in the control of their children, and the father gave them but little latitude in the matter of reading. Milton appears to have been the first author who had a lasting influence in Heavysege's character. He was also filled with a love for Gray's "Elegy." He subsequently saw "Macbeth" acted on the stage and was seized with the ambition to be an actor, and, also, with the more practical one to obtain a copy of the works of the poet of all time. His father, believing Shakespeare to be an injurious book, would not procure him a copy, but his mother gave him a small amount weekly until sufficient was saved to purchase the volume, which he treasured all through his life, and which is still in the possession of his family. These books guided the direction of his thought and the character of his literary work.

He was apprenticed to a carver and soon became a first-class workman. On completing his apprenticeship, he started business for himself and employed several men. But he did not seem



F. M. BELL SMITH, R.C.A. ROBT. HARRIS, R.C.A. FORSHAW DAY, A.R.C.A. J. W. L. FOSTER, A R.C.A. HAMILTON MACCARTHY, R.C A.
A. T. TAYLOR, A.R.C.A. J. W. H. WATTS, R.C.A. A. C. HUTCHISON, R C A J. FORBES, R.C.A.
WM. BRYMNER, R.C.A. O. R JACOBI, R.C.A. L. R. O'BRIEN, PRES'T, R.C.A. J. SMITH, SEC. R.C.A.

GROUP OF ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMICIANS AT THE RECENT EXHIBITION IN OTTAWA.

From a photograph by Topley.

CAPE BRETON: VIEW AT GLENDYER MILLS, MABOU.
From a photograph by Rice, New Glasgow, N. S.

QUEBEC: INTERIOR OF THE BASILICA.
From a photograph by Livernois.

to have that business tact necessary to compete with the world, and, having married ten years previously, he came to Montreal in 1853, on the invitation of a gentleman here, and followed his occupation as a journeyman carver. This change may be considered, in respect to his literary work, the most fortunate of his life, for, having no business cares or details to trouble him, and a fair salary, he was able to give much time and thought to composition. It was while he was thus engaged that "Saul," "Jephthah's Daughter" and "Count Filippo," his principal works, were written.

In 1862, on the advice of his friends, he became a journalist, first being engaged on the Montreal *Transcript* and then on the Montreal *Witness*. They hoped that this would stimulate his poetic ability, but, instead, the endless grind and routine almost destroyed it.

His earliest poem, a juvenile effort, showing evidence of great ability, was entitled "The Revolt of Tartarus," copies of which are very scarce. It was printed without the author's name. He next published (also anonymously) a volume of fifty sonnets, abounding in lofty ideas and marked by great beauty of expression.

His third and most important work was "Saul." His facts for this poem were drawn from the Bible, and his conceptions of poetical effects from the works he had read. This work, which made a volume of 328 octavo pages, was published in 1857, and though at first it fell flat on the market, it finally sold well, passing through four editions (two Canadian and two American), which now are all exhausted, and gave the author a high rank in the world of American literature.

In 1860 he published "Count Filippo," a work of unequal merit, containing many beautiful passages. "Jephthah's Daughter," which was by far his most artistic and highly finished work, was brought out in 1864. Other works, less notable, were a prose novel entitled "The Advocate," an ode to Shakespeare and a poem entitled "Jezebel," in the *New Dominion Monthly*.

Some two years before his death, his health failing, he resigned his post as city editor of the *Witness*, and again turned his thoughts to poetry. He often expressed his desire to review "Count Philippo" and to leave it perfect. This desire grew stronger as his days grew shorter, but he was cut down, before the work was fairly begun, on July 14th, 1876, at the age of sixty. The only unpublished poem left behind him was "The Dark Huntsman," which had been submitted to the *Canadian Monthly* and which was published in that magazine the month following his death. He left no traces of many fragmentary poems and short completed ones that he had written, all being burned by himself. His practice was to destroy everything in print or manuscript that did not please him—and he was a severe critic of his own works. In his last days he used to say there were but two works worthy to be preserved, the Bible and Shakespeare.

He had the usual melancholy which is the companion of great genius as it approaches to the close of life. Nevertheless, the strength of his mind was such that he arose to a serene peace, met the approaches of the destroyer with fortitude, and closed his career in a manner full of beautiful recollections to his admiring friends.

His widow and family now reside in Winnipeg. It would seem to be a fitting thing if some special effort were made to honour our city by connecting it by some visible token with the name of Charles Heavysege. A statue in one of our squares or other evidence that he has not been forgotten would be a graceful act, while the fact that his works are out of print would indicate a direction for effort on the part of the Society of Canadian Literature.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill;—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.
—*Chatterton.*

The Lady in Muslin.

The girl came nearer to me and fixed her eyes, fast filling with tears, on me in a way that was quite trying.

"Margaret," she continued in a shaky voice, "has always been so dear to me, I can scarcely credit all this—scarcely believe that——. She has much to excuse her." Again, the young lady paused.

"It's a very serious affair," I said, gravely, beginning to understand to what she alluded.

"Very," she answered, dropping her voice. "You may imagine the shock it gave me when she told me all about it, only a week ago, when Geoffy was first taken ill."

"Only a week ago! where has she been, then? Do you know what she has done with the papers?" I exclaimed eagerly.

"Wait a little," the girl said, quietly. "I have undertaken to tell you—let me arrange my story properly. She is so anxious for you to be the medium between Mr. Gaunt and herself; she has a great dread of meeting him. I suppose you know all about this sad story, as far as he is concerned."

"You mean his acquaintance with Miss Owenson, and the loss of the papers," I said.

"And little Cecile and the Huntingdons—must I begin it all from the very beginning?" The lady spoke wearily.

"I am aware of all that; indeed, I fancy nothing remains to be told, but *where* the papers are." I replied.

"The papers are here in this house, and soon they shall be in your possession."

I started, and my companion continued—

"You are surprised, perhaps, that Margaret should give them up, after risking so much, especially now." Her eyes glowed. "It is this," she added, "that I think will excuse her, if not justify her even in Mr. Gaunt's eyes. Hers was not the act of a common thief. It was no petty egotistical motive that influenced her."

I could not share in my companion's enthusiasm, but my interest was keenly awakened.

"I tell the story very badly," she said; "let me begin again. When Margaret married Mr. Huntingdon, she had no idea that she was marrying the husband of another woman; and for months after her union he kept the secret from her. It was only after the visit of Mr. Gaunt's friend to Paris that Mr. Huntingdon, one day, after they had been quarrelling, informed her of it, and tauntingly told her she was not his wife. She might have forced him into another ceremony by threatening to denounce him as a bigamist; but that was not her desire. She had a son—a child born during the life of the first wife, consequently illegitimate. You know Margaret a little, and can perhaps imagine the agony such intelligence was to her proud spirit. It changed her completely. From that moment, as if daring the public scandal she so much dreaded, without any warning to her husband, she left him, carrying off her boy, and came to England. To us, she alleged disagreement with Mr. Huntingdon never giving us the slightest suspicion of the real cause. Cecil had taken care to impress on her the details of the story; he even assured her that the marriage certificate was in Gaunt's possession, and that the child of his first wife must be in existence somewhere.

Utterly reckless himself as to the results, he took a delight in torturing Margaret with all this; he even gave her the portrait of Marie.

It was quite a chance meeting at the railway station, with a child resembling so strongly this portrait that, becoming convinced it was Huntingdon's child, especially as she happened to hear you mention "Gaunt" to her "god-papa Gaunt," Margaret at length confided her secret to me, begging my assistance in the very wildest scheme that the most romantic girl ever planned. She determined to go to Hazeldean and make the acquaintance of Mr. Gaunt, and then trust to chance or stratagem to get possession of that certificate, whose memory haunted her day and night.

"The manner in which she carried her plan into execution you know. I only heard of it a week ago. There was excuse, was there not?"

"And the husband," I said, "what did he say to it?"

"Cecil! Oh, he knew nothing of that. Margaret kept her secret closely; besides, she had no idea of communicating with him. She knew his health was dangerously impaired, and she waited patiently.

She swears to me that her only object in stealing the papers was, that when at his death Mr. Gaunt might dispute the property for Cecile, and illegitimatize her son, she holding the papers might be able to effect some compromise. She intended fairly to share the property with the first wife's child—even give up all to her. All she cared for was, to shield her son from shame. Was there no excuse?"

Again the kind eyes filled with tears.

I could not help saying, "Yes," in spite of stern morality.

"She is consistent, at any rate," the girl went on; "the news of Mr. Huntingdon's death reached us only two days ago, and yesterday little Geoffy ——," The tears brimmed over, and she covered her face with her hands, sobbing.

"Come," at length she exclaimed, brushing away her tears, "Margaret will think us very long."

She led me across the landing to an opposite room. "It is no longer the gay lady of the cottage," she said sadly, pausing for a moment before she opened the door. The room was lighted by two large wax candles, but there was no fire, and the air seemed to strike on one with a deathly chill.

As I entered, a tall figure clothed in deep mourning, but wearing no widow's cap on her bright hair, came forward to meet me—but between us there stood a small grey coffin.

Margaret came on quickly; her countenance, as white as the little dead face that lay there in its shroud, and which resembled hers as only child can resemble parent. She looked down on it, as with hurried hand she held across the coffin the Indian box.

"It was for him," she whispered, "I did it; my son—my child.—He is gone!"

"If I have sinned," she added, looking up pleadingly, "Heaven has sufficiently punished me. Beg him—Richard Gaunt, I mean—to be merciful. Tell him," and her lips quivered, "that it was over my dead child's coffin I restored Cecile her birthright." And then turning away, she sank down on her knees beside the coffin, and burst into such a passion of tears, as only her wild passionate nature was capable of.

* * * * * * *

Nearly a year and a half have passed away since then. I am packing up my portmanteau again for the long vacation, and again I am bound for the Isle of Wight.

This time I purpose spending my holiday at the "cottage," as Gaunt's place is called. Mrs. Gaunt has written me a most pleasing invitation, to which Cecile adds her postscript very lovingly, so of course, though I hate visiting young couples till they've been married at least a year, I could not well refuse.

Margaret has sobered down into a steady, young English woman, since her marriage, and she and Cecile get on admirably together.

The only thing I disapprove in their household arrangement is, that Zemeide should fill the important office of butler. Considering his remarkable ability for appropriating other people's property, I regard him as decidedly the wrong man in the wrong place.

Gaunt fulfilled his promise to the letter. Directly Mr. Huntingdon's death was known he substantiated Cecile's claims to the property. The story of the two Mrs. Huntingdons was hushed up as much as possible, and the details of the case never became publicly known, so Margaret Owenson still passed as Mrs. Cecil Huntingdon until she became Mrs. Richard Gaunt.

As for Cecile, she gets prettier every day. In a few years, as I was saying to Gaunt——

THE END.

Editor's Table.

"The Jesuits: Their Apologists and their Enemies," is the title of a lecture delivered by Rev. M. J. Whelan, in St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, and published in pamphlet form. Its object is to show, mainly by the testimony of Protestant writers, that the Jesuit Fathers are very different, both in principles and in conduct, from the mischief-makers that some of their Ontario critics would make them out to be. As to the point at issue—the Jesuits' Estates bill—Mr. Whelan maintains that what it sanctions is simply the restitution of property of which the Order had been unjustly deprived. In an appendix the reverend author offers to pay five hundred dollars to anyone who will produce a *bonâ fide* passage from the writings of a Jesuit or any other approved Catholic theologian, which would convict the writer of teaching the doctrine that the end justifies the means. For those who have engaged in this controversy to the extent of reading the adverse criticisms of the *Mail* and other journals, it may not be amiss to learn what Father Whelan has to urge on the other side. Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Company, of this city, have the pamphlet for sale.

A neatly printed and bountifully illustrated volume comes to us with the compliments of the Passenger Department of the Grand Trunk Railway. It treats of "Summer Resorts," reached by that important line and its connections. These include a wide range, extending from Niagara Falls and the Muskoka Lakes to the Saguenay River, the White Mountains, and the Atlantic seaboard. There is, indeed, a large variety of attractions from which to choose, and the little book, which is furnished with a map, suggests many a pleasant holiday, spent with friends, in the midst of all that is most charming in nature.

Since his welcome visit to Canada and to this city especially, where he made many friends, Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., may be regarded as one of ourselves. Certainly, whatever he writes will always find sympathetic readers in the Dominion, whither, indeed, he came no stranger—far from it. His "History of our own Times," whether in the form of the fuller original work or that of the subsequent compendium, had preceded him and made his name a "household word." Since he returned to Europe, Mr. McCarthy has devoted much of his literary skill to novel-writing—a department of letters, in which he long since made himself a reputation. He has entered into partnership, it would seem, with a lady for the production of works of fiction. How much is his, how much Mrs. Campbell-Praed's, in the joint effort, that is a point on which we are still in the dark. In the "Right Honorable" there are passages which plainly recall the experiences of a member of the Home Rule party, and the scenes in which those experiences are leading features may, we take it for granted, be set down to Mr. McCarthy's pen. The same rule might apply, one would think, to the entire portion of the story that deals with parliamentary life. Nevertheless, the title of the last product of the literary partnership, "The Ladies' Gallery," might seem almost intended to correct any hypothesis of that kind, and to remind the conjecturer that there are other ways of taking notes of dramatic happenings in the House of Commons, as in other assemblies, than by sitting in a member's seat. However that be, the later novel resembles its predecessor in the revelations that it gives as to the *vie intime* of that great institution; in its Australian starting point; and in its evidences of familiarity with Australian scenery, society and character. We hope, for the sake of humanity, that the conversion of Binbian Jo is not an utter improbability. We would be glad to know if the sudden wealth and incorruptible integrity of the hero, Jo's friend, are among the likely things of this wicked world. Is it to Mr. McCarthy or Mrs. Campbell-Praed that we are indebted for the receipt how to become a millionaire without losing time? A young Australian aspires to something which only an old-world civilization can supply, but to attain his object, he must have money. He is as bent on having money as ever Solomon was on having wisdom. It occurred to him that if he had enough of the former to make his mark in the world, all other virtues, all other enjoyments, would naturally follow. So he goes off to the bush and the mountains prospecting, and after some time meets with luck in the person of a reprobate, who had escaped from a gang of convicts on their unwilling way to safe-keeping. Then, having sworn eternal friendship to his god-forsaken godsend, who has a mining secret of value, he and his new "pal" go ahead and make their fortunes. Then for Europe, to see the world, but on his way the enterprising hero meets his fate, who—as we soon foresee—but we must not be indiscreet. It was a terrible temptation to a lover, rich or poor, and, of course, we exclaim that the whole thing is improbable, impossible, absurd. We are so prone to make that charge if ever fiction transcends the commonplace, forgetting the wondrous coincidences, the surprises, the tragedy of our daily lives. Do we not know millionaires who were poor within the memory of living men? Do we not read in the papers of missing husbands re-appearing with all degrees of unopportuneness? Do we not constantly witness all kinds of harvests and aftermaths from wild oats, the sowing of which had passed into oblivion? Probable or not, "The Ladies' Gallery" is an interesting story and that, as Mr. Andrew Lang lately brought home to us, is the main point in fiction. The characters in the novel are all vividly drawn, the plot (though too readily penetrable) is ably managed, and there are no dull, dragging pages. On the whole, we are inclined to like "The Ladies' Gallery" better than "The Right Honorable." Both works form part of the Town and Country Library of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

In the same packet that contains "The Ladies' Gallery," we find a story, entitled "Dolly," by Mr. McCarthy's son, Justin Huntly McCarthy, M.P. Like his esteemed father, Mr. J. H. McCarthy, has made a name for himself in the domain of History. He has brought "The History of our own Times," down to within a couple of years ago, so as to include Mr. Gladstone's ministry which followed the elections of 1880 and the later development of the Home Rule question. He has also given us an instructive and well written "Outline of Irish History, from the earliest times to the present day," and he has more than made his debut as a poet and novelist. "Dolly," indeed, bears the impress of a writer who has got aloof from the thorny thickets of newfangledness and who steps out assured on ground of which he is master. It sets forth very readably, in a succession of pictures, the sum total of which the author designates an idyll, the processes by which a dreamy theorist is converted into a man of the world and of his age. Besides Oldacre and his *entourage*, in whom we soon become interested, a fine character in the book is Sir John Amber, or Amber Pasha, who stands, we believe, for a very real personality. As for "Dolly," she is worth becoming acquainted with, and Dowsabelle, if she is not *douce et belle*, as her name would indicate, is, on the whole, a likeable young person. A sonnet serves as "proem" to "Dolly," which is not unworthy of its place in the Red Letter Series of Select Fiction, National Publishing Co., Toronto.

"Judas Iscariot," is a forbidding name to give a book and, from what we have read of it, we would say that the book itself should be put into the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*. Certainly we have no need, in Canada, of any appeal to passions of race or creed. If the people who figure so disreputably in this book be but a new form of a very old and very bad type, they have, in the Dominion, at least, been most successful in keeping their reprehensible qualities hidden from the public. That in their fold they may harbour black sheep, like other communities, we do not doubt, but that is no reason why they should be denounced root and branch.

Lucian has devoted several pieces to the criticism of the form—that of Dialogue—which he chose for the expression of his opinions. More than once he gives vent to his disappointment at the discovery that his popularity was due to the strangeness of the vehicle that he had chosen to carry his thoughts among mankind, rather than to the vigour and grace, of the style, the wealth of illustration, or the balanced harmony of his periods The frame in which he has set up his vivid pictures of the world of his time is, indeed, Lucian's own invention. He has united the seriousness of Plato with the petulance of the comedians. But the combination is something entirely his own, and though many have imitated, there are none who have succeeded in equaling, his writings. The French language is, certainly, well adapted for that style of composition, and Fenelon, Fontenelle, Voltaire and others have shown of what it is capable in satire, in point, in raillery. In this peculiar *genre* of literature there is, however, one writer who need fear comparison with no modern rival, and that writer is Walter Savage Landor. His "Imaginary Conversations" are an exhaustless fund of profit and pleasure to him who reads them in the right spirit. Therein he ranges over the whole world of literature and every page furnishes fresh suggestions and associations, and ways of looking at things. They are among those best gifts of the gifted, great, that never grow old, and whoever keeps the reading public in mind of such a prize is a benefactor to his race. Some time ago Mr. H. Ellis prepared a small volume of selections from the "Imaginary Conversations," which formed one, and not the least welcome, of Walter Scott's Camelot Series. Now we are favored with some further selections, and the "Pentameron"—one of "that remarkable triad of books which Landor produced between 1834 and 1837. It was written "to the praise and glory of Boccaccio, who was, of all the continental writers of the modern world, the one whom Landor most loved and revered." It was, moreover, written at the Villa Gherardesca, in Fiesole, near Florence, in the grounds of which Boccaccio had in part laid the scene of his "Decameron." There Landor's "meditations on the man and his work, among the scenes in which he had himself lived and moved, slowly grew into a narrative of conversation and episode, five days in duration, between Boccaccio and Petrarch, which in imitation of its hero's greater "Decameron," was ultimately called the "Pentameron." Mr. Ellis is again Landor's editor. It is his judgment that the "Pentameron" shows his author "in the richest and most various ways," that "his tender humanity, his eloquence, his stately humor, his literary insight, his broad toleration, his imperial instinct of style, are nowhere so delightfully combined as here." Whether or not we accept this decision as to the superiority of the "Pentameron" to Landor's other prose writings, there cannot be two opinions as to its deep interest and high value, compared with the great mass of literature that we are now constantly asked to read. It may be ordered from Messrs. W. J. Gage & Co., Toronto.

THE FAREWELL.

FROM LOUISE ACKERMAN.

Her heart may break, but thou shalt never hear
From her pale lips one murmur of regret;
No sad reproaches, no accusing tear
Thy fickle soul shall fret.

And canst thou dream that she was nothing loath,
And that to-morrow, careless of to-day,
She will not brood upon thy broken troth,
But go her lonely way.

I tell thee true: her faith can never die,
And though, soon destined for the realms above,
She quits her lover, she will bear on high
Her everlasting love.

GEORGE MURRAY.

THE R. B. ANGUS GIFT TO THE ART ASSOCIATION.

LA ROSÉE; LANSYER.

THE HUNTSMAN; KOWALSKI.

THE LAKE ST. JOHN DISTRICT

From photographs by Livernois.

LAC BOUCHETTE.

LAC AUX CÈDRES.

Our Homes.

Constancy in Love.—The love that endures is independent of all outward and material circumstances, it can be killed only from within. In spite of all who disbelieve in the virtue of humanity and the continuance of love, no one need doubt who looks round in the world he knows. For we all number among our acquaintances, old couples who have weathered the storms and outridden the tempests of domestic life, who have long been safely anchored in the harbour of mutual love, mutual friendship, mutual esteem, and so have become one mind and one life, their love lasting to the end.

Corsets and the Heart.—In order to ascertain the influence of tight clothing upon the action of the heart during exercise, a dozen young women consented, this summer, to run 540 yards in their loose gymnasium garment, and then to run the same distance with corsets on. The running time was 2 mins. and 30 secs. for each person at each trial, and, in order that there should be no cardiac excitement or depression following the first test, the second trial was made the following day. Before beginning the running, the average heart impulse was 84 beats to the minute; after running the above-named distance, the heart impulse was 152 beats to the minute, the average natural waist girth being 25 inches. The next day corsets were worn during the exercise, and the average girth of waist was reduced to 24 inches. The same distance was run in the same time by all, immediately afterward the average heart impulse was found to be 168 beats per minute. When I state that I should feel myself justified in advising an athlete not to enter a running or rowing race, whose heart impulse was 160 beats per minute after a little exercise, even though there were not the slightest evidence of disease, one can form some idea of the wear and tear of this important organ, and the physiological loss entailed upon the system of women who force it to labour over half their lives, under such a disadvantage as the tight corset imposes.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Home Manners.—A gentle old couple were on their way to church last Sunday in the horse-cars. Neither the husband nor wife will see seventy again. The car was full, so far as seating capacity went. There were young men and maidens as well as old men and women. An elderly lady entered and looked timidly for a seat. The first person, indeed the only one, to offer her one was the gentleman old enough to have been father to any one in the car. "My husband never can sit while a lady stands" whispered his wife to a neighbour. Gradually the car filled up solid, after the fashion of American cars. Still the young men and the maidens, unabashed, kept their seats, while their seniors swayed with the turning of the car as it wound its crooked way to the region of the "Back Bay churches." "It was not so when we were young," continued the oldtime wife: "we were not even allowed to sit if our older sisters were not provided with seats." There was, perhaps, more form and ceremony then than necessary; but the result of that attention to manners was the "gentleman of the old school" whom once in a while we still see lingering among us, a delightful reminder of what might be again, with a little more care. Literature, a poor but widely read type of it, is responsible for some of the flippant manners of American youth. But, as the home must be credited with the merit of inculcating good manners, so the lack of courtesy must be a reproach to home training.—*Boston Paper.*

Physical Training and Brain Work.—Physical training is of vital importance. The exercise that is best adapted to develop all parts of the body in a natural, healthy manner is *domestic labour*. It is always at hand; it can be taken regularly every day, and there is such variety that almost every muscle can be exercised. Housework should never be considered menial or degrading; it is nature's laboratory in which the girl may obtain not only the best physical development but most valuable knowledge that will fit her for the practical duties of life. This training may be supplemented by other kinds of exercise, such as walking and out-door sports. The very general introduction of foreign help into domestic service has proved most unfortunate for the health of American women. Closely connected with this neglect of physical training at home is an evil of great magnitude—that is, supreme devotion to brain-work. The practice, pursued very generally at the present day, of confining the girl in school or seminary for a series of years consecutively, is attended with most serious evils. In the language of a popular writer, "it is educating our girls to death." While we would not discard education in all its various departments, extending to the highest culture, we maintain that it is no advantage or blessing if it is to be obtained at the expense of the physical system. There are other parts of the body besides the brain that need faithful training. The highest accomplishments and mental acquisitions will not compensate for impaired constitution and ill health.

MY SWEETHEART.

I have a little sweetheart
  And he has such yellow hair,
I know it's only sunshine,
  That's caught and tangled there.

His cheeks are two wild roses,
  His eyes so soft and blue,
And full of smiles and laughter,
  And full of loving, too.

Sometimes he leaves his playing
  And leans against my knee,
His childish toys forgotten,
  To bring a kiss to me.

Why is it that I love him?
  Oh, surely you must know,
That I'm my sweetheart's mother—
  That's why I love him so.

Grace H. Duffield.

THE CULTURE OF CELERY.

By W. S. Turner, Cornwall, Ont.

A great deal has been written on this subject in this Canada of ours, and there seems to be a general belief that it is quite a serious undertaking to grow celery to perfection.

Now I want to show in my humble experience, at least, this is not the case, for it is as easy to grow as any other vegetable, has fewer insect enemies, and, what is not of the least importance to those who have a small area of ground, *it can be grown as a second crop.*

For instance, I have grown 700 heads in the space of less than 100 square feet, and nearly all as a second crop.

Where there is command of any quantity of water, as is common in any of our large towns (for quite a number of places are now supplied with water-works), it is a still greater advantage—though I would here correct a very common error that some new beginners are apt to fall into, and that is this, that celery, being naturally a water plant, you cannot give it too much. This is a great mistake, for you can actually drown it out, kill it with kindness, "drown the miller," as the Scotch folks say. For instance, the past season has been exceptionably wet in Stormont Co., there has been very little need of artificial irrigation, in fact, the plants have appeared to be at a standstill for weeks at a time, the water from the heavy rains sometimes filling the ditches between the rows and inducing rot among the plants. If my garden had not been well drained I would have lost a large number of heads; even as it was, my celery was not so large as in former years when there was an average rainfall.

Having bored your readers thus far, Mr. Editor, I will proceed to show the *modus operandi* of starting the seed and follow the plants right up to harvest time.

I always grow two kinds at least, viz., fall and winter celery. The White Plume for fall, and Henderson's Pink, or Sutton's Sulham Prize, for winter use. The White Plume is of beautiful appearance and is greatly in demand on account of its earliness and beauty. It will keep good up to Christmas, but the pinks or reds are superior to it in flavour and will keep all winter. There is a new candidate for public favour named Nelles' Self-Blanching; it has been grown by Mr. John Croil, one of our directors, and he pronounces it of excellent flavour.

I sow the seed in boxes in the house about the middle of March or the first of April. A raisin box cut down to about five inches deep is about the handiest size. I usually put some fine garden soil in the cellar for the purpose in the fall just before the winter sets in. I then fill the box with soil to within an inch of the top, and if you are not careful at this stage you will lose more than half your seed, for celery seed being very small, it is apt to get too deep and either gets lost entirely, or comes up so spindling and weak as to be comparatively worthless.

I sift the soil for the upper part of the box, compact it moderately and see that it is even. Now, sow the seed in rows two inches apart, and the rows half an inch wide, press the seed lightly with a piece of board the size of the box, then sift a very thin sprinkling of soil over the seed. If possible I get a little moss off the cordwood pile, dry it, and rub it fine through the hands, and scatter a thin layer on top, then water with a fine sprinkler and put it in a sunny window.

The seed will be about ten days or two weeks in germinating. It is then necessary to watch and see that the sun does not injure the shoots at this stage, as they are very tender. If the sun is too strong, shade them a little till they get stronger.

When the second leaf appears, I take the box and put it into a moderated hotbed, and, as the warm weather comes, from there into a cold frame, and gradually harden them off till they will endure the weather without any protection. When the plants get about two inches high, prick them out five or six inches apart into a bed, or between the rows of beets, carrots, or anywhere so that you can cultivate them with a hand-weeder, or scratch among them with an old three-pronged table fork; keep them well watered, and by the 1st of July they will be fine plants with good roots to them. By this time our early vegetables, such as peas, beets, lettuce, beans, early potatoes, and even old beds of strawberries have had their season, and we can make good use of the ground for our celery.

Now get two garden lines, and put them about twelve inches apart, the length you want to make your rows, having your rows four feet apart, dig your trench between the lines and about nine or ten inches deep, now put your four inches of good *old* manure, and with your garden fork dig it under and mix well with the soil, put an inch or two of soil over this, and your trench is ready (which by this time is not much of a trench after all) for the plants. Now take your garden trowel, cut round your plants, and put them in about the same depth as they were before moving, they will hardly know they have been moved; though it will do them good to have a little watering at this stage, and whenever they get too dry. They will appear to be at a standstill for quite a while after this, but they are forming new roots all the time, and getting ready for business later on. As you cultivate and scratch among them, bank them up a little at the same time by taking hold of the plant in your left hand, and drawing the earth around them with your right; you do this so as to prevent the soil getting into the heart. If you want extra fine celery and clean also, tie a soft string loosely round the plant when it is about half-grown; this will keep the leaves together and expedite the banking-up business considerably. If you are limited to room you may have your rows closer, and after the celery is about three-quarters grown, place boards close on each side of the rows, and put stakes behind to keep them up. The celery will bleach just as well as if banked up to the tops, as all that is required to whiten celery is to exclude the light.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

We were shown a few days ago a little bouquet of violets from the graves of Keats and Shelley in the Protestant Cemetery, Rome. It had been gathered quite recently by a Montrealer, who thought that he could send no more welcome keepsake to a poetic friend and fellow-townsman.

How the two poets came to their deaths is familiar to all students of literature. In Keats were the seeds of consumption. He went to Italy, but Italy could not cure him. He passed away at the early age of 25, December 27, 1820, and on his gravestone his friend Severn placed the inscription which Keats himself had suggested: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

The story of Shelley's death is still more tragic. He, too, had suffered from ill-health and had been a mark for many "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," but his stay in Italy had brought him new life, new hope and enjoyments to which he had been a stranger. He was not yet thirty and, to all appearances, he had a long life before him. Then came the catastrophe. Shelley, his friend Williams, and the sailor boy, Charles Vivian, had set sail in Shelley's boat, the "Don Juan," from Leghorn for Lerici. A storm came on: the boat was upset. When Shelley's body was found a volume of Keats's "Poems" was in one of his pockets. In Trelawney's "Records" the burning and the rescue of the heart from the flames are described. The heart was given to Hunt, who afterwards resigned it to Mrs. Shelley, and it is now at Boscombe Lodge, Hampshire, the seat of the family. The ashes of the poet were gathered and interred in Rome, in the spot which Shelley had not long before, in "Adonais," described as:

"a slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread."

He had also described the scene in prose in a letter to his friend Peacock.

The epitaph over Shelley's ashes was composed by Leigh Hunt and is as follows: "Percy Bysshe Shelley, Cor Cordium. Natus iv. Aug. MDCCCXCII. Obiit viii. Jul. MDCCCXXII. It was Trelawney who added the lines from *Ariel's* song in the "Tempest."

"Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

The union of these leaves and flowers in a common memorial is for many reasons appropriate. Shelley and Keats were for a brief time neighbours in life, as their mortal remains are in death. It was in 1817, during Shelley's visit to Hunt at Hampstead, when Keats took lodgings at Well Walk in the same village, where he remained for nearly three years. There, indeed, the "Ode to a Nightingale," "St. Agnes," "Isabella," "Hyperion," and the greater part of "Endymion," were written, and it was there chiefly that Keats resided until 1820, when he left England never to return. His memory is perpetuated in the village by Keats' Bench, Keats's Corner, Keats's Cottage and Keats's Villa.

Of Shelley's visit to Leigh Hunt, Blanchard Jerrold writes: "Leigh Hunt was editing the "Examiner," and in spite of his two years' imprisonment was still liberal to the backbone. For Shelley was with him, talking wild radicalism at Hampstead, or discussing the destinies as the two friends rode into town on the stage."

Both Shelley and Keats have been somewhat harshly criticized of late. Nevertheless, they attract more passionate admiration from those who enter into their spirit than any of the poets of the present century.

The touching momento just spoken of was sent to the author of "Marguerite" by a friend who knew he would value it.

Another letter from Italy to which our attention has been directed was prompted by a note of criticism and inquiry on a question of classical erudition, which was sent out on its mission with the vaguest notion as to its destination. It had been well nigh forgotten when the answer came, not from some busy centre of new world life, as might have been expected, but from an old Tuscan city, brimming over with records and traditions of mediæval art and politics and manners; not from a grave professor of pompous aspect and sonorous in his egotism, but from the most gracious of ladies errant in search of light.

"Artist," whose handwriting recalls a pleasant editorial intercourse many a year ago, writes to say that he has received a number of autographs which he invites us to inspect. The list includes some great names and several less known. The latter are generally attached to letters of some length, which are occasionally interesting from their mention of celebrities or descriptions of noted scenes. Among these there is a short letter from Mrs. Jameson on one of her most cherished subjects, art. Apart from its literary or artistic worth, or its value as a reminder of greatness and genius, whatever bears Mrs. Jameson's signature must always be looked upon tenderly by Canadians. Her residence in Canada was an episode of seeming hopefulness, but which proved eventually fruitless of good, in a wedded life clouded by misunderstanding.

A correspondent asks us if we know of any work that gives specimens of *modern* Italian poetry. As the qualifying word is emphasized, we take it for granted that it is comparatively recent poetry that "Viva" has in her mind. The little book of Mr. W. D. Howells, "Modern Italian Poets," may serve very well as an introduction to the subject. He gives critical essays on some eighteen or twenty poets, including Alfieri, Foscolo, Leopardi, Manzoni, Mercantini, etc., with characteristic examples of their work. It is, indeed, an anthology of the last hundred years or more, and presents a fair illustration of the course of poetic development in the Italian peninsula and Sicily during that most eventful period.

If, however, our correspondent desires to have not merely versions or translations, but the *ipsissima verba* of the poets whom she would study, she would need something more. On enquiry we find that there is an excellent collection, covering the same ground, but much more completely. It is entitled "Antologia della Poesia Italiana Moderna." The editor, Giuseppe Puccianti, has written a general introduction and has furnished a series of useful notes, occasionally biographical, but mostly critical. This little volume, which is published by the successors to the firm of Le Monnier, Florence, is not very costly, and would, it seems to us, serve very well to start with.

By way of parenthesis, it may be worth pointing out that the French poem "L'Hirondelle et le Proscrit," beginning:

Pourquoi me fuir, passagére hironnelle?

and which John Oxenford seems to consider original in French, is found among the poems attributed to Tommasso Grossi, in whose prose romance of "Marco Visconti" it is one of the attractions. In Italian it is extremely musical and is very popular in Italy and among Italian wanderers all over the world.

Il Septembre innanzi vieni,
E a lasciarmi ti prepari:
Tu vedrai lontane arene,
Nuovi monti, nuovi mari,
Salutando in tua favella
Pellegrina rondinella.

Ed io tutte le mattine
Riaprendo gli occhi al pianto,
Fra le nevi et fra le brine
Credero d'udir quel canto,
Onde par che in tua favella
Mi compianga, o rondinella.

Of these stanzas Mr. Howells gives the following version:

Ah! September quickly coming,
Thou shalt take farewell of me,
And to other summers roaming,
Other hills and waters see—
Greeting them with songs more gay,
Pilgrim swallow, far away.

Still, with every hopeless morrow,
While I ope mine eyes in tears,
Sweetly through my brooding sorrow
Thy dear song shall reach mine ears—
Pitying me, though far away,
Pilgrim swallow, in thy lay.

"Viva's" other question we shall answer with more deliberation in a future issue. Meanwhile, we may say that, as a good working bibliography of Dante, the following list may be accepted: "A Shadow of Dante," by Maria Francesca Rossetti; "Dante and his Circle," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti; "Dante as Philosopher, Patriot and Poet, with an analysis of the 'Divine Comedy,'" by Vincenzio Botta; "Dante," by Dean Church"; "Dante," by Mrs. Oliphant; "Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au Treizieme Siècle," by F. Ozanam, and "Dante: a Sketch of his Life and Works," by May Alden Ward. This brief bibliography is included in a list given by this last mentioned writer, as a supplement to her study. Translations of Scartazzani's "Vita di Dante" and of Ozanam's treatise are in preparation, perhaps concluded.

In connection with this last work, which, as well as Botta's volume, we have long found useful (though without agreeing on every point with either critic), we are proud to be able to refer our readers to a bulky and well-filled tome by a Canadian author, entitled "Frédéric Ozanam: sa Vie et Ses Œuvres," by M. Pierre Chauveau, jr., with an introduction by Mr. Chauveau, the elder. We hope to take occasion to say something more of this *étude* at some not distant day. Meanwhile, we recommend it to those of our readers who would become acquainted with one of the most subtle of the intellects that have influenced philosophy in our time.

The author of "Le Chien d'Or" is dear to both sections of our population. He has told, in our finest work of fiction, a story of the Old Régime, which is his claim to immortality in this province. He has celebrated in Wordsworthian verse the glories and the goodness of the United Empire Loyalists. To do justice to the man and his work none is so well fitted as his admirer, Wilfrid Chateauclair, himself also a poet and a romance writer. Mr. Lighthall's paper on "William Kirby" was read before the Society for Canadian Literature on Monday last, and there was a good audience to enjoy it.

HUMOUROUS.

Ye studente breakethe ye maydene's harte;
He laugheth unaware;
But eke, she breakethe hys pocketbooke,
Which maketh matters squaire.

A guard poked his head in the door of a railway carriage and called out the station, "Sawyer," whereupon a young man on his wedding tour, who was about to kiss his bride, yelled back: "I don't care if you did, sir; she's my wife."

Little son (who is restlessly lounging around, because his pa won't let him go skating): "Pa, what do people mean when they say green Christmas makes a fat graveyard?" Pa: "They mean, my son, that in mild weather the ice is very thin."

An Indiana court has decided that unless a woman is pleased with her photographs she need not pay for them, no matter if a dozen of her friends declare that they "look just like her." She doesn't want them to look that way. They must look better than she does.

Young Mr. Casey (to coming hostess): "I—aw—am rahther timid about appearing at dinner, my deah Mrs. Hobson, among so many clevah people. I assuah you that I shall scahcely know what to say." Mrs. Hobson: "Don't say anything, Mr. Casey, and then you'll be all right."

"That gentleman who just passed us," remarked Brown to Robinson, "I have met several times, and if he notices you at all he looks you square in the face. I like that style of man." "Yes," replied Robinson, "he is a boss barber, and probably wants to see if you dont need a shave."

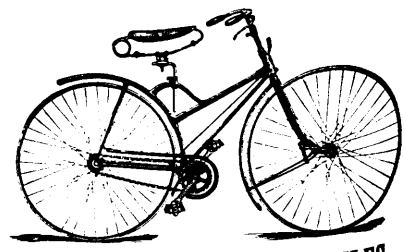
Oculist: "When did your eye first become inflamed?" Patient: "Yesterday. I went up to a lady to speak to her and the peak of her bonnet——" "I see. We have many such cases. Use this lotion and be careful, while the present fashion lasts, to do your talking to ladies by telephone.

An English lady, travelling in a Paris railway car, carried her pet dog in her lap. A French dandy beside her, began to caress the dog. "Well sir," said she, snappishly, "I must say that you do appear to be very fond of dogs." "Madame," said he, "I learned to love them during the siege, and since that time I scarcely ever eat anything else."

Young Corkfitsroy hastily seeks a cab on his return from Europe, and is driven rapidly to his apartments. "Now, James," he remarks to his valet, "you telephone to my haberdasher and my tailor that they must come to me at once. Gracious, I have been on the ocean fifteen days—blahst the beastly weather! and I don't know what changes may have taken place in the fashions."

THE BUDGET.

MRS. M.——(wife of a member of Parliament) : —— you see I always hand my bills to my husband immediately after the estimates have been passed in the House ; he is then used to large amounts, and makes no difficulties about paying my accounts, which by comparison appear to him mere trifles.



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