

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

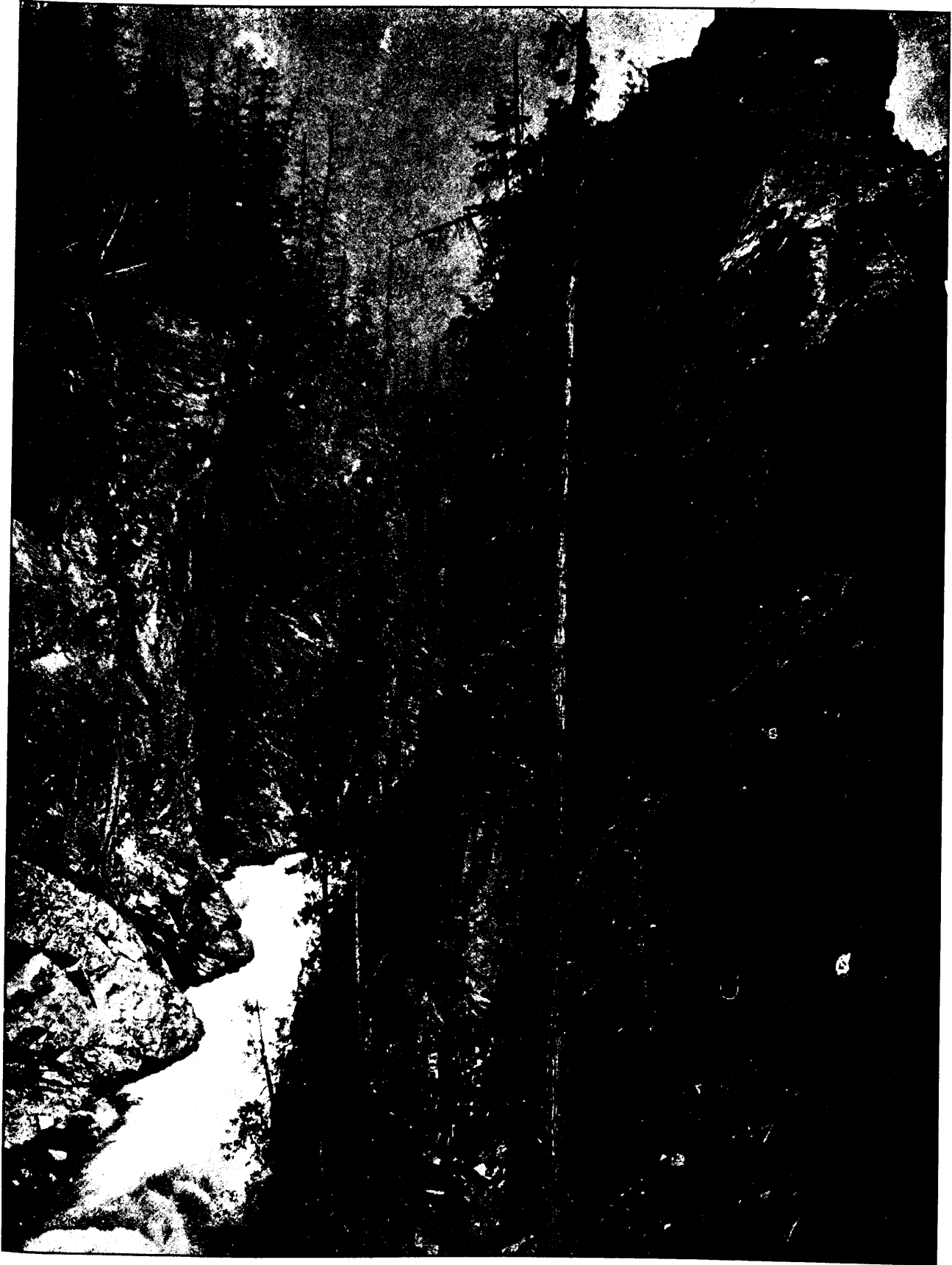
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REGISTERED

TRADE MARK
Vol. V.—No. 119.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 11th OCTOBER, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d.
10 CENTS PER COPY. " " 8d. 6d.



VIEW IN ALBERT CANYON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

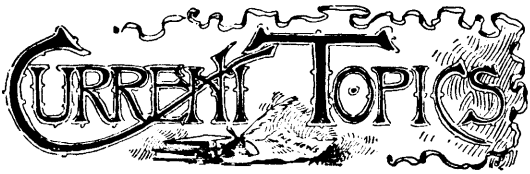
The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO.
 RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT.
 ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR,
 73 St. James Street, Montreal.
 GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
 36 King Street East, Toronto.
 J. H. BROWNLEE, BRANDON,
 Agent for Manitoba and the North West Provinces.
 London (England) Agency:
 JOHN HADDON & CO.,
 3 & 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
 SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

11th OCTOBER, 1890.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

The business and editorial offices of "The Dominion Illustrated" have been removed from 73 St. James Street to the general offices of the Sabiston Lithographic and Publishing Co., Gazette Building, Montreal.



So far the prospects presented by the operation of the McKinley tariff—the most thorough application of protective principles that the present generation has witnessed—have not proved so alarming as many persons seemed to expect. The first result of the legalization of the bill was to give an almost unprecedented impulse to the shipment of goods from Ontario to the States. All the available facilities for transport were brought into service in the carriage of the hitherto staple commodities of the export trade—barley, eggs, pease, fruit, etc.—so as to make the most of the few days of grace before the 6th inst. They were fortunate who were able to take time by the forelock in this way, as the tariff will stop the purchase of these goods on this side of the line, save in cases of actual necessity. The barley crop was not heavy, the knowledge that the prohibitive measure was virtually sure to be passed inducing many growers, who had previously studied United States needs, to turn their attention to the English market. It is thought that more than half of the surplus is already disposed of. The rush of eggs across the frontier was intense, and it will probably be many years before so many dozens are dispatched in the same direction again. Sarnia, Goderich, Cobourg, Port Hope, Belleville, Picton were all in a state of unwonted bustle during the whole of last week. Besides farm produce, large quantities of canned goods were shipped. The centre of interest, however, in this race to anticipate the new tariff was the export of barley. Like Mark Tapley, some of the shippers thought that now, if ever, was the time to be jolly, and on one train from Galt every car bore a label with this device: "Barley. Rush me through; McKinley is after me." It was estimated that by Saturday night (the 4th inst.) from 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 bushels had, by seasonable shipment, evaded the new duties. Prices ran up to seventy cents, whereas last year the average was only fifty. All sorts of conjectures are afloat as to consequence of the change on Canadian trade; but, though it must produce a very sensible effect, it will be some time before the exact nature and extent of the result will be known. It is well to know that, in the main, our people continue fairly happy, and that none of them are plunged in despair.

If, as has been confidently asserted, it be true that there is not a single English-speaking official connected with the Legislative Library of this Province, the matter calls for explanation and reform. Many persons, who may not understand French, are likely to consult the works on its shelves, and it is not only advisable but absolutely necessary that such inquirers should have the privilege of being addressed in their own tongue by persons well acquainted with English bibliography. The

National Library at Ottawa has two associate librarians, one of whom is French, and in the Archives Department there is also a qualified officer of French origin. Several of the inferior officers are also French. The exclusive policy that prevails at Quebec has no precedent, therefore, in the Dominion Capital, and it is to be hoped that the complaints which have been made on the subject will have the effect of bringing about the desired and needed change in the service of the Library.

The order, decorum and despatch that characterized the proceedings in the Birchall trial have elicited many commendations of our Canadian judicial system in the American press. The *Buffalo News*, a paper read by a community which, from its nearness to the scene of the crime, naturally took a special interest in the trial, after commenting on the general usage in United States courts, makes the following comparison: "They do these things differently in Canada from what we are accustomed to on this side. A small state prison case would take longer in our courts after the testimony was in. * * * It has been quietly and decently handled by the Canadian authorities, and the general belief will be that substantial justice has been reached."

It is satisfactory to know that the finances of the Dominion are in a healthy condition. According to returns received at the Department of Finance, the revenue for the month of September was as follows: Customs, \$2,211,746; excise, \$529,495; post office, \$160,000; public works, \$328,048; miscellaneous, \$73,213; total, \$3,302,502. Expenditure for the month, \$1,697,662, leaving a surplus for the month of \$1,604,840. The total revenue for the three months ending 30th of September was \$9,828,139, and the total expenditure \$5,972,096, leaving a surplus of \$3,856,097, which is about half a million greater than for the same period last year, when it was \$3,300,000 in round figures. The net debt on the 30th of September was \$234,689,826, a decrease for the month of \$1,870,603. The expenditure on capital account was \$1,061,536.

The temporary uneasiness caused to Canadian cattle exporters by the seizure of the Norse King at Dundee, Scotland, on the suspicion that pleuropneumonia was on board, has had good, instead of evil, results. In the first place, it soon transpired that, as on a previous occasion, the local veterinary authorities had been wrong in assigning pleuropneumonia as the malady from which some animals of the cargo had been suffering. This issue of what might have proved a very serious blow to the Canadian cattle trade, was due to the praiseworthy promptness of our High Commissioner, who lost not a moment in having the case submitted to the highest experts in the United Kingdom. The Imperial authorities were completely satisfied that no trace of the dreaded distemper had been found in the vessel's cargo. In Montreal like expedition was shown in taking steps to meet the situation, the gravity of which in case the Dundee judgment was confirmed was immediately recognized. On Friday, the 3rd inst., the Mayor convened a meeting in the City Hall for the purpose of concerting measures to secure enlarged accommodation for shipping cattle, in consonance with the growing requirements of the trade. The meeting was thoroughly representative—members of the Harbour Commission, the Board of Trade, the Chambre de Commerce (which had requested the Mayor to act), the cattle trade and the steamship and railway companies participating in the discussion. All were agreed that the harbour must be improved, but there was a diversity of opinion as to the plans that would give most effective redress until the Government's operations were carried out. Finally resolutions were passed for the appointment of committees (general and special) to take the whole question into consideration. A joint committee, composed of members of the meeting, of the City Council, the Harbour Commissioners and the Board of Trade is to urge on the Government the absolute necessity of beginning the promised improvements next spring, and a special committee,

representing the railway, shipping, cattle and labour interests, is to examine and report on the possibility of an immediate amelioration of the existing facilities. A third resolution asks for such an amendment of the by-laws as will permit cattle access to the wharves all day. It is to be hoped that these resolutions will be fruitful in bringing about the much needed improvements.

The Comte de Paris is naturally anxious to justify his share in the Boulangist plot to overturn the Republic. His friends have not improved his position by making him pose as an expert in double-dealing. They undertake to defend their avowed sympathy with the discomfited adventurer on the ground that it was not sincere, and, stranger still, that the General was quite aware of the fact. He knew that the Royalists were only making a tool of him, and that, had he proved successful, they intended to avail themselves of his triumph by throwing him overboard as soon as an opportunity occurred. It was, of course, the General's business to beware of his false allies and to defend himself against the contemplated treachery. There is something cynical in this barefaced confession which forces us to conclude that the Royalists have undergone moral deterioration since the years when the Comte de Chambord refused a crown rather than surrender his principles. Men of the world may have smiled at such tenderness of conscience and called his honesty quixotic. But he went to his grave without leaving a slur upon his name or on the cause that he represented. Had his kinsman and heir been able to turn his guile to account and ascended the throne of his ancestors at the expense of the Republic and of General Boulanger, the world at large would doubtless have condoned his lack of straightforwardness. But the movement with which he chose to identify himself having proved a *fiasco*, he has neither the satisfaction of success, nor the consolation of having maintained his integrity. It is a pity that he rejected the counsel of his honourable and clear-sighted uncle.

In no respect is the community of duties, responsibilities and interests among civilized nations more clearly established than in their relations with the peoples of Asia, Africa and the islands of the Indian and Pacific oceans. Countries like Japan and, to a less extent, China, Corea, Siam and other parts of the East that have of late come into frequent contact with Europeans are, it is true, gradually learning to discriminate between Germans and Frenchmen, Englishmen and Italians, Hollanders and Portuguese, but whatever ethnological knowledge of the western world they may possess is as yet mainly confined to the officials of the respective governments, or the towns situated on the coasts. The alarm that prevailed among the European communities of even the treaty ports during China's quarrel with France, shows, however, that when old prejudices against foreigners are awakened by real or suspected wrong inflicted by any western power, citizens or subjects of every other power share in the danger of the popular risings that may thus be provoked. In the Dark Continent the risks from indiscriminating resentment against alien perpetrators of injustice are naturally more imminent in proportion to the greater ignorance that prevails of western national distinctions. The Sultan of Zanzibar and a few of the better informed native chiefs of the interior may, indeed, have learned to know their friends from their foes among the strangers who, for any reason, have come to sojourn within their gates. But there is always peril in trusting to their discernment of national differences. This peril is greater than ever just now, when nearly all the great powers and some of the smaller powers are vying with each other in appropriating spheres of influence with or without ceremony. It must be admitted, moreover, that since the advent of the Germans some six years ago to the east coast misunderstandings with the natives have been more frequent than before, owing to the high-handed proceedings of the company officials. The recent massacre of Germans at Vitu is additional evidence of the deplorable hostility to strangers which their

want of tact and tendency to domineer have aroused in and beyond their chosen "sphere." How far the victims of the massacre were to blame it is needless to inquire. The conduct of the Germans, as a whole, has been anything but conciliating, and this is not the first time these provocations have produced reprisals. What there is only too much cause to fear is that the unrest occasioned by these conflicts with the natives will extend until it has environed the mission stations and made residence in the interior a perpetual danger. It was the harsh treatment of the Kaffirs by the Boers that involved England in sanguinary struggles with the tribes of South Africa. The Berlin Conference agreement of 1885 implied, if it did not expressly state, that judgment and moderation should be exercised by all the participant powers in dealing with the native races.

LITERATURE IN CANADA.

Canadians have still much to hope for. They have a grand country and great resources; they are sprung from stocks of which they have no reason to be ashamed; they enjoy the great boon of civil and religious liberty. All this we have repeated to ourselves over and over again. And why do we remind each other so often that we possess these privileges? Is it not because we regard them as simply the foundation for a nobler fabric of national greatness? The position to which we have attained is but the starting-point for grander achievements. Some of us, perhaps, contemplate these manifold advantages merely as the basis of material prosperity. But there are, we are assured, a good many amongst us who look for still higher gains. If we have struggled with natural obstacles and conquered; if we have enlarged our domain till it is continuous with either ocean; if we have pushed the bounds of our habitation farther and farther, till the ends of the earth acknowledge our mastery and the riches of land and sea are at our disposal, and have brought east and west into proximity for our convenience; if we have given laws to the wilderness and fought the battle of freedom, so that we sit fearless, as it were, under our own vine and fig tree, there is surely still something ungrasped, the thought of which quickens our aspirations. We have, indeed, shown that we long for something more than big farms, and busy marts of trade, and fleets of merchant ships and the amassing of wealth. Every church and school, every library and reading-room, every mechanics' institute and debating society is a protest against base contentment with mere bodily ease and sensual gratification, against the ceaseless strife for larger possessions, against the concentration of our energies on mere material development. All that is taught in even the humblest school is not utilized in making a livelihood. There are thousands of men and women who do not require to read in order to discharge efficiently their daily tasks. As for the use of the pen, there are occupations in which it has neither part or lot. Nevertheless, he who would be considered a wise or practical statesman who would withhold these branches of knowledge from the mass of the people. And, in the superior seats of learning, how much seems virtually worthless from the low utilitarian point of view! We learn languages that we do not speak—even brains over abstruse problems that have no relation to anything above or beneath; we interest ourselves in persons that are dead hundreds, thousands of years, and in events with which we have not the remotest vital concern. Yet every one of these branches of education in which we were initiated endows us, if we are earnest in self-improvement, with a golden key that opens the world's best treasures. Even the most work-a-day life has its drudgery softened if the toiler has learned that art which is now so common but was once so rare a boon that the layman who could read might by that very fact claim "benefit of clergy," even for capital crime.

If, then, the protests against any ambition, on the part of either individual or society, which has its goal in mere material well-being, are so numerous and so strong; if, alike, the humblest toil that brings bare competence for modest needs, or

investments the success of which means the acquisition of millions, must, to give satisfaction, be associated with aspirations of the intellectual or spiritual order; if the word is ever true that man was not made to live by bread alone, and that no progress is of real worth which does not include the exercise of man's higher faculties, must not a nation's development, too, be measured by the success with which its mind has found expression in scholarship, in thought, in imagination, in invention? There are some who hold, it may be, that a people situated as we are need not trouble themselves about their literary fruitfulness. "I.o?" they exclaim, "the gathered fruitage of all ages, as well as of our own day, is within our reach. What need of disquietude? Can we not go to them that sell and buy of the best? The flavour may be foreign, but the fruit is good for food and pleasant and edifying. Is it not folly to cultivate native growths, which at best must spring from transplanted seed, while such a harvest, rich and varied, awaits our choosing?" And so they discourage and disdain the domestic crop, feebly struggling upward in the shadow of the great granaries of exotic production. Some of it may look promising, and possibly might thrive if fostered by kindly tending. But to what end? The world is wide and it lays its golden treasures at our feet. Canada is not the only country whose literature has endured this contumely in the day of small things. Our English literature was once a weakling of no repute, cowed by powerful rivals, but those who cherished it held on their way undeterred by scoff or jeer, till it carried captive its haughty conqueror and, enriched by spoils from over the sea, made good its claims to recognition. Less than a century ago our neighbours had to stand the jibes of European critics who taunted them, in and out of season, on the barrenness of their minds and their literary non-productiveness. When the first quarter of the century was nearly through, Dr. Channing deplored the want of a national literature in terms which fifty years later it might seem almost incredible that he could have used. "Do we possess, indeed," he asks, "what may be called a national literature? Have we produced eminent writers in the various departments of intellectual effort? Are our chief resources of instruction and literary enjoyment furnished from ourselves? We regret that the reply to these questions is so obvious. The few standard works which we have produced, and which promise to live, can hardly, by any courtesy, be denominated a national literature. On this point, if marks and proofs of our real condition were needed, we should find them in the current apologies for our deficiencies." One might easily imagine that, instead of being written in the year 1823, with respect to the literary output of the United States, this passage had been indited for the special benefit of Canada in the year 1890.

In order to ascertain whether the Dominion is more advanced to-day than the Republic was when Dr. Channing wrote, let us ask what he means by a national literature. The answer may be given in his own words. "We mean," he says, "the expression of a nation's mind in writing. We mean the production among a people of important works in philosophy and in the department of imagination and taste. We mean the contribution of new truths to the stock of human knowledge. We mean the thoughts of profound and original minds, elaborated by the toil of composition and fixed and made immortal by books. We mean the manifestation of a nation's intellect in the only form in which it can multiply itself and send itself abroad. We mean that a nation shall take a place by its authors among the lights of the world." In this sense, then, can it be said that Canada has a national literature?

Two writers have been contributing to the *New England Magazine* certain data which may help us in framing an answer to the question. Dr. George Stewart gives a succinct account of the literary work of French Canada. His summing up, after mentioning some dozen or so of names, is as follows: "At best, about five hundred French volumes have been published since 1837. The successful ones might be counted on one's fingers and thumbs. Their weight on the events of the time,

in nearly every instance, has been *nil*. In another half century, however, the order of things may be changed. Meanwhile, the independent observer, looking carefully about him, will find much in the letters of Lower Canada to admire, but little to grow enthusiastic about. He will be amused but not enthralled, and he will sigh in vain for one volume of substantial criticism. Indeed, in the way of critical writing, even the English Canadian is as badly off, that department being practically untouched, though the field offers inducements of the most tempting description." Mr. W. Blackburn Harte (who has made his article attractive by a couple of dozen of portraits) deals with the English side of Canadian book-making. He is more lenient to our shortcomings than Dr. Stewart. "It will be seen," he says, in concluding a number of brief criticisms, "that Canada takes a high position in the realm of science, and even in *belles lettres* is doing remarkably well, when her position as a colony, not a nation, is duly considered. The United States had no such list as I have enumerated in the old colonial days, and removing the artificial barrier between the two countries to-day, it is easily seen that Canada has practically shared in the development of American literature in no small degree." That is quite true. Indeed, when the free population of the United States was at the figure of Canada's now, our neighbours had no such list of poets, historians and scientific writers as Canada has to-day. At the time in question Washington Irving was practically unknown, and Bryant, Halleck and Cooper were yet to come. It must also be considered that most of the poets mentioned by Mr. Harte are young men, some of them at the outset of their careers. He has omitted to mention some names which did not deserve to be passed over, but his title does not imply an exhaustive survey of the whole field. If we bear in mind that our English-reading community is a limited one, and that until comparatively lately the different provinces were, practically, as distinct as the Spanish states of Central and South America, that public attention was almost monopolized by the labours of the field, the factory and the shop and the adjustment of old-world institutions to a new country with a peculiarly mixed population, it need not be wondered at if native literature did not flourish. It is only within the last twenty years or so that the educated class in Canada has been strong enough to exert a collective influence on matters of taste. But the change has been clearly appreciable. Although, as yet, for obvious reasons, there is no scope in Canada for the profession of letters (that is, pure literature—poetry, fiction, criticism), and those who would live by their pen must either write for the daily press, do all sorts of miscellaneous work, or contribute to alien periodicals; the transition has begun, and a few years may bring us to the stage at which the literary, like every other labourer, will be deemed worthy of his hire. It must also be remembered that the competition will be correspondingly intense, and that only writers of real worth—or who happen to please the popular taste for the time being—will even then make a living out of literature. But, apart from the state of the market and its effect on the wares of individual writers, it is essential that a great people should have a voice, by the tones of which it can be recognized in the world, and it is some satisfaction to know that already the silence has been broken and that our bilingual utterance is not altogether contemptible.

The Land We Live In.

The last number (September) of this enterprising periodical contains an entertaining and instructive contribution from Mr. J. M. Le Moine, entitled, "Lake St. Charles Camp Fire Stories;" a biographical sketch (with portrait) of Mr. J. U. Gregory, who represents at Quebec the Department of Marine; Miss Ollie Wood's prize story, "A Dusky Friend," and other interesting reading. The illustrations are numerous and include a view of Spencer Grange, Mr. Le Moine's charming and hospitable country seat (of which we hope ere long to have more to say), several Quebec views, and a number of picturesque scenes of forest life. *The Land we Live in* is published at Sherbrooke, P.Q., and is devoted to original hunting, fishing and descriptive articles. It is the only parallel to *Forest and Stream* published in Canada and is deserving of encouragement.



1. Two Mile Creek.
2. The morning haul.

3. Fisherman's house.
4. Fisherman's shanty.

5. Types of Fishermen from life.
6. Four Mile Creek.

SKETCHES ON LAKE SHORE NEAR NIAGARA.
(By our special artist.)

Heming.
90.1



THE PRIZE-WINNERS.



A GROUP OF PLAYERS.



A FEW OF THE SPECTATORS.
THE MARITIME PROVINCES TENNIS TOURNAMENT, 1890.



MARITIME PROVINCE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.—The second annual tournament of the Maritime Provinces Lawn Tennis Association was held at Truro, N. S., in August last, on the lawns of Lomdale, the beautiful farm residence of the president of the Truro club. It proved a time of great enjoyment to all attending lovers of the "graceful game," and was highly appreciated by a large concourse of people from the town and distant parts of the provinces. Besides the exciting events on the lawns, which enabled some of the best players in the Lower Provinces during three warm summer days, to give a splendid exhibition of what can be achieved with ball and racket, a reception given by Israel Longworth, Q. C., the president, and Oliver C. Cummings, the vice-president of the Truro club, at Scrivelsby Manor, the superb dwelling of the latter; a garden party by the ladies of the Truro club on the fine "Cottage" grounds of Sir Adams G. Archibald, Kt., M. P.; and a tennis players' ball in the Truro rink, under the auspices of the clubs of the Maritime Lawn Tennis Association, proved a brilliant termination to each day's play, and greatly enhanced the interest of the occasion to the visiting players and their friends. In the distribution of prizes, presented by Mrs. Colonel Snow, wife of the president of the association, gold medals were received by the following successful competitors:—In gentlemen's singles, Captain Bruce, 76th regiment; ladies' singles, Miss Wiltshire, Kentville; gentlemen's doubles, Captain Bruce and Mr. Turner, 76th regiment; ladies' doubles, Misses Ball and Newberry, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; mixed doubles, Miss Wiltshire and Mr. Reed, Kentville; and Colonel Snow's special prize to the lady winner in the mixed doubles went to Miss Wiltshire. While the tournament was in progress Mr. Lennan, a photographer of Truro, an artist of some repute in Nova Scotia, took these views, comprising respectively, a group of the tennis players; the prize winners, and some of the spectators of their exciting contests. As these will interest tennis people, and many who are not, we reproduce them in our columns. In closing the proceedings, Col. Snow, in a pleasing address, paid a fine tribute to the beautiful scenery of Truro, the enterprise of the citizens, and highly complimented its club for doing so much to add to the enjoyment of the visiting tennis players. He stated that the Association had started one year ago with five affiliated clubs, when the first tournament was held at Charlottetown, P. E. I.; now there were fourteen, and he expected that the tournament of 1891, to be held in St. John, N. B., would embrace every club in the Maritime Provinces, and he said it would require all they could do to surpass the brilliant meeting now being closed in this beautiful, centrally situated and wide-awake Nova Scotia town.

BATTLEFORD CRICKET CLUB.—We are enabled, through the courtesy of Major Antrobus, to present our readers with portraits of the members of the Battleford Cricket Club. It is one of the most interesting features of social life in the North-West that, even in its ever receding *ultima Thule*, a place is properly made—just as soon as the population is large enough to admit co-operation—for the games and sports of the older world. We have already given illustrations of fox-hunting in Manitoba, of tennis in the Rocky Mountains, of lacrosse in Victoria, and now it will be seen that a well-organized cricket club flourishes in northern Battleford. The year 1885 made the name of Battleford familiar in Eastern Canada, but it was a small place then compared with what it is to-day. The official and military elements are still, however, conspicuous in the society of the place, as may be seen by the membership of the club. We append the list of names:—J. B. Parker, secretary; S. Simpson, F. Orton, W. T. Scott, president; Major W. D. Antrobus, vice-president; Sergt Littlefield, Constable Green, Inspector Chalmers, Wm. Peterson, H. Richardson, jr., J. B. Ashby, Harry Parker, Corporal Chisby, Sergeant Lawder.

MONTREAL HUNT RACES.—Those of our readers who are lovers and judges of horseflesh (not in the sense of the Parisian *Cercle d'hippophagie*, but who prize the living animal, in all the glory of high breeding and emulation) will doubtless enjoy this illustration of last Saturday's steeplechase. The weather was unhappily very far from favorable, but the officials and competitors showed tact, good sense and good humour and, on the whole, everything passed off more satisfactorily than might have been expected under the circumstances. For particulars touching the various races, we beg to refer our readers to "Sports and Pastimes."

ST. JOHNS, P. Q.—This handsome and interesting town, the key of Canada on the Lake Champlain side, and long noted as a military station, is one of the series of strongholds on the Richelieu by which the former rulers of this province endeavoured to guard against the Iroquois. It has also had its share in our military history under British domination and is associated with some of the most stirring events in our annals. But it is not merely as a military centre that St. Johns deserves to be known. It is well situated for trade, having communication both by land and water with every portion of Canada and the United States. A brisk business was once carried on in cereals and lum-

ber, and there is still considerable activity in these and other branches. In manufactures St. Johns has made good progress during the last twenty years—the most important being in earthenware, leather working, iron castings, brick making, besides saw, silk, grist, and planing mills. St. Johns has long been noted for the beauty of its scenery. The Richelieu at this point is crossed by a fine bridge joining St. Johns and Iberville. In churches, schools, banks and other public buildings, St. Johns is well supplied, and its many attractions make it a very pleasant place to live in.

SCENES AT CHAMBLÉ, P. Q.—We have already given some illustrations of this interesting locality. The Richelieu county was once noted as a wheat-raising centre, and, owing to this fact, it was imagined by some persons who did not carry their inquiries far enough back, that Chamblé (or Chamblé, as they would have spelled it) meant the wheat region (*champ de blé*), a hypothesis which is at least ingenious. Unfortunately for the philologist who conceived this origin for the name, it is not borne out by the undisputed records of the place. Most persons who have read Canadian history at all are aware that, in the middle of the 17th century, the Sabaudian regiment of Carignan-Salieres (so called from the Prince Carignano, who raised it, and Colonel de Salieres, its commander) was sent to Canada, in conformity with the readjustment of Colbert under the King's authority. Among the officers there was one called Sorel, whose name was given to a fort at the mouth of the Richelieu and is still borne by the town, notwithstanding the attempt to change it to William Henry; while another called Chamblé had command of the picket fort at the rapids, where his name still survives. The whole length of the Richelieu abounds in memories of the Old Regime, when the Iroquois were the great drawback to the prosperity and security of the young colony and much might be written about Isle aux Noix, St. Johns, Chamblé and Sorel, and the events in which they have prominently figured under both dispensations.

QUEBEC VIEWS.—We have already had repeated occasion to call attention to the many points of interest that make the Ancient Capital so attractive to visitors and so dear to its citizens. Every Canadian, who wishes to be initiated into its manifold charms of scenery and association should study Mr. LeMoine's "Picturesque Quebec," and earlier companion volume, "Quebec Past and Present."

AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY.—The humour of practical jokes is not always appreciated by the objects of them. The jolly tars who have given a shock to the elderly devotee of romance evidently enjoy her consternation. There is no great harm done, we suppose; but the fair student will probably be more wary in the future when she takes her little nephew for a constitutional.

SCENE OF THE QUEBEC LANDSLIDE AS IT APPEARS NOW.—Our readers will remember that in our issues immediately following the disaster last fall a full account of it appeared in our pages. To this account we beg to refer our readers for a thorough understanding of this engraving.

ON THE LAKE SHORE NEAR NIAGARA.—This engraving is a continuation of the series of Niagara scenes that we have already published.

Dr. Kingsford's History of Canada.

The following passage is taken from a review of the third volume of Dr. Kingsford's History of Canada:—The main interest of the present volume centres in the fate of Acadia. Dr. Kingsford has gone very thoroughly and fully into the transactions which led to the expatriation of the inhabitants. It is satisfactory to find that he is completely in accord with Mr. Parkman as to the absolute necessity of this policy, distorted and discoloured as it has been by glamour of false sentiment in *Evangeline*, from which nine people out of ten take their ideas of the history of the province. Acadia had been confirmed to France by the Peace of Ryswick; immediately afterwards French priests commenced the policy of inciting their Indian converts to surprise and attack small settlements near the frontier—a policy in which they persisted for over fifty years. Dr. Kingsford distinctly traces the responsibility for these proceedings to the missionaries.

The power of the priests over their savage neophytes was unbounded; the threat of abandoning them would have sufficed to check this bad spirit. The word of reproval had only to be spoken. That word during the succeeding years was never uttered; and these so-called ministers of peace were to the last foremost in urging on the work of death and devastation.

The deliberate cruelties of these raids had no other effect than to awake the dogged resolution of New England to the fact that the conquest of Canada was necessary to her national preservation. Massachusetts, threatened by privateers from Port Royal, attempted, unsuccessfully at first, the conquest of the place. An expedition against it in 1707 was repulsed; but three years later the colonists succeeded in taking it; the name was changed to Annapolis, and the inhabitants within a circuit of three miles were given two years during which, if not desirous to go before, they must take the oath of fidelity to the Crown of Great Britain. Pretext after pretext was found for evading the necessity of taking these oaths, and the French persevered in their policy of keeping alive the spirit of dissatisfaction, successive Governors of Canada directing the *habitants* to incite the Indians to attack Nova Scotia. By the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 Acadia was definitely ceded to Great Britain; but France retained Cape Breton, and the right of

fishery in Newfoundland—which latter stipulation has not yet ceased to give rise to misunderstandings between the two countries. The retention of Cape Breton had been insisted on by France as a vantage ground whence they might attempt the reconquest of Acadia. The priests continued their terrorism over the uneducated Acadians, persuading them that the English occupation was only temporary, and that their civil and religious welfare was imperilled if they took the oaths of allegiance to King and George. England neglected to cope with the difficulty, and for years delayed extreme measures, in the hopes of avoiding the necessity for them. Dr. Kingsford does not absolve from censure the Government of George I., which neglected to furnish the colony with the military strength which would then, by quiet firmness, have put down the spirit of disaffection; at a later date sterner measures were necessary. Meanwhile on Cape Breton the fortress of Louisbourg was growing up as a centre for future conquests, and the settlement of Acadia was deliberately impeded by French intrigues. The duplicity of the French authorities in encouraging devastation during a time of peace has scarcely a parallel in history, and the same policy was soon extended from Acadia to the fertile valleys of Pennsylvania. For years Acadia was neglected by the home Government, and things there were left to adjust themselves. This apathy and incompetence prevailed until the national spirit was aroused by the genius of Chatham. In Canada the expeditions from Quebec and Montreal, until the days of Montcalm, were only those known as *la petite guerre*, the surprise of helpless settlements, and the captivity, too often the massacre by Indians of women and children. No military or political end was gained, but undying hatred was aroused. Foremost in Acadia was the priest, Le Loutre, bitter, unscrupulous, and totally regardless of truth or honour in hounding on the ignorant *habitants* to their own ruin. Louisbourg had become a constant source of dread to New England, till, without help or suggestion from home, Boston organized an expedition and besieged and captured the place in 1745. Its loss was felt in France to be fatal to her interests, but an attempt to retake it two years later ended in disastrous failure. Dr. Kingsford believes that the desire of France to regain Louisbourg was the main motive which led to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The sacrifice was forced on England by her want of success on the Continent, and the place was given up in 1749. The western territory was now beginning to attract attention. Charlevoix and La Verendrye had opened up the road to Lake Winnipeg, though the claim made in modern times for the latter as the discoverer of the Rocky Mountains is shown by Dr. Kingsford to be untenable. They were first seen and mentioned by ten unknown Canadian Indians in 1751. La Galissonière, the new Governor-General of Canada, foresaw that the loss of America to France would mean the preponderance of England in Europe; to provide against this he determined to link his province with Louisiana by taking possession of the Ohio valley, undeterred by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. Expeditions were sent to conciliate the Indians, who were generally more favourably disposed to the English by reason of the greater cheapness of goods from Albany. The cession of Cape Breton to France awoke the attention of the home Government to Nova Scotia, and Halifax was built as a counterpoise to Louisbourg. Access by land from Cape Breton to Canada was thereby cut off; more necessary than ever was it for the French to regain Acadia. A system of outrages by the Indians was set on foot with the direct connivance of the authorities at Quebec, and an English officer named Howe was decoyed and murdered by the orders of the infamous Le Loutre. Every straggler from Halifax was slaughtered, every courier intercepted and killed, even before the couriers had drifted into open war. The Acadians resisted every attempt at conciliation; and at length Lawrence, the Governor of Nova Scotia, became convinced that the French were only waiting an opportunity to attack him, and that the Acadians in that event would rise *en masse*. They had been disloyal subjects for fifty years, and now precipitated measures by their own insolence. After a final vain attempt to get them to take the oath of allegiance, their expatriation was resolved on as an unavoidable measure of self-preservation, and was carried out as humanely as possible under the circumstances. The Acadians were distributed among the English colonies, where they experienced better treatment from strangers than the fugitives who reached Quebec received at the hands of their own countrymen. Dr. Kingsford throws doubt on the statement that any of them could have founded a colony still existing in Louisiana, though in a volume recently published by Mr. Dudley Warner a visit to this community is described.—*Saturday Review*.

The North to Blame.

Gov. Fleming, of West Virginia, who, living near the Mason and Dixon line and having business relations with the people of both sections, claims to be able to speak with authority, says that in his opinion there is more sectional bitterness to-day in the North than in the South, and that but for the continuous flaunting of the "bloody shirt" by Northern politicians of a certain class and their legions and noisy advocacy of hostile and insulting sectional legislation the people of the South would feel as kindly toward the people of the North as in the days of the fathers, and the last surviving remnant of jealousy and sectionalism would be gone.



THE FIRST NOVA SCOTIA CONCHOLOGIST.

Professor W. F. Ganong, A.M., Instructor in Potany, of Harvard University, has, with the co-operation of Mr. Harry Piers, of Halifax, N.S., conferred a very real service on Canadian science and science generally, by preparing a sketch of the labours of the late "John Robert Willis, the first Nova Scotia conchologist." The memorial, which consists of an introduction, a bibliographical and critical notice of Willis's published papers and his list of Nova Scotia shells, by Mr. Ganong, and a biography of Willis, by Mr. Piers, was first contributed to the seventh volume of the Transactions of the Nova Scotia Institute of Natural Science. Hitherto Willis's lists of the Mollusca of Eastern Canada and New England, though often quoted by such scientific writers as Sir W. Dawson, Dr. Stimpson, Dall, Gould, and others, have been inaccessible to students, being found in no museum or library either of the Old World or the New, and of the principal list systematic inquiry has revealed only four or five copies to be extant, all the property of individuals. It was originally published on a large sheet, and was thus little likely to be preserved. Its reproduction in the organ of the institution which he helped to found, and in the city that benefited by his life work, must, therefore, be hailed as opportune. Born in Philadelphia of an Irish father and an English mother, he at an early age moved with his family to Canada, residing for a time in Kingston, and finally settling in Halifax. In 1846 he became principal of the National School in that city, and about 1850 he turned his attention to that branch of research in which he was destined to win so marked a success. In 1854 he obtained a prize for a collection at the Nova Scotia Industrial Exhibition, and in 1855 he opened a correspondence with the late Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, the foundation of an enduring friendship. His career from that date till his death in 1876 was one of far-reaching and widely recognized usefulness. He sent collections to the British Museum, the Smithsonian Institution, the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, King's College, Windsor, and to fellow labourers like Carpenter, Stimpson, Sir W. Dawson, Sir Rawson Rawson, Prof. Cope and several other noted scientists. In 1857 he published his first known list of Nova Scotia shells. In 1863 he issued the important list now given to the world in this convenient form. In the same year he resigned his position in the National School, and took charge of the new Industrial School. In 1865 he became secretary to the School Commissioners of Halifax, and at the same time started, with the late Dr. Honeyman, the movement which resulted in the Provincial Museum, with which the latter's name was so long associated. He received many honours from foreign societies, but his poverty forced him the year before his death to part with his collection—still mainly in Halifax. He was twice married, and six children, three sons and three daughters, survive him. The enumeration of his works comprises a list of Shells (1857), of Birds (1859), of Marine Shells (1862), all of Nova Scotia; "Our Edible Mollusca," *Colonial Review*, Halifax, 1862, and Nova Scotia Shells, 1863, (privately printed list). Mr. Ganong's Memorial is issued separately, as well as in the Transactions of the Institute.

The List (1863) is printed in conformity with Willis's original, but is accompanied by foot notes, which give information as to localities or indicate the result of later research. Mr. Willis records his debt to Prof. (Principal Sir) J. W. Dawson, F.R.S., (C.M.G.), Montreal; Dr. J. Bernard Gilpin, Halifax; Thos. Bell, Esq.; P. S. Dodd, Esq., Superintendent at Sable Island; and the Rev. J. Ambrose, M.A., St. Margaret's Bay, and Mr. James Farquhar, Sable Island, for specimens; and he expresses his sense of grave obligation to Dr. A. A. Gould, of Boston; Prof. Stimpson, of Cambridge, and Dr. E. Forman, late of the Smithsonian Institution. We have pleasure in recommending the Memorial, which is highly creditable to the compilers.

GEOFFREY HAMPSTEAD.

Interest has been aroused in Canadian literary circles by the appearance of a novel of Canadian authorship, entitled "Geoffrey Hampstead." The scene is laid in Toronto, and there is no lack of incident. The opening chapters are somewhat crude and seem to lack coherence, but as one reads on, a purpose begins to reveal itself, and the reader becomes interested. Mr. Maurice Rankin is clearly reserved for great things and Jack Cresswell is unconsciously passing under threatening clouds. His Admirable Crichton, Geoffrey, is evidently a man to beware of. Strangely attractive he certainly is to man as well as woman, just the sort of fellow to lure one or the other to such pitfalls of destiny as may lie in their path. His physical beauty and strength, his various accomplishments, his force of will, the mystery that surrounds him, are all elements in the magnetic influence that he exerts over friends and acquaintances. His own account of himself—the story of his mixed origin, his savage mother, his estrangement from his family—adds a romantic charm to his personality. It also serves to explain his moral perversity, though it hardly prepares us for his atrocious treachery to the woman who loved him and the man who trusted him. The author has shown

considerable skill in gradually lifting the veil from his character. There is a certain power in the scene between Hampstead and Nina Lindon (Jack's betrothed), though it is not edifying to read. It is the first intimation of the brilliant half-caste's villainy. Margaret Macintosh is a pleasant picture to contemplate, and her devotion to the betrayer is full of pathos. On the whole, the *dramatis personae* are skilfully drawn and the plot is ably worked out. The author's worst fault is an elaborate straining after effect, which sometimes annoys the reader, as the interruptions of a would be sayer of clever things bore the listener to serious conversation. It is only by practised self-control that a writer learns to avoid excess, to know the moment when any addition mars, instead of improving, his work. "Geoffrey Hampstead" would have gained in many ways by retrenchment. A great deal that is introduced in description, dialogue and incident is altogether adventitious. In a novel like this, which comes under the class of Mr. Andrew Lang's "literary anodynes" (and it must have no slight merit to take rank in that category), whatever delays the natural movement of events to the predestined end, excites the reader's impatience or diverts attention to the author's mannerisms, should be carefully avoided. If the book were dull, of course, it would not matter. But "Geoffrey Hampstead" is not dull. On the contrary, it is full of life and action, and is eminently readable and entertaining. The writer of it, Mr. Thomas S. Jarvis, has good stuff in him and knows how to tell a story, and we are pretty sure to hear of him again. That his book should have come out as one of Appleton's Town and Country Library, is, indeed, a guarantee of success. The book is for sale at Brown's and Picken's in this city.

THE CANADIAN INDIAN.

Announcement has already been made in our columns of a monthly magazine which should bear this name and be devoted to the subject which it implies—being, in fact, the organ of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society. We have just received an advance copy of the first number (October, 1890,) which follows the lines laid down in the prospectus previously noticed. The society, it will be remembered, was inaugurated in April last. Its objects are to "promote the welfare of the Indians; to guard their interests; to preserve their history, traditions and folk-lore, and to diffuse information with a view to creating more general interest in both their spiritual and temporal progress." The officers consist of a patron (the Governor-General), a president, four vice-presidents, a treasurer, a council of sixteen members and a secretary. The last position is taken by the Rev. E. F. Wilson, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., who conceived and was mainly instrumental in organizing the society. Mr. Wilson and Mr. H. B. Small are the associate editors of the *Canadian Indian*. Mr. Wilson's account of his visit to the Zuni Indians (whose social usages, traditions, ritual, industries and general condition some of our readers doubtless heard Mr. Cushing describe at the meeting of the British Association in this city) is the principal contribution in the opening number. The earlier portion of "My Wife and I" was published in *Our Forest Children*, beginning with June, 1889, so that to have the complete record of this "little journey among the Indians," readers will require the back issues of that periodical. What concerns the Zunis, however, begins in the *Canadian Indian*. Editorial articles set forth the objects which the new monthly is to serve, treat generally of anthropology in Canada, with special reference to the labours of Mr. Hirschfelder, and discuss the present position and number of the Indians of Canada. The remainder of the number contains a good deal of miscellaneous information on Indian industrial schools, mission work, etc. The cause, both in its humane and scientific aspects, which the *Canadian Indian* is intended to promote, is a most worthy one, one that merits the support of every true Canadian. The Rev. Mr. Wilson has been devoting himself for years, with a zeal which may truly be called apostolic, to the advancement of the Indian's welfare—that of his favoured Ojibways especially—and his latest undertaking appeals, without distinction of race or creed, to every friend of our aborigines. We would like to see the magazine at least doubled in size—so as to admit of longer signed articles from experts in Indian ethnology and philology—but its enlargement depends, of course, on the generosity with which it is supported. The price of subscription, which gives the privilege of membership in the Indian Research and Aid Society, is \$2 a year. The treasurer is Mr. W. Luke Marler, Ottawa. The *Canadian Indian* is printed and published by Mr. John Rutherford, Owen Sound, Ont.

OLD NEW BRUNSWICK.

A book of various interest to those who love to hold converse with the past is Lieut.-Col. William T. Baird's "Seventy Years of New Brunswick Life." A native of Fredericton, Col. Baird has been an observer of events for more than half the period since the province was organized, and with some of the most stirring scenes in its policy, he has been himself associated. Many of the reminiscences in his book are, indeed, connected with military affairs, as for more than half a century he has held command in our valiant little army. There are many passages in the volume that are of real historic value, as they give the testimony of an eye-witness to events of moment in the life and growth of the province. Others are of purely local concern, though interesting as suggesting contrasts between the present and the past, and marking stages in our social and institutional development. One of the personalities of

his early years that Col. Baird distinctly recalls is the courier who made the trip monthly between Fredericton and Quebec—in winter, on snowshoes or with dog and toboggan. He also recalls the executioner, a well-known character, a coloured man named Lowden, tall and old, who repaired sleds and toboggans, and so was on familiar terms with most of the young people. He had a team of trained fox-hounds for hauling his loads of lumber, which surpassed horses in swiftness. Col. Baird tells us of other and more reputable celebrities—of some of whom, such as Col. Cole, of the 15th Regiment, the late Hon. L. A. Wilmot, as well as the author, portraits are given. The great fire, the boundary troubles, the Orange riot of 1847, the movement of troops westward during the "Trent" excitement, the beginnings of regular steam navigation and railway building, and the controversies and agitations that preceded the formation of the Dominion, are among the themes of his personal reminiscences. In 1863 (January 1) the author received his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Battalion Carleton County Militia, and later in the same year was appointed Deputy Quartermaster-General for New Brunswick. He was Paymaster of Military District No. 8, Dominion of Canada, from Confederation till 1887 (twenty years) and Superintendent of Stores at St. John from 1879 till the latter date. His portrait represents him as a hale and handsome man, who bears his age lightly, and looks remarkably well in his military uniform. "Seventy Years of New Brunswick Life" is published by George E. Day, St. John, N.B.

Mr. Sladen Back Again.

Mr. Douglas Sladen and his family, after their long journey of twenty thousand miles, before going down to New York will rest a month in the Windsor Hotel at Montreal, famed as one of the most luxurious on the continent. They have been busy since they left San Francisco. On their trip up to Vancouver they visited the boom cities of Puget Sound, Seattle, Tacoma, Port Townsend and Anacostis; and, after leaving Victoria and Vancouver, stayed off at the comfortable little Mountain Hotel at Hamson Springs, for the sulphur baths and the trout fishing; at North Bend to see the salmon rush on the Fraser and the Indians scooping them out of the water; at the Glacier House for the big game and the big peaks and glaciers of the Selkirks; at Donald on a fine reach of the Columbia midway between the Rockies and Selkirks; at Golden City to go up the Columbia to its head waters in the Columbia Valley; at the lower lake (Windermere) there were some Cowboy and Indian horse races going on, and Mr. Sladen received a novel tribute to his reputation in being elected to act as judge in the horse races. He shot a fine goose with his rifle from the steamer, which was duly stopped for this succulent addition to the table. Then he went to Banff for a week at the Springs and the Rocky Mountain scenery, and at Laggan to visit the beautiful little glacier, Lake Louise, where the C.P.R. are erecting a chalet hotel for next season. He only spent an hour at Winnipeg, having visited it on the former journey, and was unable from illness to stay off at Gleichen, where an imposing display of Blackfoot Indians on horseback had been called out to meet him. His next stoppage was Rat Portage, to steam up the Lake of the Woods, made notorious lately by the uprising of Flatmouth and his Ojibway Indians. From Rat Portage he went to Nepigon for a week's fishing, and from thence for another week at Peninsula, where he had a fresh surprise in catching some very fine speckled trout in Duncan's Creek, one of them being the finest fish caught on the north shore of Lake Superior this season. From Peninsula he went to North Bay to camp out at Trout Lake, six miles away. Here he had capital sport in four days' fishing, taking to his own rod 100 lbs of black bass, pekerel and pike, besides losing about 50 lbs. more by tackle giving way when the fish came to the top of the water.

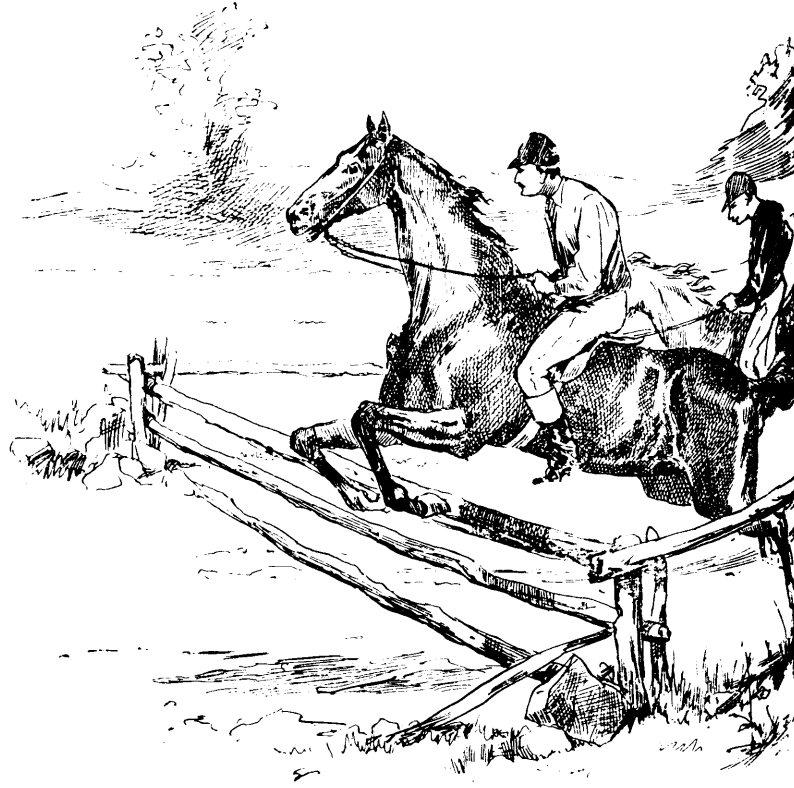
Mr. Sladen told a reporter that the Windsor at Montreal reminded him of the C.P.R.—American enterprise without American servants, and that, taken all round, it was the most comfortable hotel he had ever been in, away ahead of the Palace at San Francisco in every respect except cubic capacity. We may add that the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* has acquired "Lester, the Loyalist," the most important poem that Mr. Sladen has written, for its Christmas number.

Miss Ella Walker.

The Montreal friends of Miss Ella Walker will be glad to hear of her continued success abroad. She had the distinguished honour of being chosen by the board of professors of the Royal College of Music, London, to fill the principal part at the annual operatic performance given by the students of that college. The opera selected was Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte," and Miss Walker's appearance secured the most flattering criticisms of the London press. The occasion is one of the musical events of the year, when the musical *élite* are on the alert for a new voice of promise. Among the many eminent musicians present were Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir John Stainer, and both of these gentlemen predict a brilliant future for Miss Walker. Miss Walker's portrait appeared in this journal last year.



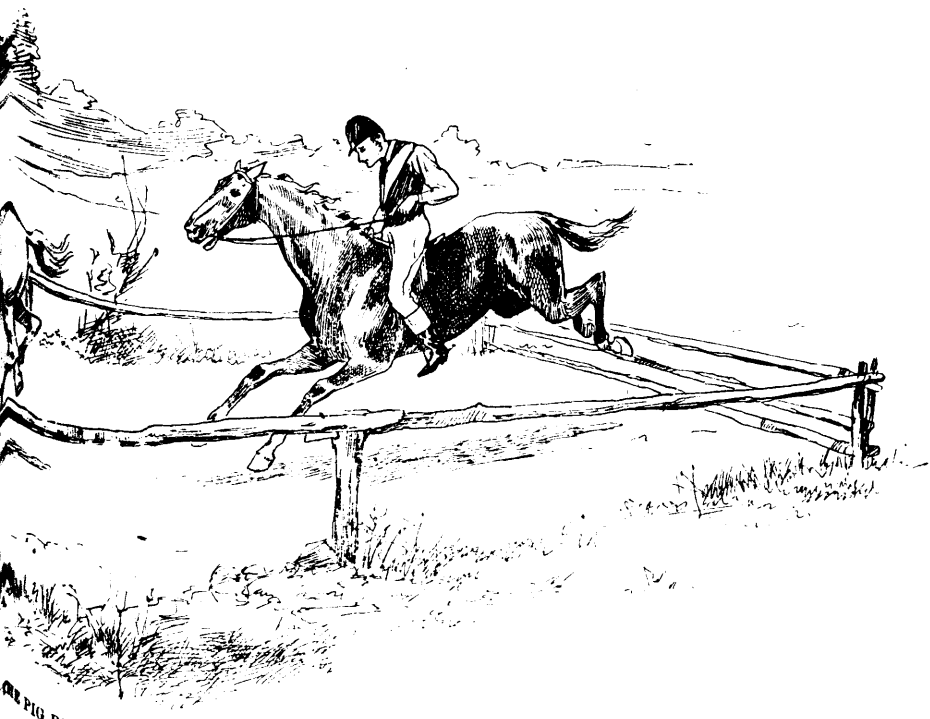
LEFT.



AFTER THE RACE.



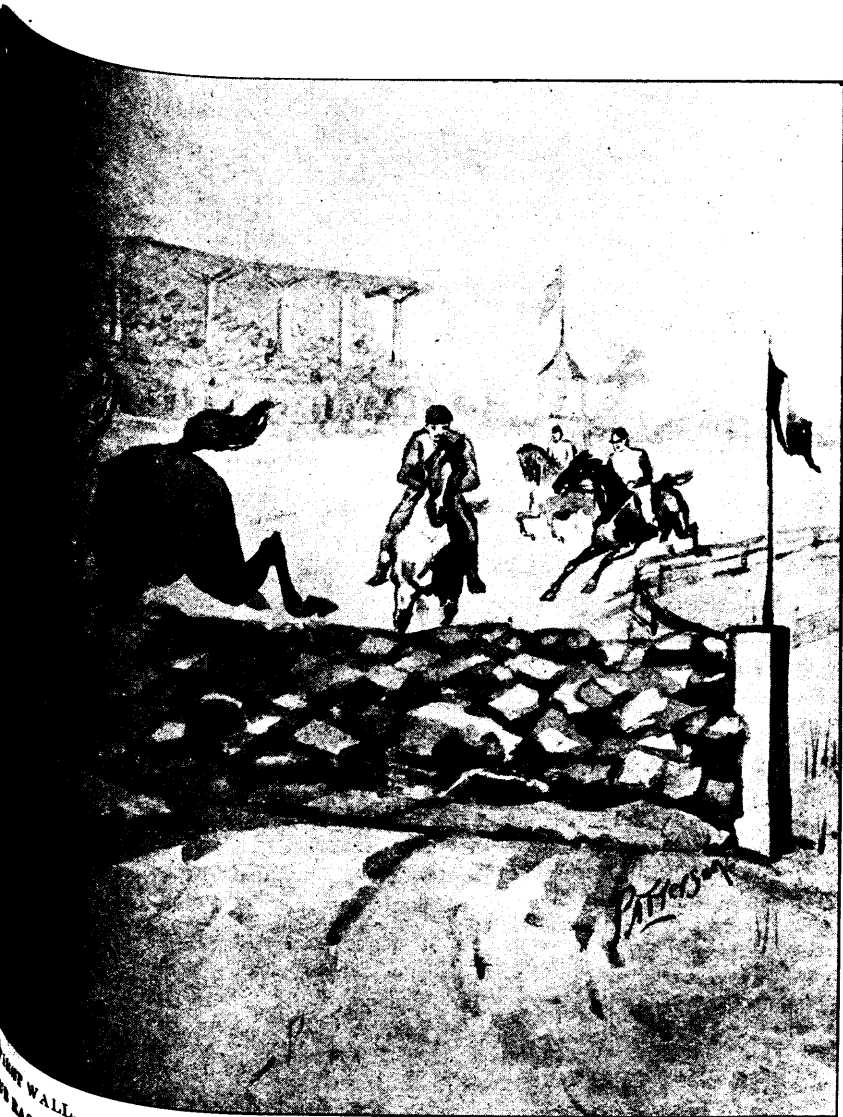
SKETCHES AT THE MONTREAL HUNT



THE FIG PEN.



THE JUDGES' STAND.



WALL.
RACES, 4th OCTOBER, 1890. (By our special artist.)



HANDICAP RACE.



There would be comparatively little interest taken in sport if there was not permeating it more or less of the element of danger. It adds a spice that, like a good appetite, cannot be duplicated. Nor Nabob, nor Batty, nor Crosse & Blackwell, nor all the drowsy imitations on the flat can medicate to such good sport as the steeplechase. It is a decidedly British institution; it carries around with it great possibilities for the talents of a coroner; it requires nerve and pluck and perseverance, and it is just here where the man wins who never knows when he is beaten. There is a glorious feeling of exhilaration in going over three miles of what is called fair hunting country, scoring rails and water and stone. There is an indescribable tension of the nerves when you think you are doing your prettiest and when you suddenly discover the nose of a long shot just up to your saddle girth and still a quarter of a mile to go; when the other fellow, to your eyes, looks fresh and your own gallant hunter is not responding just the way you wish; when you both rise to a raking double and the splinters are sent flying; when there is a crash beside you and a groan that sounds like a whisper as you fly past and indistinct figures flit across the open to help the fallen rider; when you feel a trifle tired in the arms and the knees tighten instinctively as you have barely time to think whether that three feet of water on the other side of that raise is very cold or not; you are over and you come down with a jar that seems to loosen every joint and give you telescopic information of bodies celestial. When you hear a murmur of voices that sounds in your ear like the roar of a cataract and you know not whether it betokens danger or victory; when you look straight before and see nothing but still one more obstacle to be overcome; when, like a flash, a brilliant but bespattered silk passes on your right like a meteor; when, as the swell of voices grows louder and from amid the din you are barely able to distinguish—"Well done, Chester!" "Come along, Hard Times!" "Chester has it!" When both plunge forward in the last decisive rush; when both know that the first over that bit of timber is the victor; when teeth are set and a tighter grip taken; when you brace yourself for the ordeal and lean forward as your game hunter rises; when you hear that same dull crunching sound, and you know that another opponent has come to grief; when you swerve into the straight and ride for dear life; and when you are grasped by a multitude of hands and deluged with a shower of congratulations—then you know that you have won a steeplechase, and that you are the owner of the trophy that brings with it the honour of the Hunt, and it is a fitting representative of the multitude of loving cups whose brims have been bathed in the effervescent foam of the choicest vintages and the exuberance of good wishes that tell of friendship.

The Montreal Hunt have had considerable difficulty to labour under this year insofar as their steeplechases were concerned, and many entries that might reasonably have been expected to appear on the cards were noticeable by their absence; but, although the number of starters was small, no fault could be found with the racing. The second day was decidedly superior to the first, and the weather was of that class which delights in making cross-country work not only difficult but dangerous. Then there were enough croppers taken to satisfy even the most sanguinary expectant of bloodshed. In fact, there is good reason to be profoundly thankful that the casualties were not attended with more serious consequences. With fine weather, the new course at Blue Bonnets, although somewhat awkward in formation, is a satisfactory one, but on wet days it is suicidal if anything like speed is aspired to. The figure eight is a good idea, but as a great deal of running is done on the upper loop, it is unsatisfactory to the general public who are not provided with good glasses. It perhaps would have been more to the purpose if, instead of attempting to make the course gone over the mile even, a different starting point for the green and cup courses had been fixed and straight running made without doubling. It would certainly have given the spectators a better idea, not to speak of the possibilities among a large field of horses in anything like a three mile race, when there would be some danger of collision at the crossing point. Just at present there seems an epidemic of strangely made tracks, and the kite-tracks for the trotters are coming in for a share of abuse altogether unmerited; but these are run on straight lines, and no such thing as a cross in opposite directions is possible. Now, I think, and most steeplechase men will agree with me, that in a limited area, with a large field of entries and in a distance like three miles, there is more than a possibility of accidents with the "8" track.

The first day's racing may be dismissed with but comparatively little comment, as, with the exception of one race, the results in the rest seemed foregone conclusions. It does seem strange that the two first races in one day should be won by one horse, but the winner seemed so superior to his opponents in both events that the result is not so much to be wondered at. Quaker succeeded in carrying off both purses in one-two order, and was never anything else but a winner at any stage of either race. In

the Members' Plate the same result was had, in so far that Hard Times held the race from the start and won handily. There was somewhat of a surprise in store in the open flat, as with Purse in the running it was not to be expected that Prince Charlie or Eve would have anything like a show. But the changes of a very short time proved differently, and, while the second favourite finished first, the only and original favourite proved himself not in it, the best that could be done being a struggle with Eve for second place. It was a splendid race, however; in fact, the race of the day.

The second division of the meeting, although handicapped by the weather, was by far the most enjoyable day of the two, for the very simple reason that great struggles can always be depended on in the Farmers' and the Hunt Cup races. This was the day when the unrelenting rain worked every bit of clay up into unrelenting mud, and made things unpleasant all round. The going was bad, very sticky and very dangerous, and one of the best steeplechasers in the country would not take chances, and showed his good sense in doing so, because when the western one was started with another jockey up there was no doubt of his coming to grief, and he never finished.

"Who is the mud horse and who can stay longest?" was the natural question asked when things began to get interesting just before the first race started. Mackenzie was taken off the boards, and by some means or other put on at a later stage; but, instead of the well-known gentleman jockey, Mr. Lowden, who is usually seen in the saddle, there was a coloured rider, who likely is a tip-top man on the flat, but who made a sorry exhibition getting over obstacles. There was a collapse at the ditch, a narrow escape at the wall, and a total quit at the second attempt at the pig-pen. This put Bay View stables out of it. From the appearance of the horses and the way they were going, it looked as if it were going to be a hard finish between Quaker and Little Charlie. The latter seemed to have the best of it, too, but the stone wall sent both horse and rider feeling for their heads on the other side. It looked like a broken neck for Minogue, if the way he went down was any criterion; but he was not seriously hurt, although put out of the race. This practically left nothing in it but Quaker; then it was that good riding and good judgment brought Prince Charlie fairly up to the winning point, and, although not winning, both horses made a grand struggle of it. The race for the Hunt Cup was never more popularly won than when Mr. E. J. Major ran in to the finish all alone. Overstone, who, as far as appearances went, would have won handily, had a nasty faculty of hitting the rails, and after passing the pig-pen got inextricably mixed up at the next jump, getting away again before Mr. Elliott had time to recover, and when at last he did remount he had a handicap of three-quarters of a mile to get over; but, like the old steeplechaser, he knew that an accident was liable to happen to anybody, and with the view of taking chances he stuck to it, and was eventually rewarded by running in second. The last half mile was a splendid race between Chester and Hard Times, and both came to the last jump on even terms, and both rose to it together. But Mr. Stevenson had the fates against him, and when victory appeared within his grasp there was a stumble, and he was out of it, being so badly used up that he could not remount. Then it was that Mr. Elliott, who had been riding hard since his fall, cantered into second place. In the Farmers' Race there is always the satisfaction of the anticipation of a good race being gratified, and Saturday proved no exception to the rule. Everybody expected a good race, but everybody did not guess accurately as to the winner, and the night before the race Quirk went begging at outrageous odds, and the other son of Quito, who finished a handy second, was hardly thought of at all. A tumble at the stone wall is a nasty thing to take, but the artist has caught the spirit of the scene and preserved it for the readers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. The consolation race was practically a matter of no account, only two horses going over the course.

There was one thing unpleasant connected with the last day's running, and it was part of the first race. Protests were lodged against Quaker on the grounds that the entry was not received in time. When the matter came to be discussed by the stewards it was found that the entry had not really been made on time, but the acceptance of it proved that it was more with the view of encouraging good sport than adhering strictly to the letter of the rules which prompted the action taken. As far as I can learn, it was with the desire of making a good race for the opening of the day that the gentlemen in charge stretched the rules a little bit, and when Mr. Drysdale started his horse it was certainly under the impression that there would be no trouble about it. Under these circumstances, especially after winning the race, it was a little hard on Quaker to find himself protested. But just here is where the Montreal Hunt proved that a matter of a couple of hundred dollars could not be permitted to stand between a technicality and their love of sport, so they awarded two first moneys—one to Prince Charlie and one to Quaker. It is just this sort of generosity which makes the Hunt steeplechases so popular, and even if the number of starters was small it was the non-entrants rather than the club which suffered, and maybe a lesson has been learned which will be useful next year.

The lacrosse season has come to a conclusion for all pur-

poses of interest, but its ending has not been a happy one. Only once before in the history of the game was the ill feeling and ten-ion between clubs so great. Then there was a split up and the same thing is threatened now. Rivalry is a good spirit to animate a club; but when that rivalry takes the form of doing everything to inconvenience an opponent off the field, then the sooner a reformation in the national game comes the better. Of the two meetings of the council of delegates and the very peculiar decisions arrived at, the less said the better; the matter has been pretty well threshed out already.

The Shamrocks gave a surprise party to the Torontos on Saturday last, when the Western men, who calculated on an easy victory, were held down well by the grounds team and the result declared a draw. It was just another example of what little dependence can be placed on the form of previous matches to make calculations for the future. Here another question arises. Will these drawn matches be played off or not? The all-wise council decided on Saturday last that the Montreal-Toronto match should not be played off, as it did not interfere with the championship, a resolution for which the Toronto and Shamrock delegates voted. Still, in the face of this fact, it is announced that the Toronto-Shamrock draw will be played over on the Rosedale grounds. It will take the wisdom of a Solomon to disentangle the mess of technicalities and votes and precedents and bad feeling, etc., etc., which have been the concomitants of senior lacrosse this season, and which are gradually but surely disgusting the people who really like the game and are willing to pay for it.

After all the talk about the match between the Cornwall and the Montreal clubs, it was a disappointing exhibition. Posing as champions, a title which the club fairly won on the field—and, strange to say, did not lose in the council chamber—it was to have been expected that they would have come to Montreal with their full team, instead of being short three of their best men. The result was as might have been expected. The champions were never in it from the start, and the Montreals literally walked through them to the tune of four straight games. This is not as it should be. When an exhibition match is advertised, the public have a right to expect that they will see just as good a game as if it were for the championship, and if this method of putting on "rag" teams is adhered to, it will not take long to find out that these exhibition matches will not be so profitable in the future as they have been in the past.

The Far West is not so far west but it has its lacrosse cranks in as large number as the effete East. They have had their lacrosse championship series, and they have had their crowds and big crowds, too. Just imagine 8,000 people at the final match in New Westminster, 2,000 going from Vancouver to see the match. There are three clubs in this British Columbia association and each plays two games. The final match was between the New Westminster and Vancouver clubs on Saturday last, and although the match was played in a drizzling rain the reports say that it was a most exciting one. New Westminster won the match by two games to nothing, and well earned the title of champions. The series finished—New Westminster—won four, lost none; Vancouver—one won, two lost, one drawn; Victoria—lost three, drawn one. There are several old Torontonians on the coast, and they are putting a lot of go into the game out there.

The brithers o' the broom are beginning to look after their winter's sport already. In Montreal there is nothing being done except calculating on the weather and wondering how long it will take to get ice. The regular prosaic business of the clubs was all transacted early in the year, and now nothing remains but for King Frost to send in his card and compliments. In Toronto things promise to be lively the coming winter. The Moss Park Club have held their annual meeting, when a large number of new members were added to the roll. The election of officers will take place on the 16th inst.

It looks pretty late for yachting, but still they are at it yet on Lake Ontario. On Saturday last the Queen City Yacht Club sailed off the final race of the season for the silk challenge flags for boats in the 25-foot class. Three yachts—Nellie G, Caprice and Widgeon—started in this class. Bad judgment of the skippers on Nellie G, and Caprice and a lucky slant of wind gave the race easily to Widgeon, who had eight minutes to spare.

Some interesting calculations as to the flight of time and the flight of a horse are being made since the King of the Turf made his mile in 1 min. 35½ secs. How many trains go forty miles an hour? Yet Salvator has approached this speed within a fraction. But a more minute calculation will give a better idea of the tremendous pace at which he travelled. Take these 95½ seconds and then the 5,280 feet in the mile and the simple process of division will show that every second Salvator covered more than 55 feet of ground.

Alicante, the great French mare, must be a wonder if she can come anywhere near justifying the hopes of her friends, who have been plunging on her since her victory two weeks ago, and she now occupies the place of first favourite for both the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch, distances widely different.

It is not long since the phenomenal jumping of horses began to attract widespread attention. When Gebhard's Leo was jumping at Madison Square Garden, his great rival was Filemaker, who has a record of 6 feet 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Then it was that people began to ask who Filemaker was and where he came from, and but comparatively few knew that he had been owned in Montreal for a long time. Since the great feats of Ontario and Roseberry, the long reachy beast has fallen out of sight, but he was not long destined to remain in oblivion. The *Spirit* said he would be relegated to the shafts of a coal cart, but that is not likely to happen as yet, as he has been purchased by Mme. Merantette, who recently rode him over a 6 feet 7 inch jump. His owner is now anxious to contend against Roseberry or any other jumper.

* * *

The Rugby match of the season will take place to-day on the Montreal grounds, when the Montrealers and Britannias meet. Both teams have been putting in some real hard work, and both are as confident as fifteens can be. The adoption of the challenge system seems to give general satisfaction to all the clubs concerned, and although the season is necessarily a short one, it promises to be an interesting one. The organ of the Ottawa College men, the *Owl*, seems anxious that matches should be arranged with the Montreal clubs, and it is to be hoped the negotiations will come to something. In the Junior series the second Victorias and third McGill played last Saturday, the latter being victorious. The grads and under-grads also had an interesting struggle.

* * *

Rugby in Ontario has already got into good working order, the Varsity having started in last week. There will be two valuable additions from the Upper Canada College, Lash and Cloyes, who will take the places of Watt and Cross. Toronto will meet Varsity for the first time on Saturday next. The Tilsonburg club have organized for the season with the following officers:—President, N. P. Dewar; vice-president, J. U. Wood; secretary, D. G. Revell; captain, P. Geddes; committee, B. Titus, F. Foster, George Aspinwall.

* * *

The championship games, which take place at Washington to-day (Saturday), will be the most important ever held on the continent. East, West, North and South will be there. Unfortunately very little from the north, and Canada will once more draw a blank among all the good things going, for although the world's champion shot-putter is a Canadian and lives in Canada, he carries the colours of the N.Y.A.C. But there is one thing which is almost unparalleled in the annals of athletic sport, which by no amount of specious argument can be made to appear in anything but its true colours, and which does not reflect the least bit of credit on the M.A.C. Last week I had something to say about the point competition for the Bailey, Banks and Biddle placque, for which the cherry diamond and the winged foot are running so close and hard a race. There was also something said about the Salford Harriers, who are at present making a tour of the United States under the auspices and as the guests of the Manhattan Athletic Club. Of course these gentlemen did not make any particularly brilliant showing when in Montreal, but they have been doing good work since, and, if taking part in the Washington games to-day, would almost to a certainty win some of the events which the M.A.C. has been counting on in the point competition. This would, by detracting from the M.A.C.'s chances, add to those of the N.Y.A.C. To avoid any such direful calamity, the visitors will not be allowed to compete at Washington, and they will go back to England with only the satisfaction of having competed in and won in second class events. This course gives the cherry diamond a sort of mortgage on the placque, but it is not sportsmanlike, and neither is the flimsy excuse that foreigners would not be allowed to compete at the A.A.U. games. But there are strange things done in big athletic organizations, and while posing as lovers of sport, they always seem to be tainted just a little bit by the doctrine that the end justifies the means. It will appear to most people that the possession of the placque this year by the M.A.C. will be a very barren honour.

* * *

A great deal has been said in the American press about the recent Canadian championship meeting, and some excellent suggestions have been made. One of them, coming from "Mediator," who writes in the *New York World*, is particularly worthy of attention. He says:—"It occurs to me that the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association would solve the athletic problem in Canada by organizing on lines similar to the A.A.U. and giving district championships. The Montreal Amateur Athletic Association could apply to the Canadian Association for the privilege of giving annually a southern district championship meeting at Montreal, open only to residents of the southern district, and the Toronto Athletic Association could apply for the privilege of giving annually the northern district championships at Toronto. The Canadian Association could also give the national championships open to the world, as now, at which the winners at the two district championship meetings could take part. The result of this arrangement would be that Montreal and Toronto would each have an annual athletic feature. The athletes in their respective districts would certainly compete for their district championships and the development of amateur sport in Canada would begin with the introduction of this system. As it is at present the Canadian athletes are discouraged from competing at the annual championship meeting, for the

reason that they meet, as was the case this year, the best men from all parts of the world. President Magee and ex-President Stevenson, of the Canadian Association, talk of advocating the above plan. It is to be hoped that these gentlemen will put their shoulders to the wheel to bring about the giving of divisional championship meetings in Canada."

* * *

The shooters have been having a lively time in Toronto, the ninth annual tournament of the Toronto Gun Club being a particularly successful meeting, which extended over three days and was concluded on Friday. The tournament was divided into four classes, the first and second classes shooting at fifteen birds from a 26-yards rise, and the third and fourth at ten birds from a 21-yards rise. In the ties the rise was increased to 29 and 32 yards. The first prize winners were: J. Wayer, first class; E. Perryman, second class; H. McLaren third class; E. Englehart fourth. In the first class every man grassed his fifteen straight and two ties were necessary to place. That looks like pretty good shooting.

* * *

How have the mighty fallen—Hanlan, the one-time pride of Canada, beaten in a one mile race easily by Teemer, and for a purse of \$1,000 subscribed by citizens of East Liverpool. There was no time taken, and it looks very much as if the good Liverpoolians imagined they saw a race and were satisfied. The lines of the professional oarsman seem to fall in nice places; but then there is an old saying to the effect that there is one something or other born every minute, and East Liverpool seems to have got her full share.

* * *

Hamilton is the latest to drop into line to encourage the breeding of good dogs and holding bench shows. The idea seems to be to get up a circuit of bench shows, comprising London, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal. This would give exhibitors a fair chance and considerably stimulate interest in the kennel. The new club will be known as the Hamilton Kennel Club, and a committee has been appointed to settle a date for the first annual show.

R. O. X.

Men and Matters in Ontario.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, October 1890.

The re opening of the universities and colleges during the past week must be noticed in connection with some matters especially gratifying to all who are interested in higher education. In the first place, McMaster starts upon its first era as a university. Now the Baptist system of education is complete. Before this McMaster Hall was but a divinity college. The year 1890 marks the accomplishment of what every Baptist young man and woman in the preparatory colleges had long desired. The future will see fresh vigour in the work of these preparatory colleges. The institution at Woodstock has been doing extensive work in education of boys, the Moulton College for girls has made its name well known, while the Toronto Baptist College, known as McMaster Hall, is one of the first theological colleges on the continent. These are the colleges in affiliation with McMaster University, which go to complete the system of Baptist education, and which every member of the Baptist denomination is proud of.

In regard to the opening of Knox Presbyterian College, the induction of Rev. Prof. R. Y. Thomson, professor of apologetics and Old Testament literature, is a noteworthy event. Rev. Mr. Thomson is one of the most brilliant sons of Knox, and is a graduate of Toronto University. Both institutions feel a pride in the new man and in the position which he has now taken, while his university friends prophesy for him a bright career.

The remarks of Sir Daniel Wilson at Toronto University convocation have evoked in the public mind renewed admiration for the old man who, with his buoyancy of spirit and physical energy, carries along to security through fire and the worst enemy of engendered popular hostility the destiny of the institution of which he is the president. The graduates of Toronto University will never forget Sir Daniel Wilson's conduct at and after the fire last winter. Those who believed at the time that the effect of the stimulus could not continue long are now loudest in their admiration of this address of convocation, full of confidence and energy, and still displaying a fatherly concern in the general weal of the University. The visit of Sir George Baden-Powell to Toronto was another event of much importance to the Provincial University. He came principally to consult with the university authorities in connection with the library. He has been an active member of the committee in London, England, formed to take up subscriptions and donations of books and money, under the presidency of the Marquis of Lorne.

This term opening of Victoria College may be said to be the beginning of the end of college work in that town. To the junior classes Rev. Dr. Burwash made the significant remark that they would finish their course in Toronto University.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, before setting out on their westward journey, publicly expressed through the press gratification in the results so far of their visit to Canada.

The presentation of an address in Montreal on September 30 by the Society of Canadian Civil Engineers to Sir Casimir Gzowski, congratulating him on the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by Her Majesty, has been

very much appreciated in Toronto by the admirers generally of that gentlemen, and particularly by the members of the profession to which he belongs.

Mr. James Johnson, editor of the *Ottawa Citizen*, was given a cordial welcome back to Ottawa from the Old Country by his many friends in the Capital. Mr. McLeod Stewart presided at a supper given in the Russell House to celebrate the occasion.

Fashionable marriages are crowding on each other thick and fast. During the week several weddings have taken place, the most notable being that of Dr. Ogden Jones, of Toronto, with the daughter of the late Hon. James Morris. The ceremony was at St. Margaret's church in this city on the 2nd. The bridegroom is one of the best known medical men in Ontario.

A gentleman named Townley, who lives at Vancouver, B.C., recently started eastward in anticipation of his marriage with Miss Elizabeth Mercer, step daughter of the well-known Sheriff McKellar, of Hamilton. A reasonable time previous to that Miss Townley, the young gentleman's sister, started westward from England to be present at the wedding. On the day when they were both due at Hamilton Miss Mercer got another husband in the person of Mr. Herbert Muir Morton, of her own town, and the pair started off on their honeymoon trip to the Eastern States. And it never has come out who pulled the wires.

The Toronto Hunt Club races always bring a large public attendance to the Woodbine course. Being supported by the bulk of Torontonians who are fond of good riding, the patronage of this important event is liberal, as it deserves to be. The races are invariably well run, and this annual meet promises to be as good as of yore.

The action of the retail druggists of this city in adopting a uniform price list of their goods has exposed a trick of that mysterious trade which will interest a good many people. With a uniform price list, the big stores will naturally absorb the bulk of trade. The smaller down-town stores are consequently kicking, and one gentleman declares that they will not stand it. He gives it as a reason that druggists who are trying to build up a business have to keep two prices, one for the rich, the other for the poor. He says if they sell to a poor person without profit they pile it on to the next "fat and greasy citizen" who happens along. The interviewed druggist who made this statement, which has not yet been contradicted, thought selling in this way was but justice to the druggist, tempered with mercy for the poor customer.

Last week a remarkable will case was decided by the Court of Appeal for Ontario, Chief Justice Galt dissenting from the finding. William Wilcox Baldwin was plaintiff in the case and the executors of the estate of his brother, Robert Baldwin, jr., were the defendants. The father of the plaintiff and the late W. A. Baldwin were nephews of Admiral Baldwin, of the British navy, who died intestate about 1850, leaving certain lands now known as Russell Hill, Toronto, to be divided, as was then thought, equally among the next of kin. In 1885 William Wilcox Baldwin discovered that he was the sole heir, and accordingly brought suit to have the lands invested in him alone and to have compensation made for the previous distribution of property. He won the suit for sole right, but not compensation, and the executors of his brother appealed. This time he wins again, and the executors are taking the case to Privy Council. The land is worth about \$100,000.

Hon. John Dryden and Hon. Richard Harcourt have been re-elected by their constituencies by acclamation.

Romance versus Realism.

A writer in the *Book Buyer* of September, in a notice of Sir Arthur Sullivan's selection of Ivanhoe as the theme of a new opera, adds: "This reminds me of Mr. Howell's celebrated saying, in his sketch of Mr. James, that 'the art of fiction has, in fact, become a finer art in our day than it was with Dickens and Thackeray.' According to this view, Scott is further away from the taste of the present generation than are Thackeray and Dickens. And yet we see the first English composer of his time turn for a subject for his opera to the book of all others which is typical of the heroic and romantic school, and which we are supposed to have outgrown, to have laid aside in favour of the 'finer art of our day' But, however strenuously the attempt may be made to turn the course of the dramatic art into the current of modern realism, the fact remains that for purposes of stage representation, whether in a play or in an opera, the elementary passions that were depicted in the works of the old dramatists and the old romance writers find more complete expression, as Mr. James says, and appeal to the public with more force than does a picture of life from which these emotions are eliminated. It was in accordance with this law that Wagner went to myth-land for the material for his greatest works, bringing from that region of the fancy Siegfried and Brunhilde, the Knight of the Holy Grail, Venus, the temptress of Tannhäuser, Tristan and Isolde and Parsifal,—characters that fire the imagination of every sympathetic spectator."

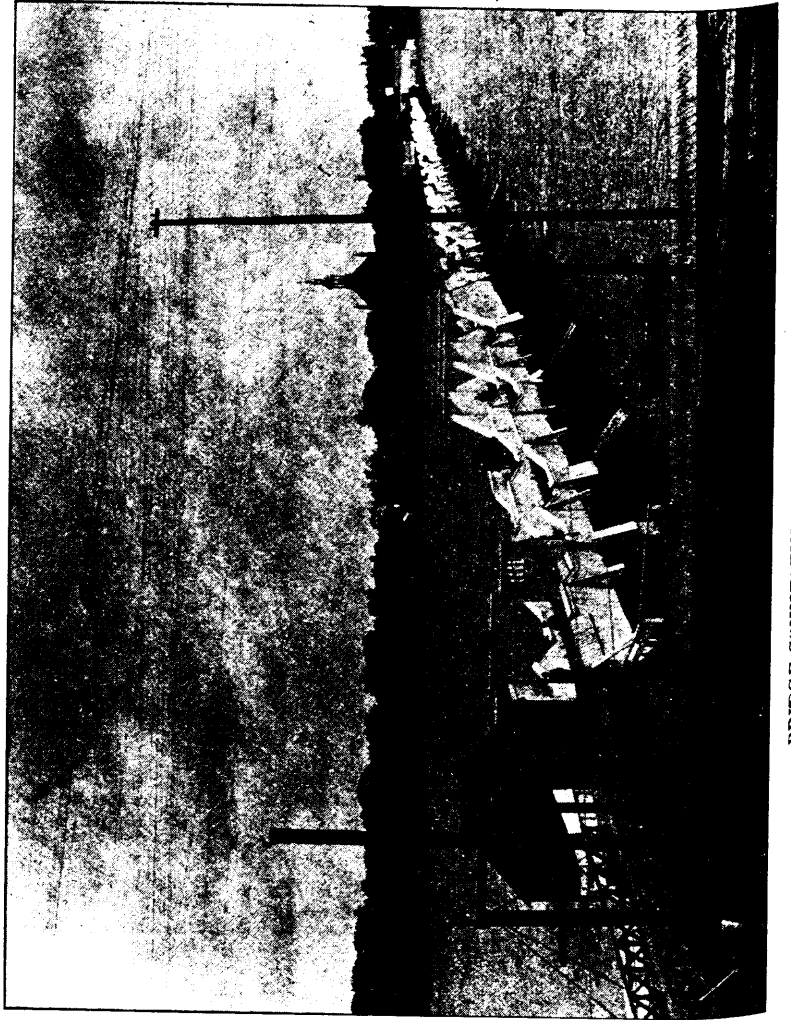
Sale of Mr. Boodle's Library.

Lovers of good books ought not to forget the sale of Mr. Boodle's library, which will take place in the hall of the Fraser Institute on the evenings of the 13th, 14th and 15th inst. Procure a catalogue from the auctioneers, Messrs. Duff & Fraser.

The Paper on which the "Dominion Illustrated" is printed, is manufactured by the Canada Paper Co.



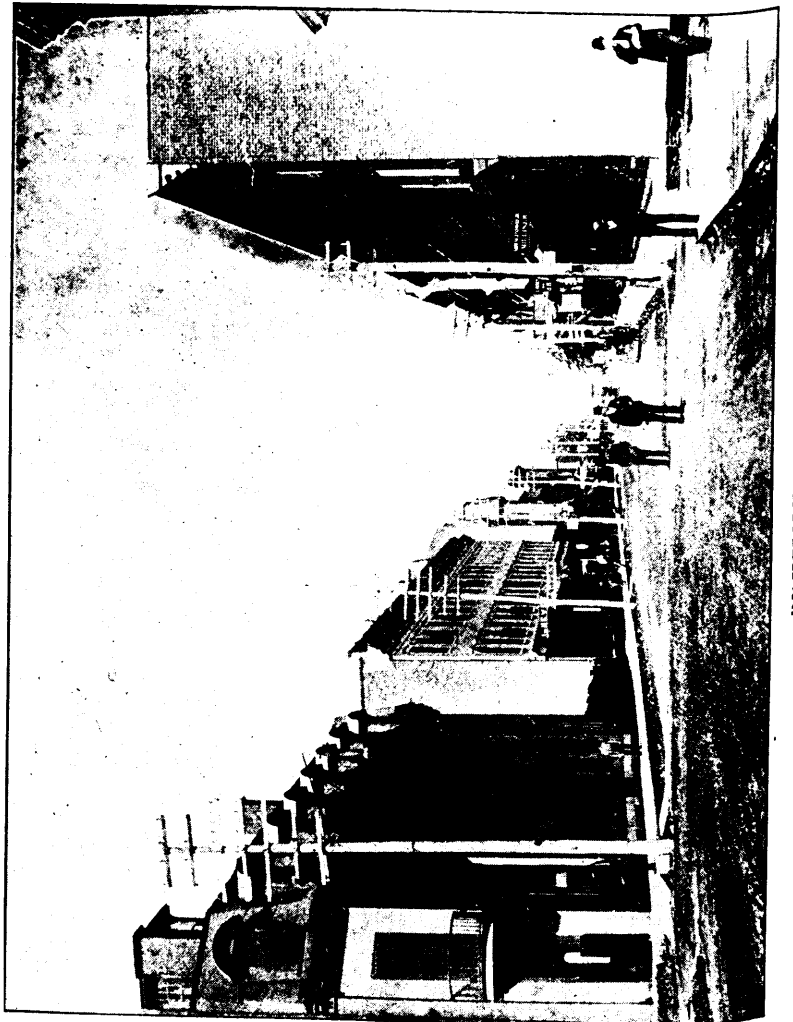
VIEW OF BARRACKS FROM RIVER.



BRIDGE CONNECTING ST. JOHNS AND IREVILLE.



THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS.



RICHFIEU STREET.

SCENES AT ST. JOHNS, P.Q.



J. B. PARKER. S. SIMPSON. F. OTTON. W. J. SCOTT. MAJOR W. D. ANTROBUS. SERGT. LITTLEFIELD. CONST. GREEN.
 INSP. CHALMERS. WM. PETERSON. H. RICHARDSON JR. J. B. ASHBY. HARRY PARKER. CORPORAL CLISBY. SERGEANT LAWDER.

BATTLEFORD (N. W. T.) CRICKET CLUB.



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE GREAT LANDSLIDE OF 1889 IN QUEBEC.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH.

Paul Maston was one of America's most brilliant journalists. Like Norman, of the *Pull Moll Gazette*, he always travelled in state. He had interviewed great students and great sciolists, great rulers and great upstarts, great statesmen and great political knaves; great ecclesiastics and great sinners. He was in touch with all the celebrities of the Old World and the New. Maston was in his thirtieth year. Picture a man, tall and powerfully built; strong, intellectual face; brow arched, yet full; hair dark and slightly streaked with gray, and you will have before your "mind's eye" Paul Maston, the great American correspondent. Though he had marched, with the tread of a king, through the courts of the Old World, his free spirit remained unchanged. He was known, admired and loved by the people of America. In diplomatic circles in Washington he was a great favourite. A distinguished statesman, famous as an author and orator, asked him to go South to make a special study of the Race Problem. His editor-in-chief also wished him to interview "The Daughter of the South."

On the threshold of her Atlanta home, Paul Maston looked for the first time into the eyes of "The Daughter of the South."

The mental photograph he had made of her when her name was first heard in the North, represented her to be a "blue-stocking," a heavy-jawed, stern visaged, cold-eyed, strong, indeed, middle-aged woman. What a charming disappointment! He found her to be the fairest handiwork of God—a beautiful, high-spirited, and wonderfully gifted young woman.

Eulalie Danton—"The Daughter of the South"—as she was lovingly called by the people of the Southern States, was in her twenty-third year. She was a student, a lover of books, and had a special aptitude for the study of those questions which are generally supposed to be the property of men. She was a great admirer of the late Henry W. Grady. Her "Gradyism," which was the fire of her genius, attracted almost universal attention to her luminous magazine articles.

Maston wondered why one so young could have won the heart of the South.

"It's rather peculiar," said Paul to him. "If, that a people, a nation, usually gives some pet name to great public characters. Probably it's the same feeling that prompts the mother to endearingly 'nickname' her child. I believe 'The Daughter of the South' is deserving of her name," said Paul as he entered her drawing-room.

Over the mantel there hung a picture of Jefferson Davis; on one side of it a battle scene, on the other a fine crayon of General Lee. A short distance to the left of this last picture was a soldier's battered hat and tattered suit of grey; to the right a wreath of flowers enclosing a motto, while above the centre picture many swords were crossed in peace.

"Poor old Jeff; brave old South," murmured Paul.

"I can read your thoughts, Mr. Maston," said Eulalie.

"Yes, you saw me looking at the picture," he replied.

"The embodiment, the memory of a lost cause," said the girl. "But we will not talk about that, Mr. Maston."

"Oh, no! no! we won't talk about that. My mission is not a secret to you. You have fixed ideas about the South; you write about it. Tell me what you propose to do! What is your plan?"

Eulalie paused before replying. She then slowly and deliberately said: "I will not waste time in speaking of details. Disenfranchise the negro. The North murdered the South by giving the negro a vote. Believe me, the peace of the South and the safety of the Republic depend upon the disenfranchisement of the negro."

"Why not go back to shackledom?" asked Paul.

"Because," answered Eulalie, "the New South does not even dream of shackledom. The lash, the manacle and the bloodhound belong to the dead South."

"Well, disenfranchise the negro," said Paul. "What then?"

"What then?" exclaimed the girl. "You ask what then. Why, this—only this: What the war failed to bring about would be brought about—a true union between North and South."

"It would be disruption," said Paul.

"No fear of it," answered Eulalie. "The new South knows how to care for the negro."

"But what about the negro himself?" asked Paul.

"You mean to say—would the negro give up his vote without a struggle?" said Eulalie.

"Exactly."

"Well, I don't know about that," answered the girl, doubtfully. "But," she said, "if he struggles, the North can teach him the necessity of his disenfranchisement as it taught us the—or rather to realize—the heinousness of the sin of slavery."

"I am sorry to hear you always say North and South. Why not say the Republic or the Nation," said Paul.

The girl passionately cried out, "Why do I say that? Why do I say North and South? Why, because there is a North and there is a South. Just as Irishmen say there is a Great Britain and there is an Ireland." With a ring of bitterness in her grand voice she repeated, "Yes, there is, alas! There is a North and there is a South."

"But there is a United States,"

"Yes, in name. Union brought about by force. Moral means, not forcible ones, should consummate union. There is union, but there is also division. Division there shall be so long as thoughts of a negro majority ruling the south

haunts our minds. An ignorant negro majority in power; think—think of that! A crimson wave swept over the girl's cheeks and brow as she ceased speaking.

"Your mind, I fear, exaggerates the case," exclaimed Maston; "why, the negro has a soul. He is a man. That sounds trite and worn out. But, after all, there is something in the idea of the Brotherhood of Man. The negro is here to stay. His race is a fruitful one. He is ignorant, you say. Who made him so? Is he as ignorant to-day as he was a generation ago? O'Connell called our own Fred. Douglas 'the O'Connell—the black O'Connell—of America.' In Rome I saw a full-blooded negro-priest standing on the altar of St. Peter's. The negro youth are slowly creeping into our colleges. Give them a chance. Educate the negro. The State, the Church, have much to do. And above all," continued Paul, lowering his voice, "keep the females of the race pure. Do this, and in time the home of the black may not suffer, if it now suffers, by a comparison with the so-called Christian home of the white."

"You are very earnest," said Eulalie; "but do not think me rude if I tell you that I have heard all that very often. Moral means and poor old Father Time. Yes, time, time, time. But what about this generation, and the next, and the next?"

"This generation," answered Paul smilingly, "will take care of itself; the others are yet unborn. When they see the light they, too, will be able, I hope, to take care of themselves."

Eulalie was about to laughingly retort, when Paul checked her by saying, "Seriously, Miss Danton, we must admit that if there is such a thing—and who doubts it—as a Race Problem, the solution has not yet entered into practical politics. It is a very delicate question to consider. The Southern white will never be satisfied with any measure that does not rob the negro of the privileges of American citizenship."

"And you, of course," said Eulalie, "think that the North will never do that."

"Yes," answered Paul, "that is my belief. Here all men should be free. Our country is supposed to be the home of the afflicted of all nations. We should not commence by persecuting our own countrymen—contrary to the spirit of our constitution and to the voice of reason."

"Well, Mr. Maston, I see you are growing restless and—"

"Oh! no, no," said Paul; "but I fear that I have wearied you, and we must not exhaust our subject in the very first interview."

As Paul rose to leave, Eulalie said: "If you come, say in a few days, I will lead you in a gallop 'over the hills and far away.'"

Paul accepted the invitation, bowed himself out, and, after a brisk walk, reached his hotel. His room was in darkness. Lighting a gas jet, he jotted down notes of his interview with "The Daughter of the South," and commenced to write his first article on the Race Question.

He never wearied of writing; but the ink did not flow quite so freely to-night as it did heretofore. He thought a great deal more of a sweet Georgian face than he did of the Race Question. But his hand had not lost its cunning, and before midnight his MSS. lay sealed and addressed upon the desk. Fond of a nocturnal stroll, he placed his MSS. in his pocket and slowly wended his way toward the post-office. Leaving the office he turned, after passing through a long street, to the city's limits. The scent of the fields was borne upon the breeze, and the trees of the forest—Nature's tall sentinels—gently swayed to and fro. He loved the weirdness and the death-like stillness of the night. He stood on the roadside and looked back at the city's lights. The musing mood was upon him. He was not altogether a dreamer, but the twinkling lights, seemingly so far away, were mutely, but eloquently, preaching to him of the various phases of life. A strange sense of loneliness came over him. He took off his hat and looked up to heaven. He hardly knew what words were about to spring to his lips. But his musing, his dreaming was not allowed full sway. The clatter of a horse's hoofs upon the hard roadbed brought his thoughts and himself to earth. Lightly leaping a narrow ditch he placed his back against a fence and quietly waited the coming of the horse. The moon, escaping from a cloud, while it lit up the road, did not dispel the shadows in which he stood. He did not wait very long. Full into his sight a milk-white steed, bearing a fair rider, came flying down the road. His active mind was not slow in identifying the rider. He knew not why, but he could not resist calling out, "Miss Danton! Miss Danton!"

Quickly reining in her steed, the girl immediately replied, without the slightest trace of fear, "Who calls! Is it you, Mr. Maston?"

Paul came to her side and, looking up at her said, "A strange hour for a gallop?"

Eulalie laughed cheerily, and said: "Yes, a strange hour. But, do you know, I gallop in the night; sorry am I to confess that I sleep in the morning, and I write or read in the afternoon."

"But is it not dangerous to gallop in the night?" asked Paul.

"Oh, no; not at all. I am like Moore's lady who went safely through the Green Isle, though bedecked with jewels. No hand has ever been raised against me in the South," said Eulalie.

Paul laughed, and said: "You ride through a country largely inhabited by negroes; yet you say you cannot exist unless the negro is placed under a ban. To my mind your

safety lies in the fact that the negro is socially and politically free."

"Come now, Mr. Maston," said Eulalie, "You are not reasoning well. The negro socially free. Your Northern hotel-keeper does not think so."

"In the North there are, as elsewhere, some ignorant men," said Paul.

"Then we are all hopelessly ignorant," exclaimed Eulalie, with the slightest suggestion of mischief in her face. "But oh! see," she continued, "there is the silver streak of dawn and I am still far from home. I will say good-night, or, rather, good morning." She was about to start off; but, turning in her saddle, she cried out; "Come this afternoon, if you are not busy, and we will have our gallop."

Paul readily assented, while cordially bidding her good morning.

The sun had peeped over the horizon and was on its way westward before Paul closed his eyes in sleep. In the afternoon, after luncheon, he made his way through grassy fields and thick forests to the house of Eulalie Danton. Two horses were tied to the gate, while a little distance off Miss Danton was talking to a negro boy. When she saw him she started in pleased surprise.

"Ah, that's good; you're on time," she said.

"Yes," he answered, and for the life of him could not say more.

Ah, ha! Poor Paul. Thirty years of bachelorhood and not even a thought of it, and now—and now—the flood. They mounted and rode along leisurely, the little negro lad watching them and cunningly shaking his head. Paul broke the silence. Describing a circle with his right arm, he said:

"See, all is calm and beautiful here. The valleys and the hills with their load of vegetation repose in peace, yet at any moment the crack of doom may sound upon the stillness of this utopian scene."

The girl wondered why he spoke in such a forced, strained way. The conversational tone and manner were wholly wanting in all that he had said. She was about to open her lips, when, as if Maston had spoken in a prophetic spirit, a piercing cry of anguish echoed about them. Again and again that terrible cry, laden with the despair of a human heart, fell upon their ears.

"It is Lizette," cried the girl. "I know her child is dying. Follow me?" Side by side their horses turned from the road, leaped a hedge and bounded toward a low cabin, nestling on a small hillside. Dismounting at the open doorway, they saw a young negress convulsively pressing the dead body of a child to her heaving breast. No need to question the cause of the cry that had startled them.

"Oh, Missey, Missey," said the negress mother, "de Lawd am good and dat's de fac'. But he am de only child an' it am mighty hard."

"Poor, dear Lizette," cried Eulalie bending over her. They listened to the mother's tale, and, with words that promised assistance and sounded of faith, they left her with her head resting upon the form of her sacred dead.

The sun was setting and, as if to manifest the glory of its dying, brilliantly hued clouds, purpled the hilltops and flung patches of crimson and gold upon the dark, velvety sward of the forest. The sight of this magnificent panorama of Nature made the riders forget the sorrow-stricken negress. Paul was the first to think of her, and turning to Eulalie, he said:

"Did you notice her tears?"

"Yes," answered Eulalie, mournfully.

Maston rather injudiciously remarked "They were crystal drops—not ink drops."

"I know that, Mr. Maston," said Eulalie, reproachfully.

"And knowing that," said Paul, "knowing that the chords of human passion are just as finely and as delicately strung in the negro's heart as in ours, you persist in treating him as if he were soulless."

"No, no! Don't say that," said Eulalie, her voice quivering with deep emotion. "You don't understand me; you do not understand the South. When any human being suffers, I suffer. Ah! you don't know me—you don't know me!"

"I do, I do," asserted Paul. "I have not been here very long, but I have been here long enough to have lost my heart to the 'Daughter of the South.'"

Maston leaned over to her as he spoke.

The girl trembled in her saddle. Without a word she placed her hand in his. Their horses were very close together. Thoughts of Maston and herself, of the South, her hopes, her ambition, of her future and of her present position, swiftly flew through her mind. She had never loved any man. Until now she was heart-free. Was she so still? The greatest, the noblest, the holiest affection of her life came in a moment. She marvelled at its suddenness. It was all so strange. In other affairs, in the study of her favourite subject, in all the practical concerns of life her methods of self-analysis were always satisfactory. Just now her mind seemed to be dazed. Finally she gave up thinking about it. All this time Maston watched her patiently. When her eyes met his, he said in a nervous jerky way:

"Miss Danton, we understand each other. I think we understand each other. Tell me," and he paused, "is it to be yes or no? You need not doubt me."

The girl looked steadfastly into his eyes for a few moments, and then hurriedly, brokenly said:

"I trust you. Some other time, not now, I will say yes or no."

"With the chances in favour of—" said Paul.
 "Yes, yes," she replied, "with the chances in favour of yes."
 "When—," commenced Paul.
 "Nay, no more. That is, just now. Come, a race for the gate. If you defeat me you will get either 'yes' or 'no' all the sooner."
 "I will be sure to defeat you, then," cried Paul, as he struck his horse.

Miss Danton, who was slightly in the lead, was about to pass a high cliff, whose brow projected over the road, when a large mass of earth and stone, that had been sent on its downward flight by pressure from above, fell with a loud crash close upon the heels of the horse. The animal shied, leaped into the air, jerking the reins out of his rider's hands, and now, completely beyond control, madly rushed through the hedge that separated the road from the field, and would have fallen over into a deep valley that yawned below him had not the lithe form of a man interposed. He seized the horse by the head, forced him back from the treacherous place, turned his head toward the road and then attempted to jump aside. But the horse in springing forward struck him on the side with his fore-leg and hurled him into the abyss. The mass of stone that had fallen from the cliff had almost killed Maston's horse. It struck the animal on the head. Maston sprung from the saddle and ran after Eulalie. He reached her in time to see her noble rescuer go to his doom. With wonderful agility he seized Miss Danton's horse by the head, and after a brief struggle with him was able to lift Eulalie from the saddle. As may well be imagined the girl was terror-stricken.

"Oh! Paul, Paul; the valley, the valley. Let me go home. I will send you men, a litter and some lights. You make your way into the valley. I will not be long." Before he could speak she was out of his sight. Maston sped down the slope, skirted the hill, and, out of breath, he reached the spot where he thought the man had struck. He groped in the dark. He stretched out his hand and it came in contact with a human face. He withdrew it, looked at his fingers and saw that they were covered with blood. A tremor shook his frame.

"My God! this is terrible," he cried out, and great sobs choked his further utterance.
 The help promised by Miss Danton was not long in coming. Four men carrying a litter and swinging lanterns in their hands soon reached Maston's side. The lights of the lanterns revealed an awful sight. Stretched upon the rocks, covered with his own life's blood, flowing—still warm—from many wounds, the athletic form of a negro—a young man—was held in the embrace of death. They bore the body to Miss Danton's home, in compliance with her request. Maston was horrified to learn from her that the dead man was the husband of the young negress whom they saw mourning over the body of her only child. Tenderly Miss Danton told the negress of her loss, and made her promise to live in the Danton homestead.

A month later, Paul Maston, determined to know whether Eulalie's answer was to be yes or no. With hope strongly alive in his heart he approached her. He was too much of a man to think of high sounding phrases upon such an occasion.

"Miss Danton," said Paul, as they walked along, "will we talk of the race question?"
 "No, no," replied the girl vehemently, "see we are approaching the mound. I think I am not quite so anxious now about the Southern white."
 "Thank God!" said Paul. "Now I may speak. Eulalie, is it to be yes or no?"
 "It is to be yes, Paul. It is yes. But once in a while we must return to my beloved South."

"Yes, Eulalie, we will return, because whenever I go North my friends—particularly my editor-in-chief—will say that I must have paid far more attention to the solution of the Problem of Love than to the Race Problem," said Paul, as he, with raised hat and Eulalie with bowed head, passed the negro's lonely grave.
 St. John, N.B.

JOHN MAHONY.

A Bit of Ancient History.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT FROM JAPAN.

By DOUGLAS SLADEN.

At last the fated 8th of May had come and we were all assembled on the deck of the graceful Abyssinia shaking hands with the Duke—those who have had the pleasure of knowing him—for the last time, just about to step down on to our launches. The Duke's departure from Japan recalled the famous saying of Macaulay about his ancestor, Charles I., that nothing in his life became him so well as the way in which he left it. The Japanese must have been very glad to get rid of the Duke, for the most becoming part of their civilities to him was their arrangement for his departure. He positively never saw the 122nd successor of Jimmu Tenno till the very night before his departure, when he was presented and entertained at a small banquet, and yet the Emperor was, when the Duke arrived at Kobe, only fifty miles off, and afterwards was actually present in Kyoto for a few days during the Duke's visit to that city without seeing him. But they made great preparations to honour his departure, sending up no fewer than six fine men-of-war to burn powder and quite a boat-load of birds with fine feathers, dubbed various high-sounding foreign titles, to take leave of him on the deck of the steamer.
 The morning opened gloriously—the Abyssinia herself, H.M.S. Caroline and all the Japanese war ships, and the

various great British ocean steamers in port from the Belgic downwards, were rainbowed with bunting. It was a wonder that the Abyssinia ever survived to carry the Duke, for Robert Wight, Esq., her 3rd engineer, was entrusted with driving her through the terrific gale which made her two days instead of one coming round from Kobe, and thinking that the ship could take care of herself in any sort of weather, provided that there were only enough reefs and rocky islands to keep her in her course, got drunk and went to bed. This frightened the boiler mender, who went and fetched the chief engineer, with the result that the ship was saved, and Robert Wight, Esq., finished his sleep with a few pounds of iron on his ankles to steady him until his arrival at Yokohama, when he was brought before H.B.M.'s Acting Consul J. J. Enslie, Esq., and sentenced to a richly deserved three months with hard labour. It is a good thing that he disgraced himself before such valuable lives as the Duke's, Sir John MacNeill, V.C.'s and Colonel Cavaye's were risked in his care, though, for the matter of that, any lives are too valuable, and a big ship carries several hundred.

The Abyssinia had been beautifully fitted up for the voyage. Mr. Lindsley, agent for the Canadian Pacific Company at Yokohama, deservedly popular for his courtesy, took me over the Duke's quarters, which consisted of a charming little sitting room—erst the captain's cabin—windowed on both sides—on deck, and for his personal accommodation on the starboard side of the main deck, a fine suite of nine rooms, from which the usual cabin fixings had been removed. The Duke and Duchess had each a bed room, dressing room, retiring room and bath room, all *en suite*, the two bed rooms adjoining each other, and at the end a charming little sitting room, with a table, sofa, chairs, etc. Their cabins had regular beds—four posters—instead of berths, chests of drawers, ordinary human looking glasses, ordinary sofas and easy chairs, and the whole suite had in lieu of paper their walls very handsomely draped. In the Duchess's bedroom, on the niches of her looking-glasses, were two of the queer little Japanese trained fir trees, only a few inches high, which had taken ten years training to dwarf them to their present dimensions, and the whole suite was, of course, decorated with handsome plants and bouquets. There was ample room, should they choose, for the royal party to dine in either of their sitting rooms; but the Duke, like a sensible, courteous gentleman, always shows a marked preference for taking his meals at *table d'hôte*, which he naturally continued in the levelling life on board ship.

Until the Duke came on board, the C.P.R.'s house flag had been flying from the maintop, but the moment he had set foot on the crimson draped companion way, with quite an Easter Sunday decoration of lilies and palms, the royal banner of England ran up in its place, and the guns of seven war ships thundered forth a salute, while the band of funny little Japanese soldiers, looking very much like telegraph boys in the uniform of this peculiar regiment, struck up the well known strains which still belong to the Queen, but will doubtless soon be shared by the Mikado. Almost as soon as the Duke came on board, he went off to have a chat with a little knot of famous English cricketers who had come on to Japan after their tour in India, prominent among whom was that best cricketer who ever came out of Nazareth, I mean Scotland, J. G. Walker. The Duke came on board attended by that dreamy looking sphinx, Mr. Fraser, H.B.M.'s Minister (by some cruel freak of nature a diplomat instead of an Oxford Don), the dignified Master of Napier, the Whiskeredoed German Consul-General, and the assistant Japanese Secretary of the British legation, particularly glorious in a long frock coat, an immaculate silk hat, white waistcoat, dark blue bird's eye necktie, with a pearl in it, dark striped trousers, and patent leather boots—all this enclosing five feet nothing and in unfortunate proximity to the Duke's valet, who is as fine a specimen of manhood as can be imagined, immensely big and strong and with majestic features, a man like the Emperor Frederic—a man whose face and figure Michael Angelo would have chosen for a demigod. Damodar, the Duke's Bengali, did not lend his usual touch of picturesqueness to the scene, having exchanged his white turban and his native garments for a tweed suit, in which he looked as wooden as a Japanese masquerading à la European.

The Duke and staff came on board in low felt hats, looking more comfortable than the legation folks, who came frock-coated and silk-hatted, as in etiquette bound. The whole community felt genuinely sorry that they were seeing the last of the handsome, soldierly Duke, so courteous and natural and friendly to every body, and his beautiful Duchess, and the jolly, ever youthful face of the V.C., and of poor Major Barttelot's brother-in-law, Col. Cavaye, the Duke's Military Secretary, who seemed to me the ideal Aide-de-Camp for a prince, for, added to a big bump of organization, his charming disposition and admirable tact win hosts of friends for both himself and his royal master. We were taking leave of them that day quite certain that their progress through Canada would be marked by a fervent outburst of loyalty. If there is in any country in the world where high rank combined with soldierly qualities, simplicity of life, and unartificial courtesy and cordiality are valued more than elsewhere, it is Canada, loyal through so many dark times. While we were all standing respectfully about the Duke—chatting now with one, now with another, and good naturedly autographing photographs, the "telegraph boys" imitated really rather successfully such familiar airs as the "Soon to be in London town" of the "Powder Monkey,"

"The Girl I left Behind Me," "The Anchors Weighed," "Rule Britannia," and passés waltzes galore, and then at last came the final handshaking and the scramble down on the launches without a cheer, the pith of the party being too dignified for that, and the swift steam back to the Hatoba. However, when the anchor really was weighed and the graceful ship (the Abyssinia is a very handsome low-hulled, rakish-looking craft), forged ahead the other British ships, especially the Belgic, gave her a British cheer. I stood on the Bund watching her until she faded out of sight behind the tree enfolded villas of the European Bluff. It was such a charming sight, in the background the Spit and Bluff of Kanagawa, the blue sea, and the distant blue hills of Kanozan, nearer in a chain of stately British merchantmen and pugnacious-looking little Japanese ironclads, rainbowed all of them from stem to stern, and gliding away from them through a crowd of junks and sampans spreading the graceful white banners with which they play at sailing, the fine fourteen knot steamer which, by this day fortnight, would have landed the royal party in "The Seaport of the Twentieth Century." Once in Vancouver, subject to special exigencies of state, the Duke had confided arrangements until they stepped on board the Allan liner at Quebec, the other end of the great Dominion, to the Canadian Pacific directors in general, and Sir George Stephen in particular. The latter being an old friend and fellow-sportsman of the Duke's valued Sir John, who, in addition to being V.C., is an ardent sportsman—in Canada every year for the last ten years slaying the lordly salmon. It was an understood thing, however, that they would visit at least Vancouver, Victoria, Banff, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Niagara, and spend two or three days with the Governor-General at Ottawa. We knew that their reception in Canada would form a marked contrast to their reception in Japan. The *Japan Gazette* had considerable justice in remarking, "Now that our guests have left, it will not be indecent to express our regret that our reception committee was not able to do all we know it desired to do. Yet the members have, as far as circumstances would permit, faithfully discharged the commission they received from the community; that there was a beggarly display, or, rather, no display at all, on the occasion of landing and reëmbarking, is not the fault of our British reception committee, but is due to the acceptance of others (*i.e.* Japanese) of a task they have not discharged as we would have done, or as would have been done had two members of the Japanese Imperial Family landed in an English port."

The English of the port on both occasions made a fine showing with their national dignity of carriage and affectionate respectfulness to royalty, and the Americans were very nearly as enthusiastic. The English and the Americans are one people abroad. But Japanese vanity cannot understand their being any princes outside Japan. It is quite impossible to express the idea of foreign princes to the lower class Japanese. There was, however, one notable exception, the charming and dignified Marquis Kide and the Germans were most marked in their attentions, giving both a banquet and ball.

A Broad Side.

[Extemporized for Major McKinley to the air of "Maryland! My Maryland!"]

A glorious future waits for you,
 Canada! our Canada!
 If to yourself you are but true,
 Canada! our Canada!

And let not reciprocity,
 Like Esau's Mess of Pottage, buy
 Your birthright and your liberty,
 Canada! our Canada!

I see a nation great and free,
 Canada! our Canada!
 Next to Old England on the sea,
 Canada! our Canada!

I see great ships on every breeze
 Bearing the wealth of Eastern seas
 To pile it on Vancouver's quays,
 Canada! our Canada!

Though foreign jealousy and greed,
 Canada! our Canada!
 Have on your labour war decreed,
 Canada! our Canada!

Though from Columbia's borders hurled,
 You'll find fresh ports in all the world,
 Where e'er the Good Red Flag's unfurled,
 Canada! our Canada!

The nerve which won the appalling day,
 Canada! our Canada!
 At Chrysler's Farm and Chateaugay,
 Canada! our Canada!

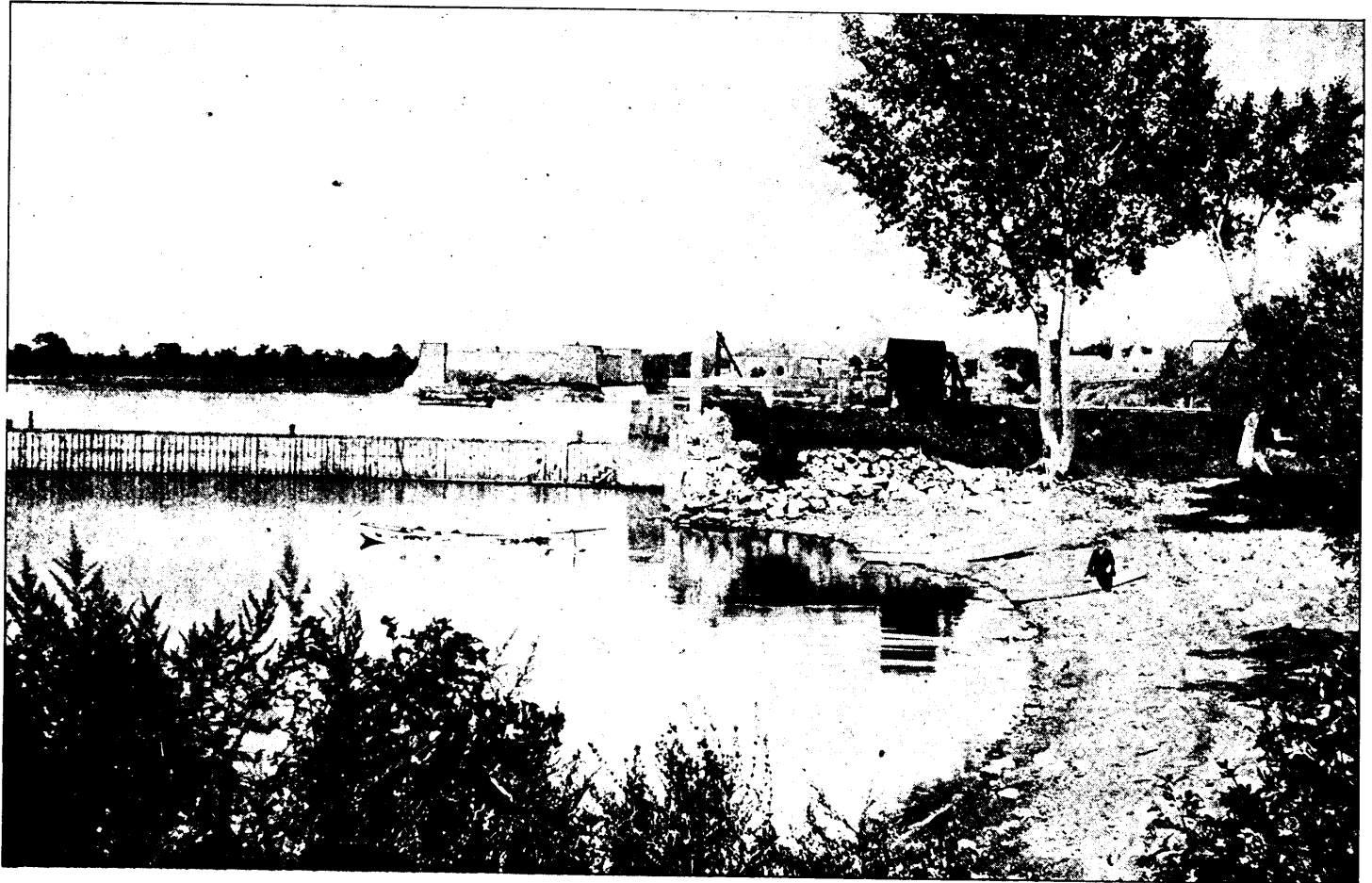
Will steel you for the swordless war,
 As in the fighting days of yore
 Serene in battle's loudest roar,
 Canada! our Canada!

GNOTH SEAUTON! look within,
 Canada! our Canada!
 Learn your own greatness, seek your kin,
 Canada! our Canada!

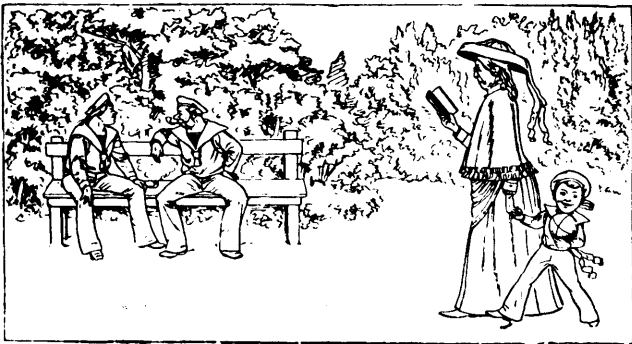
Land of the wheat-field and the pine,
 You have no need to play the vine,
 And round an alien trunk entwined—
 Arise, and a true nation shine,
 Canada! our Canada!

Montreal.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.



SCENE NEAR CHAMBLY, P.Q.



A SUDDEN METAMORPHOSIS.