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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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THE LOG SLIDE.—See page 363.
LUMBERING IN CANADA.

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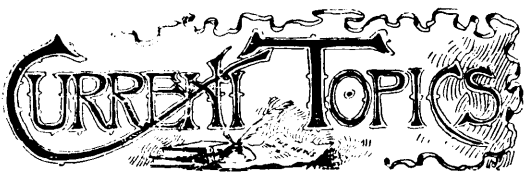
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18th APRIL, 1891.



Reciprocity—Past and Present.

The result of the recent reciprocity negotiations cannot be considered as unexpected. The whole history of all such efforts made by Canada, shows a list of rebuffs and scant courtesies in return appalling to any but those most hardened or most forgetful. Not only so, but when we examine into international relations we find that on several occasions has Canada made distinct reductions in her tariff or has granted special tariff favours to the United States, without a solitary instance of a corresponding courtesy being granted to the smaller nation, excepting, of course, such regular treaties between the two countries, as had received official sanction. The long list extends back over nearly half a century. In 1847, duties on U. S. goods were reduced from 12½ per cent to 7½ per cent; no reciprocating measure was granted by that country. Two years later our duties on American produce of almost every class were entirely removed; no reciprocal favour to Canadian produce. In 1850, Canada sent a special commissioner to beg that her natural products be admitted free; still no favourable response. Things drifted along in this one-sided manner until 1854, when that much be-lauded treaty was actually concluded, and lasted twelve years. From the year of its birth it was constantly assailed by a large portion of the American press and people, and finally in 1865 notice was officially given by that government of their wish to discontinue its operation. The great civil war had been raging for five years, and there had been a heavy demand for our produce. In July of that year a commercial convention met at Detroit, and was attended by delegates from every leading city in the Northern States and in the British Provinces. The subject of reciprocity was discussed at length, and while the convention unanimously opposed the treaty then existing, they were equally unanimous in passing a resolution requesting the government of the United States to negotiate for a new treaty. The request bore no fruit. Three years later our government provided by law for free admission of American products, should the United States grant us equal privileges, following this up by sending another commissioner to Washington to try to obtain reciprocal terms. The result was as useless as before. In 1871, we again proposed the revival of the '54 treaty in principle, which proposition shared the same fate as its predecessors. In 1874, when a change of government had taken place, we again sent a commissioner; his labours received even less attention than our previous efforts had. In 1879, when the National Policy came into existence, reciprocity was still provided for; and in 1887 the subject was again brought before our neighbours. All failed. Now, in 1891, even personal courtesy to the commission sent has been

conspicuous by its absence. In reviewing all these efforts we have the decidedly inglorious spectacle of our country continually on her knees to her powerful neighbour begging favours, and as continually receiving rebuffs. Could anything be less conducive to the growth of national sentiment or national pride.

Montreal, 1642-1892.

Just thirteen months from to-day will usher in the 250th anniversary of the landing of MAISON-NEUVE and his little colony on the site of Montreal, and the beginnings of its permanent settlement. We trust that the indifference usually shown by our citizens to historical matters will not characterize this occasion, representing as it does the most important event in the history of the island. Many persons think that special attention to such observances are worse than useless, involving an expenditure of time and money with no practical result; this class is, however, becoming less and less a representative one. Our neighbours to the south of us have devoted especial attention to the commemoration of the most important events in their civic and national life, with the result that not only has deep and permanent interest in historical research been awakened, and pride in matters of great moment to the community been aroused, but that the financial results of such a celebration have been more than satisfactory. The greater and more elaborate the display, the greater the attraction proves. The experience of American cities, noted for such events, is that the novelty of the affair brings vast numbers of visitors from all parts of the country, with a corresponding addition to the receipts of its merchants. The committee that have now the matter in hand will do well to have the celebration one that will be remembered with pride. It is unnecessary to speak at length here on the founders of Montreal and their actions, but it is well to remember the religious origin of the settlement, the condition of Canada at that period, and the almost incredible hardships and dangers through which they passed to carry out their work. A country swarming with the bloodthirsty Iroquois; the conditions of life with the rapid climatory changes completely unknown; funds low and little chance of return for the labour of many months; all attest the sterling qualities of the men and women who braved these dangers. Above all, the heroic MAISONNEUVE himself stands prominently out as the head and front of the little colony that by patient endurance held fast to their original plans and founded this fair city for us and for our children.

Newfoundland.

The present position of Newfoundland and the perplexed attitude in which the Imperial Government is placed, is admirably shown in a cartoon in a recent number of *Punch*. The Island is appropriately represented as a large dog, to whose tail is firmly fastened a lobster, labeled "Fisheries Difficulty," while John Bull, standing near by, exclaims, "If I could only get him to stand still I could soon settle the lobster." That is exactly the whole trouble. The Newfoundlanders will not stand still, and calmly fight out the matter along the lines of moderation and justice to all. Hard facts and inexorable law have to be considered. The French treaty has to be either abrogated or maintained; in either case England has to do the work. If France consents to take other territory or a cash payment for her rights on the Island, will it not be the Imperial Government that will have to surrender the territory, or foot the bill? As men of ordinary intelligence the Islanders should be reasonable and face the trouble in a sensible manner. They certainly have a substantial grievance to put up with; but England and Canada want to see it removed, and will do everything in reason to effect that end. But to rage and fume and roar at Britain and everything British because the Crown does not immediately clear out every Frenchman on the island is childish, and does more to damage their cause than to help it. It should be remembered that the greater outcry made by Newfoundland the more value will France attach to her treaty rights, and the slower will she be to consent to part with them.

The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891. QUESTIONS.

THIRD SERIES.

- 13.—Give particulars of the mention of one of the first proprietors of the Island of Montreal?
- 14.—State the name of a retired officer in the British Army, who is an artist.
- 15.—Where is it mentioned that tea is intoxicating?
- 16.—In what article and under what name is mention made of a new magazine, whose main object will be to aid in ameliorating the sufferings of the poor.
- 17.—Give details of the mention of a great defeat sustained by France in 1692.
- 18.—On what page appears an item relative to a portage of fifty miles through the woods?

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 143 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January, February and March.

TO THE LUMBER REGIONS, III.

(HABERER.)



A glimpse of the Shanties by Moonlight

THERE

was no confusion and no delay in preparing for work. At 6 a. m. rang out the morning call for the start. The teams, 15 double sleds, with a pair of horses or oxen to each, were already hitched up, the animals having

appeared to be fully half a mile long. The logs are rolled into it, end on, and shoot with ever-increasing force downward to the brink, over which they go with terrific speed, to strike like a cannon ball the frozen earth 150 feet below. When a dozen or so have been collected at the foot of the slide the trumpet call rings out and no more are sent down till these have been removed and piled in roll-ways ready to be hauled to the river. Then the signal is given that the coast is clear and a rumbling sound soon announces the coming of others from above. At the foot of the slide the logs are loaded on "bob-sleds," eight to thirteen at a load, according to their size, and hauled away to the river, on whose frozen surface they are spread out to await the breaking up of the ice. We visited the river, and saw 20,000 to 30,000 pieces, forming a veritable river of logs. We spent the whole of Saturday in the bush, and got a very good idea of lumbering operations. Where very extensive operations are carried on by a company having timber limits, the men are divided into gangs, that may number

been well fed and groomed, and away they went for the different stations in the woods to begin the day's work.

After a hearty breakfast our party set out for a visit to the scene of operations. We had before us a walk of a couple of miles through the deep woods, along the road already taken by the teams. On the way we saw numerous tracks of rabbits and foxes, but none of deer or caribou, nor did we see anything more than footprints. The clear sound of a signal trumpet indicated our near approach to the men, and soon the shouts of axemen and teamsters were heard echoing through the woods. The first evidence of real work that met our gaze was a pair of oxen hauling logs from the "slide" to a roll-way. The axemen, or choppers, were at work away up the mountain side, and thither our steps were bent. It was a stiff climb, over rocks and through the bushes.

Once there the foreman, our guide, explained the mode of operations. The head chopper first goes over the ground and selects the trees to be felled. Generally two axemen work together, one at each side of a tree, and the chips fly like sparks from an anvil. As they near the heart of the tree a shiver passing through its tall form follows each blow, and presently the top begins to sway and bend. The notch cut by the axeman on the side toward which the tree is intended to fall is a little lower than that cut by his mate. The former ceases cutting, the latter drives the keen, wedge-

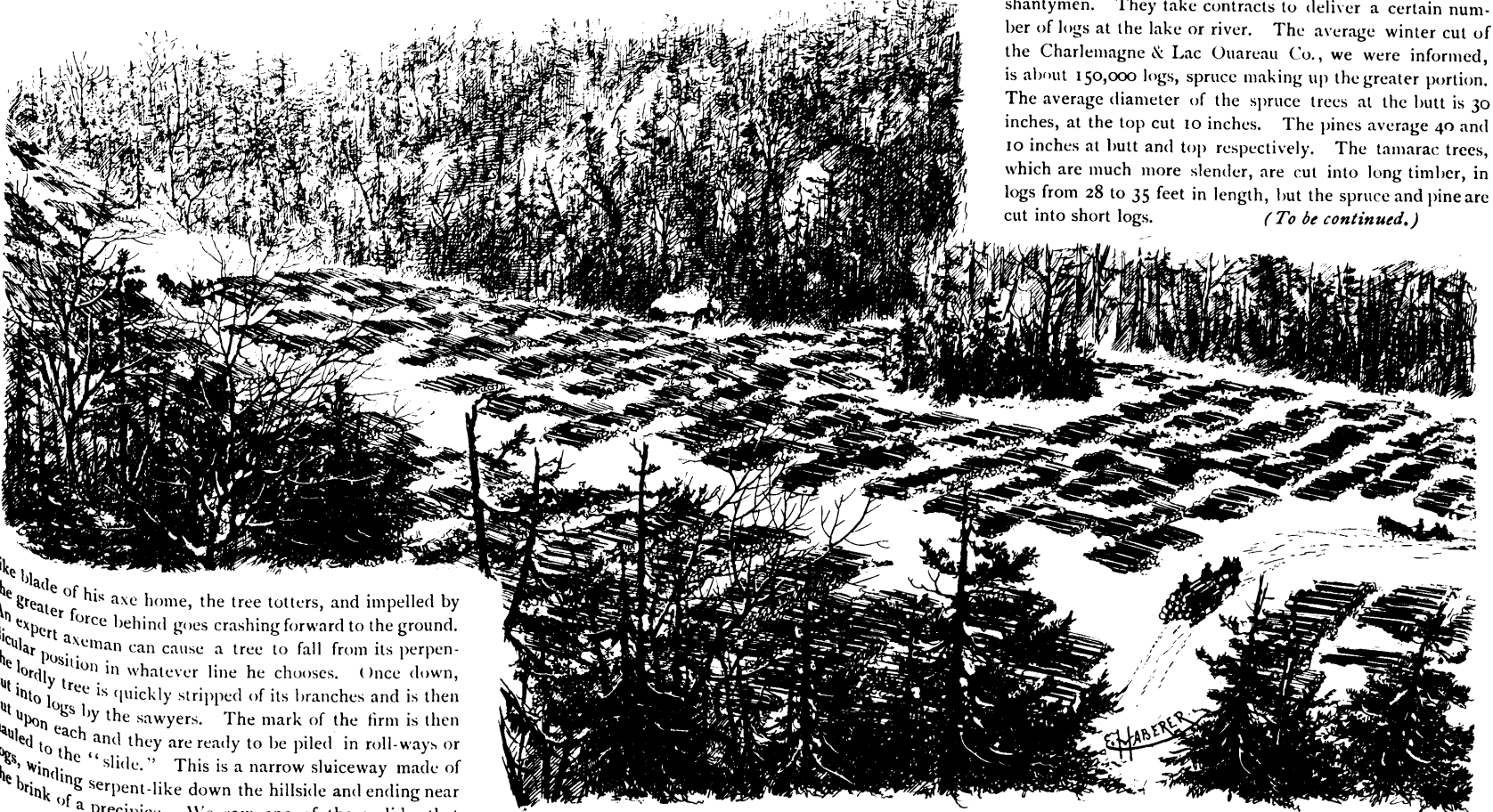


MORNING CALL FOR THE START



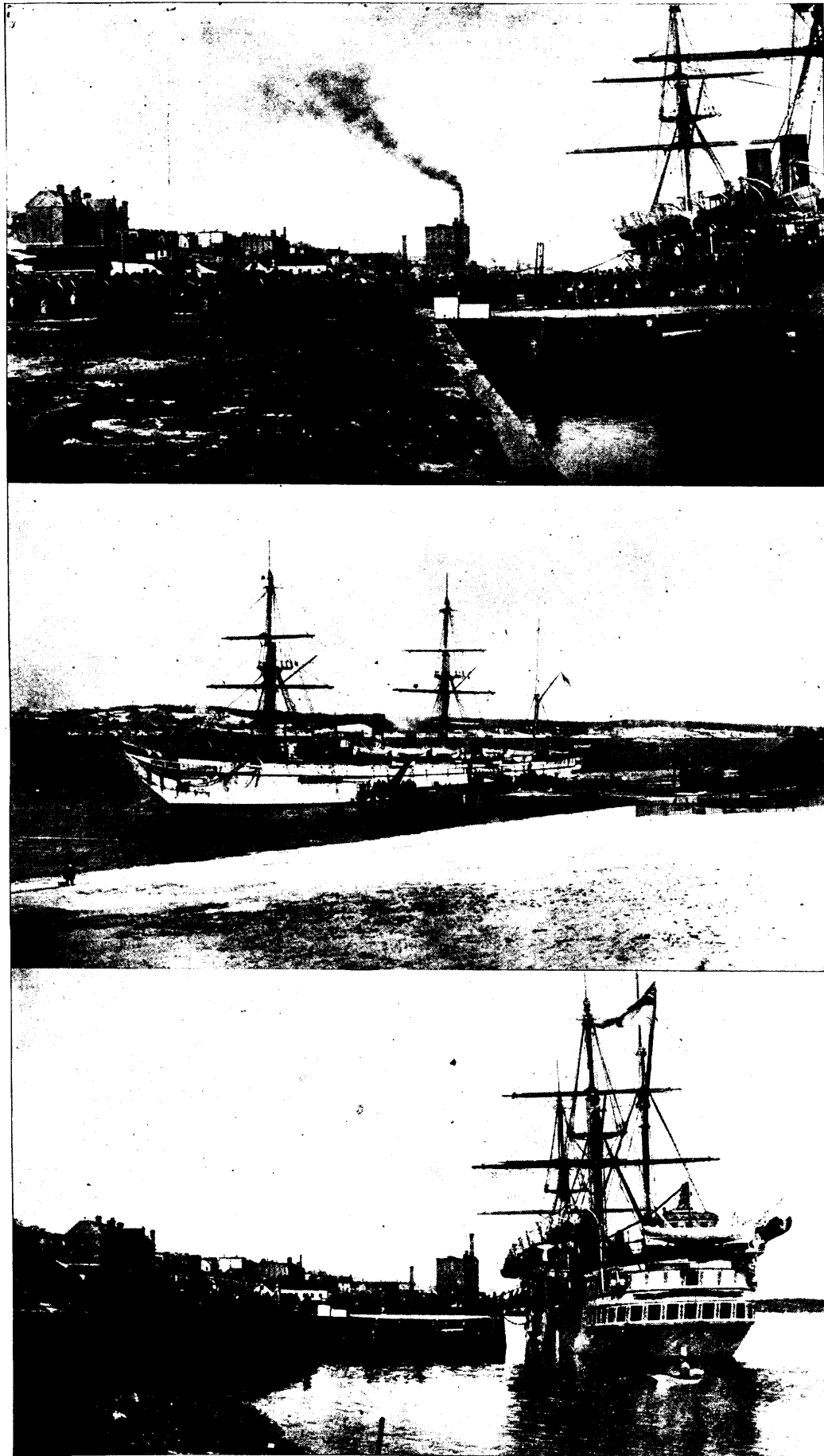
CHOPPING A TREE.

anywhere from 20 to 50. There is in such cases a superintendent, who goes from gang to gang and has a general oversight of all the work done. Each gang has its own foreman, who enters in a book each evening an account of the day's work. Of late, the most of the lumbering, however, is done by jobbers, who are independent of the regular shantymen. They take contracts to deliver a certain number of logs at the lake or river. The average winter cut of the Charlemagne & Lac Ouareau Co., we were informed, is about 150,000 logs, spruce making up the greater portion. The average diameter of the spruce trees at the butt is 30 inches, at the top cut 10 inches. The pines average 40 and 10 inches at butt and top respectively. The tamarac trees, which are much more slender, are cut into long timber, in logs from 28 to 35 feet in length, but the spruce and pine are cut into short logs. (To be continued.)

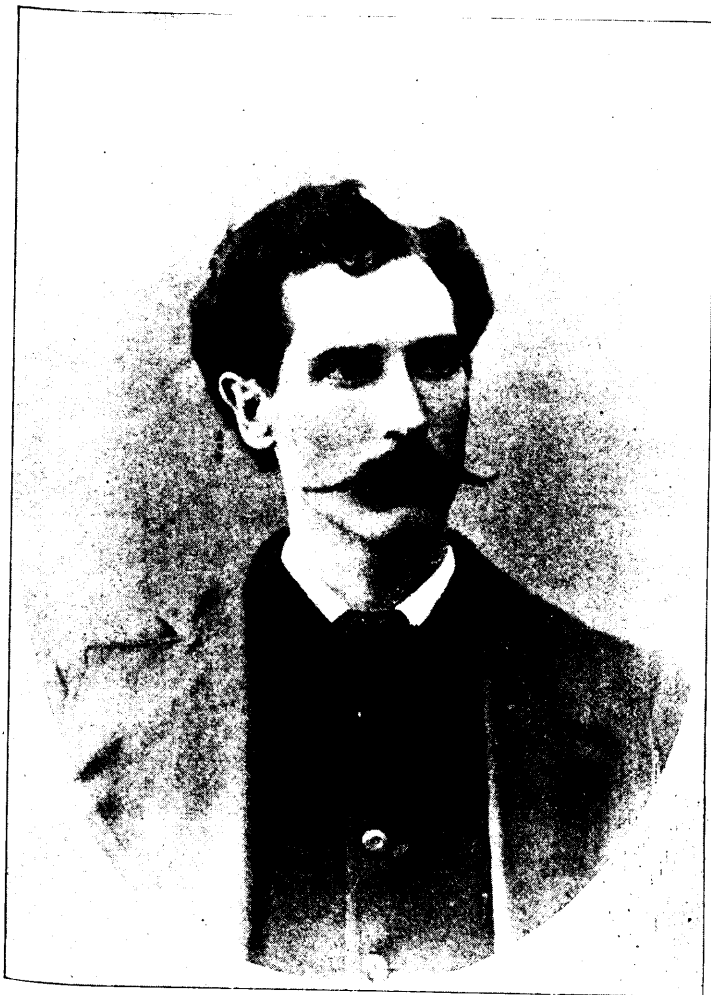


like blade of his axe home, the tree totters, and impelled by the greater force behind goes crashing forward to the ground. An expert axeman can cause a tree to fall from its perpendicular position in whatever line he chooses. Once down, the lordly tree is quickly stripped of its branches and is then cut into logs by the sawyers. The mark of the firm is then cut upon each and they are ready to be piled in roll-ways or hauled to the "slide." This is a narrow sluiceway made of logs, winding serpent-like down the hillside and ending near the brink of a precipice. We saw one of these slides that

RIVER OF LOGS.



SCENES AT THE EMBARKATION OF THE WEST RIDING REGIMENT (LATE 76th FOOT) AT HALIFAX FOR THE WEST INDIES, 9th MARCH, 1891.



THE LATE MR. HENRY READ.
Assistant-Treasurer Grand Trunk Railway.



MISS. RITCHIE, B.A., M.D.,
The first lady graduate in Medicine in the Province of Quebec.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, March 28, 1891.

Whoever it may have been who wrote the newly discovered manuscript on the "Constitution of Athens," there is now a general impression, almost amounting to a certainty, that Aristotle did not. Classical scholars at Oxford and Cambridge are finding fresh discrepancies, both literary and political, every day; indeed the new work contradicts all the better known historians in point after point. Thucydides and Plutarch especially come off badly; the history of Athens, as told by them and by the writer of the new manuscript, whoever he may really be, differs tremendously, not on small points only but on the most vital and important. It is not supposed that the new work is a forgery, indeed that is impossible, as far back in the century, about 1820, very small and incomplete fragments of this same manuscript were found by some German scholars; but many things go to prove that, although Aristotle himself did not write it, it was written by one of his pupils. By the way, much dissatisfaction was caused at the Universities by the fearful number of misprints and general careless editing in the first edition.

Mr. Henry J. W. Dam may be a very good journalist, indeed in that capacity report from America speaks very highly of him, but at present he will not do as a dramatist, although with more care and more attention to the technical details of dramatic construction, we may yet see him produce good work. "Diamond Deane" was originally accepted by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who would have produced it at one of his special Monday evening performances had not illness and the wonderful success of "The Dancing Girl" intervened. I suppose that Mr. Dam, whom, by the way, the *Daily Chronicle*, perhaps out of false delicacy (has the revival of puritanism brought us to this!) persisted the next morning in calling Mr. Darn, was impatient and would not brook delay so that Mr. Thorne was induced to bring it out. There is no doubt it was a failure,—the play has its good points, its good situations and its good ideas, but the con-

struction and the technique of the whole thing was too weak. In the first place Mr. Dam spoilt his own chances by dragging in that old and futile stage device, which one used to meet everywhere, but now only in comic opera, of mistaken identity. Diamond Deane is a young woman, brought up in the haunts of crime, becomes companion to a certain married woman who happens to differ from her greatly, both in height and general appearance. But Miss Young, as Diamond Deane styles herself, goes to meet her lover, who is also an acquaintance of her mistress, and dons as a disguise her mistress's cloak. Of course she is seen by the husband and by her mistress's brother, who both swear that it is the wife herself. (It is surprising what a disguise an ordinary cloak is supposed to be by young dramatists.) Consequently complications ensue which are duly cleared up in the last act by the confession of Diamond Deane. Miss Millward, as the adventuress, acted with wonderful force and dramatic power and did a great deal towards the saving of the play. But the real success of the piece, from the histrionic point of view, was the performance of Miss Dorothy Dove, a young American actress, of great beauty, who made her first appearance in London, as the wife. M. H. B. Conway was the jealous husband, and Mr. Thomas Thorne, the lessee of the theatre, was a garrulous and exceedingly tiresome old clergyman.

By the way Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree intends, in a week or two, to recommence the Monday evening trials with Mr. Henderson's "Silent Battle."

One sometimes feels the want, when coming to London from the provinces, of some guide book, which will not be one dry catalogue of things worth seeing, which are very often not worth seeing. One tires of the everlasting Baedeker, with his cut and dried information, and one wants some book more 'up to date,' more effervescent and more chatty. Such a book is Rascoe's "London of To-Day"—an annual publication, which is so little a guide book that one can sit and read it from cover to cover for mere enjoyment's sake.

The work is crammed full of illustrations—all of them good and some of them very clever. While on the subject of books in London, I may as well mention "An American Girl in London," by Sara Jeannette Duncan, which appeared last week. Nothing so fresh and original has appeared for some time, the description of some of the sights of London being intensely humorous; it is interesting, too, to see ourselves, now and then, as others see us.

The newspapers are making a tremendous fuss over Mr. Raiké's proposal to stop the Boy Messenger's Company and to start a feeble imitation of his own as an addition to the already badly managed post office. The private company is all that it should be, but the new scheme propounded by the post office is cumbersome and too much the outcome of officialdom to be of any great use—its regulations being harrassing, awkward and obscure. The fuss that has been made over this latest of Mr. Raiké's freaks will have, at least, one good result. Earl Compton will, on April 17, move for a select committee to inquire into the whole administration of the post office.

A school for birds has just been established in Covent Garden, in which singing birds, such as bull-finches, are taught to sing the tunes of songs in a correct and proper way. It has been found that each bird can manage to remember two tunes at a time, "Ho! Jolly Jenkin," "The Bogie Man" and "Wink the Other Eye" being among the tunes learnt.

Last Wednesday was produced at the Globe Theatre, which, in spite of all the improvements in its furniture, structure and lighting, has proved so far but a very poor speculation for Mr. Norman Forbes, Mr. J. W. Piggott's comedy-drama, "The Book-Maker," with Mr. Harry Paulton as Sir Joseph Trent, the baronet book-maker. Mr. Paulton is the third actor to essay this character in London, Mr. Edward Terry and Mr. Nathaniel Godwin being his predecessors. It is a fairly amusing and interesting play, but rather too conventional and constructed of too old materials to please modern audiences, and will, I fear, not run long.

GRANT RICHARDS.



THE WIDOW WILKINS.

By J. H. BROWN.

The widow Wilkins was a gossip. I hope I do her no injustice in admitting the fact. And if to be a gossip is to be vulgar, then I fear there is no denying that the widow Wilkins was vulgar. But, as the amiable vice I have charged her with is a not uncommon weakness in respectable, nay, even in fashionable circles, perhaps we should err if, with needless vigour, we refused the widow our sympathy on this account alone. I should like to give her the benefit of the doubt, if there be a doubt. For I am sure that her motives were, to her own mind, not only irreproachable, but often virtuous.

Still she was a gossip. Fate had not been particularly kind to her, and her pleasures were scanty. She had had a husband, as has no doubt been justly enough assumed, but her husband was not dead, as has probably also been concluded. She had been unhappy with him; and when,

without the formality of an adieu, he left her one fine morning, allowing her to discover by the lapse of time alone that he had no intention of returning, she gave notice to her friends that he had become to her as one dead. So it was that, as the years went by she came to be spoken of as the *widow* Wilkins. She had supported herself and her two children, Sara-Ann and Tom, during all the long years, doing odd jobs by the day, for which she managed to be better paid than the average work-woman. Sara-Ann was now a young person of marriageable age, and Tom would soon be a journeyman painter. And so the widow felt, I suppose, that the active part of her work in the world was well nigh done, and that she might henceforth take her pleasure as a disinterested, or an interested, spectator of the great human comedy.

The widow's interest in her neighbours was so keen that,

though perhaps unselfish, it could hardly be called disinterested. In nothing are we less disinterested, as a rule, than in our pleasures, and the widow Wilkins' interest in her neighbours was her one pleasure. She observed all their goings and comings, she mused about them, she dreamed about them. She invented mildly exciting little dramas, in which they were the actors, and in which she not unfrequently appeared, assuming a leading part, which, to the good lady's honour I may say, was invariably a benevolent one. Like a true disciple of the romantic school, she knew how to make her characters interesting by creating situations for them such as the mean and even tenor of their lives could not furnish. Sometimes the prophecies contained in her little dramas were wrought out; as often, perhaps, they ended disappointingly.

The latter, I regret to say, was the case in that little affair with Miriam Cohen, the eldest daughter of the Cohen family, who moved into McDermott's rather rickety brick terrace on the opposite side of the street. The Cohens, I need hardly say, were Jews. There was a numerous family of them. There was the father, a bright, active little man, who made himself a cigarette whenever he had a leisure moment, and then stood looking out from a cloud of smoke with business in his eye. There was the mother, prematurely old, anxious and hard-featured, though she had once been young, and probably well-favoured. There were four or five bright little boys and almost as many bright little girls. But the bright, particular star of the family was the eldest daughter, Miriam. She was indeed the beautiful Jewess, the typical Jewess we so often hear of and so seldom see. How describe the indescribable? Her hair was black; crisp, curling and abundant. Her rich life-current showed in her lips and in the dark roses of her cheeks. And her eyes were miniature worlds where night—a radiant summer night—forever reigned. Besides these members of the Cohen family there lived with them a stalwart gentleman of thirty, or thereabouts, with a dark beard and a severe and silent manner. I have called him a gentleman, and although his clothes were threadbare, and were not what Poole would consider a fit, he looked as if he might be a gentleman, or at any rate, something quite as formidable.

Now it was in these two—the pretty Jewess and the silent Jew that the widow Wilkins became at once more than usually interested. She sat at her window and watched their house from day to day, and as much of every day as her duties permitted. Though she was never aware of it, the earnestness of her observation was, on more than one occasion, noted and commented upon by the younger members of the interesting family.

"What is that fat woman looking at our house for every day?" asked little Ezra Cohen, one Sunday afternoon, when, on glancing up from his book several times within an hour, he found the widow's eyes fixed upon him with a severity which, in her case, merely accompanied profound reflection.

"She's a witch," said Rube, who was busy manufacturing a chequer-board, "and if you look at her she will turn you into a black cat." He courageously popped to the window himself, however, made a grimace at the widow, and as quickly popped down again. Ezra threw down his book and began jumping gleefully about the room, making similar grimaces; thus, in imagination, heaping contumely on the unsuspecting lady. He then crept to the window and peeped out. She was still there, staring across in serene unconsciousness.

She was weaving her romance. The reserved and silent Jew was madly in love with the beautiful Jewess. He was a friend of the family, and, dwelling in a land of strangers, as they all were, her father had invited him to make his home with them. But his constant affection was not reciprocated. The pretty Jewess, she suspected, had bestowed her heart elsewhere, or, if she had not, she found the too serious character of her lover ungenial. The girl was young—so argued the widow—and inexperienced, or she would not lightly throw away the pure gold of such an attachment. Day after day the widow saw him return from work, weary and dejected; hoping against hope for a kind word, a smile, from her who was dearer to him than life. Sometimes, indeed, he was met at the door by the girl herself; but she always received him in the coldest and most matter-of-fact manner; and he, on his part, concealed well the heavy chill of disappointment that then came over him. It was evident that her parents favoured the young man's suit; but the girl, as the widow's penetration had discerned, was too young, too light of heart, to conceive the strength and bitterness of an absorbing and unreturned passion. How the good lady wished the pretty Jewess were her daughter.



MISS RITCHIE, B.A., M.D.C.M.—Octavia Grace Ritchie was born in Montreal, being the youngest daughter of the late Thomas W. Ritchie, Q.C. She attended the Girls' High School for six years, and then in June, 1884, took the University certificate of Associate in Arts. In the autumn of the same year she registered as an arts student at McGill, and in 1888 graduated with honours in natural science. She was on this occasion valedictorian for the first class of lady graduates. In the following September she passed the matriculation examination of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Province of Quebec, heading the list. Shortly afterwards she entered the Women's Medical College, Kingston, where she won a scholarship at the close of the second year. Not being satisfied with the hospital advantages of Kingston, Miss Ritchie applied to Bishop's College, Montreal, for admission, and, having obtained it, attended lectures there during the past session, receiving her clinical instruction at the Montreal General Hospital. At the Synod Hall, the 31st March, the degree of M.D. C.M. was for the first time in the history of this Province conferred on a woman. Dr. Grace Ritchie will leave Montreal early in May to continue her studies in Edinburgh, London and Paris.

THE LATE MR. HENRY READ.—The late Mr. Henry Read, whose death occurred on the 4th inst., was yet in the prime of life, being only 38 years of age. For many years he was secretary-treasurer of the Midland Railway Co., prior to its amalgamation with the Grand Trunk. When that event occurred he was made assistant treasurer of the Grand Trunk, a position he continued to fill with great ability until fatal illness came upon him. He died of pneumonia. Mr. Read was a faithful officer and a kind and courteous gentleman, whose death at so early an age is regretted by a very wide circle of friends. He left a widow and three children. The remains of the deceased gentleman were interred at Port Hope, Ont., and a very large number of representative citizens of that town turned out to pay a last tribute of respect to his memory.

DEPARTURE OF THE WEST RIDING REGIMENT FROM HALIFAX.—There was an animated scene at the Halifax dock yards on the morning of March 9th, when the West Riding Regiment embarked on the troopship "Orontes" en route to the West Indies. The band of the Leicestershire Regiment, which takes the place of the West Riding on the Halifax station, and the bands of the 63rd Rifles and the 66th Fusiliers, of Halifax, played the departing regiment down to the dockyard wharf, at the gate of which an immense crowd had congregated. It was a stirring scene. As the regiment passed through the gate cheer after cheer went up and the vast crowd surged forward, climbed the fences, mounted wagons and sought every point of vantage to get a parting glimpse of the gallant fellows. When they were in the act of embarking the three bands played in succession "Far Away," "Will Ye No Come Again," "Good bye at the Door" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." As the vessel moved from the dock the West Riding band, from their position in a big life-boat amidships, struck up, "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye," followed by "We May Not Meet Again." Then ringing cheers went up from ship and shore. The strains of "Far Away," by the departing band, were the last sounds that came to the ears of the watchers on the wharf as the ship glided down the harbour and out to sea. The "Orontes" sailed first to Jamaica, leaving there three companies of the West Riding. The rest, with the exception of half a company to be left at Ascension, were stationed at Barbadoes.

SIR PROVO WALLIS, THE FATHER OF THE BRITISH FLEET.—Of all British North Americans who have entered the Imperial army and navy, the most prominent living representative is Sir Provo Wallis, G.C.B., the Senior Admiral of Her Majesty's fleet, who attained his 100th birthday on Sunday, 12th inst. He is a Nova Scotian by birth, born in the historic city of Halifax, and the son of Provo Featherstone Wallis, who was Royal Naval Commissioner on that station. Young Wallis was destined for naval life, and, when 13 years of age, joined H. M. S.

"Cleopatra" as midshipman, and served throughout the war with France which was so steadily waged during the early part of this century. The most prominent feature of Sir Provo's life is that he is the last survivor of the memorable fight between H.M.S. "Shannon" and the United States ship "Chesapeake," which took place on the 1st June, 1813, resulting in the total defeat of the American vessel and her capture by the "Shannon." The story of this fight has been ably told by many pens, and it is unnecessary to here enlarge upon it. It is sufficient to say that the victory was complete in every way. Captain Broke, of the "Shannon," was dangerously wounded, while his brave opponent, Captain Laurence, received injuries which resulted in his death. Lieut. Wallis, being the senior officer unhurt, took command of the "Shannon," and sailed her into Halifax, where they were received with every demonstration of joy at the result of the fight. Shortly afterwards Lieut. Wallis was promoted to the rank of Commander, followed up in due time by further promotion to post captain. In 1857 he became Admiral, and, despite his great age, still remains on the list of active admirals of the fleet, of which he is senior. To do honour to the event, Her Majesty ordered his flag to be hoisted and saluted at all the chief naval stations and an extra allowance of grog to the crews of all ships in commission to drink his health and commemorate the glorious victory of which he is sole survivor. Since his retirement from active service he has been living at Funtington House, Chichester, England. We trust that he will still be spared to the nation as a good type of the old "Mariners of England," who guarded her seas and shores so faithfully nearly a century ago.

THE FALLS OF THE MAGAGUADAVIC.—Magaguadavic is an Indian name meaning "The River of the Hills." This stream rises in a chain of lakes within a short portage of a tributary of the St. John. It is about 80 miles long. Its course is, after leaving Lake Magaguadavic, chiefly through a rugged and exceedingly picturesque country. The village of St. George is near the Lower Falls, where the river is compressed into a chasm 30 feet wide and falls about fifty feet. The successive falls furnish a magnificent water power, which is availed of by a number of mills. The manufacture of lumber and granite are the chief industries. The falls are very beautiful, and the whole region attracts many visitors. The place is easily reached from St. John by the Grand Southern Railway. The Lower Falls are about four miles from the mouth of the river. Of this region Dr. Gesner writes: "The village, the cataract, the lake (Utopia), and the elevated wilderness to the north, render this part of the country peculiarly picturesque; indeed, the neighbourhood of St. George, the Digdeguash, Chamcook and the Lower St. Croix present the traveller with some of the finest scenery in America." Lake Utopia, one mile from St. George and six miles long, is in a particularly beautiful region, with a wealth of legendary lore.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB HOUSE, TORONTO ISLAND.—First among Canadian yacht clubs in membership and equipment is that of whose club house and grounds a view is elsewhere shown in this issue. Organized in 1852, it has now a membership of 750. The vitality of the club is extraordinary, and its popularity grows greater every year. The Island club house was built in 1880 at a cost of \$6,500. It was refurbished last year and the area of the ground increased to thirteen acres. The whole is now valued at \$25,000. The house contains seven large rooms and corridors, besides a steward's department. It is a two-storey building, with balconies twelve feet wide on three sides. The tower is twelve feet square, and contains an anemometer which registers in the hall below the velocity of the wind. There is attached the finest bowling green in America, made according to the latest approved plans by English experts. From a small, the club has grown to be a large and wealthy organization, whose membership includes many of the most prominent citizens of Toronto. Over \$2,000 is spent annually on regattas, and among the challenge cups is one valued at £500 sterling, presented to the club in 1860 by the Prince of Wales, in whose honour a regatta was held. The number of yachts represented by the club now is in the neighbourhood of 60, of which at least three-fourths are first-class boats. The organization has been self-sustaining from the outset. Its present officers are: A. R. Boswell, commodore; Thomas McGaw, vice-commodore; C. A. B. Brown, captain; S. Bruce Harman, honorary secretary.

During the following week she made several ineffective efforts to open acquaintance with the pretty Jewess. She might have called on the girl's mother, but that would not serve her purpose. She wished to have serious speech with Miriam herself. Surely this beautiful May time, with its returning birds, its opening buds and fresh, bright sunshine, should bring some hope to the forlorn gentleman. The girl must be spoken to. Her duty it was: it should be her task to speak.

But conceive the widow's dismay when, on the morning of the very day she had marked out for her unselfish attempt, she saw a hack drive up to the Cohens' door, which was entered by the melancholy gentleman in question. A valise or two and a square box were handed to him, and the cab drove away, followed, sadly enough, by the eyes of the entire family. But the heartless Miriam shed no tear: she was, indeed, the first to re-enter the house.

The widow was conscience-stricken. That she should be too late after all. But was she too late? Might he not be recalled? She would speak to the girl that very day.

In about an hour an opportunity offered. The young Jewess appeared at her door. As the widow saw at a glance, she was dressed for the street, in a well-fitting cardinal jersey, a skirt of a darker hue, and a pretty sailor hat with a red ribbon. The widow hastily threw on her bonnet and shawl and hurried out. She crossed the street quickly and was soon a few steps behind the girl. At this moment the latter turned a corner into a somewhat unfrequented street. The very one in which to have a quiet conversation without danger of interruption. This was the widow's chance.

"Ahem!"

The girl glanced around, but seeing it was the old woman who lived opposite she went on.

"Ahem! Miss!"

The young Jewess stared wonderingly at the old lady, who was now beside her.

"Could I speak to you a minute, Miss? It's for your own sake."

"Ye—es. What is it?" asked the astonished girl.

"Ah Miss, when I say it's for your own sake I'm telling nothing but the truth. Haven't I a girl of my own, and don't I wish to do to others as I would be done by? It's little you know, my dear young lady, what you've done this day."

"Why, what have I done?" The girl looked frightened.

"Ah, it's your own heart that tells you," said the widow, gaining courage, "and it's your heart that knows, or ought to know. I've seen it all for months,—and you're as dear to me as my own girl. And he's as dear to me as my own son. Bring him back before it's too late. How could you do it to him—and he so good and handsome, and so much in love with you?"

The girl had quickened her steps, as if to get away from the old woman. But now an idea struck her.

"O my goodness, you've made a mistake! It's some other person. I don't know what you're talking about."

"I've made no mistake," said the widow, with some asperity. "Didn't I see him go off in the cab this morning? And don't I know that it fairly broke the dear man's heart to part from you, and you not caring the turn of your heel for him, or pretending not to. But you might be proud to have him for a husband; and so might anyone. And if it was my own girl—"

"Is it the gentleman that went away from our house in the cab this morning?" said the girl, as if a light had flashed upon her, and with something like a smile playing about her lips.

"You know it is."

"That is Mr. Michaels, my uncle."

"Your uncle—!" the widow gasped.

"Yes; my mother's brother. In the summer he deals in small-wares and jewellery, which he sells in the country villages. He went away this morning and will be gone all summer. Had you anything else to say to me, ma'am?"

There was more than a smile upon her lips by this time. "O widow Wilkins! widow Wilkins!"

"And he's your uncle—your uncle? I thought—"

But the girl could restrain her mirth no longer. She hurried away to give it free course. The widow gazed after her for a moment with a look of mild despair; then turning about slowly she walked sadly homeward.

During the remainder of that day, and for many days afterward, the neighbours observed wonderingly that the widow's blinds were drawn. The story leaked out, as such stories will. And I doubt if she has ever quite recovered from the shock she received that spring morning when the pretty Jewess, breaking into laughter, ran away from her.



SIR PROVO W. PARRY WALLIS, G.C.B., WHO ATTAINED HIS 100th BIRTHDAY ON 12th APRIL.
THE FATHER OF THE BRITISH FLEET.



TRANSACTIONS OF THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE.

Few if any of the published transactions of this society approach in interest the part that is before us. To the student of Canadian history it is of special charm, and gives a good insight into the practical work done by the Institute in this section—work, the value of which it is difficult to overestimate. The historical papers published are some of the ones read at the summer session held at Niagara in July of last year—which shows, we may note *en passant*, that the season devoted by the members of our other societies, to rest or literary idleness, has been made good use by in the Institute, and in the most appropriate manner; the papers read bearing largely on Niagara annals. Of these, Mr. D. B. Read's article on "Newark in 1792" is an excellent sketch of that village, so rich in historic interest. He gives clear details of its settlement and early life. Mr. William Houston's paper on "The Legislative Work of the first Parliament of Upper Canada" is an admirable summary of the doings of that body. Another

paper by Mr. Read is devoted to "The Hurons," while Dr. Canniff follows it with an article on "The settlement and original survey of Niagara Township." Mr. J. C. Hamilton gives a very good account of "Slavery in Canada—Upper and Lower;" this is followed by what appears to us to be the best paper in the series—"Two Frontier Churches," by Miss Janet Carnochan, which is an excellent and interesting epitome of the history of two of our most historic churches, St. Mark's and St. Andrew's, of Niagara. Many will regret that illustrations—past and present—of the edifices do not accompany the article. An excellent finale is given to the volume by the transcription of part of a diary kept by a noble Scotch Loyalist, Col. Alexander Macdonell, in 1793, giving interesting particulars of a journey of Governor Simcoe and party from Humber Bay to Matchelache Bay. Altogether the collection is an excellent one, and contains much valuable historical information; we trust it will soon be followed by an equally good series of papers.

ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

The American Academy of Political and Social Science, Philadelphia, has just issued the fourth number of its *Annals*. The high standard set by the previous numbers is fully maintained in this issue. The volume just issued deals with such questions as the "Genesis of a Written Constitution," a masterly effort of Prof. Morey, of Rochester, to trace the

United States Constitution to its earliest beginnings in colonial charters; "Natural Law," an earnest plea of Prof. Taylor, of Michigan, for a doctrine which has been perhaps too lightly discarded; "Compulsory Voting," a thorough presentation by Mr. F. W. Holls, of New York, of a remedy for certain abuses of our political life, which are beginning to attract more and more attention; "The Wealth Concept," an able study in economic theory, by Prof. Tuttle, of Amherst. Another article treats of Economic Instruction in Italy, and gives an account of the university system. With the usual literary notes the whole makes a volume of rich and varied contents that cannot fail to stimulate earnest thought along important lines.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending March 28th and April 4th contain: Forged Literature, *Nineteenth Century*; The Correspondence of an Old Scotch Factor, *Scottish*; The Early Diary of Frances Burney, *Church Quarterly*; Lord John Russell, *Contemporary*; An Island Deer Forest, *Fortnightly*; The Castle of Alnwick, *Cornhill*; Crochets, *Temple Bar*; In the Mountains of Media, and Weighing the Stars, *Gentleman's*; The Story of a French Maid of Honour, *Belgravia*; Temperance in the Glacial Epoch, *Nature*; with instalments of "The Flight of the Shadow," and poetry. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.



FALLS OF MAGAGUADAVIC, ST. GEORGE, N. B.

Gossip from Nova Scotia

A most successful mission to the men of the Parish of St. Mary's, in Halifax, has just been concluded; the mission has lasted two weeks, and was conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, whose efforts aroused the utmost enthusiasm among the objects of their labours; the fruits of their exertions were visible on Palm Sunday, when two hundred and fifty candidates offered themselves for confirmation; the interest manifested by the special objects of the mission is said to have exceeded anything known before, and is a convincing proof of the eloquence and earnestness of the reverend Fathers. A particularly exhaustive consideration of the subject of future punishment was an especial feature of the season, on which occasion the existence of a material hell, with all the painful accompaniments commonly accredited to it, was clearly proven; this, no doubt, had an appreciable influence on the number of the candidates for confirmation; but Halifax can stand a little frightening if its effects are always of this nature.

I am glad to see that the command of the Bisley team this year will be given to a Nova Scotian; our turn came long ago, but we have been passed by so often that we have almost despaired of ever possessing the coveted honour. Though I can never be a member of the team myself, I do not despair of being one day a highly interested spectator of the contest at the butts; every woman who has a husband in the militia looks forward one day to his being "on the team," and if she doesn't accompany him across the water, well, it won't be for the want of a little coaxing. I am also glad to see the name of Major Weston mentioned as the probable chief; I can think of no one better qualified to fill the position or more deserving of the honour than "Barney," as his gentlemen friends call him. Major Weston has twice filled, to the satisfaction of everyone, the much more difficult position of adjutant to the team, and is personally acquainted with all the persons of influence who

are present at the competition. His career as a member of the Canadian militia is most creditable in every respect; he was a Captain in the Halifax Provisional Battalion, which was on service during the Riel rebellion, and actually had command of the Medicine Hat contingent during a most trying and anxious period which none, I am told, but those who were present know how to appreciate.

* * *

From the militia to the military is only a step; I saw in a Nova Scotia paper the other day a statement to the effect that a sensation had been created among cattle raisers by a report that it was proposed to station three additional regiments at Halifax; naturally four thousand five hundred men would eat more beef than fifteen hundred, and speculators think they would make money out of the lively trade in cattle that would ensue. I am not going into speculative cattle-raising right away; I am too grasping; I don't see enough money in it. Did you ever hear of anyone who made money out of an army contract? I never did, but I know a great many who lost money, and some who were ruined by them. Why, at one time in Halifax when a man got a large army contract his credit went down at once; I don't say that it is so now. But, aside from the interests of speculators, we will be very, very good, and go to church on holy days as well as Sundays, and fast, and say our prayers, and perhaps heaven won't send us any more soldiers; the thin, pale silver thread of morality that has been weaving its way into Halifax since its soldier population was reduced would be tanned into oblivion by such a forest of British oaks as three new regiments.

* * *

Alas for human hopes and aspirations! Can it be possible that the British Government would be so cruelly tantalising? Here we have been for the past year trying to possess our souls in patience during the time that must elapse before the Guards would leave Bermuda for Halifax on their way home from their exile, and now to have the blasting, withering news that they are to go home at once without even so much as looking at Halifax,—well, it is just too mean for anything; I know this is very strong language, but it is suitable to the occasion. Why did they ever come to Bermuda? We did not ask for them,—we never aspired half so high; but when they were plumped right down at a station only three days from Halifax, of course we had a right to expect that the usual course would

be observed, and that the six-footers would spend at least a year with us. The Guards have been very good boys since their punishment began; this has softened the hearts of the Imperial authorities, and it appears that "great influence has been brought to bear in high social quarters to terminate a period of expatriation that *withdraws from society some eligible young officers.*" I quote from a communication to the military authorities in Halifax, published in one of the local papers; the italics are mine. I hope,—I cannot say that I feel certain, but I hope that there are no young ladies in Halifax who are regretting their rashness in refusing an offer from one of the gallant West Riding, in her eagerness for *higher game.* Those beef speculators, too; it would be a pity if they had already made contracts in prospect of having to feed the big fellows.

* * *

I hope you won't think that I have soldiers on the brain, but while I am on the subject I might as well mention that the band of the new regiment scored a success in a concert given at the Academy of Music a week or two ago; one of the Halifax papers in speaking of this band remarks that since the 60th Rifles and the 87th R. I. Fusiliers were here, we have not had one so fine; the band is undoubtedly a good one, but I beg to differ with any comparison which puts the 87th band above that of the 101st Royal Munsters; the latter when here was considered to be only a slight degree, if any, inferior to the band of the 60th, and, having been well acquainted with all three bands, I am of opinion that the Royal Munster was far superior to the 87th, though the latter was unquestionably very excellent. On the occasion of a concert given by the 101st band after their return to the old country, they were treated to a perfect ovation, and it was said that it was doubtful if there were a band in England that could surpass them. We Nova Scotians are very proud of the band of the Royal Munsters, because their band-master is one of us.

* * *

My little friend the *Critic* has been pleased to approve of my remarks on the subject of dress reform, and I recognize his good sense; but he is unkind enough to characterize some of my ramblings as "twaddle;" perhaps, though, he does not mean to be unkind; he is a critic (though a little one), and it is his duty to tell us what pleases and what does not; and so, because he is a critic (though a little one), I will try to bear his animadversion with fortitude; but at first I felt badly, for I had almost forgotten that he was a critic (though a little one), because he is so little.



TORONTO, April, 1891.

The addition of a department of music to a public library, which has been tried in one of the American towns, proved a great success, and strikes one as possessing the element of popularity without question. Comparatively, music, like books, is cheap; but to the person of small means and educated tastes the possession of the works of the great composers is a hopeless desire. And the small type of what are called "popular" editions, such as are published by Novillo, Boosey, Ditson and others, while very useful as singing score and libretto, is not the sort of thing players ought to use. No instrumentalist ought to be asked to pore over his copy, so that any means by which the student of music can be furnished with a sight of Handel, Mozart, Rossini, Verdi, in the attractive double quarto, would be a boon, indeed, and one which should be provided by the library authorities of every place when possible. Will not Montreal and Toronto set the example?

Good Friday was observed more seriously in Toronto this year than for many previous years. There was no review or other movement of the militia, occasions which always draw off crowds, among whom are certainly many who would otherwise be at church. There was a little criticism to this effect last year, and, whether it did its work or not, it is certainly a wise departure that allowed our people due religious opportunity.

Easter Sunday was a delicious day, and forbade gloom and despondency even to the most sorrowful. Take from us the Resurrection and what hope have we of seeing again our beloved! But grant it, and where are the limits of our joy? Every swelling bud that throws off its winter sheath, every blade of grass that greens in the sunshine, every lovely flower that pushes up through the awakening earth cries "*Resurgam!*"

I observe from *Trinity University Review* that "lay women" as well as "lay men" are invited to become members of Convocation, and thus assist their "Church University." I do not know of any other university that thus summons women to take a place upon its board of deliberation, but I am sure that such an opportunity to do good by taking an interest in and helping, as the *Review* puts it, to "direct the government of the University," ought not to be overlooked by the educated, refined and able women who are to be found in every part of Canada, particularly since Trinity University has in affiliation St. Hilda's Arts College for Women, and also the Women's Medical College of Toronto.

Rev. Prof. Lloyd's lecture, "Thought and Language in Japan," delivered by him at Trinity College early in the year, and given in full form in the February number of the *Review*, is deserving of the most careful study. Canada is nearer Japan by the C.P.R. than any of the European nations, and already a sprinkling of its people may be found among us. We should, then, for every reason, acquaint ourselves with its thought and language.

"Art circles," says the Boston *Woman's Journal*, "are astir over the movement begun by Mr. John Armstrong Chanler to establish generous art scholarships. Briefly outlined, Mr. Chanler's plan is to raise a sum of money sufficient to guarantee a five years' course of study abroad to any student from any city. Forty five hundred dollars, or nine hundred dollars a year, is considered sufficient for this purpose in each case. The plan is pronounced by the Council of the National Academy of Design, by W. M. Chase, and by other leading artists, to be one of the best things ever done for American art. It is signaled by the fact that woman will be eligible to the competitions as well as men." Could not some of our rich men in Canada do the same thing, and thus enable Canadian art to receive the very thing it is in most need of—a

chance for its most gifted disciples to receive a thorough education where alone it can be had!

A most welcome addition to biographical literature is "John Boyle O'Reilly; His Life, Poems and Speeches. By James Jeffrey Roche," a Prince Edward Island man. That O'Reilly was a poet, every inch of him, no one will deny; that he was a patriot, few will deny; that it was an excellent thing for the world that his Fenian escapade at the irresponsible age of nineteen did not end in his death, is also beyond question. But why the "usual informer," as the biographer calls him, should be dealt with so severely, vituperated so strongly in cold type, is rather a question for justice. As Mr. Roche remarks, "One does not weigh dangerous consequences against generous impulses at nineteen years of age." And no doubt the young man thought he was justified in taking the Queen's shilling and with it the oath of allegiance that is part of the ceremony, when he enlisted into the Tenth Hussars in order to sap their allegiance to their sovereign "to recruit the ranks of republicanism and eventually overthrow the monarchy," as his biographer mildly puts it; that is, in plain words, to become a traitor of the deepest dye. But why the man or men—for it seems there were two informers on whose testimony O'Reilly was convicted—should be characterized as "wretches" and otherwise covered with opprobrium is not to be explained, save by that Irish characteristic that is always in arms against informers, and is fed by considerations arising from time and circumstance, and from which Mr. Roche, as an educated man, away from the sphere of excitement, ought to be free. English common law cites the receiver as bad as the thief, and the soldier who would knowingly allow another soldier to attempt treasonable doings without exposing him would deserve equal punishment; wherefore, the soldier who informs on such a one is no "wretch" or "fellow," but an honest man. A writer should not let his feelings rule his judgment. A case of such tampering with a regiment is reported to-day, 1st April, from England; but the man is to be punished, not the men who informed of his nefarious work.

Mr. Hereward K. Cocking, who has written "Gentleman Dick o' th' Greys," and a good many other excellent, tender, swinging verses, is the "Don" who so lately castigated Mr. Blake anent his now famous letter in *Saturday Night*.

"I dwelt alone
In a world of moan,
And my soul was a stagnant tide
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride,
Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling bride."

sang Poe, and Mr. Carter, the publisher of the *Pioneer*, bought the song. How much he gave, history saith not, but the MS. of the poem lately sold for \$225, and the greater wonder is: where dwells the Canadian publisher that would buy the poem at any price minus the signature. Not that we do not read and write rubbish here sometimes; but then—it is never paid for—or is it?

Canada for March is to hand, and is an excellent number. "The Burning of Miramichi" is told by Pastor Felix in his own inimitable manner, full of poetry, but never negligent of the necessary facts that give form and figure to the story. It is a touching memorial of a trial almost as terrible as was "The Hungry Year" to the U. E. Loyalists of Upper Canada. Other excellent literary contributions are "Labour," by Rev. Fred. Lloyd; "Montcalm and French Canada," from De Bonnechose, by the Editor, and the "Individual Canadian," by Irene Morton. The new cut for the title page is one of the best designs for such a purpose that has appeared, and gives a tone to the page that is very satisfactory. "The Museum of Animals and Vegetables," as Mr. Lightball calls our escutcheon, might be very well replaced by that which he suggests in your issue for the 28th. *Canada* deserves full and hearty support and, I hope, will receive it.

From Wolfville, N.S., has reached me a very modest collection of poems, "Canada, and Other Poems," by J. F. Herbin. If the poet is young, a noble future is before him; and should he be past the full tide of life he ought still to give rein to his muse, for he has the true poetic instinct, and what is of almost equal importance, a clear

perception of the dignity of metre. A pure and strong patriotism rings through all Mr. Herbin's verse, of which only a small selection can find its place here. In "Canada," the poet sings:

"Dare I portend for my land, with this volume* open
before me,
Honour and wealth for a crown, and growth of her dearest
ambition?
Rank yet higher 'mid the nations of earth, and virtue's
rewards?
I dare, with the knowledge of deeds that were, and of
good that shall be;
I dare, when the silver of morn melts into the paling dark-
ness,
Look for a perfect day, flooded with golden glory.
I dare, when the grain leaves the liberal hand, look on to
the harvest;
Yea, now I may hear on the morn the whirl of the sickle."

Two beautiful sonnets, "Union" and "Home," fill the last page of this little collection of poems, all of which rank high in sentiment and performance.

* The Past.

Hart & Company, publishers, Toronto, announce Mr. Roberts' recent addition to our literature, "The Canadians of Old," by Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, translated by Charles G. D. Roberts. "The scene of the historical romance," says the circular, "is laid in the 15th century. Among the subjects sketched in the work, which is the classic romance of Canada, are picturesque phases of life in the old seigniories of Quebec, hunting adventures, and the strange legends of "Old Canada." Paper, 50c and cloth \$1 00, is cheap for such a work, and shows a great deal of common sense in both author and publisher, for there is absolutely no sale for expensive books.

Trinity University is rather prominent in the present letter, but that circumstance will hardly arouse any jealousy, since all the events come properly within the scope of these letters, and, moreover, reach the writer without necessitating the troublesome trouble of asking for them. One of the events of the present week must not be deferred until next. It was the introduction of a famous English musician and composer to a critical Toronto audience. Under the auspices of Trinity University and the Toronto Conservatory of Music a complimentary organ recital was given by Dr. Lott, from St. Sepulchre's Church, Holborn, London, England, who has come to take the place of the late Dr. Strathy as Professor of Music at Trinity University. Dr. Lott is also appointed as special examiner in music to the University. The organ selections comprised Handel's Concerto in B flat No. 2, Blumenthal's "Pensee," paraphrase "Elijah," prelude and fugue in D minor (Lott), "L'Ange Gardien" and a "Tempo di Minetto" (Lott), paraphrase "Les Huguenots," and the war march from "Athalie." Seldom has a Toronto audience listened to a finer selection for the purpose of showing the capabilities of an organ, and less seldom had it the opportunity of hearing music more truly interpreted. The characteristics of each composer were so plainly perceptible that the performance played the part of a lecture in music to the audience. "L'Ange Gardien," by the organist himself, touched all hearts by its gentle beauty, and elicited a recall, as indeed did several others; but the demand was very properly ignored by the performers, *correcting* having become a nuisance rather than an honour. Signor D'Auria, the director of the Conservatory of Music, is to be congratulated on the high promise given by the singing of four of the Conservatory pupils; namely, Miss Clara Codi, Miss Eva Roblin, Miss Frances Dwane and Mr. W. C. Palmer. Miss Dwane's "Ave Maria," with piano, 'cello and organ accompaniments, was so beautifully rendered as to occasion an *encore*, to which the performer responded in the usual English fashion by repeating the number. Criticism of students is uncalled for, but there was very little to complain of in any case.

The fine organ in Association Hall should not be allowed to remain in idleness, but, with such musicians as Toronto has now, ought to be used to enlarge the scope of popular musical taste, as has been done in many English towns for many years, thus creating a critical musical public to which musicians and singers can rightly look for that support without which their talents avail little.

S. A. CURZON.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S NEW POEM.

It could hardly be expected that Sir Edwin Arnold's new poem, "The Light of the World, or the Great Consummation," would equal his "Light of Asia, or the Great Renunciation" in freshness of interest or charm of instruction. The picture of Buddha, which shines out from the pages of the latter poem, came with the novelty of a revelation to most readers; but no picture of the Christ can have in it much that is new for Christians. This fact should be borne in mind by critics who contrast the themes of the two poems. The manner, artistic skill and poetic treatment are legitimate objects of criticism, but the matter is not.

Sir Edwin Arnold is beyond doubt a master of strong and musical unrhymed poetry. When he tries rhyme, as he does in the introduction to this poem, he is apt to jingle, but in his own field he moves with freedom and power. He occasionally rises to heights of supremacy to which few living singers attain. Passages of rare and haunting beauty will linger in the memory of the reader long after he has closed the book. Whatever may be said about the lack of originality and absence of force in "The Light of Asia," there can be but one opinion about its grace of style and deftness in poetic workmanship.

The new poem is divided into six books. The events at Bethlehem are described in a prelude of over six hundred lines. Book I deals with Mary Magdalene and Pontius Pilate. On the third spring after the death of Jesus Christ, Pilate is summoned to Rome to answer certain grave charges. On the way he lodges at Magdala, where he is the guest of Mary. From her lips he receives such an account of the sayings and doings of the prophet he had crucified as moved him almost to tears. The marvellous attraction of the Nazarene so frightened him that he rushed to his horse and rode away from the possibility of hearing more about him.

Book II introduces one of the Magi, who comes to Mary of Magdala to ask for fuller information regarding the wonderful Babe he and his companions had worshipped thirty-six years before. This man, though a disciple of Buddha, loves truth more than Buddhism. Rumours of the words and deeds of the Prophet of Nazareth reached him in his remote home, and he travelled many a weary mile for more light. The conversation which ensues abounds in masterly contrasts of the strength of Christianity and the weakness of Buddhism. Arnold's severest critic must admit that this part of the poem is all that could be desired in range of knowledge and felicity of statement.

Book III shows Mary with the fragments of the alabaster box in her hands, giving the soul melting story of her sin, sorrow and pardon. It is followed by an exquisite rendering of the Sermon on the Mount. Book IV deals mainly with the parables. Book V recounts the arguments of Jesus with the Pharisees and Sadducees. Its descriptions of immortality pave the way for the appearance of Jairus's daughter, who relates her own peculiar experiences. Book VI is "The Great Consummation." It is in some respects the best of all. The raising of Lazarus, the Death on the Cross and the Resurrection are depicted with a wealth of imagery and splendour of impressive phraseology which carry the reader from passage to passage with eager interest.

Lovers of the Bible will protest against the liberties Sir Edwin Arnold occasionally takes with the Scripture narrative. Mary, the sister of Lazarus, is identified with Mary Magdalene, and Lazarus with the rich young ruler. Facts are here and there mercilessly sacrificed to the working out of theories more or less beautiful in conception. The words of the Gospel are adapted to new arrangements. For these liberties poetic license is no excuse. Poetic license may be allowed to cover the wildest flights of imagination in the realms of fancy, but when it tampers with facts and truths sacred to every Christian, its claims must be disallowed.

Yet it would be grossly unfair to suggest that there is any intentional lack of reverence in the poet's method of handling his theme. He begins by disclaiming any attitude save that of lowly fidelity to the task he undertook. The voice, at whose bidding he wrote the book, said unto him, "Wash thy lips clean, and sing"—so he tells us in his poem. It is evident that he bore this charge in mind. There is a sobriety of thought and chastened splendour of

style which offer a marked contrast to the other poem, "The Light of Asia," and which can be clearly traced to the desire to honour the Christian conception of the Christ.

D. SUTHERLAND.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!
—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

The customary enumeration of the seasons,—spring, summer, autumn and winter, seems hardly to cover the whole ground. Two other seasons, at least, there seem to be, which may be called nondescript seasons. They are the periods when, according to the 'immortal bard,' winter (entirely forgetful of the proprieties), lingers in the lap of spring; and when autumn, following a bad example, lingers in the lap of winter. Those periods of transition are the black sheep of the seasons, and no one has a good word to say of them. In Canada, we are not far from one of the nondescript seasons;—when one is perplexed as to whether if he leaves off his fur cap he will not catch a cold, or whether if he keeps it on he will not get a sunstroke; and when to refer to the 'beautiful snow,' is the height of sarcasm.

What's in a name? The question is simply an emphatic way of announcing, of course, that there's nothing in a name. It is admitted that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet,—but it is a question of sound, not of smell. Any other name for a rose would probably not sound as sweet; and, on the whole, there appears to be a good deal in a name. This holds true especially of literary works, of which the title is sometimes the best part; and a poor book with a good name often sells better than a good book with a poor name. There is, also, such a thing as good form and bad form in the titles of books; a standard quotation, for example, is considered bad form for a title. By an odd chance, the names of people, as a rule, seem to be more or less characteristic and appropriate; dignified people having dignified names, and undignified people having undignified names. How much more appropriate was the name John Bunyan, to the man who bore it, than the name Peter Piper would have been; and how much more appropriate the name William Shakspeare, to such a dramatist, than such a name as, say, Bill Nye. It is rather interesting to notice the names of steamships. The various steamship companies follow certain systems in the naming of their ships, so as to distinguish them; some naming their ships after cities, others adopting a distinctive suffix or termination, and so on. After all, there is something in a name.

It is asserted that a German professor has written as much as two volumes upon the wing of a butterfly. I dare say one could easily write a volume upon a postage stamp. But where an Englishman could write one volume, a German could write two, on account of the prodigious words of the latter's language. The verbosity of some people is truly marvellous. About a little insignificant scratch on his thumb, I once heard a gentleman talk for about fifteen minutes; he began by calling attention to it, the shape of it, and the position of it, and then he went into conjectures as to how he came by it, and as to whether it was a scratch or a cut, and he mentioned the irritability of it especially when it came into contact with soap, and so on. I wonder how many volumes a German professor could write about a scratch on one's thumb.

The Awakening.

Athwart the smiling hills and plains
The scented zephyrs softly breathe,
And thrill the hearts of love-lorn swains
Who sadly sigh, while wand'ring 'neath
The glistening buds—that, swaying in the breeze,
With emerald pendants deck the wakened trees.

The Frost-King's ice-forged chains are snapt,
And futile lie by pond and stream
That, in their freedom, sang and clapt
Their gleeful hands 'neath Titan's beam
Who broke their thrall and, with quick'ning ray,
Unfettered launched them on their joyous way.

The violet its fragrance flings—
And primrose—to the vernal breeze,
And as the whirl of merry wings
Is carried soft thro' swaying trees,
The stream of Peace flows o'er our hearts. We sing
As Sorrow's winter ends in Joy's glad spring!

—KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY.

St. JOHN, N.B.

The Late Mr. John Talon-Lesperance.

The following resolutions regretting the death of this gentleman have been sent us for publication:

At a special meeting of the Society for Historical Studies, Montreal, held the 19th March, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Moved by Mr. G. E. Hart, and seconded by Mr. J. P. Edwards:

That the Society for Historical Studies has learned with deep regret of the death of Mr. John Talon-Lesperance, P.R.S.C., etc., one of the earliest members of the society, and its past president. The rare and varied information with which he so agreeably embellished every subject of discussion will long be missed by those who have known the charm of his genial presence. His services in popularizing the study of Canadian history, his kindly encouragement to this and similar societies, and his contributions to the literature of our country, have made his name familiar to readers throughout the Dominion, and will not soon be forgotten.

Moved by Mr. John Fair, N. P., and seconded by Mr. George Falconer:

That a copy of the foregoing resolution be sent to Mrs. Lesperance, to the other Canadian historical societies and to the press of this city.

Resolution passed at a council meeting of the Society of Canadian Literature on the 31st of March, 1891:

Proposed by the president, Geo. Murray, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.C., seconded by W. D. Lighthall, M.A., B.C.L. vice-president, and unanimously

RESOLVED: That the Society of Canadian Literature has heard with profound sorrow of the death of its earliest vice-president, John Talon-Lesperance, and the council of the Society desires to express its sense of the loss to the Society as well as to the cause of letters in Canada, of which he was a constant and invaluable friend, which has been sustained through the death of that distinguished litterateur; and that the members of this society gratefully recollect his encouragement and cheerful assistance at its foundation; and together with their respect for his literary power, treasure his memory as a man; and extend their sincerest sympathies to Madame Lesperance in her affliction; and

RESOLVED: That the secretary of the Society be instructed to forward, in the name of the Society, a copy of the preceding resolution to Madame Lesperance and also copies to the public press.

Canadians in the United States.

(COMMUNICATED.)

That the annual exodus of young men from Canada to the United States is great, no one can deny, but that they emigrate with the fixed intention of remaining away is open to doubt.

The western portion of the Republic offers a broad field for the energies of a young man, but any one of the emigrants will affirm that the opportunities are greatly over-estimated, the harvest perhaps plenty, but the labourers five-times more than enough to reap it, and, notwithstanding the liking of American employers for Canadians, on account of their superior education and morals, the surrender of sure employment in Canada to seek better in the United States, is suicidal folly.

It is a matter for congratulation that in Chicago, where expatriated Canadians most do congregate, notwithstanding the persistent efforts of politicians and vote gatherers, and the endeavours of a proselytizing society, known as the British American Club (it should be called "the society for the manufacture of renegades") the number of Canadians who embrace American citizenship, selling their birthrights for a most unsavoury mess of pottage, and deserting the Union Jack for a composite flag, is so small as to be grievously disappointing to those gentlemen.

Figures recently published in the Chicago dailies show that of a Canadian colony estimated to be from 30,000 to 80,000 in number and nearly all men, there are but 4,432 American citizens.

This is gratifying to one's national pride. It is pleasing to think that the freedom fought for and won at Chateaugay and Queenston heights should be so treasured against all the assaults, open and veiled, made on it in the United States.

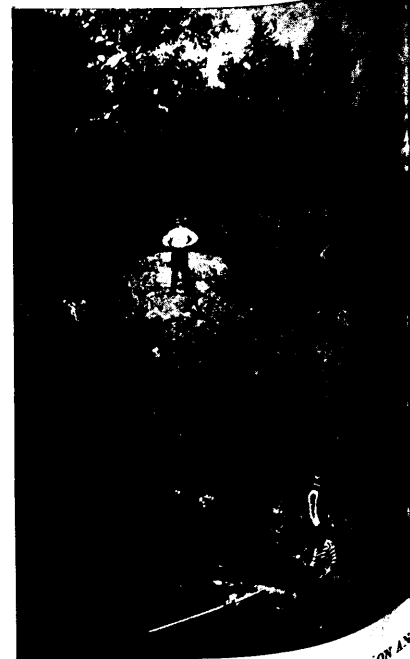
From what is shown by figures, and what is said by Canadians speaking of what they know, and with authority, the Canadian young man does well in staying at home, and, at home or abroad, the "bloomin' old rag over'ead" is still very dear to the Canadian heart.

Chicago.

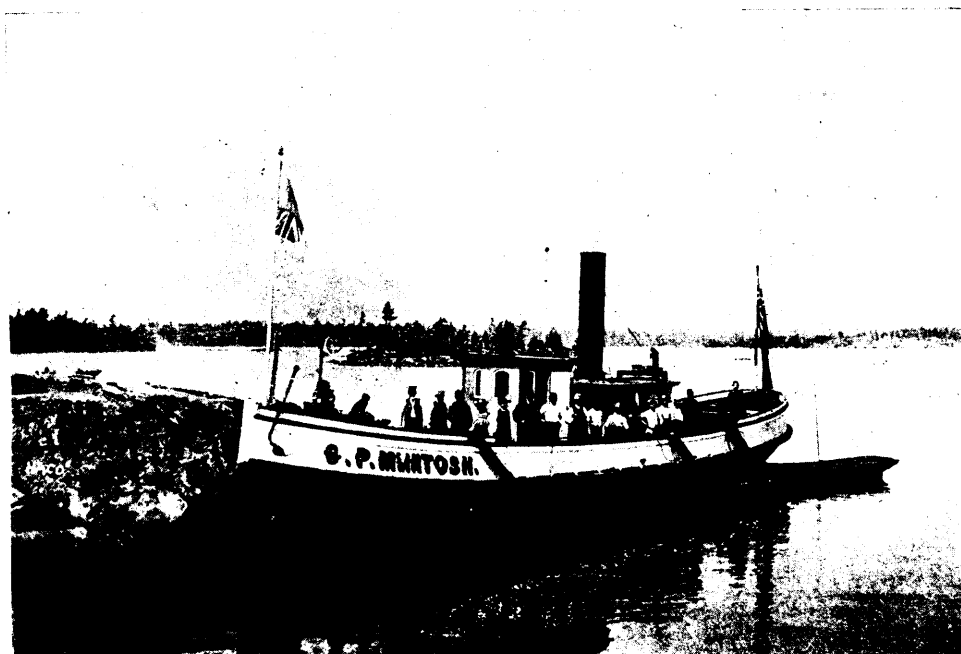
M.



GIANT'S TOMB, WEST SIDE OF BAY.



PARTY LANDING ON AN ISLAND IN THE BAY.



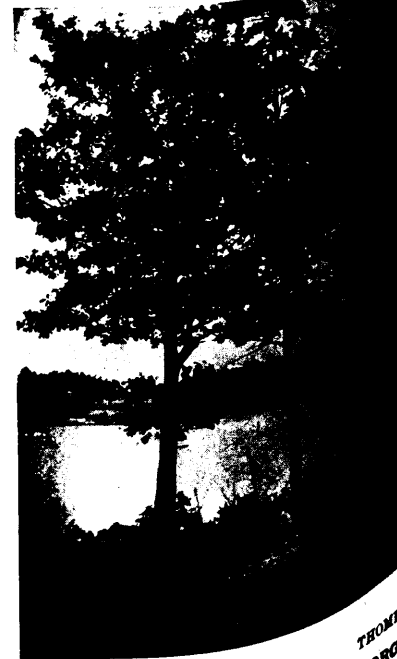
BIG DAVIES' BAY.



ISLAND IN THE BAY.



FRENCH RIVER, NEAR EAGLES' NEST CLIFF.



SCENES IN GEORGIA.



ON A SHOAL IN BIG DAVIES' BAY.



A BRANCH OF FRENCH RIVER, NEAR CHROMBIE'S BAY.



IN CHROMBIE'S BAY.



FISHING STATION, GIANT'S TOMB.



FROM GEORGE'S ISLAND.
GEORGE'S BAY AND VICINITY.



EXPEDITION PREPARING TO GO UP FRENCH RIVER.



Nehilakin.*

I.

THE EAGLE OF THE OKAS.

When winter locked his frozen arms around
The wilderness, and built his walls of snow,
And muffled deep the leafy-mantled mould
'Neath trunks with age majestic; and austere
Had frowned from every twig its leafy smile,
And dauntless swept the forest bloom away;
Locking the icy lakes, and bridling stiff
With crystal thong the swift-careering streams,
Then came he forth, whose going this shall tell.

A little woodland lawn—a firry nest,
Closed in by an umbrageous palisade,
The Oka's lodge found shelter; which was home
To the young eagle of the northern wild—
To the brave beauty of Nehilakin.

What wins the eye like the o'ertopping elm?
What charms the ear as doth the mountain pine?
What may o'erlighten the ascending morn?
That light, that grace, that music, met in him;
His beaming eye, a star no grief could dim;
His fiery heart, no wisdom could restrain.

Withered was each green herb; the frosted bents
And the moss-rusted rock were deep immured,
Till many a hapless brute was hunger-bit;
The deer their hillside haunts forsook, and pang'd
With fasting, huddled in the wooded vales,
The prey of the coyote and the wolf
That swept them down—a greedy multitude;
While, through the fearful region of the night,
The gaunt and grey their quarry still pursued.

But not the 'anged marauders, thirsting still
Unsated, led unmatched the frantic chase,—
A mightier hunter lorded in the wild;
The wind procured him wings; the cataract—
The hillside torrent—lent him leaping steed;
The dawn-beam was his arrow, flying fleet;
And ne'er a stumbling rock, nor prostrate pine,
But he would touch that antler'd sprightliness
At top of speed. Eager and brave the blood
Of many a youth; but there was only one—
Lord of the fiery face and flying foot,
That stayed not with the day—Nehilakin.

II.

HAPKIN'S PROPHECY.

Uprose in council, then, the sage; the just,
The hoary Hapkin, famed severely kind,
Whose mien was stern, whose meaning hid no ill;
And stretching out his century-wrinkled hand
He smote this youthful ravage with his blame:
"Forbear to stain these snows with sportive blood,
Yielding a carnival to crow and kite,
Making perpetual shambles of these shades;
Ye slay more than is meet; the Manitou
Knows to avenge the creatures of his love,
And turn to pain the wanton's savage joy.
Peace—Love—are these not for the merciful?
The Manitou has given the Redman friends;
His woodbred children, shy and beautiful,
Would be our friends, and yield themselves at need,
But that ye fall upon them like a curse,—
Let loose through all their shelter fear and death,
Making the face of man look terrible.
Give place to pity, and refuse to kill
More than ye eat—else are ye worse than wolves."
So said the old, while low the young men bow'd
Submissive, and in bashful reverence heard:—
All but the unhooded eagle of his tribe,
Who scornful answered, "brave Nehilakin,
Erect, out gushed in pride his fiery heart.
Like bowels of an incandescent mountain,
A lava, scorching reason, rebel-hot.

"In chase or battle, tell me, O my sires!
Was mine the deed and feeling of a man?
Then why am I so chidden? But, because
Age ever doth forget the right of youth,
And coldly temper blood before the time.
These frosts and fires agree not. Ye would check
For childish ruth a warrior's exercise;
To save a brute ye would undo a man.
Fenced in this den by winter, must I crouch
And watch with senile wisdom's bleary eyes,
Stretching my hands among the skinny palms
That wither o'er the lodge's dying fire;
Or dost thou, grumbler, grudge the royal chase,
For that thou canst not in its arduous join,—
Making a cause of envy? I abide not
Inactive, for the sweet breath of the woods,
The flying quarry, summon me away.
And are ye kinder than the young men? Nay!
Ye take the partridge from her speckled brood

Before their wings are plumed; the beaver's back
Ye rifle of his nap in summer sheen,
While glad he sporteth with his downy cub;
But ye would spare the famished herd of deer
To terror of the wolves. I will away
To them with slaughter swift and merciful."

Flashed fierce deep eyes dark-hid in shaggy brows
Of Hapkin,—of the scornful disrespect
Resentful; but they softened, like the spark
Sheathed in grey ash: "Listen! The wrath I had
For thee, rash son, is quenched in sudden tears.
Thou car'st but ill for self,—o'errule age,
And fain wouldst make a misery for thy people.
How wilt thou when these plenteous deer are scant,
Driven from their haunts; when snows are multiplied,
And famine feeds on thy unfurnished blood?
Nay, but a glance prophetic! Not for thee
The oft-repeated fortune of thy tribe;
Nor shalt thou reach the age that thou hast scorned.
I see thy fierce young life in agonies
Of swift migration through the form of things
Thou yet destroyest,—helpless victim made
Of those thou mad'st thy victims. Shadowy-clear,
I see these pass before me; thou, low prone,
Dost lap hot blood,—dost clap audacious wings,—
Dost leap, a stag,—dost gorge, a ravening wolf,—
Dost sail, an eagle in the eye of heaven;
For thou shalt taste the woe of beast and bird,
When Manitou shall ravish thee away."

"Ye read a glorious destiny: for I
Would live the unchecked life of beast and bird,
Browsing 'neath shades undinged by lodges' smoke,
Or singing blithe in the green-tented trees;
Then, giddy in the chase, with them expire.
Welcome! Companions, eloquent of doom!
Call me, ye cavern'd winds,—ye murmurs weird;
Ye voices of the cataract and the pine!
Ye inarticulate, vocal wilderness!
Behold, I hasten,—ye are not alone!
Let every untamed tongue of earth and air
Laugh out defiance to the puerile plea
Of Hapkin,—merry-multiplying scorn!"

Thus cried Nehilakin,—his brow upthrown,
Dark shadow'd with jet locks; the eloquent blood,
Fired by his spirit, kindling his large eyes,
And opening broader roses on his cheeks,
"But let me go! for the unsated day
Hungers for unused rapture of the night,
And hastes to cool untamed blood with snow.
Fools may to bed; the snoring dudge may lie
Beside her drone; the sot may sluggardise
And with untimely slumber drench his brain:
But I am yet on fire, and in mid flight,
Nor will I lower my crest's ambitious plume
Till over-wearied Nature claims repose.
Let me draw closer yet my marten's vest,
And hap my shaggy cloak; then love-lit forth;
While others reek under the smoky rafters,
I'll bathe me on the coral undershore
O' th' blue, star-pebbled, uncontaminated deep,
Whose sailing ship of fancy is the moon."

So saying, he departed; and the old
And young looked after him in wonderment.

—ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

Our New York Letter.

Phineas T. Barnum is dead, and "the greatest show on earth," as he fondly advertised, will really be suspended for one day in its life—Friday, the day he is buried. It is said that for some time past the details of its management have been left to Mr. Bailey.

One of the great events of the past week has been the production of a genuinely American play, which is likely to prove a lasting success, "Alabama," by Augustus Thomas. I suppose Southerners pronounce it a travesty of Southern life. But it is exceedingly amusing, and shows the masterliness of the dramatist by the pathos veiled in the fun. The success of the play is enhanced by the fact that it is a play which depends for its effect on men actors. American theatres, especially Mr. Palmer's theatres, are apt to have very much better actors than actresses. The actresses are not even beautiful. Almost the only first rank theatre in New York which draws for its pretty women is the Casino. Nor are the actresses, as a rule, either particularly well trained or particularly clever. The *ingenue* parts in particular are generally murdered by ill-dressed girls with ill-done hair, who walk vilely and imitate the American school-miss at her worst, while some of the men do the much-enduring-but-lion-when-roused American with humour inimitably dry. One could not want to see three finer actors than Crane, Nat Goodwin and Harris, and I like the last, when he has a part that suits him, like the agricultural justice of the peace in Alabama, best of them all. It is long since I have seen so fine a piece of acting. His face-play is simply admirable. Mr. Stoddard, too, as the old planter ruined by the

war, self-willed, querulous, but always punctiliously polite, could hardly be better. The incidents in the play hang upon a railway being built by Northern capitalists across a district in the South ruined by the war. The enhanced value of the land makes the villain of the story try and evict his brother's wife and child on the ground that her marriage was not valid. The old planter's granddaughter complicates matters by falling in love with the Yankee railway agent, which makes her grandfather furious. The *deus ex machina* turns up in her father in the person of the Yankee capitalist who is paying for the railway. Being a West Pointer, he had fought for the North, and was supposed to be dead, but had really been waiting for his father's resentment against his conduct to cool. The situations and plot are clumsy in places, but the play is an undeniable success. And one may safely prophesy a run for it. It has that prime qualification in a play that one is never bored.

The great literary event of the week has been the repetition at the Broadway Theatre of Col. Robert Ingersoll's lecture on Shakespeare. The great iconoclast of creeds was at his very best—extraordinarily eloquent. For an hour and a half the stream of eloquence and wit never flagged. Edwin Booth, the prince of American actors, was among his audience, and moved to tears. I saw, too, among the audience Nat Goodwin, Edgar Fawcett and Gleeson White, and many another theatrical and literary celebrity.

Amelie Rives' new story is said to be more realistic than "The Quick and the Dead." I hear that it is to be published by the Putnam's.

Ernest de Lancey Pierson, the novelist, has returned to New York from Paris.

The first "ladies' night" at the Authors' Club came off last Thursday night, and was a huge success. It was a most representative gathering.

Mr. J. A. Ritchie, author of the successful little comedietta, "Dinner at Eight," and Mr. E. C. Grant, son of Sir James Grant, have come down from Ottawa to New York for a few days.

The most prominent Canadian visitor to New York just now is Professor Goldwin Smith, who is staying at the New York Hotel.

MARY MAGDALEN, by Edgar Saltus (The Belford Publishing Co.), is a very brilliant book, disfigured a little by straining after effect in words. To talk of sunset as a "hemorrhage" and of lips as "scarlet rhymes" is a little far-fetched. But the ability of the book is undeniable, the interest sustained and the staging exceedingly picturesque. Mr. Saltus has been very successful in avoiding irrelevance. There is nothing even to shock one in his treatment of so difficult a subject as Our Saviour. He identifies Mary Magdalen and Mary the sister of Martha and Lazarus, with what authority I don't know. Nor do I know how far he may be correct in altering John to Iohanan, Jesus to Jeshua, Lazarus to Eleazar, etc. There is practically no love story in the book. The passion of Judas Iscariot for Mary Magdalen is hardly more than a meteor. The book is a book that cannot be ignored, it is so original and interesting and picturesque. His descriptions of Palestine scenery and Roman and Tetrarchal pomp are especially brilliant. It is quite one of the books of the year.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Ireland's Shuparity.

BY BIDDY SULLIVAN.

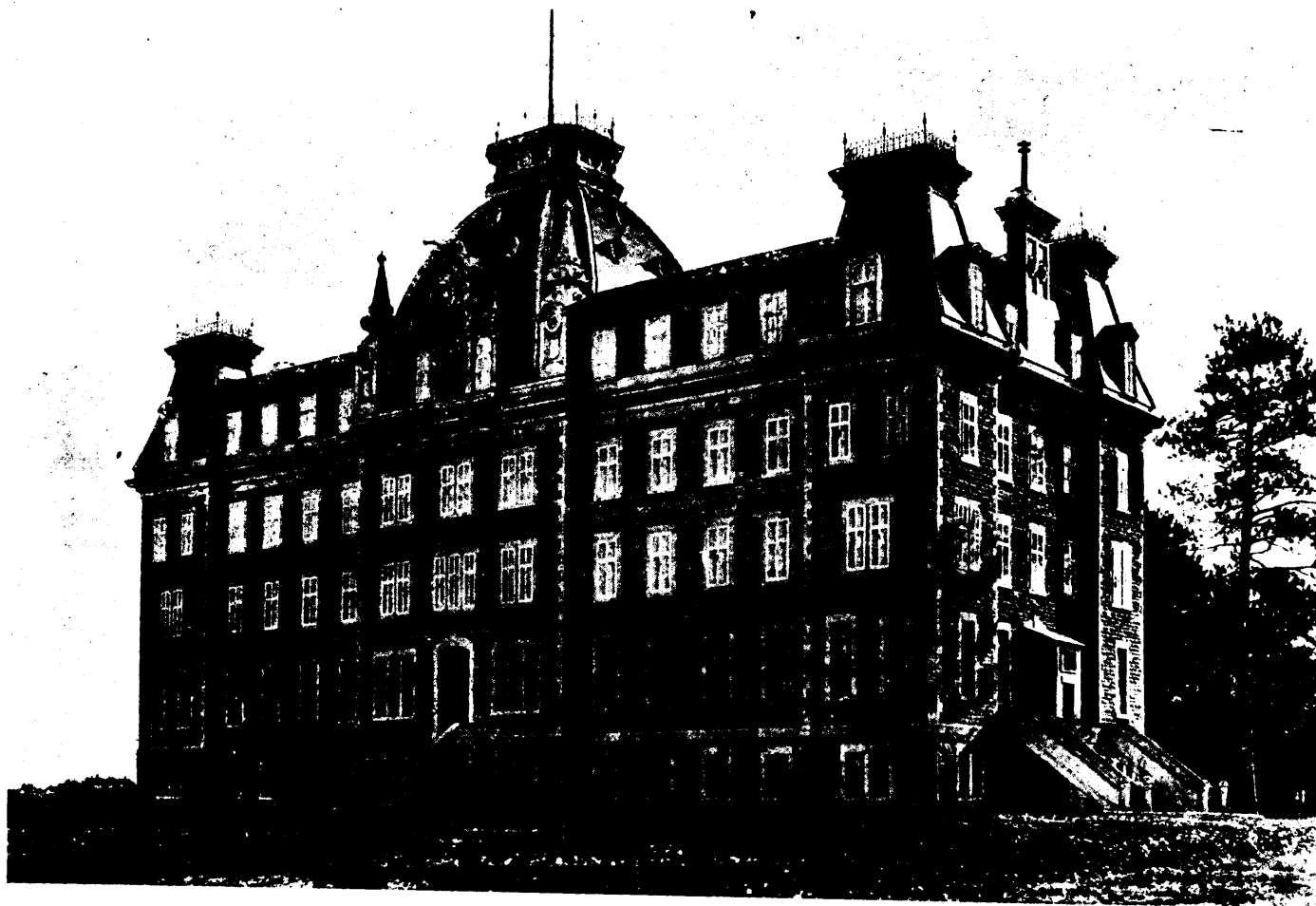
I'm thinkin, ye simple Canadians,
So proud of yer wathers and dry land,
'Tis little ye know of the radiance
Of wan little bit of an island.
Yer lakes and yer rivers is big I confess;
Yer soil it is true will kape off disthress.

But sure what is Huron or Erie
Compared with the lakes of Killarney;
What shrames have ye got that's as cheery
As the wan by the castle of Blarney?
Yer rivers too big is—bedad, ye should see
The Suir or the Liffey, or sweet River Lee!

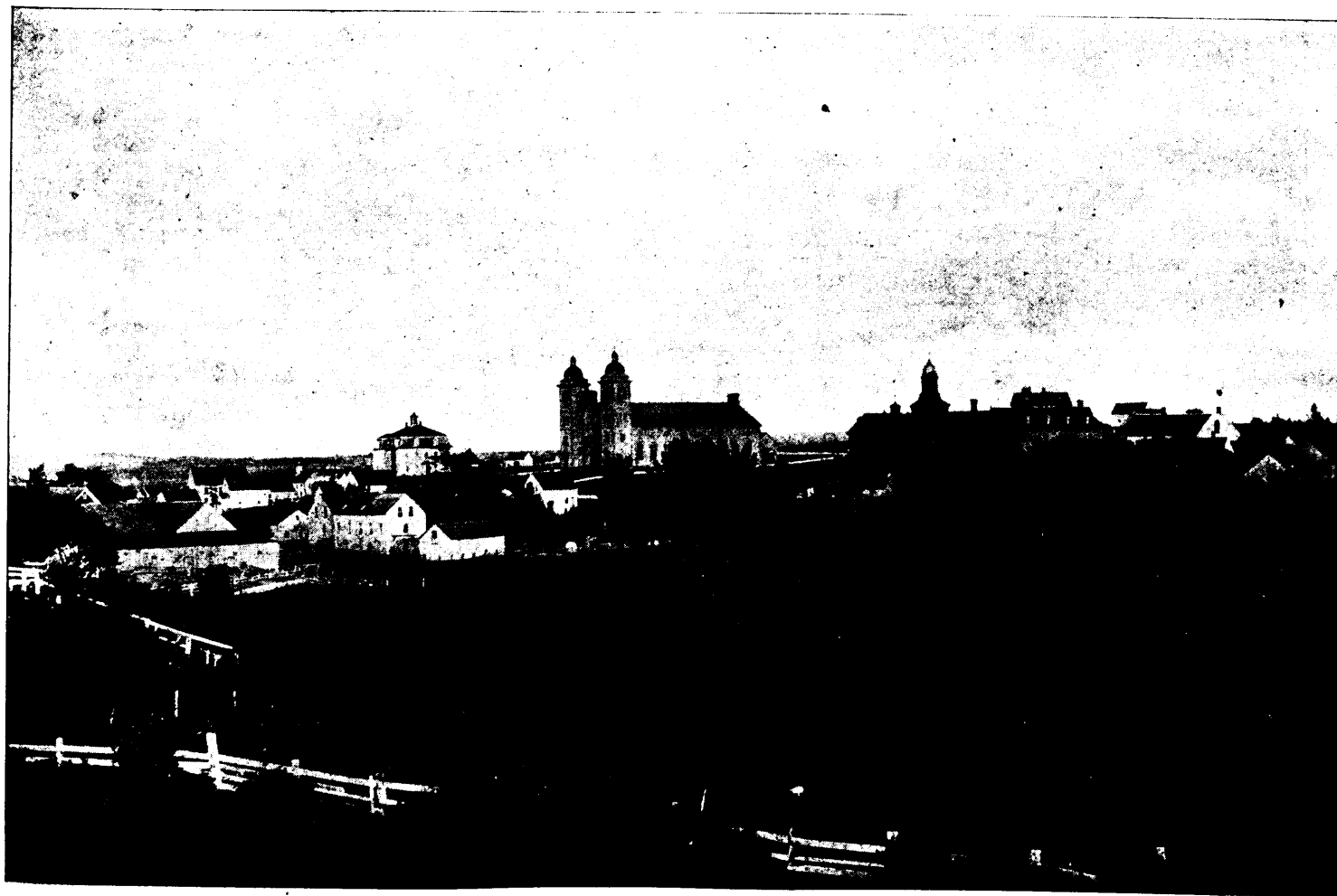
Ye boast of the ugly St. Lawrence,
An' the fort of Quebec wid its cannon!
Ye've niver seen Watherford's torrents,
Nor the wonderfull river called Shannon.
'Tis we've got the forts and the castles galore;
We'll spare yez jist thousands, if ye're wantin' more.

There's truth in some boasts that ye utter.
Yer whatefields and meadowlands great is;
But ye haven't sich girls and sich butter—
Ye haven't sich ilegant praties;—
An' though wid contimp yer nostrils is curled,
For fun at elections we bate all the world.
Indiantown, St. John, N.B.

*NOTE.—The little cycle of brief poems, of which the first two are here given, is founded on an admirably-written legendary story of the Okanogan Indians, recently contributed by Mrs. Allison to the Toronto *Week*.



LINCOLN COLLEGE, SOREL, P. Q.



Convent.

Cathedral.

St. Francois-Xavier College.

ECCLIASTICAL (R. C.) BUILDINGS AT ANTIGONISH, N. S.



TORONTO YACHT CLUB HOUSE, TORONTO ISLAND.
(Mr. G. R. Laucefield, Am. photo.)



The Sagamore

The reporter had frequently promised his little boy that he would some day take him (the boy) on a visit to the wigwam of Mr. Paul. The bright spring day was propitious and they set off together. Lockerby G., for that was the boy's name, had arrived at the age of six years, and was the pride and joy of the household. On this occasion he was dressed in his best. His flaxen curls hung to his shoulders, and were surmounted by a tiny silk hat. He wore a dear little jacket of the finest texture, and a white vest, across which hung a gold chain, to which was suspended a watch. Lockerby G. also wore gloves and a cane and a most elaborate necktie. An urchin who saw him pass remarked to another urchin that "There goes an eejit," but this unkind remark, clearly prompted by jealousy, was not resented. They reached the wigwam and entered.

"My brother," said the reporter, "I have brought my little boy with me to-day. He has been asking about you so often and appeared to think so much of you that I thought I would bring him along. Lockerby dear—this is Mr. Paul."

Lockerby, with the head of his cane in his mouth, stared at the sagamore.

"I ain't shook hands with nice little boy this long time," said Mr. Paul coaxingly.

"You hush up your mouth," said Lockerby.

"Why, Lockerby!" exclaimed the reporter, "you mustn't talk like that. You are not afraid of Mr. Paul, surely. Now, that's a little man—shake hands with Mr. Paul. He likes little boys."

"Won't, neither," said Lockerby G.

"He's bashful," sighed the fond papa. "But he's such a bright child. Why, do you know, Mr. Paul, he can draw the most wonderful pictures you ever saw. Lockerby dear, take my note-book and pencil and draw a house for Mr. Paul."

Instead of complying with this request Lockerby G. wedged himself out from between his papa's knees and marched across to a dish that stood on a bench at the other side of the wigwam. It contained a semi-liquid material, of the nature of which Lockerby was in doubt. He poked his gloved finger into it and then sniffed at the glove. The result was not satisfactory to his epicurean nostrils, and he turned away with an ejaculation and grimace of deep disgust.

"Lockerby, dear," remonstrated his papa, "you mustn't do that. That isn't nice, you know."

"Don't care if it ain't," said Lockerby, removing the cover of a barrel and advancing his nose to the opening.

"Lockerby, dear, come here to me. You mustn't look at things that way. That is awfully impolite. Mr. Paul won't like you if you are rude."

Lockerby disdained to reply. He reached after some bead work on a shelf and brought all the contents of the shelf down with it, breaking a bottle and seriously damaging some other things. But he got the bead work.

"Lockerby!" cried his papa, jumping up and taking him by the arm, "See what you've done now, you naughty boy. I shall have to whip you for that when we get home. Come right away from that. Here—give me that bead work."

"Yah-ah-ah-ah!" screamed Lockerby—kicking and struggling to get free. But his papa carried him bodily over and held him down on his knee, while Mr. Paul picked up the fragments of the contents of the shelf.

"You have been real naughty," said his papa to Lockerby. "I'll never bring you to see Mr. Paul again."

"Want mamma!" whined Lockerby.

"You must apologise to Mr. Paul for your naughtiness," said his papa. "You must tell him how sorry you are for what you have done."

"Take me home!" yelled the hopeful son. "I want to go home!"

before. I suppose it is because you are strange to him. What will you think of him?"

"Oh, he's all right," said Mr. Paul, with significant emphasis on the pronoun. "He's smart boy. Smartest boy I ever seen."

"I was afraid," said the reporter, "you would think him a little rascal. He has acted so dreadfully to-day."

"When I see boy like that kin wind great big man round his little finger—I call him smart boy," was the sagamore's unexpected rejoinder.

"I hope you don't think he is spoiled?"—in a slightly injured tone.

"No," said Mr. Paul, "it ain't him."

"It ain't him—did you say? I don't understand," said the reporter.

"I mean he ain't one's spoiled," said Mr. Paul.

"And who is?" demanded the reporter.

"His father," promptly rejoined the sage.

"Mr. Paul! That is an insult, sir! Come, Lockerby, let us go—we are not wanted here." And in high dudgeon the reporter rose to go.

"You said what's so, that time," grimly retorted the old man, making way for them to pass out.

In the path outside was a copper-coloured urchin. He stepped aside, but Lockerby G. could not lose so good an opportunity, and therefore scratched the boy in the face as he passed.

The youthful Milicete emitted a shrill whoop and fastened both hands in Lockerby's ringlets. The war cry brought Mr. Paul to the door, and when the reporter attempted to chastise the other boy for presuming to assault so eminent a person as Lockerby G., the old warrior, with a yell and a leap, seized him. Mr. Paul took the reporter across his knee. The young Milicete took Lockerby G. across his knee. What followed may be imagined. A little later a battered man and a sobbing but very meek and subdued boy of six years were hurrying down the path, casting furtive glances ever and anon over their shoulders. Mr. Paul leaned against his wigwam and soliloquised.

"Some people," quoth the sagamore,— "they're heap fools. They make their papposes b'lieve never was any papposes like them in this world. Let 'um have their own way—pet 'um up—dress 'um up—tell other people how heap



"You pooty well to-day?" queried Mr. Paul, with a great show of interest in his youthful visitor.

Lockerby removed the cane from his mouth. "Mind your business," said Lockerby.

"Oh! Oh!—Lockerby dear," remonstrated the reporter, "you mustn't say that. Go over and shake hands with Mr. Paul."

"Won't!" promptly declared Lockerby, with a decided pout.

"Tell Mr. Paul you're sorry," enjoined his papa. "You must do that first."

Lockerby had one hand free. He raised it aloft and gave his papa a vigorous slap in the face. His papa captured the offending hand and once more spoke—but this time to Mr. Paul.

"Mr. Paul," he said, "I'm awfully sorry. I'm awfully ashamed of Lockerby. I never knew him to act so strangely

smart papposes they are—laugh when they do bad things—make 'um so they git so proud bimeby they git to be boss right away. Then when them papposes gits big—run away—turn out bad—their fathers and mothers they go round and whine and wonder why Manitou put so much trouble on them. Ugh!"

With a grunt of supreme disgust the old man turned and strode into his wigwam.



BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

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

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CHAPTER I.—IN CONFIDENCE.

Towards the close of a fine, mild February day, two gentlemen were enjoying a cigar on the terrace behind the mansion house of Studleigh, the Warwickshire seat of the Ayres. Ayre was an old name in the shire—a name honoured and beloved, synonymous with integrity and highest principle. The family history of the Ayres bore a fair record of grave responsibilities wisely carried, great opportunities turned to the best account, wide-reaching influence used wholly for good. These attributes were strikingly characteristic of the Squire,

who with his soldier brother paced the terrace that sweet spring day. They were strikingly alike, although the elder wore a short, pointed beard, and the younger's face was bare, and his appearance quite boyish. But he had a fine figure and a soldierly bearing, as became a lieutenant in the 54th. He wore his uniform and it suited him rarely well. Both were tall, but the master of Studleigh, William Ayre, had a slight stoop in his shoulders, and his face wore a peculiar look of delicacy. His skin was as fair and smooth as a girl's, and on his high, white brow the blue veins were perhaps too

visible. His expression was singularly mild and gentle; there was even a womanish sweetness about his mouth. Yet the face did not lack strength; and the clear, blue eye had a direct and fearless glance, which indicated an honest, straightforward soul. The younger had all these attributes, with perhaps an added touch of fire and strength. He enjoyed splendid health, and carried suggestion of his perfect strength in every gesture. There were times when William Ayre looked at his brother with a touch of envy; he had never in his thirty years of life known what it was to be perfectly well. Such health as he possessed was carefully cherished, and with great and unremitting care his physicians assured him he might live to be an old man.

"Will, I want to tell you something."

The young lieutenant tossed away his cigar, and turned his blue eyes on his brother's face with a half-eager, half-hesitating glance.

"Something very particular, Geoffrey?"

"Yes."

"I don't feel as if I wanted to hear any more particular news, Geoff. It is enough for me in the meantime that you are ordered to India."

"Oh, that's nothing. What's India in these days?" asked Geoffrey, with all the fearlessness of youth. "I want to tell you, Will, that I'm not going out alone if I can help it."

"Are you not?"

An amused smile dawned on William Ayre's lips, as he somewhat idly asked the question. He was listening to his wife singing in the music-room, and so had his attention directed for a moment from his brother's words.

"Come, let us go down the avenue a bit," said Geoffrey, a trifle impatiently. "If you stand here Emily will have you enticed in presently, and I want you."

He linked his arm through his brother's and led him down the terrace steps, the full, beautiful melody of Lady Ayre's song following them as they walked.

"I really think Emily's voice is growing more exquisite," said William Ayre, dreamily, for music was a passion with him, and he could scarcely resist its charm.

"She sings well, certainly; if singing will make you happy, Will, you ought to be in paradise," said Geoffrey, with a slight bitterness, which, however, his brother did not notice.

"Well, what is this weighty something you are yearning to confide to me?" the elder asked presently, when they were quite beyond hearing of the song.

"Perhaps it will surprise you very much, perhaps not," said the lieutenant, bluntly. "I'm going over to Pine Ridge presently, to ask Rachel Abbot to marry me."

"What?"

"Quite true. Is it possible, Will, that you haven't a suspicion of my interest in that quarter?"

"Well, I've heard Emily hint at it, certainly, but I laughed at her. Rachel Abbot! Geoffrey lad, are you not making a mistake?"

"I don't think so. Is yours the conventional objection such as I know Lady Ayre entertains?" asked Geoffrey, quietly. "A farmer's daughter is unfit, of course, in the world's eyes, to mate with an Ayre of Studleigh."

"It is not that, Geoffrey, though no doubt the world will have its say," returned William Ayre, quietly. "Other things being equal, that need not be an insuperable obstacle, for Rachel Abbot is a lady, and I admire her very much."

"Thank you, Will," interrupted the other with quick gratitude.

"I suppose you have some reason to believe that she will accept you?"

"I think so. I am sure of it."

"And would you propose to marry at once?"

"Yes, and take her to India, if she will go."

"Take her to India! Would that be a wise step, and there is the old man to consider? Abbot must be seventy, if he is a day."

"Oh, but he is hale and hearty still," returned Geoffrey, lightly. "Besides, I think he will not stand in the way of his daughter's happiness."

"Well, if you marry, Geoff, I should certainly say take your wife with you. But there are a great many things to consider; many more than I suppose you have even given a passing thought. Anglo-Indian society, especially of the military order, is very exclusive. What do you suppose the officers' haughty wives will have to say to poor Rachel? I am afraid she would find herself on the outside of the social circles."

"Why? If they knew her only as Mrs. Geoffrey Ayre, there will be no question of her position," said the lieutenant, hastily. "And they need know nothing more."

"They need not, but they will," answered the elder brother, with a significant smile. "These military stations are a perfect paradise for the gossip-monger and the tale-bearer. Very probably Rachel's antecedents will be discovered and dis-

cussed before your arrival, and her place assigned to her. If I am right in thinking her to be a particularly high-minded and sensitive woman, it will go hard with her in Delhi, Geoff, and she will suffer the most on your account."

"I had no idea you knew so much about her, Will," said Geoffrey, in genuine astonishment. "But though her father is a farmer, Christopher Abbot is not quite like the ordinary farmer. The family is as old as our own, and has always been in Pine Edge."

"That is true. Well, perhaps, I have drawn the darker side of the picture, and Rachel herself is sweet and lovely enough to disarm all prejudice," said the master of Studleigh, generously. "But there is something else to be considered. India is in a very disturbed state. I heard Sir Randal Vane the other day saying he anticipated a rebellion every day. At any time you may be on active service, Geoff. You are no stranger to the fortunes of war; but war in India differs in some particulars from war in other places. In the event of a successful revolt by the natives, the ladies at the station might be in fearful peril."

"Oh, Will, how you croak. After Alma and Cossack sabres, who is going to be nervous about a handful of wretched Sepoys? I anticipated a great many objections on your part, but not one of those you have named. I confess my chief fear was that you imagine yourself lowered by such an alliance. Emily will be furious, I know."

"Emily has her family pride, I allow, but it is hers by heritage," said William Ayre, indulgently, for in his eyes his handsome wife could do no wrong.

"The daughter of a hundred Earls,
You are not one to be despised,"

hummed the lieutenant, with mild sarcasm. "Well, I confess I don't care a fig for Emily, begging your pardon, old fellow, as long as you don't mind."

"Well, perhaps I mind a little," returned William Ayre, with his quiet smile. "I would rather your ambition pointed a little higher. Perhaps one day you may be master of Studleigh."

"And the heir yonder, to say nothing of the brothers and sisters who may come," laughed the lieutenant. "Besides, you will be the white-headed Squire, perhaps, long after I have fallen before the enemy's gun or sabre, covered with wounds and, I trust, glory. Do you wish me good luck, then, Will, from your heart, in my mission to Pine Edge?"

In their walk they had strolled off the wide avenue and crossed the park to a gate which led into the open fields.

It was a fine, mild evening, the dusk tenderly falling after the bright radiance of the sun had faded. The air was very still, and seemed laden with the promise of the spring. The trees had tender tufts on their bare boughs, and in sheltered nooks the early flowers were in bloom. Somewhere, indeed, the sweet violet was already giving its hidden and exquisite fragrance to the evening hour. It was a pleasant scene upon which their eyes looked, a fertile English landscape, with its rich mosaic of green and brown, its varied undulations and its peaceful homes, a scene which has countless parallels in Old England, but which never falls upon the eyes of those who call it home.

To William Ayre that scene was one of the fairest in the world. It was his own patrimony—every field, and tree, and breadth of sunny meadow, reaching to the far hills, was his, and every foot of the ground was precious in his sight. He had taken up his birthright as a sacred trust, to be held for the honour of the dead and the sake of those to come. Entering upon his heritage in such a spirit, and seeking in every word and action to be a blessing to the place and the people, it was no wonder that his name was spoken with love and reverence which knew no bounds. They did not expect him to live long. Such goodness, they said, was incompatible with long life—they said his good deeds were preparation for another life. There may have been truth in their verdict, too, yet it was certain that William Ayre had a large, sweet, sympathetic soul, a high regard for honour, and integrity, a shrinking from everything ignoble or wrong; and he was singularly free from

arrogance or pride, which is sometimes seen in those who have less to boast of. This was evidenced by his reception of his brother's love story. Although Geoffrey had expected nothing but courtesy and forbearance at his brother's hands, in this, as in every other matter upon which he had consulted him, he was secretly amazed at the heartiness of his manner. It had betrayed surprise, certainly, but neither annoyance or disgust. And his praises of Rachel Abbot had been generous enough to send the hot flush of gratitude to his young brother's face. Never, so long as he lived, would Geoffrey Ayre forget these unsolicited words of appreciation—all the more prized that they came unsought.

"Why should I not wish you well, Geoff? You are my only brother, and I have never been anything but proud of you," he said, with that gracious smile, which was like a benediction. "If I tell the truth, I am prouder of you than ever, because you have all the courage of a true and unselfish love."

Geoffrey stretched out his hand quickly, and gripped his brother's, but spoke no word. His impulsive heart was indeed full.

"And if Rachel is to be my sister, you shall tell me to-night, and I shall go to Pine Edge to-morrow," continued William Ayre. "In the meantime, I suppose I may tell Emily?"

"If you wish, Will; but don't let her prejudice you against us. I—I think she does not like Rachel. I cannot tell why."

"She thinks her proud, I believe," returned the other, musingly. "It is a curious thing, which has always interested me, how slow good women are, sometimes, to appreciate each other. But if Rachel Abbot really becomes your wife, Geoff, I hope she and my wife will be like sisters. It is rather a disappointment to me that there is so little sympathy between Emily and you."

"No doubt it is my blame," said Geoffrey quickly, touched by his brother's look and tone. "I am only a rough-and-ready fellow, Will, more used to the freedom of the camp fire and the trenches than to my lady's bower."

"Nevertheless, Emily is secretly proud of her soldier brother," said William Ayre, as he laid his hand affectionately on his brother's shoulder. "And if she seems to be less hearty than you would like about this affair, try to remember it is because she thinks there are few noble families in England who would not be proud to ally themselves with the hero of the Alma. *Au revoir*, then, and may all good luck attend you."

So William Ayre tried to prepare his brother for what he felt certain would ensue, Lady Emily's haughty displeasure over such an alliance. He was conscious of a strange feeling of sadness and despondency as he slowly retraced his steps alone towards the house. His own domestic relations were of the happiest, because he adored his wife, and his gentle disposition never clashed with her haughtier will. But he knew her to be a woman of matchless pride. She was an earl's daughter, and in marrying plain William Ayre of Studleigh, may have thought herself taking a step backward on the social ladder. It had been a love-match, however; and whatever her demeanour to others, Lady Emily was an affectionate and lovable wife. There was a slight constraint in her relations with Geoffrey. His quick, proud spirit could not brook her arrogance; he felt slights where William saw none, and when probably none was intended. It was well for the peace of Studleigh that Lieutenant Ayre's furloughs should be few and far between, and that he should not for any length of time be a member of their family circle. To the Squire this was a grief of no ordinary kind. He loved his wife, but his brother was no less dear to him. There was a touch of fatherly regard in his deep love, for Geoffrey had ever looked up to him as a wise counsellor, although there was but slight disparity in years between them. He could not understand how the two, each so lovable, could not be true and close friends. It was too delicate a theme to handle in conversation, so the Squire could only mourn over it in secret, and hope that time would mellow the relationship between his wife and his brother, and bring about a happier state of matters.

He was not sanguine about Lady Emily's reception of the news he had to give. Once or twice she had remarked upon Geoffrey's frequent visits to Pine Edge, and the curl of her lip, the very inflection of her voice, indicated that she thought it no place for him to spend his leisure. William did not believe she had any idea that Geoffrey's admiration for Rachel Abbot had so deepened that it had become the desire of his life to make her his wife. He knew that the news would not gratify her. He shrank in imagination from her measured, stately words, from the cold glance of her flashing eye, from the curve of her beautiful mouth. With all these in anticipation, and oppressed besides with a vague, haunting dread of coming evil, the Squire of Studleigh slowly approached the house.

CHAPTER II.—THE PORTMAYNE CREED.

The large windows of the drawing-room were open, and on the step which led down to the terrace stood Lady Emily Ayre, humming the refrain of the last song she had sung. She was a striking and rarely beautiful woman, with a pale, refined, exquisite type of beauty but seldom seen. Her figure was very tall and slender, her carriage graceful and stately, her white silk gown, with her half-open corsage, showed the perfect curve of neck and throat. Her face was, perhaps, too colourless, but the skin was clear and pure and soft, and the features absolutely faultless. The profile turned to the window was clear-cut and patrician, the eyes large, calm and lovely, of hue as blue as the summer sky; her hair was bright golden, and was like a crown to her perfect face. She was conscious of her own beauty, but not vain of it; she wore it as her natural right, the heritage of a house famous through all time for the beauty of its ladies. There was a suggestion of coldness about the whole woman. The white gown falling in spotless and stately folds to her feet, the cold gleam of the diamonds in her golden hair, the faint, slight smile on her proud lips as she watched her husband approaching, seemed to indicate that the Lady Emily Ayre was a woman who prided herself in her absolute self-control, in her calm, unruffled bearing, her measureless scorn for the littleness of mind which allows itself to betray nervousness and haste. Her manners were absolutely perfect—cold, calm, icily courteous, after the order of her race. Sometimes, though not often, she unbent to her husband, and gave him a glimpse of her inner self which made him happy for days. In the nursery, when no one was by, the heart of the woman was revealed before the unconscious smiles of her first-born son. Her love for her husband was a calm, steady, undemonstrative affection, which found expression in fulfilling to the uttermost the gracious functions of the mistress of Studleigh; her love for her child was a passion which filled her whole soul, a passion without reason or limit, which in years to come was to cause herself and others bitter sorrow.

"Where have you been, William, and where has Geoffrey gone?" she asked, as her husband came up the steps. "It is an hour since I left you in the dining-room."

"Pardon, mia," he said, and bending forward touched with his lips the round, exquisite arm. "We have been discussing grave matters, and Geoffrey has gone to Pine Edge."

Instantly her expression changed, and her lips curled in high disdain.

"Why does he spend all his leisure there? It is no compliment to me, William, that your brother should be impatient to be gone from my dinner-table to the society of a yeoman's daughter."

"There is excuse for Geoffrey, dear, since it is the society of his future wife he seeks," William Ayre answered, candidly. "Come in, for the dews are falling, and I want to talk this matter over with you."

She turned from him and withdrew into an inner room, where the lamps were lit, and the coffee on the table.

"You may go, Hodgson; we shall wait upon ourselves," she said, briefly, to the servant waiting with the coffee-tray; and when the tray was put down, busied herself in putting sugar in the cups. Her husband closed the long windows, and joined her in the smaller room.

"Thank you, my love," he said, as he took his coffee from her hand. "Sit down now and let us talk. Geoffrey has gone to ask Rachel Abbot to be his wife."

"His wife?"

Lady Emily turned slightly round with a swift rustle of her silken skirts, and looked at her husband with wondering eyes. "Has his folly gone so far as that?"

"Geoff does not think it folly, I assure you, Emily. I see that he is sincerely attached to Rachel Abbot."

"Did he tell you that he was going to Pine Edge on such an errand?"

"Yes; I have just parted with him at the cop-pice gate."

"And what did you say to him?"

"What could I say, Emily, except wish him God-speed in his wooing?" asked William Ayre, slightly smiling, deceived by the serenity of his wife's face and the calmness of her speech.

"You—you wished him God-speed, William?" she re-echoed. "Surely your folly transcends his, for he may be supposed to be blinded by a foolish passion," she said, quickly. "Do you mean to say that it will please you to see your only brother so degrade himself?"

"Your choice of a word is not very happy, Emily," said William Ayre, quietly. "It is not a word to use in connection with any pure and good girl, least of all, in regard to Rachel Abbot, who is a gentlewoman in mind and manners, whatever her birth may be."

"And this is the proud end of the hero of Alma Heights," retorted Lady Emily, in ineffable scorn. "There is a despatch for him to-night, announcing, I suppose, his promotion; at least I see by the evening paper that he has been gazetted captain in the 54th, scarcely a matter for congratulation, I think, *now*."

"Why?"

"Because, the higher the height the greater the descent," she answered, coolly. "It will be better if we do not discuss this matter, William. It is utterly disgraceful that Geoffrey should have allowed himself to be inveigled in such a manner by these Abbots; and that you should all along have stood calmly by and witnessed, nay, encouraged it, is not only a mystery, but a wrong, which I can scarcely regard lightly. If you have no respect for your own name, you might have given a thought to me."

She spoke quietly, without any betrayal of passion, and yet he felt that her bitter anger was roused. Her face was paler than its wont; her lips trembled as she spoke, and her bosom rose and fell quickly under the soft laces of her gown. But William Ayre was equal to the occasion, because his sympathy was wholly with his brother.

"It ought to be a matter of congratulation with us, Emily, that Geoffrey has behaved so honourably to Rachel Abbot. We have not very far to go among our neighbours to find more humiliating sorrow than this need be to us. Except for the accident of her birth, Christopher Abbot's daughter is as truly a lady as any of my acquaintance."

"I thank you for the comparison and the compliment, Mr. Ayre," said his wife, and she swept him a little curtsy, while her lip curled in a slight, cold smile.

"Emily, you are not wont to be so uncharitable," he said still quietly, though his manner betrayed his vexation. "Is it not some personal dislike of Rachel Abbot?"

"On my part?"

She swept round to him as she asked the question, and drew herself up as if the very suggestion were an insult.

"Yes—Geoffrey thinks you do not like her."

"Geoffrey is needlessly concerned, you can tell him. I can have no dislike to Rachel Abbot. She is too far removed from me even to occasion me a thought."

"You are very bitter, Emily."

"Am I? Not more so, I think, than the occasion merits. When I married you, William, I did not dream that I should be called upon to meet your tenants on equal ground, and I refuse to do it."

"Does that mean that, in the event of Geoffrey marrying Rachel Abbot, you will not countenance her?"

"You would not ask me, William, to receive her here?" she replied in her iciest tones.

Then the Squire of Studleigh's rare anger rose—"I must say, Emily, you are going too far," he said, with most unusual haste. "Although the Abbots are my tenants, their family is as old and honourable as mine, and their tastes are as refined. You were amazed at the refinement and elegance of Pine Edge when I took you there after our marriage."

"I was. I suggested, you may remember, that it was a little too much an assumption on the part of those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. And Rachel Abbot received me then as if the honour of the visit was mine, and not hers. I have never forgotten it, and never will."

"It is as I said, Emily, you are prejudiced against Rachel Abbot, and will not look at the matter from a just standpoint," he said with a sigh. "But we need not grudge poor Geoffrey his happiness, even if it is to come through the daughter of a tenant farmer. It is hard, after his long campaign amid the rigors of a Russian winter, to be ordered to India at the very beginning of his furlough. I have a strange presentiment that he will never return."

"Nonsense, William, he will grow lazy and indolent in Delhi, like all our Indian officers. Does he intend to take his bride out with him, then?"

"Yes, if she will go."

"Oh, she will go fast enough," said Lady Emily, with a short, hard laugh. "It would be too great a risk to let him go free. Well, I do not envy Mrs. Geoffrey Ayre, left to the tender mercies of Lady Randal Vane and her exclusive circle. I question if even Geoffrey's devoted love will be able to stand that test."

"You could do a great deal to make her experience of Indian society agreeable, Emily," said the Squire, involuntarily.

"In what way?"

"You might ask Lady Vane to meet her here. It is possible they may be going by the same steamer."

"I have told you, William, that I decline to countenance this affair."

"Not even for my sake?"

She hesitated for a moment, not that there was any wavering in her mind, but because she did not wish to give a direct refusal. In a sense she was a just woman, she appreciated her husband's habitual gentleness and consideration for her; it pained her to give him pain, or to inflict upon him any disappointment, however slight. But on this point she was inexorable. She deemed that her position and her parentage demanded that she should take up an unequivocal stand. She could not receive Rachel Abbot into the house on equal ground, welcome her as a sister to be honoured and loved. The condescension would be too great. The law of her order forbade it, and she had been reared to consider that law sacred and binding. It is certain, however, that a deep-rooted and strange dislike of Rachel Abbot gave strength to her decision. She recalled the tall, stately, graceful figure, the grave, calm face, the deep, lustrous eyes, the perfect grace and dignity of mien, the unconsciousness of any inferiority of position in her demeanour towards her, Lady Emily, who belonged to one of the proudest families in England. In that short interview Rachel Abbot had erred unpardonably. She had been kindly, courteous, hospitable to the Squire's aristocratic wife, but perfectly self-possessed, and neither humble nor deferential. It was not pride, however, though Lady Emily regarded it as such; it was simply unconsciousness that difference in rank demanded any special recognition at her hands. Perhaps Miss Abbot had been spoiled and petted by the Squire's folk until they had forgotten the distinction between them. There had always been a warm and close intimacy between Pine Edge and Studleigh.

(To be Continued.)



Fourreau Dresses—The New Lamp Shade—A Beautiful Fan—Bad Colds—Home-made Marmalade.

Fourreau dresses do not seem generally "understood" as much as they might be, and yet we are all wearing, and have been wearing for some time, *fourreau* skirts. Those who follow in fashion's footsteps the closest have also adopted the *fourreau* bodices that belong to such skirts, these being essentially for evening attire. I may just remind you, my kind readers, that our very tight plain skirts have received this name because they resemble the cover of an umbrella, which is expressed in French by the word *fourreau*. Also I may call to your remembrance that this particular make of skirt was first worn in the reign of the Empress Josephine, and that when we speak of a *fourreau* dress, the bodice that accompanies this skirt follows the style of that kind of costume, and has no shoulder pieces to it, that is, apparently. The sleeves seem to be put on the shoulder as if they were in no way attached to the dress, but merely slipped on to the arm, and there left to stay as best they may. Though the bodice appears to be cut without sleeves or armholes, in reality there is a narrow band running over the shoulder, to which each sleeve is sewn, but it is entirely invisible. I give you a sketch of the *fourreau* dress, like the one that a



were entirely composed of lace, which had bands of gold *galon* wound round so as to keep it to the figure. The sleeves were half long, as you see, and beautiful gold embroidery adorned the hem of the mauve satin *fourreau* skirt. This is the newest and most favourite cut of evening dress in Paris just at present. Having now finished the description of the costume in my sketch, I should like you just to notice the new lamp shade in the same picture, for it is quite a novelty, and I saw it the other day at the new Art Gallery of artistic and liberty-like fabrics in New Bond street. These pretty elegancies, with hundreds of others in varied forms, are composed of a deliciously soft gauzy kind of silk called "Arachne gauze," which, being very light and thin, drapes itself most beautifully. It is rather difficult to give in so small a sketch a just idea of the delicacy and gracefulness of these shades, but you must please imagine that this one is in two varieties of yellow, lemon and orange. The silk is laid in flat, perpendicular pleats on to the umbrella-shaped framework, and then draped round the glass chimney-hole at the top, and in wider fashion with occasional *bouillons* round the lower edge in the daintiest way. It is all so beautifully light and transparent that it merely softens the glare of the lamp without in the least darkening the room. All sorts of delicate colours are to be had in this lovely gauze, and one pretty combination that I noticed was in pale green and white, another in two shades of pink which, when on a lamp, reminded one of an inverted rose blossom of giant proportions. Smaller shades were also made for little lamps or candles on the same plan, and were equally pretty.

A beautiful fan is one of the most acceptable of presents, and Madam Fashion exercises her very arbitrary sway over them, as well as over a host of other things. I am very glad to say that the absurdly large ones are quite things of the past, and those we now have, though of more voluminous dimensions than the beautiful old treasures that have been handed down to us from our great-grandmothers, are still quite reasonable in size compared to the immense



things girls used to spread about a few years ago. They might, certainly, have been most powerful aids to flirtation—forgive the suggestion, which approaches so nearly to a disgraceful pun, but is that why they are "flirted?"—but they were undoubtedly very unwieldy, and needed excessively clever management to prevent them getting in the way when carried, or in dancing. I am an enthusiastic admirer of beautiful fans, and have had the privilege of seeing some of not only priceless value, but of wonderful histories; fans that have been treasured up in the families of our old English nobility as heirlooms, originally belonging to some well-known characters in the history of the last two centuries, such as unhappy Queen Marie Antoinette of France, and others. These old fans were very beautiful, truly, but I must say that I greatly admire those of the present day, particularly such as are made of delicate, waving ostrich feathers, always so graceful and silent in their motion, like the wonderful flight of an owl. Also the ephemeral creations of lace, both black and white, with a centre medal-

lion of diaphanous gauze, on which may be seen one of the artistic productions of Houghton, that king of fan painters, whom no one yet has excelled, even in France. The lace, sprinkled with diamonds, is no longer a novelty; but the very newest idea is to have a beautiful spray of brilliants running up the outside sticks of the fan, such as you see in the illustration, or what is still prettier, the letters of the happy recipient's name in diamonds, with her coronet at the top. Sometimes there is merely the monogram and coronet, but whichever of the various decorations is employed, the gems are invariably set into ebony or darkest tortoise-shell mounts. Fortunately in looking at and chatting about pretty things, we need not concern ourselves with the price, or I might frighten you with the cost of these peerless fans, though it is by no means excessive.

Bad colds may be frequently avoided by a little thoughtfulness. People are very often stupid about common illness, and I am perfectly certain that very many great maladies might be saved by looking after the little ones. Now cold is responsible for a great deal of illness directly and indirectly. If chills could be avoided, the community would be infinitely healthier. There is one question which is invariably asked, when anyone has a cold, that strikes me as so intensely idiotic: "How did you catch such a cold?" Certainly it is well to know how one caught a cold so as to guard against it another time; but it is not generally asked in that way, and with that one exception, having once got a cold, it does not matter much how you got it. Of course, it is not always possible to help catching cold, but there are many ways of tackling it when once caught, and of preventing it from developing into a real illness. First, of course, as a preventative, stands proper, sensible clothing; not too thin for winter, not too thick for summer. Then, attention to draughts; as the great Miss Nightingale said in her admirable book on nursing, "fresh air, but no draughts." Anyone who sits to his or her occupation in a thorough draught or current of air may be considered to be wanting in intelligence. If by accident they find themselves so placed, they should move at the first sensation of cold. Young people often remain in draughts without perceiving them; it is as age increases that the heat generating power of the body becomes more feeble and the person more sensitive to cold. When you feel one side of your face colder than the other, as if, in fact, a little cold wind was blowing on it, beware, and rub it to restore the warmth; do anything to promote the circulation, or else you may expect to have a bad face, ear, or even toothache, in a day or two. There is a thing that is often done, particularly by men, and it is in itself a fallacy, almost a superstition, and that is the use of spirits to obviate cold. They are but a stimulant which suddenly sets the warm blood flowing from the heart all over the surface of the body, where, though it gives a momentary sensation of warmth, it becomes more rapidly chilled, and returns to the already cooled heart to make it colder still; so that in reality the last state of the body is chillier and worse than the first. Drinks like hot coffee, tea, chocolate or soup, that are hot from caloric or heat, not from spirit, will more enduringly warm than anything else. Wet feet are a prolific source of cold, and for women and children particularly dangerous, and about which they cannot be too careful. The best way, if possible, when changing wet boots and stockings for dry ones, is first to put the feet into very warm water for a few minutes, as this often draws the chill out of them.

Delicate lips are sadly affected by the bitter north-easterly winds. I have no faith in, nor do I recommend, the thousand and one cosmetics and unguents advertised by the hundreds of chemists and perfumers that one reads and hears of every day. Anything that has glycerine in it is to be avoided by those with tender skins, as it is too stimulating, and is apt to sting rather severely. Vaseline may be used, but beware of all the mixtures called creams and pomades that are sold unless you can get their makers to tell you exactly of what they are composed—which they will hardly ever do—as in no case is it more true that 'one man's meat is another man's poison' than in these applications. However, I give a safe and reliable recipe for lip salve, which can be made at home, and has been pronounced most efficacious. Dissolve in a jar, placed in a saucepan of water on the fire, two ounces of oil of almonds two ounces of spermaceti, and one ounce of white wax. When the heat has a little subsided, but before it becomes cool, add one ounce of red rose oil and a small quantity of essence of bergamot. Then pour it into china or glass pots to cool, when it is ready for use.

week or so ago I mentioned was made by a celebrated *modiste* in London, and worn at the first Drawing-Room. I have not added the train, which was put on with a Watteau pleat from the centre of the back. The bodice and sleeves

A REVERENT PILGRIMAGE.

PART VII.

A QUARTETTE OF ABBEYS.

From solitary island and stormy seas, let me guide you to-day, O fellow-pilgrim, into the goodly land which is watered by the Tweed—the pleasant valley where the magic of the Wizard of the North was most potent, and where, when his prosperous days began, he set up his Penates. When Scott writes of the Highlanders, he is the poet, the romancer, seizing on what is picturesque; when he writes of the Borders, he is the borderer himself.

This blue, clear river, so dear to the modern angler, was not less dear to the monks of old. Wandering by its side, the abbey of Melrose, Dryburgh and Kelso meet you in rapid succession, and that of Jedburgh, on one of its tributary waters, is not far away.

As the Scotland to which the transatlantic pilgrim repairs, is always the Scotland of Sir Walter, so the central point of his pilgrimage is invariably Abbotsford and Melrose. The most despotic tourist agent, understanding this, does not deny to the meekest of his charges a glance at these. And so, the "personally conducted," on the evening of his second (and last) day in Scotland, is borne southward—in time to see Abbotsford before the gates are closed, and the Abbey "by moonlight." Herein is a mystery! The moon,



MELROSE ABBEY.

even at charmed Melrose, waxes and wanes as elsewhere; the stream of tourists is constant; and yet every one of them sees the ruins by moonlight. Have Cook and others of his kind their private electrical appliances? or do they manage matters as did good Peter Quince and the "hard-handed men that worked in Athens," on that enchanted midsummer night long ago:

"This lantern doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man-i'-the-moon do seem to be."

Or is the supposed moonlight but the Scottish twilight—the tender, beautiful "gloamin'" which the exile, half a world away from it, never ceases to remember, and never ceases to regret?

Melrose, at the foot of the Eildon Hills,—the Tremontium of the Romans, was the seat of a religious foundation in the time of the Heptarchy. When the Scots obtained the district from the Saxons of Northumbria, the establishment was destroyed. This original monastery was about three miles to the east of the later one, on a site nearly surrounded by the river. In 1136 David I. founded the Abbey; dedicating it to the Blessed Virgin

Mary, and bestowing it upon Cistercian monks brought from Rievaulx, in Yorkshire. It was destroyed by the English under Edward II. in their retreat in 1322; after which King Robert Bruce gave £2,000 sterling—equal to £50,000 at the present day—to rebuild it. At the Reformation the monks, whether justly or otherwise, had the reputation of keeping their rule none too strictly,* and their monastery was attacked and demolished by the mob.

What remains is the Abbey Church—a most exquisite specimen of decorated Gothic; and, fortunately, built of so hard a stone that time and the elements have had but little effect on what the mob spared.

Some one of poetic fancy has called architecture "frozen music." What term could more fitly describe Melrose, particularly if seen by genuine moonlight? Profusion of ornament, which mars some Gothic buildings, has been the making of this. What need to point out the plan of chapel, and sub-chapel, and cloister; the beauty of doorways and windows, of statues and canopies; the vaulted and fretted roof—but little of which is left, alas! the carving so prodigally lavished everywhere, and so delicately wrought that you may insert a straw

between leaf and stem? You have seen it all in pictures, you have read it all in books, a hundred times. And no description has improved on that with which, probably, you began—hackneyed as it is, and will be to the end of time:

"On pillars lofty, and light, and small;
The key-stone that locks each ribbed aisle
Is a fleur-de-lys or a quatre-feuille.
The corbels are carved grotesque and grim,
And the pillars with clustered shafts atrim,
With base and with capital flourished around
Seem bundles of lances which garlands have bound."†

A still more beautiful description is that of the east window. It is, says the poet, as if

"Some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone."‡

*"The monks of Melrose made guid kail
On Friday, when they fasted;
And wanted neither beef nor ale
Sae lang's their neighbour's lasted."

†Lay of the Last Minstrel.
‡Ibid.

Within the Abbey sleeps many a gallant warrior, many a nameless monk. Alexander II. was laid beneath the high altar; a curious slab of greenish black marble, with petrified shells embedded in it, is supposed to mark his grave. Many of the Douglasses lie near; among them the second Earl, who fell at the Battle of Otterbourne, and William, "The Dark Knight of Liddesdale." Most precious



DRYBURGH ABBEY.

dust of all is that of the heart of the Bruce, brought here after Douglas's vain attempt to convey it to the Holy Land. How this faithful friend and brother warrior stayed not on his errand, save to give battle to the infidel; how, finding himself overpowered by numbers, he threw his treasure forward into the thickest of the fight, "where it was wont to be," and, pressing after it, was slain; and how the heart was recovered and brought to Melrose, has been often told, and never more charmingly than in Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers."

Not even for the wealth of abbey still before us can I ask you to pass Abbotsford and its "gabions." So, while I wander down to the Tweed and across it, do you commit yourself to yonder Jehu, who driveth so furiously that you will overtake me before I have gone a third of the way. You can see, too, between here and Dryburgh, the Glendearg of the Monastery, in which so many marvellous events occurred; the village of Earlstown, or Ercildoune, the dwelling of Thomas the Rhymer, in whom

"The honoured name
Of prophet and of poet was the same,"

and the remains of the Rhymer's Tower.

Dryburgh Abbey is situated in a richly wooded haugh, around which the Tweed makes a circuitous sweep. It is another foundation of the reign of David I., though not the gift of that generous king. It was built by Hugh de Moreville,—Lord of Lauderdale and Constable of Scotland, and given to Premonstratensian monks from Alnwick. Like Melrose, it was burned in the retreat of Edward II.; but though the Scottish king contributed liberally towards its rebuilding, it seems never to have fully regained its former magnificence. At the Reformation it was granted by James II. to the Earl of Mar.

Few pictures of Dryburgh give any just idea of the extent and beauty of the ruins. The principal remains are the gable of the nave, the chapter-house (in the floor of which a double circle marks the founder's grave), St. Moden's Chapel, the ends of the transept, and part of the choir and monastery. A noted feature of the Abbey is the St. Catherine wheel window, twelve feet in diameter—the tracery wreathed about with ivy. A refectory 100x30 feet, and 60 feet high, with wine and almonry cellars beneath it, suggests that monastic life in Scotland, in pre-Reformation days, was not all fasting.

In St. Mary's aisle lies Scott—his wife on one side; his eldest son, in whom such proud hopes were centred, on the other. I suppose it is bleak here in winter; it is beautiful to-day; the air balmy; the soft turf emerald, save where the shadows of the ruins and of yon ancient yew-tree, as old as the Abbey, fall upon it. If ever the gentle ghosts of the old monks revisit their ancient haunts, I am sure they think kindly of the sleeper who thought so kindly of them.

Fifteen miles from Melrose, and, like Dryburgh, on the opposite bank of the river, stands the little

town of Kelso. Its situation, at the junction of the Teviot with the Tweed, is singularly beautiful, and its environs full of interest. Opposite it is the site of Roxburgh Castle, an early border fortress, and, in the 12th century, the principal residence of the Kings of Scotland. A few fragments only remain. In the park of Floors Palace, a holly-tree marks the spot where James II. was killed by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of the Castle in 1460. Our point of interest is the Abbey, which, says the editor of its Charters, "stands alone, like some antique Titan predominating over the dwarfs of a later world." It was begun in 1152—the first of the splendid foundations of King David—and settled upon a reformed class of Benedictines, first established at Tiron in France, and hence called Tironenses. The structure was in keeping with its magnificent endowments; and its proud, mitred Abbots long disputed precedence with metropolitan St. Andrews, and even contended for superiority with the parent house in France. In consequence of its situation, it suffered severely during the wars with England, and was finally reduced to ruin by the Earl of Hertford's army in 1545. After the Reformation, the transept was vaulted over in a very inferior manner and made to serve as a parish church: and it was used for this purpose till 1771, when one Sunday, "in tyme of sermon," a large piece of plaster fell from the roof. The congregation, believing that the vaulting was giving way, stood not on the order of their going, but went at once; and some one remembering that Thomas the Rhymer had predicted that "the kirk should fall when at its fullest," they very wisely refused to return. The rude modern masonry was then removed, and Kelso Abbey was once more a picturesque ruin.

Going up the Teviot till we reach Jed Water, we come to a burgh of long pedigree. Old Jedburgh, which stood about five miles above the present town, was founded by Ecgrid, Bishop of Lindisfarne, A.D. 845, and in 1000 St. Kenoch was its Abbot. Jedburgh Castle is mentioned in the earliest Scottish annals, and the town was a royal burgh in the time of David I. The parish was early celebrated for its woodland fastnesses, for the strength of its castles and fortified dwellings, and for the splendour of its ecclesiastical establishments.

The Abbey was enlarged and richly endowed by David I. and other patrons. Like the others near the border, it suffered severely in the English wars. In the reign of Henry VIII. it was for two hours exposed to the artillery of the Earl of

Surrey. In consequence of its ruinous condition, it was abandoned by its monks—canons regular of St. Augustine—even before the Reformation.

From where we stand by the river, the Abbey looks venerable, but scarcely ruinous. The long range of nave and clerestory windows, and the massive square tower—rising, with its belfry and turrets, to the height of 100 feet—are very impressive. Here, as elsewhere, the taste of our day has rebelled against the barbarous and unseemly sty'e in which, a generation or two ago, portions of these sacred places were patched up to serve as places of worship. To step from the beautiful proportions and harmonious tones of what our early forefathers left, into the square, unlovely enclosures, all plaster and whitewash, of later days, is enough to convert—or, if you will, *per-vert*—an Original Seceder.

The ancient inhabitants of Jedburgh took an active part in all the border frays; often turning the tide of battle with their cry, "Jethart's here!" and their stout Jethart staves "Jethart justice" was even more summary than is that of New Orleans, being of the kind by which

"In the morn men hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after."

Only a few weeks ago, I read in a Canadian newspaper an article which ridiculed Scott's oft-quoted lines on love of country, and declared it did not matter in what land we lived or under what government, if we only had our "three square meals a day." I know little of political parties in the Dominion, but I am sure so base a sentiment and so unblushing a declaration of it would be condemned by good men of every party, and of every country, and could only have emanated from some camp-follower who, if he had the opportunity, would prey upon all. I hope there was no Scottish blood in his veins, and I think there was not. For I have seen Highlanders from the Locharber Hills, and shepherds from these fertile valleys; and I never knew one of them who, could he but have kept a roof over his head, would not rather have had a crust at home than a feast elsewhere. A Scotch lassie in the States once said to me of her father: "He's aye makin' us promise that when he's deein' we'll turn him wi' his face to Scotland." It was the thought of Fergus McIvor, when begging that his trunkless head might face northward:

"Moritur, et moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos."



KELSO ABBEY.

I promised you a quartette of Abbeys. I would like to have added to these a fifth—New or Sweetheart Abbey in Kirkcudbrightshire, erected by Devorgilla, daughter of the Lord of Galloway, in honour of her husband, John Baliol. At Baliol's death, Devorgilla had his heart embalmed, and shrined in a casket of ivory and silver. And when her own end approached she directed that the relic which had been her "silent daily companion" in life should be laid upon her bosom and buried with her in the Abbey which she had built. Thus the structure got its beautiful name. And what a pity it is that one of the most exquisite words in our language should not have been kept sacred to such fine uses, instead of being vulgarized as it has been.

* * * * *

And now, fellow-pilgrim, whatever pictures your memory may make for you in the future, of all you have seen to-day, I can safely tell you which of them you will look at oftenest and with the tenderest regard. They are the three most closely connected with the presiding genius of the valley: The east window of Melrose, St. Mary's aisle at Dryburgh and the empty chair in the study at Abbotford. Half the charm even of the ruins is that he loved them; half their pathos is that he is gone. And through all the delight of seeing them runs the feeling of something missing—something good and kindly, as well as great, which has been, but will be no more.

And I know an old man on the New England coast who, nightly, takes a long look seaward—not for signs of the weather, but for the dear sake of what is beyond his vision. "I canna see't," he sometimes says, "but then I ken it's there!" These men are not loud in their complaints—indeed, they do not complain at all. If you sympathise with them they only say, with gentle dignity, "Ay, it's a peety!" But they say it in a way that moves you strangely, and the longing look in their eyes brings tears into your own.

"What's in a country?" asks this sutler, this camp-follower. Scott knew, and we know, that there is *everything* in a country. Next to the love of that diviner "patria" to which, thank God! exiles all over the world may turn in hope, there is no more generous and ennobling passion than love of one's native land. Before it dies out, may the end of all things come. And, meantime, may some good angel guard the beloved grave at Dryburgh; and may that truest lover of Scotland rest in peace!

A. M. MACLEOD.

A CLOSE APPRAISAL.—Miss Sweetlips (slyly): A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Stubpen!

Mr. Stubpen.—Thank you, Miss Sweetlips. That is just about what I am getting now in the literary market.—*Burlington Free Press*.



NORMAN ARCH, JEDBURGH ABBEY.



Anybody may call spirits from the vasty deep, but it has always been a matter of grave doubt whether the ghosts would be accommodating enough to come or not; in fact, they generally stayed away. There is a good deal of analogy between this and the action taken by the annual convention of the National Amateur Lacrosse Association on Friday last. The N.A.L.A., partly through bad management and partly through thick-headedness, forced the Cornwall and Toronto clubs out of the ranks, and then by another series of blunders brought lacrosse to such a low point in public estimation that the Shamrocks, the Montrealers and the Ottawas were forced to abandon the parent association, practically if not theoretically. This was absolutely necessary in order to save the game from oblivion or to secure anything like a paying attendance at the matches. For two years what has been known as the Senior League has turned out very successfully and it has gradually dawned on the N.A.L.A. that they lost great opportunities a couple of years ago. It was with a view to partially recover lost authority that the recommendation was made to the Senior League to accept the Capitals to membership. It must be very gratifying, especially to the Torontos and Cornwalls to have the association which they were obliged to leave offer them good advice. Most people who know the facts of the case would be inclined to credit this action to a superfluity of what is vulgarly termed "gall," but the more charitable way of looking at it would be to class its advocates under the heading of "invincible innocents." They meant well, no doubt, but they didn't know. In fact, there were comparatively few delegates present who did know just what they were talking about and just when to talk. But there was a considerable voting delegation who had apparently been primed by the older heads, and who, submitting to superior wisdom and election tactics, just voted the way they were told. The idea was that a recommendation from such an influential governing body as the N.A.L.A. would be bound to carry considerable weight. This seems beautifully absurd when it is considered that two of the clubs to whom the recommendation is in part made have already refused to obey the mandates of the association. Is it likely then that they will pay any attention to a mere recommendation? It is far more probable that it will be treated as a piece of gratuitous interference, and if the request is not acceded to—as will probably be the case—the N.A.L.A. will have placed itself in a decidedly humiliating position. Still the snub may be attended with good results if it teaches folks to mind their own business.

The recommendation was not the strangest part of the business, however. It was a left-handed way of making believe to do the Capitals a good turn and a new charm of unaccountable simplicity is added to the whole thing when it is remembered that the meeting had just recognized the Capitals as eligible for its own senior championship. Does it not look very much like saying: "We are the great lacrosse power of the earth; you may play for our championship if you like; but we recommend you to go over the way, where we won't have any control over you, but you'll make more money." It is supposed that the convention was appointed to look after the interests of the N.A.L.A. Instead of doing so it openly recommends accession to practically a rival organization. Charity covers a multitude of sins and generosity is all very well in its way, but if a charitable man were to give all his substance away and die of starvation himself the coroner would probably think that his charity was tempered with insanity.

The reinstatement of Charles Ellard to the amateur ranks, or a recommendation to that effect, may probably carry a little weight with the powers that be in the Amateur Athletic Association of Canada. The convention, however, probably lost sight of the fact that but a few weeks previous the executive of this association had positively refused to even consider Ellard's application

and it was said that they had come across new evidence that would seriously injure his chances of ever being reinstated. Still, in their good nature any little favour that could be done for anybody was done cheerfully, with neatness and despatch, and a total disregard for ultimate results. But a "fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind," and maybe some of the delegates knew how it was themselves, and perhaps some day might be in the same predicament. The other force at present at work in favour of Ellard will probably carry more weight than two or three recommendations from N.A.L.A. conventions. The morning papers have revealed the fact that a petition is being circulated among the players of the big clubs, which asks the C.A.A.A. for Ellard's reinstatement. The matter was kept very quiet for a considerable time, and it is understood that a great number of players have affixed their names. To tell the truth, this is about as it should be. There are lots of men posing to-day as amateurs and playing on prominent lacrosse teams whose record is hardly a whit more clean than Ellard's. But, unfortunately for the latter, he was found out and, as an example had to be made of somebody, he had to suffer. There is no use disguising the fact that professionalism is very prevalent in lacrosse, and it is not confined to the senior clubs by any means; but the delinquents' long years of experience in such matters have made it as difficult to find proof as it is the proverbial needle, and so they pursue the even tenor of their way, draw their little salaries, exchange bogus rings for good coin of the realm, find mysterious tons of coal in the cellar and cords of maple in the wood-shed, and bob up serenely at the beginning of the season with club uniforms on and lacrosse sticks in their hands. And so it goes.

There has been a noticeable unanimity in the way recognized sporting papers have treated the doings of the convention, and it is not to be wondered at, if one had any experience with former gatherings of the sort. There was one agreeable feature about it: What business (?) was transacted did not occupy an unnecessarily long time, but this was more due to the president's knowledge of parliamentary rules than to perhaps any other cause. Mr. Maguire, of Sherbrooke, again proved himself a very valuable representative and considerable of a diplomatist. If there are any two lacrosse clubs in the world who cordially hate each other they are the Sherbrookes and the Capitals. It was gall and wormwood to the Eastern Townships men to see the Capitals legislated into the intermediate championship after a hard struggle on the field and a more prolonged, if less gory one, in the council chamber. There is no love lost between them, and still that quiet little gentleman in glasses said never a word when new honours and recommendations and things of that sort were being thrust upon the hated rivals. No; he knew better than that; he had been at conventions before, and he just waited until the straw bobbed his way showed the direction of the wind. He was even prepared to metaphorically shake hands with the Capital Club and congratulate it upon its fast accumulating honours. Of course, it would not look well for a Sherbrooke man to actually second any direct motion for the promotion of the Capital Club; but when it came to a vote Sherbrooke forgave its enemy and magnanimously voted for its rival's advancement. Verily, charity covereth a multitude of sins, and diplomacy hath more license than the vernal poet of the springtime.

The Capitals wondered,
Everyone wondered,
And most people thought that the Sherbrookes had blundered,
Until at a later stage
Up bobbed the Township's sage,
With glasses in hand, from proboscis e'en sundered,
"The pennants we claim now,
Will you kindly explain how
Intermediate honours you're going to keep from us?"
Mac's vocal chords thundered:
"This convention has blundered,
And in order to keep yourself from getting into any more trouble of this description you might kindly deem it advisable, on principles general, to keep your rash promise."

This effusion was too much for the convention, and there was a unanimous vote that, as there was nobody else in the field, the Sherbrookes be recognized as the intermediate champions.

One of the sensible things done by the convention was the awarding of trophies for the district championships of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Eastern Quebec. During recent years there has been considerable progress made in the National game in the East and as the N. A. L. A. don't amount to any more than a six-rowed ear of barley in the West, it is, perhaps, just as advisable that they gather in all the new and pliable material that may be raised down by the sea. The regular meeting of the representatives of the Senior League will be held to-day (Friday) and of course it is impossible to predict with certainty just what will be done, but from many conversations with lacrosse men who are usually credited with knowing what they are talking about, I think the only halo likely to encircle the Capitals' headgear will be that reflected from any victory they may gain according to the challenge system. It is not at all probable that even with the N.A.L.A. recommendation the Senior League will see fit to take in a new club. If the Capitals had a team that would beat all the rest of the big fellows then there might be a chance of the force of circumstances obliging their admission. But then again the difficulty remains of none of the league clubs being obliged to challenge the holders of the N.A.L.A. flags and a simple non-recognition on their part would soon have the effect of once more consigning those treasured pennants into a desuetude that is innocuous, so to speak. The real lever, however, will be gate receipts and until that lever is moved one way or the other perhaps it is premature to speak. The officers elected for the ensuing year were:—President, J. L. Dowling; Capitals; first vice-president, T. W. McNulty. Crescent; second vice-president, E. A. Larmonth; secretary-treasurer, W. J. McKenna, Shamrock; council, Messrs. Jos. Kent, Ottawa; D. B. Mulligan, Pembroke; R. Lunny, St. Lawrence; H. McLaughlin, Shamrock; W. Cox, St. Gabriel; J. A. Taylor, Montreal; J. D. Grace, Ottawa University; E. O'Leary, Gladstone (Ottawa); C. W. Young, Cornwall Juniors; T. J. Maguire, Sherbrooke.

Last week a paragraph appeared in these columns in reference to the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club and its proposed amalgamation. So far no real action has been taken in the matter and from present appearances it looks as if the canoeists would be obliged to find independent quarters. It is no secret that for some time past the Lachine Boating Club has not been in the enjoyment of the best of health, and the subscription of the L.S.L.C.C. formed no inconsiderable item in the club's returns. It has also been apparent that membership in both clubs was a continuous strain on the aquatically inclined residents of Lachine, and that a union of both interests would build up a powerful and profitable club. The Boating Club, however, seems inexorable in its conditions and demands that an amalgamation with should really mean the absorption of the identity of the Canoe Club. This is hardly fair, especially as the withdrawal of the canoe men will go a long way towards reducing the status of the Boating Club. Rowing at Lachine has not been anything to feel particularly flattered over for some years; there have been a few enthusiasts, it is true, but even in their training they have not met with any great measure of support, and since the time of the "Big Four" Lachine has practically not been in it. The case is a little different with the Canoe Club, which has fairly managed to hold its own. In case of an entire break and separation, there is no doubt as to which party will suffer most. If the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club finally decides to purchase a site and headquarters of its own the years of the other organization are practically numbered in the wee sma' numbers. Lachine in summer can support one good club and club house, but not two. In the natural course of events the weaker will go to the wall. The Canoe Club will not be the weaker. The annual meeting of the latter club, which was held on Saturday, showed matters to be in a satisfactory shape, and the spirit of the meeting was plainly a belligerent one if matters came to the forks, but there is still hope that some better arrangements will be made. The election of officers resulted as follows: Commodore, A. W. Morris; vice-commodore, George Auldjo; rear commodore, S. P. Howard; secretary-treasurer, A. W. Routh; committee, F. W. Stewart, S. Jackson, C. H. Routh, E. Arnold, H. M. Molson.