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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

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

REGISTERED.

Vol. VI.—No. 154.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 13th JUNE, 1891.

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**THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD, G.C.B.**  
MEMBER OF HER MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL.  
PREMIER OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

## OUR LATE PREMIER.

It having pleased the Almighty in his infinite wisdom to remove from us our first statesman, SIR JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD, there remained to the nation he had served so faithfully the duties of giving to his funeral obsequies every measure of dignity and impressive ceremonial that could be devised, and of honouring his memory by the careful preservation of those principles of high-minded loyalty to Sovereign and country, to the upholding of which he devoted the greater part of his life. That the first of these duties has been performed to the uttermost is well known to all the world; the eagerness with which the Government, the Parliament and the nation vied in the outward expression of sorrow at their loss, has resulted in a funeral pageant impressive to a degree unknown in the history of this Dominion, and seldom, if ever, surpassed in the annals of the British Empire. Never before has such universal sorrow been known; never before has the ceremonial of a concurrent memorial service in England's great Abbey been observed for any but those whose services to the state were in some degree bounded by the oceans that beat against England's shores.

In the honouring of our dead statesman's memory by the retention of the great national principles from which his actions sprung, we must remember that his success in evolving the Canada of to-day from the chaotic and discordant elements which existed when his service to British North America began has been largely due to working on lines carefully thought out. The goal of his ambition was, from the outset, the creation of a great Canadian and British nation on this continent; Canadian in self-government, in attention to Canadian development, in firm maintenance of Canadian rights; British in loyalty to British institutions, in close kinship to British people, and in aiding, to whatever extent was possible, the maintenance and growth of British power. To this end all his energies were directed. At an early period of his political career he had the opportunity of learning what magnificent natural advantages the then scattered provinces and territories of British North America possessed; that beyond the confines of what most men at that time considered the habitable area, stretched west and north a vast territory, capable of supporting in comfort and affluence many millions of souls, and of, in time, pouring its cereal treasures into the crowded centres of Europe; and that still further west Britain held sway over a land rich to a marvellous degree in gold and coal. What a herculean task to attempt to weld together these far-distant territories into one harmonious nation with the Canada of that day, and with the then foreign and far-away

provinces on the shores of the Atlantic. With British Columbia just emerging into the rudest form of provincial life, and totally inaccessible to direct intercourse with her eastern cousins; with the fertile territories of the North-West locked up in the tenacious grasp of one of the most powerful corporations the world had yet seen; with the Maritime colonies jealous even of each other, working on purely isolated lines, and looking to the Mother Country for trade, for government and for all necessary assistance, the task of building a Canadian nation out of these jarring elements seemed a hopeless one. Imperial statesmen, far-seeing in most matters, had no faith in it; and in the several colonies concerned, many of their most brilliant public men opposed the scheme with all the oratorical and diplomatic powers nature and circumstance had given them. Yet to this apparently chimerical project JOHN A. MACDONALD bent all his energies. Events of such magnitude, and with such difficulties hedging their accomplishment, require a man who possesses, in addition to force of character, tact, and mental ability, that marvellous gift of command, by which he can wheel into line with himself men—perhaps his superior in intellectual powers—who dissent markedly from his views, but who are irresistibly drawn to his side by his personal hold over their minds. Such was LORD CHATHAM when his masterly qualities broke down the barriers of party, place and lineage, and developed a policy which brought forward a WOLFE and an AMHERST; such was his son, the Great Commoner, who turned an epoch of shame and defeat into one that raised England to the highest rank among nations; and such is GLADSTONE, who has in recent years bent a great party to share in views which they had persistently condemned. A Canadian nation, extending from Atlantic to Pacific, knit together not only by bands of iron and steel but by brotherly affection and mutual national aspiration, and British to the back-bone in constitution and sentiment, has been the object of his hopes and of his steady, undeviating attention; how successful he has been, the Canada of to-day can tell, and does tell with no uncertain sound.

For while political partisan and party hack bitterly attack their opponents and accuse them of sentiments and actions unfavourable to growth of national life, all well know that not only is the country advancing to prosperity by leaps and bounds, but also that the great mass of the Canadian people is imbued with a love of country and a pride of race that are inconsistent with any measure tending towards national dishonour. The note of despair that we have heard during the past few days, is a false and discordant one. It is heard but little, thank God, in this country; rather does it sound from the

press of foreign and distant lands, which from ignorance of our affairs, from failure to discriminate between politics and national feeling, or with the inimical wish to belittle a neighbouring country which is in some respects making greater progress than is their own, seem to delight to make editorial statements on Canada's position which evince little or no knowledge of their subject. The death of the First Minister undoubtedly leaves a great gap; but does any sane man suppose that such a gap cannot be filled, however imperfectly it may be done? Our two great political parties possess many men of undoubted ability, of unquestioned reputation, of great experience in the life political, and possessing to a marked degree power in oratory and skill in debate; and the acme of false conclusions is reached when we are told that the death of SIR JOHN MACDONALD will lead to startling changes in our political system. When around the Speaker of the House of Commons are grouped men such as are now the recognized leading minds of the two great camps, all solemnly pledged to loyalty to the Sovereign, to Canada and to Canadian institutions, and who are honestly employing their best talents in their country's service, there should not exist in the mind of any sensible man or woman the slightest doubt as to Canada's future. Their methods of furthering the country's growth may be open to criticism and opposition, but such is only a matter of opinion. So long as a political leader is found to be a lover of his country, a worker for her interests, and honestly doing his best for her advancement, the colour of his party coat is a matter of secondary importance. But if, unhappily a leader be found—be he of politics, literature or journalism—who delights in continually vilifying Canada and Britain, and ostentatiously and continuously holds up foreign institutions and foreign statesmen as our models, and does his utmost to sink our nationality and our flag—then it becomes a duty to oppose and attack his sentiments to the utmost extent of our powers.

Although a native of Great Britain, proud of her fame, and unusually well versed in her history, SIR JOHN MACDONALD has always been, first and last, a true Canadian; all his energy, ability and personal power poured lavishly out in the advancement of those measures, which would make Canada great. Had he sought Imperial influence and honour at the expense of his adopted country, there is little doubt but that such could have been obtained; but his ambition and work was for Canada; and this, added to love of command, made him spare no pains to gratify both national and personal ambition. How well he has succeeded may be read from the story of his life, and from the measure of prosperity his country had attained when he was called from its service. In all, he has been the embodiment of that life pictured so beautifully by our Laureate, as one

"Who makes by force his merit known  
"And lives to clutch the golden keys,  
"To mould a mighty state's decrees  
"And shape the whisper of the throne."



John Green. Alf. Murphy. W. Burton. J. Herb. Crockett, *Col. Sergt.* Harry Henderson, *Corp.* Frank Murphy. Leon Henderson.  
 Thos. W. Dean. Fred. Merritt, *Corp.* Fred. W. McNichol, *Sergt.* Frank A. Hea. Jas. L. Milligan.  
 Fred Morgan. Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, *Capt.* Mr. Geo. Smith, *Lieut.* Geo. E. Crockett. Geo. Hatfield.  
 Thos. Boyce. Harry Rawlins. Mr. T. A. Crockett, *Lieut.* Arthur E. King. J. Douglas Sinclair.  
 Walter DeWitt, *L.-Corp.* W. Currie. Walter H. Golding, *L.-Corp.* Alex. M. L. Steen, *Corp.*

**THE PIONEER CANADIAN COMPANY OF THE BOYS' BRIGADE, ST. JOHN, N.B.—See page 569.**

### Gossip from Nova Scotia

For the past weeks, and now, even more anxiously than before, our hearts have been, and are, all turned towards the spot where our loved and honoured premier lies ill unto death. With us, as I feel it must be all over the Dominion, party feeling and political animosities are all forgotten, merged in a hearty sorrow for one of the greatest and ablest men that Canada has ever produced. It is scarcely probable that recovery can follow this serious attack; even could it be so, it would not be the same Sir John, and we would fain have it, as he himself wished, that he should die in harness rather than linger with impaired intellect and physical debility to see others attempt for his beloved country what he himself is powerless to do. And yet, if it might be that he could be spared to be what he has been,—how heartily our lips pray for that happy ending to his present trouble.

\* \* \*

I am very glad to see that the young people of Halifax have started an amusement which brings them health as well as enjoyment, and has no after effects of lassitude or headache as, we must confess, has the popular and fascinating dance that lasts till two in the morning. "Hare and Hounds" is the present social departure of the young ladies of Halifax, and those really interested in the chase do a good deal of running across country, and win for themselves the meed of praise as conquerors in the game. Of course there are some of the young people who do not care for glory, and for whom Atalanta's accomplishment has little charm, and for these there are shady lanes and by-paths by which they can reach their destination without circumlocution or undue haste. Of course the hounds hunt in couples, each one of

the fair ones needing a strong arm to help her over difficult places. An occasional run over hill and dale for an afternoon is a pleasant variety to the somewhat fatiguing tennis, to which the lovers of sport devote themselves assiduously and almost exclusively. I once knew a young Halifax lady who would go to bed at 2 or 3 in the morning, after a night's dancing, be up by ten the next day, and play tennis with her brothers till luncheon time. Then she would dress for the afternoon, in her pretty tennis costume, and go to the courts in the Gardens, where all the fashionables congregate, and play game after game, walking home, towards dinner time, to her father's pretty country seat at the Arm. After dinner she would dress for another dance, and spend the night as she had the preceding. Of course my friend was a particularly strong girl or she would not have been able to stand such pronounced and constant exertion, also she was proud of her prowess in tennis, and deservedly so, and wished to keep herself in good practice. Dancing is certainly a most attractive and enjoyable kind of amusement, and in moderation is a healthy enough pastime, but I think if girls would make a rule of "going out" twice a week only, even in the gay season, it would be better for their physical well-being. If a girl is satisfied with a mere butterfly existence, and will take the hours in the sunshiny morning for the sleep that should have been taken from eleven till three, she may not be harmed physically, but if not, and she wishes to read, or study, or do any kind of useful work, this sort of thing will not do at all. Indulged in occasionally, a dance is a recreation, taken nightly it is an enervating dissipation, which renders one fit for nothing but novel reading and lounging on the sofa. Even my strong young friend might have been able to play tennis or rounders in the morning, and yet not do an hour's study. From personal experience I can state that, while one night spent in devotion at the shrine of Terpsichore would not incapacitate me for my mental labour on the following day, several nights spent continuously in this way made study an impossibility, and Miss Braddon or Hugh Conway the only reading for which I was equal. Take your pleasures with

moderation, my friends, and may "Hare and Hounds" continue to flourish as a social attraction.

\* \* \*

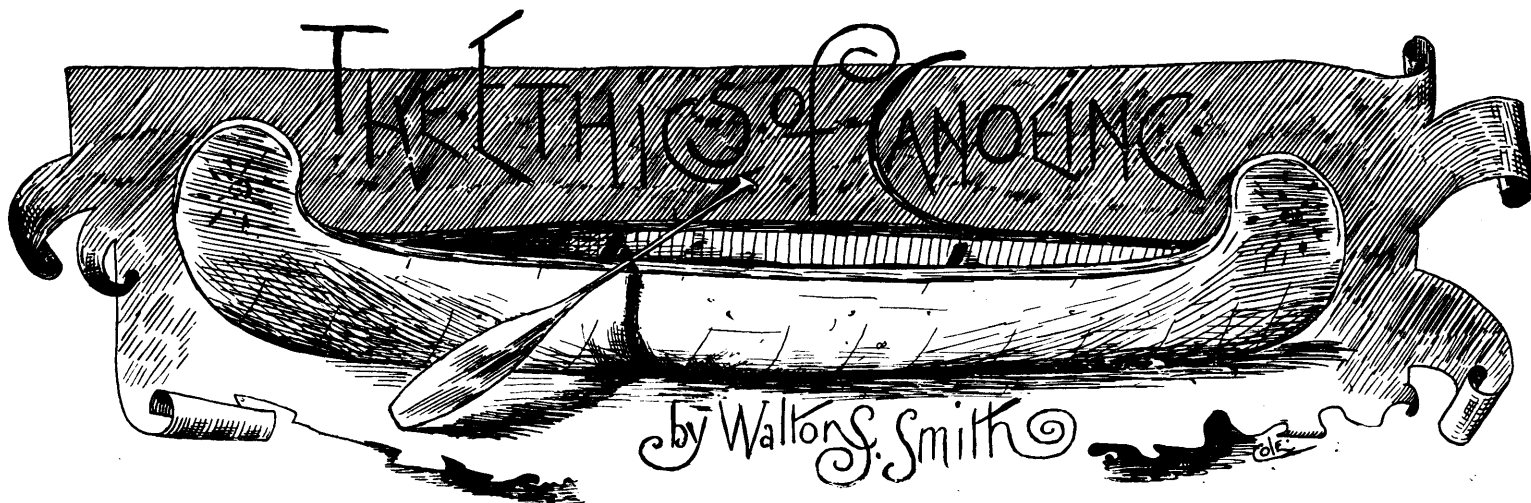
The Halifax papers have been very down on an individual who offended public taste by refusing to stand while the National Anthem was being sung in church, fault being found on both patriotic and religious grounds. For myself I think the man should be pitied for his obvious deficiency; he apparently has no soul and little brains; why should we find more fault with a lunatic that goes at large than with one who is incarcerated in Mount Hope Asylum? Another crank, whose crankiness is only a degree removed from insanity, is Mr. J. Ewing, Blaine's nephew, who refused to join in the toast to the Queen on the occasion of a public dinner at Vancouver. His own countrymen characterized his conduct as that of an ass. He explained his action (it was a lame explanation) on national and political grounds; our Halifax friend being apparently a loyal subject of Her Majesty had not even this excuse.

\* \* \*

Amherst is very much excited over the arrest of a well-known young Baptist parson, who, unfortunately for himself and a few others, has been toying somewhat extensively with the hearts of his fair parishioners. His responsibilities in the matter are undoubtedly grave, and the disgrace to his profession of his conduct and its consequences is a great source of grief and dismay to his colleagues and elders.

\* \* \*

Somebody ought really to pat my little friend, the *Critic*, on the back, to put it in a good humour, also in order to restore it to its sphere of usefulness; a critic that allows its spleen to get the better of its veracity, is, to say the least of it, unreliable. I was fair enough to admit that I had been misinformed in some minor detail of one article; I most certainly did not admit the correctness of the criticisms on my workmanship. She must not forget, this fair critic (for surely it is a lady editor who wields this illogical pen) the sacred character of her office.



There is a great and very grim teacher of truths whom men call experience, and many cherished illusions that were to us as gospel have been destroyed by the same. Once I deemed myself a good judge of character and fancied I could read the minds of my fellow-creatures. Give me a smug-faced youth with bright blue eyes and words of guile and behold I trusted him. Yea, I took him to my bosom!

Cary was a smug-faced youth with bright blue eyes, and in consequence he was my friend. Our friendship began some years prior to the date when I commenced to hearken to the grim teacher of truths—before I became experienced, in short.

Yet even now there is much in Cary that I like; he has a vile temper, but experience demands not perfection; he is unprincipled, but alack the lesson of life teaches us that all men are more or less base!

It came to pass that Cary and I invested in a bark canoe, in which we proposed venturing into strange lands. We talked bravely, even boastfully—man is prone to self-glorification! The purchase of that canoe was contemporaneous with the advent of experience, before alluded to. We made many voyages and suffered innumerable mishaps. These were preparatory to the great climax; it is of the last that this narrative treats.

One very hot Saturday afternoon the thriving village of St. Johns, P.Q., was visited by two very hot *voyageurs*. Each *voyageur* had a grip in his hand and a look of determination in his face. The last was particularly noticeable, so much so that it was quite visible despite the great beads of perspiration engendered by the sultry weather. Need I add that Cary and myself were identical with these two?

There is a fort at St. Johns which is garrisoned by a company of soldiers. We did not wait to inspect these—our time was too valuable. But we saw in the distance a square building of grey stone, with the Union Jack floating proudly over it. We stopped a small boy and from him learned the reliable information given above. On reaching the express office, where our canoe was awaiting us, I made a discovery. I had forgotten to bring my flannel boating trousers; accordingly I besought my companion to wait until I purchased a pair; and, for that end, I started in search of a clothier. After some difficulty I succeeded in possessing myself of a pair of homely-looking brown jeans for the sum of half a dollar. These details are all given with a purpose, for it was this little mishap that gave me the first inkling as to what manner of man my friend was. Had I not gone for that homely pair of jeans it may be that this tale would not have been written; and moreover, perchance, I should never have had cause to gaze upon that base Cary with mournful regard—never have come to learn the lesson that experience teaches. From what very small happenings spring those impulses which go to turn the course of a life!

On returning in triumph with my purchase, I found my friend standing in front of the express office smoking a cigar; he was leaning against a telegraph pole in an attitude the studied grace of which attracted my admiring attention while I was yet two blocks off. There was an indescribable something about the perspective of his figure that excited instinctive awe. I marvelled much, but could find no satisfactory solution; as I drew nearer, I observed that he was gazing meditatively up at a window across the street. This particular window was much the same as any other; it had green blinds and the sash was drawn up, presumably to let the air into the room. A damsel, passing fair, clad in a fresh, cool-looking white suit was seated there. I only gave her a hasty

glance; girls in windows do not like to be stared at, I am told; they think it rude. But in that hasty glance it came to me that she was peering furtively at some object in the street.

"Hullo! you back already," said Cary, dreamily. "Didn't take you long, old man—get the trousers?"

I replied in the affirmative, and endeavoured to hurry him off to help to launch the canoe.

"All right! I'm coming," he said, absently.

Accordingly I entered the express office where the canoe was, put my parcel and the two grips into it, then as Cary did not appear, I crossed to the window which looked out into the street, and beheld the following remarkable performance in dumb show.

First I noticed that my friend was looking particularly pleased, and even as I watched him his expression broadened into a grin—and the girl at the opposite window was highly amused. She was laughing heartily. Then, behold, Cary lifted his hat and bowed—it was a neat, graceful bow, and the sun shone on his golden hair. He has beautiful hair, has Cary; it flashed like a crown of glory. I never saw a crown of glory, but methinks it must look much as does Cary's hair when he bows with uncovered head in the sunlight. And the girl became intensely grave all of a sudden; she tossed her pretty head, hesitated a moment, then suddenly, as if impelled by some irresistible impulse, she smiled and kissed her hand (Cary said she was mesmerized, but I cannot vouch for that); thereupon she withdrew and was seen no more.

My companion came in with a quick stride, his face wreathed in smiles; he seized his end of the canoe as if it were a feather, and off we started. This was the first blow to my hitherto much belauded judgment of men. Alas, that I must add that it was not the last!

We paddled for about half an hour along the canal; we hoped to reach Chambly in good time for supper, but we reckoned without our host. I don't know exactly what that expression means, but it seems to read correctly.

The Richelieu is an historical old stream; I am, according to my lights, a great lover of history, and as we sped bravely along with a steady current in our favour (we had portaged from the canal to the river) I pictured in my mind the many stirring scenes those banks that were on either side of us had witnessed in the past.

Here it was that Champlain, the great, the wise and pious, had paddled so often with his Huron allies to do battle with the Five Nations. Here a quarter of a century later De Courcelles' gallant band marched through the snow to punish the same turbulent chiefs. What a troop of heroes have passed and repassed, borne along, even as we two were, upon the bosom of this old flood! Sometimes the soul of we poor modern mites is thrilled! Mine was, for I was busy reflecting upon the glorious past, when the Indian loitered hereabouts looking for scalps, when the hardest hitter was the best man, and boys dreamt not of glorious deeds while cooped up in dreary offices; they went forth and were duly scalped instead. Ah, they were brave days these!

But the most interesting reverie must needs be ended. There is a busy world about us which is, alas, unmindful of the sublime ecstasy of historical contemplation! In this particular instance Cary personated the busy world; he was not influenced by our surroundings—at least he did not indulge in ecstatic contemplation.

He stopped paddling suddenly and remarked tersely:

"Rapids!"

Thereupon I also ceased paddling, and we both thought very hard for a very long time. The result of our cogitations

was that we decided to continue—and we did continue. First one shoot was passed safely, then a second, then a third. But at the fourth we shipped considerable water.

There chanced to be a likely landing place near at hand on the east shore and I turned the bow towards it, for we wished to empty our craft. When we reached this, Cary was the first to jump ashore. As he did so he gave utterance to a yell that froze my blood.

I object to having my blood frozen and was about to protest violently, when he said impressively:

"Look at the colour of the water we have shipped!"

I did as requested; it was a deep crimson; and my companion went on sadly,—

"I'll bet it is that feather pillow! I stowed it under the forward deck when we left St. Johns—thought maybe it might get wet or something if not under cover!"

He looked at me, as he spoke, in a peculiar way. I made no reply. That feather pillow was very precious to us. It was not so much its intrinsic value, but there were associations connected therewith which caused us to set great store by it. We had never used it before—in fact it had only come into our possession a few days previously.

Slowly and very sadly, for our hearts were heavy with dread, we pulled the canoe high up on the beach. Then Cary felt under the fore deck and brought forth an object which he proceeded to unroll. I watched him with a profound interest, not unmingled with anxiety, until, as it gradually assumed shape, I saw it was a coat—moreover, it was his coat. Then I sat down on a rock and laughed. Joseph's famed garment was surely a joke to this one! A *habitant*, who had presumed to witness our late wild career down stream, strolled up at this juncture. He stared first at me, then at my disgusted comrade—and his glance was comprehensive. There chanced to be another rock handy, and being a *habitant* with a quick appreciation of the ridiculous, he squatted thereon and forthwith joined me in unrestrained mirth.

Cary heeded us not; with an indescribable gesture, he cast the gorgeously streaked article of apparel to the ground, and once more felt under the deck. This time he fished out a red mass from which flowed a copious stream of crimson liquid. Then he held it out so as to allow me a good look, and even as I beheld it I became aware of the fact that life was not all hilarity; it was indeed our precious pillow!

My friend placed it on the beach and then held up his hands, dyed a deep crimson. Then he eyed his trousers, which were also of the same gory hue from the knee down. I looked at my jeans, which I had purchased at St. Johns; they were considerably the worse for wear, but with them was no responsibility. And, as I contrasted the difference which fate had observed in dealing thus, I burst again into laughter. Even the best of men are liable to rejoice complacently to find that fate has borne with them more kindly than with other people—and who am I that I should be superior to the best of men?

At this, Cary addressed me for the first time since he had discovered the damage done to his coat.

"You are a duffer!" he said, reproachfully, and I became a duffer. One hates to give one's crew just cause to call one a duffer.

"What shall we do with it?" demanded Cary, fretfully, after a pause. The *habitant* had partly recovered from his attack; he had risen from his seat and stood regarding us with a grin. We both turned towards him involuntarily as Cary spoke, and then we eyed each other guiltily.

(To be Continued.)



TORONTO, May, 1891.

The modest exhibition of the Art Students' League, held in their rooms in the Imperial Bank buildings, was a surprise as well as a pleasure to me. A surprise, because it showed in unmistakable terms that Art has devoted servants among us, and that the notable scarcity of figures from Canadian canvasses would ere long become a thing of the past. The league was established mainly through the influence of Mr. W. D. Blatchley, an Englishman, who came to live in Canada only a few years ago, who is engaged in "commercial work" here as in England, but who has received the art training so possible to the Londoner, so impossible just yet to the Canadian. Seeing the lack, and willing and able to give practical suggestions, Mr. Blatchley prevailed upon a number of earnest young art workers to form a league among themselves and to study from life. This was done, and Mr. Blatchley made its first president, a position he held four years. The result of the league is seen in the impetus given to abstract art study, in the earnestness of the members, and the very excellent results already attained.

Modestly tacked upon the walls of their two rooms were some three hundred studies in crayon, water and oil. The centre of attraction consisted in a monochrome, by W. Bengough, of the league at work. The position of the workers prevented full portraits in every instance, but the person of each individual was easily recognized, and the attitudes and grouping were natural and full of grace.

For the rest, the exhibition meant study. The model, from every point of view, and by numerous hands, showed conscientious study; and the notes attached, "one hour study," "two hour study," "fifteen minute study," manifested the industry insisted upon by the league. A by-law of the league constituting a section under the heading "*Nulla dies sine linea*," furnished a very important set of small studies, each, as was intended by the motto, necessarily exhibiting the characteristics of the individual worker.

The league does not confine itself to the masculine sex, ladies are admitted, and several belong to it. Moreover, artists proper are not excluded, and among the members are Reid, Manly, Holmes and Howard. A general complaint among our artists is the indifference of the public, but the Art Students' League have no cause of complaint, visitors having been numerous.

Canada, however, suffers for the want of a proper critic, who shall come between the artist and the public, informing both.

The *Edmonton Bulletin* is a well-edited, neatly got up four page sheet, apparently in the Reform interest, but not hopelessly so. It indicts the North-West M.P.'s for breaking their promises in 1887 in the matter of half-breed rights.

Two new volumes of poems from the same press have just reached me, that of Imrie and Graham.

The larger volume is an enlarged edition of Mr. Imrie's Poems, published some years ago. Many of them are accompanied by music written by the late Dr. Strathy, professor of music at Trinity College, and Professor Johnston, and thus form spirit-stirring songs, several of which are already popular. These poems are simple, homely lyrics of home and country, often rising into pathos, always sound and true in sentiment, and not seldom touched with the charm of folk-lore. Mr. Imrie is a Scotchman of "Glasca," and often uses the vernacular of the Broomielaw as a vehicle of tender memories.

The second volume is a collection of lyrics by Albert E. S. Smythe, a name become familiar to readers of *The Week*. Toronto is the happier and Canada the richer for the advent of another poet, worthy of the worthy title, in Mr. Smythe. His poems show him a man of rare insight, high thought, pure taste and good education. He is also a humourist, as he shows in many places beside his "Peanut

Ballads," as he has dubbed one section of his volume, and it is humour of the merry, delicate, Irish type, something akin to French, the blending of "the smile and the tear," that is at once so charming and so clever.

The limits of my letter forbid quotation, but a stanza from *Flowers* will not be out of place:

Ah! would it were the only grave where fondest flowers were rooted;

Ah! would it were the only spot where love in anguish cries;

How bitter-sweet the token of the claim that death disputed,

This solace of a snow-drop shining where our baby lies. But the flowers return in spring-time bearing all the self-same sweetness,

And the spirits that we sorrow for, may they not come once more.

With all the old-world's wisdom, and with purer souled completeness,

Till the garden of humanity grows fairer than before!

I may also mention "Primrose Day, 1883," to the memory of "the great Earl."

The death of Mr. George M. Evans, brother of Archdeacon Evans of your city, was a shock to this community, to whom, as alderman of the city for several years, as peoples' churchwarden of St. Philip's church, and superintendent of its Sunday school for the last eleven years, as a partner in one of the oldest law-firms of the city, and as examiner in chancery at Osgoode Hall, he was well known and highly respected. Whole souled, genial and generous, Mr. Evans endeared himself to all, and his widow and three sons have the deep sympathy of those who knew him.

Mr. Evans was a scholar, and from time to time contributed papers to the meetings of improvement societies for the young, that dealt with phases of our history and literature; a remarkably fine paper on Mairs' "Tecumseh" was read before St. Philip's Young People's Association in 1887. He is still remembered as one of the best classical masters of Upper Canada College. Mr. Evans' death was the result of a severe attack of *la grippe* a year ago last February.

June, 6th, 1891.

The foremost topic of the week in this, as in all other cities and centres of population throughout the Dominion, is the illness of the Premier. The utmost sympathy is expressed for Lady Macdonald, whom everybody recognizes as not only the devoted wife and mother, but as the faithful adviser and ally of the great statesman who has inscribed his name forever upon the proud annals of Canada. While it is imperative that business go on as usual, there is a very conscious hush in the city; the thoughts of all being at the bedside of the dying, not knowing when the dread message may come, nor sure that it will arrive very instantly, but aware, nevertheless, that for Canada Sir John A. Macdonald's labors are ended. "Peace with Honour," will be the inscription upon our Premier's monument, whenever it shall be written, as it is upon that of England's "great Earl" Beaconsfield, with whom he has not unfrequently nor inaptly been compared; for we are, as one of our poets has recently written in memoriam of the English statesman:

Proud of his life,  
Proud of the upward toil, the noble strife,  
The honoured place where that great heart reposes."

The celebration of what is rather inaptly called the *Battle of Ridgeway*—the rout of the Fenian invaders at Fort Erie, in '66, on the 2nd of June, was rather a fine affair. The statue erected by the city to the memory of those of the city corps who fell in the fight, in the Queen's Park was beautifully decorated with wreaths of the finest flowers sent from the city conservatories, and every coign of vantage on the monument was occupied by splendid flowering plants and palms. Mr. Chambers, Superintendent of Parks and Gardens; Mr. Watkins, of the Horticultural Gardens, and Mr. Carlton, of the Queen's Park, jointly undertook the floral arrangements, and the result was a splendid and appropriate piece of decoration. Mr. Reeves, of the Rosehill Reservoir Park, sent a handsome contribution of flowers and plants from his greenhouses, and numbers of private citizens, some of them the relatives of the youths to whose honour the day was devoted, sent or carried their tender memorials to be added to the beautiful holocaust that lay at the foot of the monument.

Long before the hour appointed for the commemoration ceremonies thousands of citizens were assembled around the great centre of attraction, and when the soldiers arrived they had to pass through a dense mass of interested and sympathetic people. All the corps in the city took part, the Royal Grenadiers, the Queen's Own, the Infantry School, the Governor General's Body Guard, the Veterans, and a large squad of the boys of the public schools of the city. These last receive regular drill from Capt. Thomson, as part of their physical training, and are always well able to take a handsome part on occasions of public interest. Many very interesting circumstances marked the proceedings of the day, notably the presence of the mother of Ensign McEachren, the first man killed at Ridgeway, a young man full of promise, and whose memory is still cherished by the company to which he belonged, E. Co., which sent a wreath inscribed 'McEachren.' The University Company, K. Co., Q.O.R., were the greatest sufferers at Ridgeway; seven of the gallant youths were killed or died of wounds, and others recovered only maimed for life. A splendid memorial window, inscribed with the heroes' names, was placed in Convocation Hall of Toronto University, but was destroyed by the fire. K. Co. keeps up its old reputation, as was abundantly proved in the North West campaign. The city on this occasion was represented by Ald. McDougall, the Mayor having just lost a little daughter. Speeches were made after His Honour the Lieutenant Governor had declared the proceedings open by placing a magnificent bouquet on the monument. Lieut.-Col. Oter, as President of the Veterans Association, and an officer of the Queen's Own at Ridgeway, spoke, as did also Lieut.-Col. Gibson, of the 13th, Ald. McDougall and Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison. The speech of the latter gentleman was greatly praised, and his peroration from Robert Grant Haliburton has been generally commented on as most happy. "When we lose those we love into the grave we entrust them to the bosom of our country as sacred pledges that the soil that is thus consecrated by their dust shall never be violated by a foreign flag or the foot of a foe. Whenever the voice of disloyalty whispers in our ear, or passing discord tempts us to forget those who are to come after us, and those who have gone before, the loyal, and true, and good, who have cleared our forests and made the land they love a heritage of plenty and peace to us and our children, a stern voice comes echoing on through thirty centuries from a mighty nation of the past that long ages has slumbered on the banks of the Nile. 'Accursed be he who holds not the ashes of his father sacred and forgets what is due from the living to the dead.'"

Mr. Mair has at length, having reached his home, at Prince Albert, after a prolonged absence, answered "Historicus" and his other critics in the matter of Col. Proctor, in the columns of the *Mail*, of the 30th May. It would, however, seem from his rejoinder in the *Mail* of the 1st instant, that "Historicus" was careful to put his demand into an unanswerable form and stands on it.

The increase of Historical Societies throughout the province is a welcome fact. A new society has lately been formed at St. Thomas, for Elgin County, and another at Prescott for Grenville County. The Pioneer and Historical Association of the Province of Ontario held its second annual meeting on Wednesday, at Brampton, when Dr. Scadding, the venerable president of the York Pioneer and Historical Society, was elected president, with Rev. Canon Bull, President of Lundy's Lane Historical Society, as vice-president, and Wm. Rennie, Esq., the secretary-treasurer, re-elected. Dr. Canniff and Canon Bull urged the necessity of approaching the Government of the Province on behalf of a suitable building for a Provincial Pioneer Museum, a vast quantity of relics being already collected, and the latter a grant towards the publication of documents and the engagement of a Provincial Historian. A paper on "History in an Odd Corner" was also read by Mrs. Curzon, who was lately elected the first woman member of the York Pioneer and Historical Association. It is hoped that the ladies of the Province will come forward as members of the local societies, most of which admit them by their rules, and thus aid in gathering up the history, social and general, that is at present lying scattered about the Dominion uselessly. The meeting ordered a message of sympathy to be forwarded to Lady Macdonald in her deep affliction.

S. A. CURZON

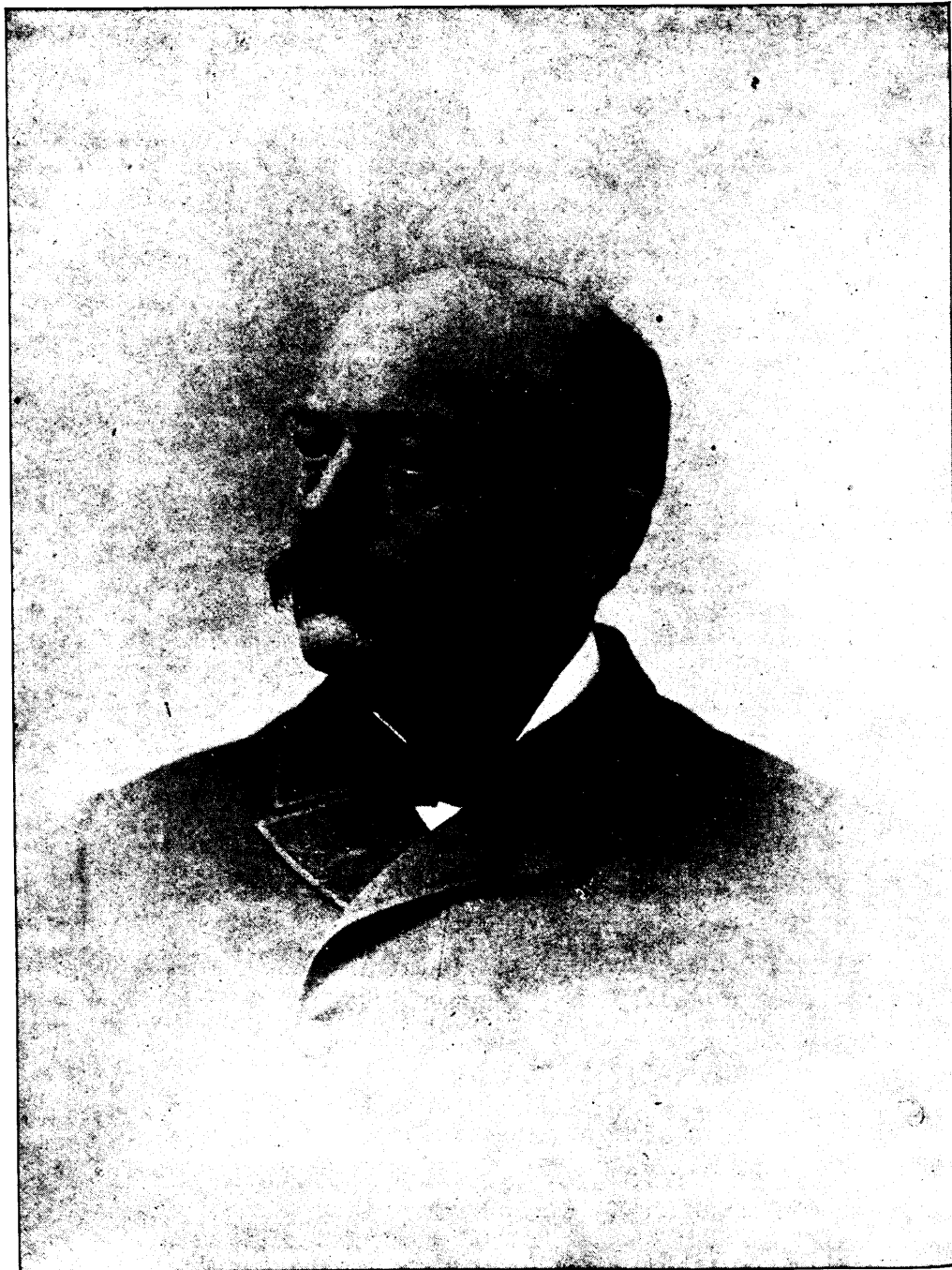
## OUR ENGRAVING

**VIEWS IN KINGSTON.**—In view of the special interest that will centre round the City of Kingston as being the scene of the interment of our late honoured Premier, we reproduce this week views of the Court House and City Hall of that place. It will be noted that they are unusually handsome and substantial edifices, bearing an impress of that solidity which is so characteristic of the Limestone City. The City Hall, from which all that is mortal of Sir John Macdonald was borne on Thursday, was built about fifty years ago and was intended to form one of the Parliament Buildings, Kingston at that time being the capital of the Provincial Government. Our engravings are from photos by Messrs. Henderson & Co., of Kingston.

**POQUIOCK (No. 2), IN VICTORIA COUNTY, N. B.**—Poquiock No. 2 is a cascade upon the northern bank of the Tobique River, about four miles above the latter's confluence with the St. John. While distinctly inferior to the Poquiock in wildness and grandeur, it can hardly fail to produce a pleasing impression on every beholder. The name, which is also written Pokiok, is an Indian word, said to mean "The Dreadful Place."

**THE WARRIOR MONKS OF THE SAHARA.**—In the last number of *Harper's Weekly* appears an excellent article by Mr. M. Cunliffe Owen on the above subject together with an illustration, which we have reproduced on another page of this issue. To any one who has followed the course of recent events in the world, the noble exertions made by Cardinal Lavignerie to decrease and finally suppress the curse of slavery in Africa must appear one of the most chivalrous and philanthropic works of the period. To this work of mercy the Cardinal has devoted his life, and is gathering around him a band of workers drawn from all parts of the globe, and largely composed of men of high social rank. His study of the methods necessary to carry out the work has resulted in his finding it essential to meet force by force, the slave trader being past feeling any instincts of mercy or kindness, in fact, a brute, and to be treated only as brutes of the most degraded and ferocious type have always to be treated, by stern controlling power. To this end the Cardinal has established the military order of the Warrior Monks of the Sahara, a semi-revival of the Crusaders of the Middle Ages; but the new warriors will have an even nobler end in view than that sought by the "Knights of the Holy Cross." The headquarters of the monks will be Biskra, a place on the border of the great Sahara desert. Here a large house has been built, where the recruits will be trained for their work and whence they will eventually be sent on their dangerous missions. The proposed plan is to station a band of these warrior monks at each of the different oases of the desert, where they will cultivate the soil to its utmost capacity, form hospitals for the relief of the sick, and stations for the refuge and protection of fugitive slaves. To maintain a steady and constant war on slave traders and do their utmost to rescue the unfortunate wretches who have been torn from their homes by the bloodthirsty Moors, will be part of their work; in it they will have the moral support of the whole civilized world and, we hope, even more substantial sympathy. In reading details of the intolerable cruelty which characterizes African slave-trading as shown in Mr. Owen's paper and in the *London Graphic* a few months ago, it appears a wonder to most men why the Christian nations of Europe and America do not unite in a grand crusade for the extinction of this stigma on the civilization of the nineteenth century. Cardinal Lavignerie deserves the highest honours for his self-sacrificing work, and we earnestly hope that he will suffer from no lack of men and means to carry to a successful end the mission he has undertaken. The monks are uniformed in a long white tunic going below the knee and loose trousers of the Turkish fashion; a belt supports the accoutrements, and a large Maltese Cross is emblazoned on the breast. The head-covering is a white pith helmet; while the face is protected from the sand and the glare of the sun by a cloth veil. Their arms are a rifle and sword-bayonet.

**THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY REVIEW AT QUEBEC.**—In this issue we give a few views connected with the review which took place on the Plains of Abraham, Quebec, on the 25th of May, Her Majesty's birthday. The parade was an unqualified success in every particular; fine weather was the order of the day, the musters were large, and the men actuated with a spirit of determination in making the mimic war



HON. ALEX. LACOSTE, Q. C., SPEAKER OF THE SENATE OF CANADA.

as little of a sham as possible. The regiments engaged were: The Cavalry School Corps, the Queen's Own Canadian Hussars, "B" Battery, R. C. A., Quebec Field Battery, Quebec Garrison Artillery, the 8th Royal Rifles and 9th Voltigeurs, all of Quebec, and the 53rd Battalion of Sherbrooke, who came in from that city especially to take part in the manoeuvres. The force was divided into two; one forming the defending body, while the other constituted the attack; the former was made up of one troop of the Cavalry Corps, two guns of "B" Battery, R. C. A., No. 3 Battery of the Q. G. A., eight companies of the 9th and four companies of the 53rd; while the attacking force was composed of the remainder of the troops. Lt.-Col. Amyot was in command of the defending force and Lt.-Col. Prover controlled the attack. The fight was very fiercely waged between the two divisions and many interesting incidents occurred: various detached parties were from time to time captured by their opponents or drawn under such a fire as to be ordered out of the fight on the supposition of their being annihilated had the engagement been a real one. The honours of the day were pretty well divided between the two; no decisive advantage remaining with either side. The whole force subsequently formed up on the Plains, a royal salute was fired and three cheers for the Queen were heartily given. Major General Herbert was in command of the whole brigade, and expressed his entire satisfaction at the manner in which the officers and men had performed their work.

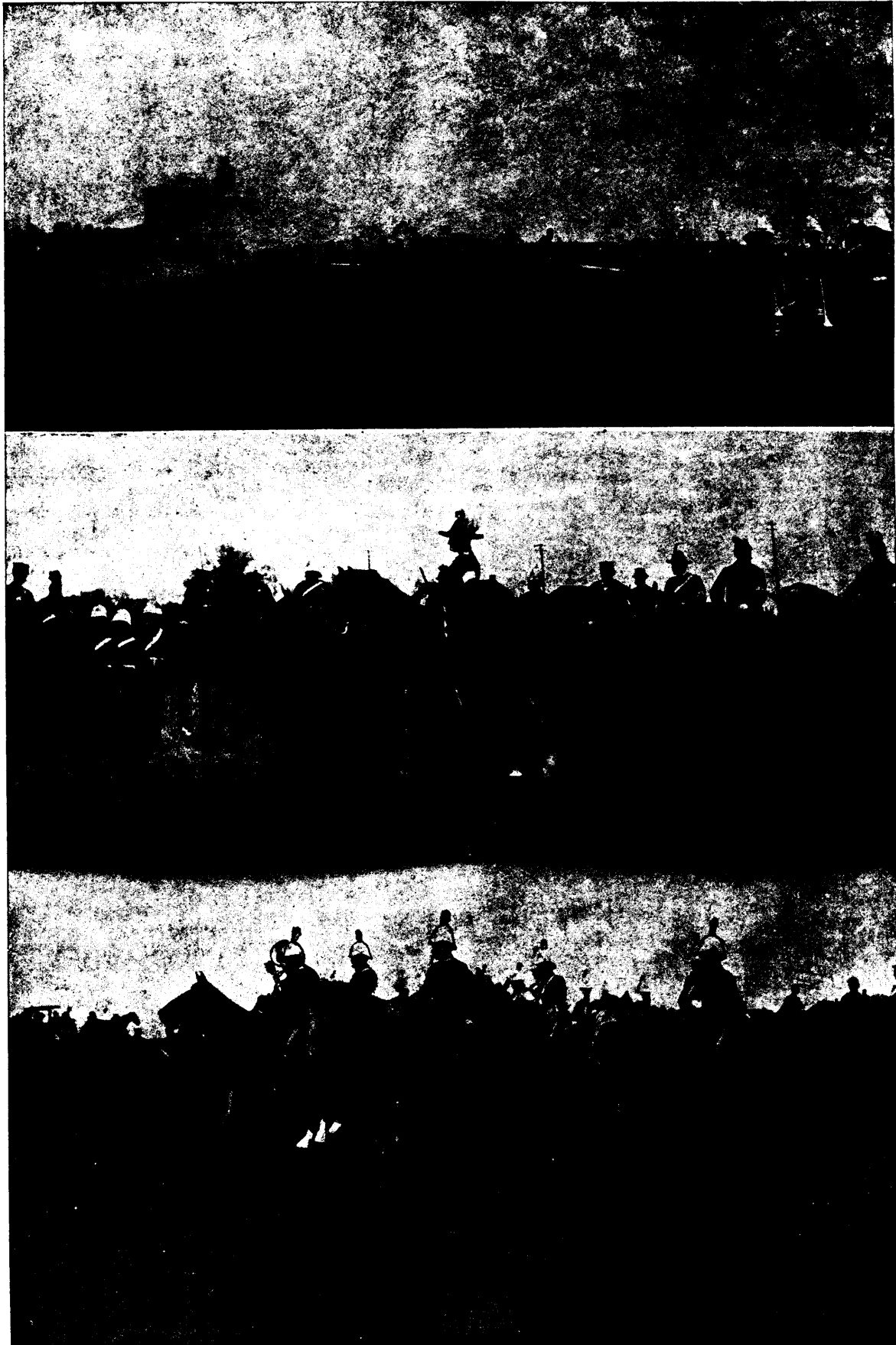
### Hon. A. Lacoste.

Hon. A. Lacoste, speaker of the Canadian Senate, was born at Boucherville, P. Q., in 1842. He comes of an old and well-known French Canadian family, his father, Hon. Louis Lacoste, having also been a member of the Canadian

Senate. The subject of our illustration was educated at St. Hyacinthe College and Laval University. He then entered upon the study of law, with such industry and success that while yet in his twenty-first year he was called to the Bar of Lower Canada. Mr. Lacoste began the practice of law in Montreal, where his fine abilities soon won him a leading position. He was made a Q. C. in 1880. Appointed a member of the Legislative Council of Quebec Province in 1882, he resigned the next year and was called to the Senate in 1884. At the opening of the present Parliament Hon. Mr. Lacoste was appointed to the distinguished office of Speaker of the Senate, a position his eminent abilities amply qualify him to fill with credit to himself and honour to the body over whose deliberations he is called to preside.

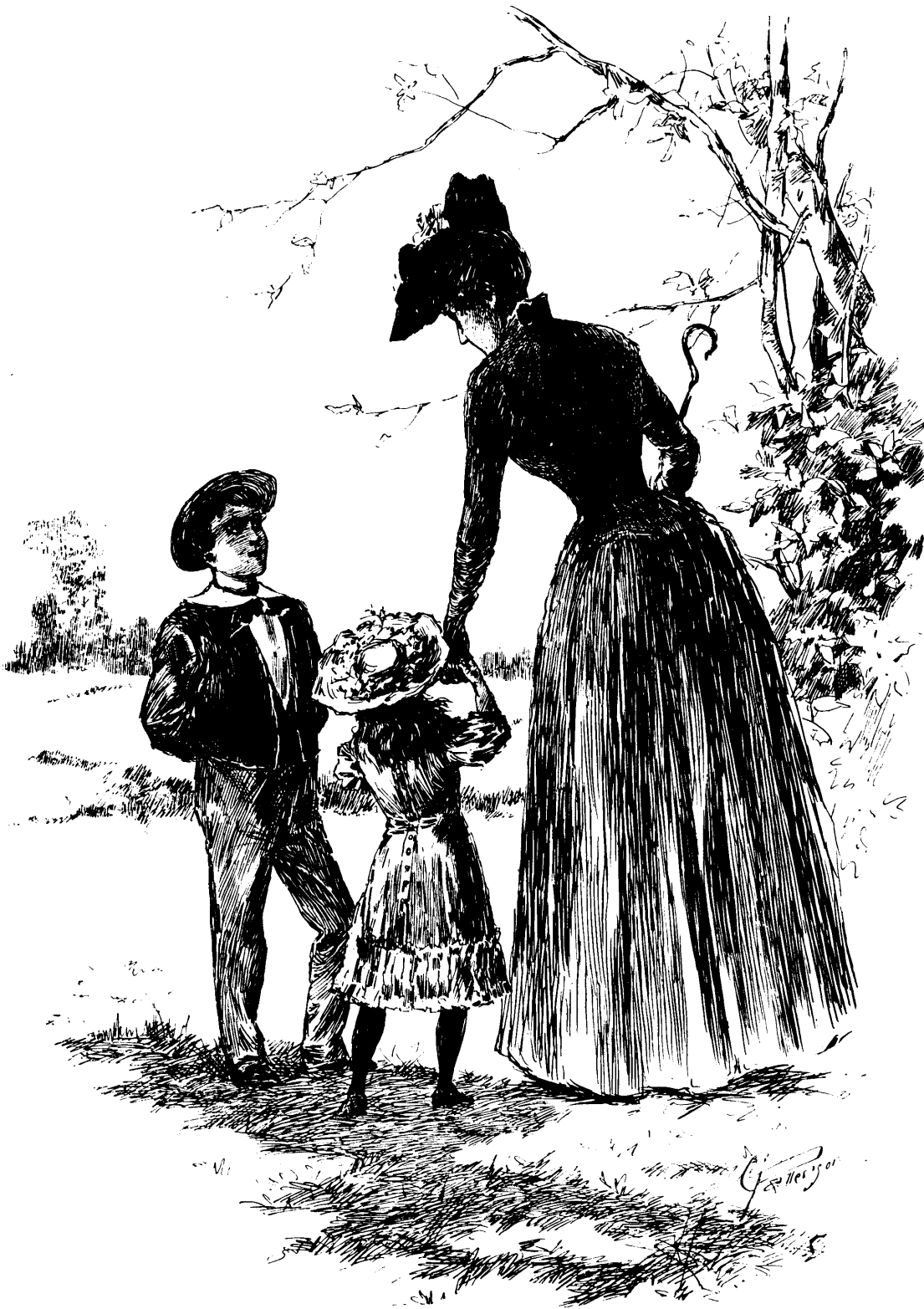
### A King's Kindness.

A king's kindness certainly has been shown by the Sovereign of Italy. There never occurs any great epidemic, accident, or public misfortune of any kind that he and his lovely wife, "the Pearl of Savoy," are not found in the midst of their people, encouraging, comforting and sympathizing with their sorrows and sufferings. The terrible explosion that lately took place near Rome, brought King Humbert immediately to the rescue of his unfortunate subjects, amongst whom was a woman who had been terribly hurt, and had become entangled in the ruins. He no sooner heard of it than he at once started to her assistance, climbing over the broken rafters and general debris, down a dangerous sloping place till he came to where she lay. Then he set to work, and gradually with help released her from her very perilous position, cheering her all the while, and doing all he could to keep up her courage.



SCENES AT THE QUEBEC REVIEW.





"You don't mind me leaving you here, dear?"

## THE AYRES OF STUDLEIGH.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

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

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### CHAPTER XVII—IN VAIN.

The children felt that night that something most unusual had happened to vex their mother. She was very silent at the supper table, and, greatly to their surprise, she sent them to bed without reading to them from the Bible as was her wont. Rachel was scrupulously conscientious, and she felt in too stormy a mood to make reading from the Word profitable or comforting. When she came into Clement's room after he was in bed, he looked up into her proudly set face, with deep anxiety in his eyes—

"Mother, what has old Gillot been saying to you? He has vexed you awfully!" he exclaimed in his impulsive way.

"Yes, dear, he has; at least the message he brought vexed me. Mr. Gillot is a wise man and a true friend, Clement, who has been invaluable to me," his mother replied, as she laid her hand on his brow. Usually that gentle hand was cool and soothing in its touch; to-night he felt it hot and unsteady.

"Won't you tell me what it is, mother? I'm big now, and I understand things," he asked, raising himself on his elbow in his earnestness, for all his chivalrous tenderness for his mother was roused at sight of her distress.

"Not to-night, my darling. To-morrow in all probability I shall be obliged to tell you. It is not that I do not trust you, Clement, only that I cannot trust myself. I want to be gentle, and charitable,

and patient, as your Uncle William used to be in the midst of many troubles."

Then Clement knew as surely as if he had been told that his Aunt Emily was at the bottom of his mother's new trouble. She bade him lie down and sleep, and so left him with a kiss. Evy slept in a little bed in mother's room, and when Rachel entered it the child was already fast asleep. It was a lovely face, dimpled, and dainty, and sweet, framed in its tossing dark hair, the long dark lashes lying like a fringe on the flushed cheek. Rachel knelt down, and laying her cheek on the child's hand, where it lay outside the coverlet, gave way for a moment to the bitterness which surged in her breast. Her heart was sore, sore; she was feeling more and more her loneliness, and the difficulties of her position. Never had woman more earnestly striven to do her faithful duty, she had sacrificed her own feelings many times, in order that the name she bore might not become the common talk of the county; she had meekly borne the slights which the Manor had cast upon the farm—in a word she had suffered uncomplainingly at the hands of Lady Emily, and made no sign. But the crisis had come. The injustice, the cruel unreason of the message sent by her sister-in-law roused her indignation, as well as awakened an agony of sorrow. Her whole being revolted from the prospect of leaving Pine Edge, the dear home to which she was bound by every tie of association and memory. She would not let it go without a struggle. She would humble herself before the proud mistress of Studleigh and for her children's sake ask to be allowed to remain. But the request would be strangely like a command, because in her heart of hearts Rachel felt that it was a request which she might never have been called upon to make.

Next morning at breakfast she strove to be cheerful, but the sharp eyes of Clement were not deceived. He saw that his mother was in a highly nervous state and that she was talking at random. He would have given much to know what was the meaning of it, but he was too well trained to ask a second question, after what he had been told the night before.

"Evy and I are going over this morning to Studleigh, Clement," she said, as she rose from the table.

"Evy and you to Studleigh!" he reiterated, in boundless surprise. "What for? Mayn't I go too, mother?"

"No dear, but you may walk with me, if you like, to the edge of the park. I will tell you some day, my son, why I took Evy this morning instead of you."

Clement asked no further question, but was ready at the door when his mother and sister came down.

Accustomed as she was to her children's implicit obedience, Rachel could not but wonder at the self-control and consideration shown to her by Clement. It was marvellous in so young a boy; and as she walked behind them by the dewy field-paths towards the stately trees of Studleigh, she reproached herself for her rebellious discontent, knowing that in these two dear children she was boundlessly blessed. The labour and care she had unshrinkingly bestowed upon them since infancy were bearing fruit already. The prayers of the widow were not all unanswered.

So a softer, sweeter expression came upon the beautiful, calm face; better and more tender feelings returned to her heart.

"You can wait here, dear," she said to Clement, when they reached the confines of the park. "We shall not be very long, or if you wish you can go home. You don't mind me leaving you here, dear? I think I'm doing right."

"Oh, no, I don't mind in the least. I'll just have a stroll over to the Copse-road and back. They're to be sowing that bad breadth over again, Mellish said; so I'll look down."

Rachel nodded and smiled, then taking Evy's hand in her's crossed the little footpath into the broad, beautiful avenue, which had a perfect canopy of waving green boughs overhead. The child by her side chattered on, pointing out the daisies on the smooth turf, and the beautiful stately "candles" on the branching chestnuts, not noticing how very

silent and grave her mother grew as they came near to the house. Rachel had not crossed the threshold of Studleigh Manor since the day on which they had buried its beloved master, when her presence had been formally required in the library at the reading of the will.

The outer door was wide open, and within Rachel noticed a new arrangement—a screen and doors of painted Cathedral glass dividing the inner from the outer hall. That had been done since the Squire's death, and though no doubt it added to the comfort of the house, Rachel had a pleasant memory of the spacious hall as it used to be in the Squire's time, with its soft, tinted Turkey carpet, brightened here and there by a gay Indian rug, and the tall, graceful branches of the palms, for which Studleigh conservatories were famed.

The bell, which Rachel rang with difficulty, startled the deep, sounding echoes through the house, and brought the footman hurrying upstairs surprised at being called upon to admit visitors so early. His face, at sight of the lady at the door, was quite a study; but, in reply to her request for Lady Ayre, he ushered her in with great respect to the library. He was a discreet person, and thought it well to take Mrs. Geoffrey's name to his mistress first.

"Say I wish to see Lady Ayre on important business, and that I can wait her convenience," Rachel said, as she took her seat, and the man gathered from both words and manner that Mrs. Geoffrey did not intend to leave the Manor without seeing its mistress.

Somewhat awed by the gloomy grandeur of the room, Evelyn stood close by her mother's side, with her hand firmly clasped in hers.

They made quite a picture, the fine child in her white serge dress against the dark folds of the widow's mourning garb. But Rachel thought not at all of how they looked. She was conscious of an almost overpowering nervousness—which, however, did not betray itself in look or manner. After a slight interval, the footman returned to the library.

"Her ladyship will see you in the drawing-room, if you please," was the message he brought; and the pair followed him across the beautiful inner hall once more, and into another room, the rich fragrant warmth of which brought a strange sensation of sickness stealing over Rachel.

"Mrs. Ayre, my lady," the servant said, and instantly withdrew. Rachel walked straight into the room, erect, stately, self-possessed. Although it was a mild morning, a clear fire burned in the grate, and the air was heavy with the sweet odour from the choice blooms with which every table and cabinet was laden. It seemed a dream of beauty to the wondering little girl clinging close to her mother's skirts, but Rachel saw none of it. Her attention was concentrated on the figure by the hearth—that graceful, supple figure in white, with the bunch of sweet violets in her girdle. A white gown was Lady Emily's favourite attire, and she wore it with a matchless becomingness and grace. She rose slowly, turned her beautiful face to her sister-in-law, and recognised her by a gracious bow.

"Good morning. Will you have a chair?" she said, courteously, but coldly, as she might have spoken to the merest stranger. Rachel regarded her for some brief moments in wondering silence. Her manner was superb. It betrayed no embarrassment. It was the perfectness of repose.

"I have to apologise for thus intruding, Lady Ayre," Rachel began, in a clear, unflinching tone. "The urgency of my business is my excuse. Mr. Gillot paid me a visit last evening, shortly after you had been to his office."

"Yes."

The monosyllable fell with a fine indifference from the patrician's lips. "Do take a chair. If not, pray excuse me sitting. Won't your daughter—I presume it is your daughter—come near to the fire?"

Rachel gave her head an impatient shake.

"Evelyn, sit down there, dear," she said to the child, then looked again at her sister-in-law's face.

"Will you tell me with your own lips, Lady Ayre, wherein I have so direly offended you that you seek to punish me so severely," she asked quietly.

Lady Emily elevated her straight brows in mild irony.

"You use dramatic language. There has been no offence, therefore the question of punishment is absurd. The case stands thus—I believe that the farm would be better in more competent hands. Pardon, but a lady is naturally expected to be ignorant of the details of farm management. In my son's interests, I think it well that the place should be let to a thoroughly practical man."

"That is not your true reason, Lady Ayre," Rachel answered still quietly. "I have come this morning to ask what it is."

Lady Emily slightly winced under the candid, unhesitating words, and the straight, penetrating glance which accompanied it.

"If I had another reason I am not bound to give it, I suppose," she answered languidly. "But since you ask me, I will say that I think you have shamefully neglected Stonecroft, your son's portion, during all these years."

"You speak without knowledge, Lady Emily," Rachel answered, gently still, for she saw the woman was ill at ease, and she pitied her with a great pity. "Stonecroft has been conscientiously cared for, and my son will have no reason to complain of his mother's regency when he comes to his own. I have not asked many kindnesses at your hands, Lady Emily, nor have I presumed at all upon our relationship. But I do ask you this morning to do me a favour for which I shall never cease to be grateful. I wish to spend my life in Pine Edge. I hope to die in it. If you will allow me to remain I shall endeavour to meet your wishes at every point. I am as anxious for the welfare of the place as you can be. The Abbots have been so long in the farm that they have forgotten that they are only tenants."

"A great error, an evil in fact," supplemented Lady Emily, dryly. "What do you intend to make of your son, Mrs. Ayre?"

"My son will be nothing but a soldier. He goes to Eton immediately, and afterwards, I suppose to Sandhurst," Rachel answered. "It is not for my son's sake I ask the favour. It is entirely a kindness to myself. I love the place. I have known no other home. I should be miserably unhappy away from it."

Lady Emily looked for the first time fully and critically at the little girl sitting meekly on the ottoman, with her brown hands clasped on her knee, awed into stillness by something in the atmosphere of the room. She was a fair creature, a child whom mansion or palace might be proud to own. A shadow crossed Lady Emily's face. There were times when she longed passionately for another child, a daughter who would be more to her than a son. Mr. Gillot was right. She grudged her sister-in-law her double blessing.

"You are ambitious for your son, Mrs. Geoffrey," she said, with a faint, cold smile.

"I have to consider what his father would have wished for him had he lived," Rachel answered, briefly. "But we are away from the point. Will you allow me to remain at Pine Edge, Lady Emily? I brought my little girl to help me to plead," she said, with a slight, sad smile towards the child. "Evy, will you ask Lady Emily to allow us to remain at Pine Edge?"

But the child never spoke. Her mother saw her draw herself away a little, as if she felt the coldness of the gaze fixed upon her.

"I am quite willing, if you wish it, to pay something for the privilege of remaining," Rachel went on again, in her direct, candid fashion. "If money can buy me this satisfaction—and it is no ordinary satisfaction—I shall not say a word against an increased rent."

"It is not a question of money. I have considered the matter in all its bearings. I have interests and desires to be considered also," Lady Emily replied. "I assure you I have not arrived at this decision hastily. It has been most carefully considered, and I think that it will be better for many reasons that the farm should have a new tenant."

Rachel's face flushed, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Is this an unalterable decision?" she asked, and at the altered voice Lady Emily winced again. She was not made of stone. She had harboured a ceaseless and causeless jealousy of the sweet woman before her, but she felt in her heart of hearts that she was guilty of a great injustice.

"When I have made up my mind and passed my word I do not care to recall it," she said, in tones which her accusing conscience made harsh and cold.

"I have one more suggestion to make, Lady Emily. It is impossible you can know how precious that place is to me, how hallowed it is by memory. I feel that it will sadden my life if I have to leave it. Will you sell it to me?"

Lady Emily opened her eyes in wonder.

"Do you know what you are speaking of, Mrs. Geoffrey? Have you the slightest idea of the value of the farm?"

"Yes. I know its value to the uttermost farthing. It is worth six thousand pounds. I am willing to pay seven thousand pounds for it."

"You must be a rich woman to speak so lightly of thousands."

"I am not poor. Will you consider this offer, since you will not consider me as a remaining tenant. I am in earnest, and I know that Pine Edge is not in the entail."

"I could not sell the place. You forget it is my son's, and I could not advise him to divide his patrimony," was the guarded answer.

Rachel turned away, and held out her hand to her little girl.

"Come Evy."

Her voice sounded strange in the little child's ears, and she made haste to clasp her little hands about her mother's cold fingers. Then she looked once very steadily in the face of Emily Ayre.

"I have never done you a wrong, Lady Emily, as God is my witness, even in thought. I accept your decision, and I shall trouble you no more. I pray that the day may never come when you shall suffer as you have made me suffer to-day, ay, and other days, which you and I remember. God shall judge between us. Farewell!"

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—"KIND HEARTS ARE MORE THAN CORONETS."

The young Squire had been for his morning canter, and rode up the avenue as Rachel and her girl left the house. He thought both figures familiar, but could not believe at the first glance that his eyes did not deceive him. They turned across the park before he reached them, but he dismounted in a moment—left his horse to enjoy a bite of the tender young grass, and strode through the still trees. His mother from the drawing-room window saw this action, and stood still to watch. She had good eyes and the distance was not great; she could therefore discover quite clearly the expression of each face.

"Aunt Rachel, have you really been at the house? Did you see mamma?" he asked, eagerly. "I am so sorry I was out."

Rachel detected the note of anxiety in the boy's kind voice, and knew that he was not at rest concerning that early call and its object. She put up her veil, and gave him her hand in kindest greeting.

Will, with a sudden graceful impulse, bent his head and touched it with his lips.

"It did not matter, dear Will, it was your mother I wished to see."

"And you saw her, I hope," he said with the same eagerness. "I am sure she would be glad to welcome you to Studleigh at last."

For answer Rachel burst into tears. Her nerves were overstrung; the strain upon them in the last hour had been very great.

"Dear Aunt Rachel, what has happened?"

Genuine distress was in Will's face as he asked the question.

"Do tell me. It is fearful to see you vexed like that. What is it?"

"Your mother will tell you, Will—I cannot speak about it," Rachel answered hurriedly. "It would have been better had you gone on and not spoken this morning. I am sorry if I grieved you."

"I don't want to seem curious, Aunt Rachel, but I *wish* you would tell me what is the matter. Mamma thinks of things so differently that—"

The boy paused there, and his sensitive colour rose. Rachel loved him for that fine, loyal touch. She saw he would not judge where he could not understand.

"Let me walk with you to the farm, Aunt Rachel. I can get a groom in a moment to take the horse, and we can talk as we go," he said, quickly.

"No, dear, it will be better not. Clem is waiting for us at the stile. Go to mother, Will, and ask her to tell you my errand here this morning. She will tell you frankly, I feel sure. I do not need to ask you, dear boy, to remember that your first duty and consideration must be towards her. God bless you."

She laid her two hands on his slender shoulders, and kissed him on the brow. Lady Emily saw that caress, and not hearing the unselfish words which accompanied it, felt her causeless anger burn anew against that inoffensive woman. She knew in her deep heart that Rachel Ayre possessed a potent charm which she lacked—a charm which drew every heart, young and old, to her, and bound them to her in the bonds of a reverent love. She grudged her that sweet possession, and inwardly blamed and condemned her for seeking by some underhand means to wean away her son's affection from his mother and his home.

Rachel spoke gently but decisively, and clasping Evy's hand in hers walked on.

"It rained last night, Will, and Clem says the brook will be splendid for fishing. Won't you come to the pool this afternoon?" Evy asked.

"I'll see. I'll be over anyhow, Aunt Rachel, after I have spoken to mamma," Will answered, and with a touch of his cap walked away. A groom had already taken his horse, so that he strode directly to the house and straight to the drawing-room in his riding boots, and whip in hand.

"Mamma, what did Aunt Rachel want, and why is she so awfully vexed?" he burst out the moment he was within the door.

"Did she not tell you?"

"No. She said you would. What is it?"

"A very simple thing, and certainly not worth the fuss. We have decided not to renew the lease of Pine Edge to her, and she elects to feel frightfully aggrieved."

Lady Emily answered carelessly; but she narrowly watched her son's face, secretly afraid of his outspoken indignation.

"Not renew it! What does that mean? that Aunt Rachel must leave the place—?"

"Yes, of course, there is no hardship. Her home ought to be at Stonecroft during Clement's minority. I told her so quite frankly; but your aunt is a very extraordinary woman, Will; quite too highly strung and dramatic for a practical person like me. Of course, you will take her part."

"If Aunt Rachel wishes to remain at the farm I can't see why anybody should wish to put her away," said Will quietly.

"You are only a schoolboy, and cannot be expected to take everything into consideration. In the meantime you have made these people your pet hobby, to which everything must be sacrificed. It is well you have a wise mother to look after your interests."

Will looked grave and perplexed.

"You said 'we' had decided not to renew the lease. Who is 'we'? Has Gillot anything to do with it?"

"Really, Will, two courses of catechism of a morning is too much," his mother retorted, with unusual sharpness. "If you are so particular about pronouns, I am the only person responsible for this decision, and you must know that I cannot alter it."

"But, mother, it can't be right. Why, the Abbots have been there so long. Have we any right to put them out?" cried Will, hotly; and never had his mother seen him both so manly and so handsome. "Aunt Rachel feels it terribly. I believe it will break her heart. Besides, it will be awfully dull with strangers at the Edge. It's so

jolly having Clem and Evy there, and to be able to run over any time. Mother, I can't help it if you are angry. I do love them all, and I think it will be a shame to put them out unless they want to go."

"I can't discuss the matter with you, Will; you are devoid of reason or common sense where these people are concerned," she said, turning from him with a gesture of scorn.

The boy's angry colour rose at the cutting words. He was like his father in many things, and though his anger was rare, it burned strong and fierce when it was roused. He turned upon his heel, closed the drawing-room door, and giving a curt order to a passing servant to have his horse sent round again, he left the house. Five minutes later his mother saw him canter down the avenue, and enter in up the Copse road, and smiled bitterly to herself, thinking he had gone to the farm.

But Will had a further ride than the farm in view that April morning. Mr. Gillot was standing at his office window after his morning letters had been looked at, thinking, it must be told, of the very matter that had been under discussion at the Manor that morning. He felt no surprise, when, hearing the sharp click of hoofs, he looked into the High street and saw the young Squire. He smiled slightly when he drew rein at the door and signed to an ostler at the County Hotel door to take his horse. A moment more and he was shown into Mr. Gillot's room.

"Good morning, Mr. Gillot. Am I too early? I want to speak to you about the farm, my aunt's farm I mean," he said, as he shook hands.

"None too early, Mr. William. I am glad to see you," answered the attorney, as he offered a chair. But Will preferred to stand, and leaning against the old-fashioned bureau, with his riding switch somewhat impatiently tapping his boot, he looked straight into the old man's face.

"Mr. Gillot, my mother wishes Mrs. Ayre to leave Pine Edge. I wish her to stay. Have I the power as well as the will?" he asked, candidly.

"Only so far as this. If you express a strong wish to Lady Emily, she may reconsider her decision, but as matters were left by the Squire, you cannot do anything of that sort against her wishes."

Will looked deeply disappointed.

"Who told you of it, Mr. Will?"

"My aunt. She was at the Manor this morning."

"Was she, indeed; and did you hear the result of the interview?" asked the attorney, with eager interest.

"It had no result. My mother is still determined that she shall leave the place. I cannot understand it, Mr. Gillot. It seems so unreasonable and so unkind. I wish I could say to Mrs. Ayre, you can remain as long as you live," said the young Squire, passionately.

"But you can't, Mr. Will, for five-and-a-half years at least. I would advise you not to trouble any more about it. After the first wrench is over, Mrs. Ayre will be very happy and comfortable at Stonecroft. It is a most beautiful place."

"Yes. But suppose I was being turned out of Studleigh, and sent to it, I would not think it very beautiful. It's quite the same thing," said Will, with a cloud on his fair face. "Well, good morning, Mr. Gillot. There's no use saying any more about it, as you say. I'm very much obliged to you. I'll make it up to my aunt some other way."

"I'm sure of it. You are your father's son, Mr. Will, and you needn't wish for any higher praise."

The attorney looked after the tall, slender figure with affectionate pride as it strode across the Square to the Hotel; but when he saw the brilliant flush which the mere exertion of mounting brought to the delicate cheek, he shook his head.

"I doubt—I doubt it's the Captain's boy who will be Squire of Studleigh," he muttered, "and that would be dire retribution on Lady Emily's head."

Will Ayre rode rapidly through the green lanes, and when he came to the Copse road turned up

the hill to the farm. It was now noon, and the sun shone out brilliantly, making the country look its fairest. Never had the picturesque house on the Edge looked more beautiful in the tender sunlight, which brought out all the soft greyness of the old walls, and the vivid greenness of the young ivy shoots which clothed the gables. Clement was standing against the white post of the avenue gate whittling a stick, and his face was as gloomy as it could be. When he saw his cousin he flushed angrily and turned away his head; but Will cried out to him—"Don't go away, Clem. I want to speak to you badly. You know very well, old chap, it is not my fault."

"I believe it isn't," Clem admitted, in a savage undertone. "But, all the same, it's a beastly shame, a sin, I say, and I don't care who hears me say it."

"I don't understand it, and I can't say anything, because you see it's my mother," said Will, with a touch of pathos which went at once to Clement's impulsive heart. "If I could help it I would. Do you think Aunt Rachel will see me?"

"Yes, I think so. I don't mean to blame you, Will, but it's awfully hard. It makes a fellow feel queer, especially when it's so hard on the mother," said Clem. "Yes, it's a beastly shame."

Will walked soberly by Lancelot's side with the bridle on his arm. He felt very bad, and the worst of it all was he had to restrain himself entirely on account of his mother. Somehow that morning Will felt very old and full of trouble.

Clem took Lancelot's bridle, while Will went into the house for one word with his aunt. She was at her desk in the dining-room writing a letter.

"I've been to Mr. Gillot, auntie, to see if I could do anything, and I can't. I'm awfully sorry," he said and the distress on his face added another sting to Rachel's grief.

"Never mind, dear. It is all right," she said, with her calm, sweet smile. "I am not fretting. God gives a wonderful power of accepting the inevitable, when we truly ask Him for it. I thank you for all your sweet kindness, Will; you remind me of your father more and more. I can give you no higher praise."

Will's face flushed. For the second time in one morning he heard the same words.

"If papa had lived, Aunt Rachel, how happy we should all have been."

"Yes, but we need not be very unhappy even now, Will," she said brightly. "I am going to be very much interested now in Stonecroft, and you must come soon and see us in our new home."

"It is a long time to next Lady Day, Aunt Rachel," Will said with a smile.

"Yes, but I shall not remain till the last term, Will. It would only prolong the regret. I am writing now about Clem, and whenever he goes to Eton, Evy and I will betake ourselves to Stonecroft. John Mellish can look after things just as well in my absence as when I am here."

Will never spoke. Rachel felt for him deeply, but the matter was too delicate to be much spoken of.

"Isn't it next Wednesday you go?" she asked, as she addressed her letter.

"Yes, on Wednesday."

"It may be Thursday before I send Clem. Don't mind anything he says; he is quite put out, of course, about leaving the Edge; but he will soon forget, and I shall see that the children miss nothing at Stonecroft. It will be a great upheaval, almost an earthquake, getting everything uprooted from the old place."

"I can't bear it, Aunt Rachel. I never was so miserable in all my life," Will cried, with quivering voice and heaving breast, and ran out of the house.

"I wish I was a man, Clem," he said, as he mounted Lancelot again. "I'll make up for it, old fellow, when I'm a man. Yes, I'll make up for it to Aunt Rachel and you and Evy."

"Oh, I know you're a brick," Clem said, heartily, and they shook hands with a firm, brotherly grip. The lads understood each other. They were cousins in love as well as in name.

(To be continued.)



JESUS AND THE ERRING WOMAN

# BRITAIN, CANADA AND THE STATES.

## A Study of Fiscal Conditions.—Part III.

The British Empire presents to the world a marvellous combination of commercial strength and comparatively undeveloped resources, being in fact a very giant in strength, potentiality and endurance, but untrained, unskilled and ignorant of its own powers. Needless to say commerce is its life-blood, and fair-trade an absolute necessity in the attainment of that full degree of imperial efficiency in the trade transactions of 350 millions of people, which must be consummated if the unity of the empire is to be preserved, and its commercial facilities properly promoted and developed. Every luxury that can be desired, every comfort that can be wished for, every necessity that must be supplied, can be obtained or satisfied within its bounds. Great Britain can provide capital, iron, steel, coal, cutlery, machinery, ships and population. Australasia gives wheat, wool, meat, wine, gold, coal and oil. Canada furnishes wheat, cattle, dairy produce, timber and coal. South Africa offers diamonds, feathers, corn and wine. India supplies wheat, tea, rice, silk and cotton. The West Indies and Mauritius give sugar, coffee and tobacco, whilst Egypt adds cotton, and British North America unlimited fisheries.

The general position of affairs is, however, peculiar. Foreign countries are yearly increasing their tariffs upon British goods, whilst protectional ideas are growing in the colonies themselves as well as in Great Britain, and it is becoming generally felt that the time is near when some form of closer commercial relationship between the different sections of the Empire will be not only desirable but absolutely essential. British trade is not at present in a pleasant condition, as has been already shown, and the following table will throw further light upon the situation of affairs.

	1872.	1889.
Total imports.....	£354,693,624	£427,637,596
Exports of British and Irish produce.....	256,257,347	248,048,257

It will be observed that in seventeen years the imports increased 127 millions sterling, while the exports actually decreased eight millions.

The cause of this is not difficult to trace. Protection has everywhere increased its strength, and the future danger is unfortunately greater than the past injury. The British Consul at Leghorn states that "figures all show that the Italian market is gradually but surely closing to British manufactures," and Great Britain sent £8,020,339 in 1889 to Italy; France is preparing an almost prohibitory tariff and it is announced as the deliberate intention of its supporters that British manufactures are to be excluded, and Great Britain sent France £22,101,222 in 1889; the United States is preparing to make liberal trade arrangements with the South American Republics, and has already succeeded with several of the countries, notably Brazil, and England sent to South America over £43,000,000 sterling in 1889; the United States has avowedly developed its recent fiscal policy with a view to excluding British goods, and Great Britain sent them £30,293,942 in 1889, and has found a decrease already since last October, when that measure came into force, of over a million and a half sterling; whilst her imports of raw material have largely fallen off during the same period; German goods are said to be taking the place of British in India, which now takes as much as the United States from Great Britain, while a similar result is taking place in Australia. China proposes to double the duties on cotton piece goods; Japan is raising its tariff; trade with Turkey has steadily declined over a long series of years; Spain has just made a treaty with the United States which will preclude much of the British export to that country (now amounting to £4,220,162) and has also increased the duty on foreign exports to the Phillipine Islands, which in the case of Britain, amounted to £1,542,629; Russia has advanced her tariff, and Australia, which now takes £22,

771,156 from the Mother Country, will shortly have a uniform and probably higher tariff around its shores.

Add to these threatening dangers which are now facing the industries of Great Britain the fact that according to Mr. Giffen the decline in the value of land in the United Kingdom between 1875 and 1885 has been 216 millions sterling, and something over 200 millions since the latter date. Couple with this statement the figures exhibited by different census returns as follows:—

Year.	Population.	Number employed in Industrial pursuits.	Number employed in Agriculture.
1861.....	20,119,314	5,184,201	2,010,454
1881.....	15,798,922	6,373,367	1,383,184
Increase	28 p.c.	Inc. 22.9 p.c.	Dec. 31.2 p.c.

and we have a revelation of the troubles which appear to be menacing the prosperity of Great Britain. As Sir Edward Sullivan said some years ago: "England has a population of 34 millions of the best working race of the world, accustomed for generations to agricultural and manufacturing industries. We have ample capital, better banking facilities and credit, cheaper coal and iron, and better engineers and mechanics and machinery than any nation in the world; greater facilities for importing raw materials for our industries; our climate is better adapted for labour of all kinds all the year round than any climate in the world; our soil, take it all through, is better suited for agricultural industries than any other soil in Europe or America; we have the finest breed of horses, cattle, pigs and sheep in the world; and yet the agricultural interest is on the verge of ruin, and the manufacturing interest is in a condition that alarms all who are engaged in it."

The remedy is simple. Let the United Kingdom turn to the Colonies and make a United Empire. Let British capital pour into these portions of the Empire which now take \$40 per head of the population as against a foreign import at the rate of \$3 per head; let a uniform but small preference be given in favour of the products of British as against foreign countries and the destiny of the Empire is practically settled. The capital of the Mother Country is very great, accumulated as it was in years when she commanded the markets of the world for her products. According to the *London Economist* a year ago, the subscription to new enterprises launched in London during the last six years was as follows:—

1884.....	£109,031,000
1885.....	68,679,000
1886.....	94,648,000
1887.....	91,913,000
1888.....	157,643,000
1889.....	175,859,865

On the other hand look at the vast resources of the Colonies. An American writer has recently estimated that 105,000,000 acres out of the 300,000,000 which Canada possesses in its wonderfully fertile North-West belt is capable of producing sufficient to feed 50,000,000 of people, besides furnishing 283,000,000 bushels of grain for export.

Summing up on the basis of this calculation and allowing 70 out of the 300 million acres for rivers and other obstacles to settlement we find that the North-West alone could feed a population of 100,000,000, and still send abroad 600,000,000 bushels. Add to this power of production the vast dairy manufactures of Ontario and Quebec; the fruit and coal and fish of Nova Scotia; the timber wealth and teeming fisheries of British Columbia; the vast wool products of Australasia which in 1881 headed the countries of the world with 78,156,486 sheep and 349,905,850 pounds of wool; the gold and wheat fields of that great continent, and the immense powers of production which the millions of India will yet bring to bear upon what one

authority claims to be 100,000,000 acres of still uncultivated wheat fields; and we have combined a picture of vast imperial wealth and power which only requires a suitable policy for instant development.

The proposition which has been already outlined, of placing a preferential duty upon imports received from foreign countries whilst admitting Colonial free is generally received with one objection which would be serious were it not fallacious. The statement is frequently made in response to such a proposal that foreign countries would retaliate. The best answer to this is the reply made by General Grant to a question once asked him as to how a British duty upon American wheat would be regarded in the United States? "Well, I guess it would make our American farmers think." In 1881 this question came up for discussion and when the news of the formation of the fair-trade league reached New York, the *Herald* remarked that "The possibility of American corn being taxed may be foreseen, and the Republican farmers of the North-West might in that case conclude it was time for the tariff to be revised." Ex-Governor Seymour, of New York, at the same time wrote to Senator Beck, of Kentucky, that "If England should tax American grain imports to the extent of even so little as 10 or 20 cents a bushel, while allowing the grain of her own Colonies to enter her ports free, she can bankrupt the farmers of the American North-West. She can by a like discrimination as to beef, pork, butter, cheese, etc., cripple if not ruin, our farmers all over the country."

Retaliation it thus becomes evident is a false danger. The United States, which is the country most to be feared, could only place an export duty on cotton, which would of course destroy the present prosperity of the South, and in a short time Great Britain would be drawing her supplies from Egypt, India and elsewhere. But the Americans would never do so foolish an act, and little fear need be felt as to retaliation elsewhere. Indeed, the result would be a world-wide rush in the direction of reciprocity, as in the words of Mr. R. T. Thurber, a well known member of the New York Chamber of Commerce, some years since; "A duty of a penny a bushel on American wheat would do more in one year to advance free trade thought in America than all the publications of the Cobden Club for a century."

There are two objections raised against the probability of this policy being carried out. One is that it is precluded from adoption by Great Britain on account of the "most favoured nation" clause in her treaties. If it is a fact, as has lately been stated and proved by practice, that the United States does not consider this claim in her commercial treaties to be binding as against any arrangement which she may make with another country in which a consideration is given for the favour received, then a precedent is set which we must consider as very strong. Aside from this, countries under the same flag should not have to consult foreign nations as to their internal measures, and consequently we ought to consider that the privilege of internal fiscal discriminations is ours by right, as well as justice.

Another difficulty is the claim that it would raise the price of bread in England. The obvious answer is that Colonial production would soon increase to such an extent as to keep the price down by pure force of competition, and that in any event the wheat grower of the States or Russia, having no other market for his product would be compelled to pay part if not all of the duty.

Toronto, May, 1891. J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

(To be continued.)

What he ought to get.—Poet: How much ought I to get for that poem?

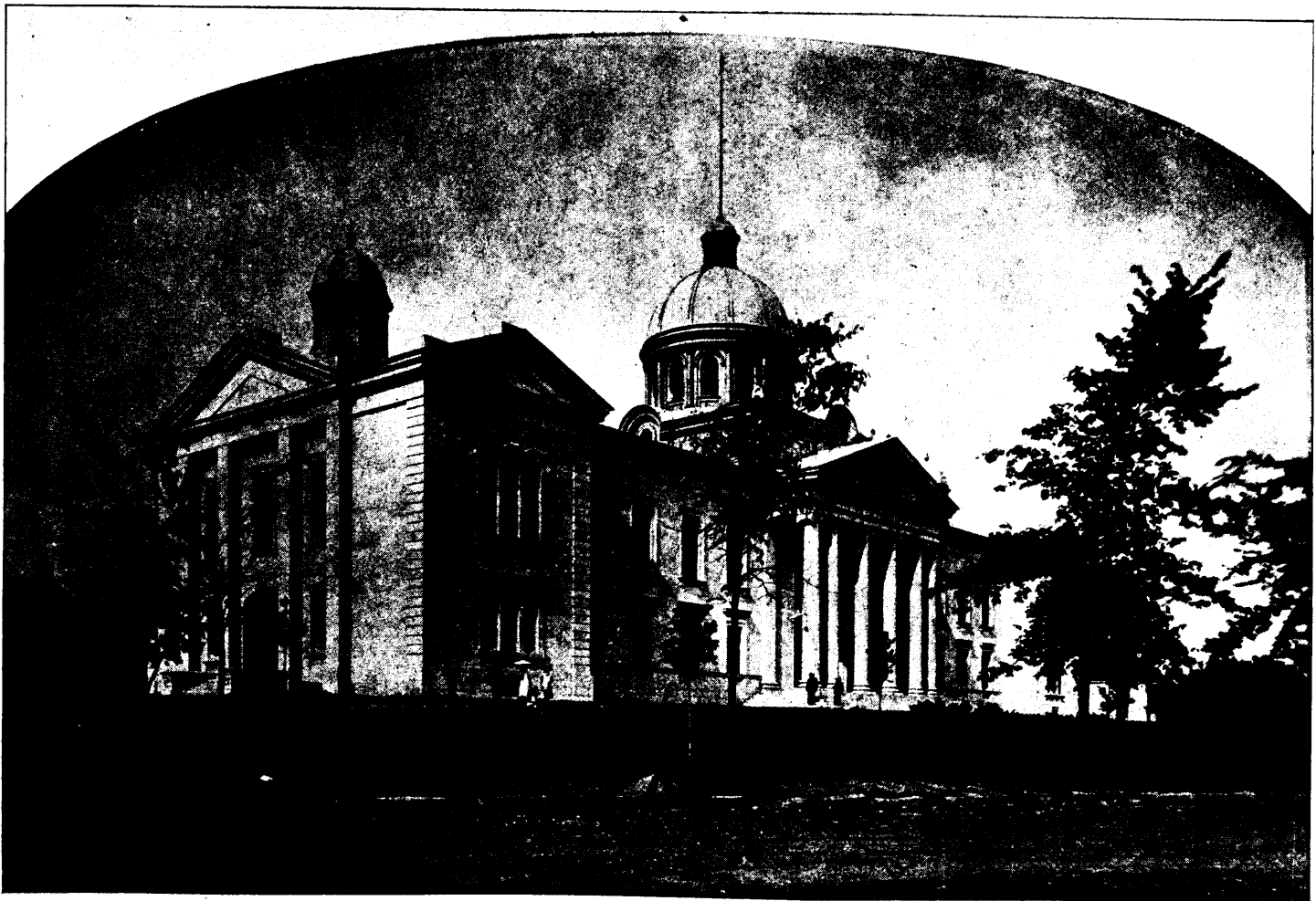
Editor—Oh, I should think about ten—

Poet (with a sickly smile)—Yes; I know what you are going to say: "Ten dollars or thirty days."

Editor—No, sir; ten years.—*Judge.*



THE CITY HALL.



THE COURT HOUSE.  
VIEWS IN KINGSTON, ONT.



**POQUIOCK (No. 2) IN VICTORIA COUNTY N. B.**  
(Mr. L. Allison, Amateur photo.)

## Our London Letter.

LONDON, May 23, 1891.

I wonder what the circulation of a novel by Rider-Haggard is now-a-days? One imagines that it must have declined very considerably since his earlier books, "King Solomon's Mines" and "Allan Quatermain," for they were fresh and original and both the schoolboy and the man in the street were able to appreciate them. But Mr. Haggard had his imitators—some good and some bad—who, with Mr. Haggard's own assistance, made the public quite tired and sick of the atmosphere of bloodshed and of unreality which pervaded the class of works which they produced. Mr. Haggard's new book, "Eric Brighteyes" (Longmans, Green & Co.), is a decided improvement on some of his later works, for although it is true that he has returned to his primal "blugginess," yet he has given it more natural surroundings and has dropped his tiresome habit of purposeless and foolish moralizing, which utterly spoils the reader's enjoyment in some portions of his earlier work. The story of "Eric Brighteyes" is thrown right back in the old Viking times, and reeks with the atmosphere of Icelandic sagas and half familiar stories, but the plot, although perhaps not too fresh and original, is nevertheless spirited and well treated. Mr. Haggard has the gift of exciting his reader, and he has never employed this gift to better purpose than in "Eric Brighteyes." A word of praise must be given to the illustrations of Mr. Lancelot Speed, which are about as "bluggy" and quite as exciting as the story.

Another class of literature which by now the public must be well sick of, is that which attempts to forecast the future. "Looking Backward," indifferently interesting, served its purpose by describing a socialistic state, and consequently gained a certain measure of popularity, but the books which followed it were in most cases sad rubbish. Rather better than the ordinary run, is the latest book of this class, "The Universal Strike," (William Reeves) by Mr. William Oakhurst, who makes the year 1899 the year of a strike of all workers in all countries. For ten days the strike continues, and the whole of Europe is in a state of chaos, for both soldiers, policemen and sailors have joined the populace, and as order is kept, at last the strikers gain the day and the strike is terminated, only just in time, for Russia, (which unknown to the rest of Europe, has at the last moment held aloof), formed the plan, and is fast putting it into execution, of swooping down upon and making herself master of the whole of Europe. The book is interesting and well worth reading.

No one talks of anything now but the influenza. What will prevent it? What will cure it? Last year it came in February, and this year, post-dated like the seasons, we are having its full strength in May. The death roll is enormous, and the number of well-known men and women whom it has carried off is really awful. Lord Henry Cavendish, Mr. Henry Sampson (the editor of the *Referee*), the Archbishop of York and Mr. Edwin Long, R.A., are only a few names out of quite a host, and now, even while I write, news comes that Robert Fowler, member of parliament for the City of London, has succumbed to the plague for plague it is.

The death of Mr. Edwin Long comes as a sore blow to the artistic world, for in it he was both loved and universally admired. He was born in 1839, and for the first years of his artistic career studied portrait painting in Spain. It has been said with a great deal of truth that he has done for ancient Egypt what Mr. Alma Tadema has done for ancient Rome, and for some years he has almost confined himself to Egyptian and biblical subjects, although some of his later portraits have been very successful.

Is Mrs. Lynn Linton also among the faithful? We believe not, and yet there is some justification for the thought, for in this week's *Black and White* (which, by the way, is rapidly improving and making itself a position among the illustrated weeklies) there is a description, from her pen, of a Salvation Army woman's shelter, which she describes most enthusiastically, having apparently no word either of criticism or of censure.

The dramatic world? Well, to tell the truth, not much of any abiding interest has occurred during the fortnight. At Terry's Theatre we have had another play of Henrik Ibsen's, who, rumour says, contemplates an early visit to London to see the magnificent acting in his own play, "Hedd Gabler," which, for once, has not been a success. How could it be! Even devoted Ibsenites have always

considered "The Lady from the Sea" to be his weakest piece of work—the most unsatisfactory in every respect. And the cast was inadequate, and Ibsen seems to be played well or not at all.

At the Court Theatre "The Volcano" has given place to "The Late Lamented" (an adaption by Mr. Fred. Horner, from the French of "Feu Toupinel"), and Mrs. John Wood is in her glory—in a good play and with a good company. "The Late Lamented" is a complicated farce, turning upon the idea of a man marrying two wives, neither of whom knew of the other's existence. When he dies they meet and the fun waxes fast and furious, as it always must when Mrs. John Wood is on the stage. We miss one actor from the cast at the Court, Mr. Weedon (Grossmith, who has so identified himself with this theatre's success. But Mr. Grossmith has, vulgarly speaking, 'other fish to fry,' for he is to join the, apparently, ever-increasing ranks of actor-managers. He and Mr. Brandon Thomas (another old Court Theatre favourite) have taken Terry's Theatre, where they hope soon to produce a play which created a tremendous success in America but which has not yet been seen over here. I refer to "The Pantomime Rehearsal," by Mr. Cecil Clay, which, being too short to hold the bill for more than an hour, although it will be the chief attraction, will be preceded by Mr. Brandon Thomas' "A Lancashire Sailor," and by "A Commission." Financially Mr. Grossmith is to be backed by Mr. George Edwarded, the enterprising manager of the Gaiety Theatre.

Those who treat the public well certainly deserve well at the public's hands. Mr. Cuthbert Rathbone and Mr. Sydney Herbert-Basing, the new managers of the Shaftesbury Theatre, have re-decorated their house, have banished gas for the electric light and, best of all, have abolished all fees—both for cloakroom and for programmes. The play which they present, "Handfast," by Henry Hamilton and Mark Quinton, if not particularly original, is sufficiently interesting and well played to hold the attention of the public for some time to come. The hero of the play, at the rise of the curtain, lies sick unto death, but wishing to keep his plotting cousin out of his money, he arranges to be married on his death-bed, so that his money will go to his widow. The cousin gets wind of the scheme and tries to prevent it by poisoning the hero, but the poison used has an entirely different effect to that which was expected and he recovers, only to find himself married to a woman whose name even he does not know. This is the first act, after which the interest abates somewhat, but it never entirely flags—the audience being held to the very last. Mr. Lewis Waller as the hero and Miss Winifred Emery as the heroine deserve every praise—nothing could exceed the care of their performance. But the success of the evening was made by Mr. Cyril Maude's rendering of the character of the scheming cousin—it was a wonderful piece of acting.

GRANT RICHARDS

### The Boys' Brigade.

The question "How are we to retain our older boys in the Sunday School" finds one very successful solution in the Boys' Brigade. The idea first occurred to Mr. William A. Smith of the 1st Lanark volunteers, while teaching in the Free College Church Mission Sunday School, Glasgow. Knowing a boy's fondness for military movements he proposed to organize the boys of the school into a drill corps, and the venture succeeding beyond all anticipations it gradually took the definite shape it now wears as "The Boy's Brigade." In 1884, there was but one company, the 1st Glasgow; now the parade state of the Glasgow Battalion at its annual inspection last May showed a total strength of 76 companies, officered by 187 young men, with 2,818 non-commissioned officers and privates. In Glasgow there are altogether 102 companies, and throughout Great Britain 433 companies, having 18,052 enrolled members. The organization has taken root in the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, the United States and Canada, and bids fair to become a permanent agency in the religious training of boys.

The Boys' Brigade is a distinctly religious movement; military drill and discipline in themselves a healthful, moral and physical training, are mainly valued as a means of banding the boys together and calling out manliness, mutual helpfulness, deference to seniors and courtesy to all. Every meeting is opened and closed with singing and prayer. No drill should be dismissed without a few inspiring words from the captain or some other person appointed for the purpose. The company is constituted a bible class, and shall parade as such at some hour which will not interfere with the regular session of the Sunday School. In virtue of

their enrolment both officers and boys are bound in honour and duty.

1. To read the bible and pray every day.
2. To abstain entirely from alcohol and tobacco.
3. Never to use bad language, and to avoid the company of those who do.
4. Always to prefer *duty* to pleasure or inclination, and observe scrupulously the company rules.
5. To endeavour constantly to maintain the purity, kindness, courtesy and mutual confidence that should prevail in a company of Christian boys.

No pledges are exacted, the boys are taught to do what is right because it is right, whether they promise or not. So far from fostering military enthusiasm the aim of the Brigade is to develop a Christian temper and character quite incompatible with "jingoism." The goal towards which its members are directed is the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour, and other societies for christian work and mutual improvement. The keynote of every phase of its activity is somewhat in the second section of the constitution. "The object of the Brigade shall be the advancement of Christ's Kingdom among boys, and the promotion of habits of reverence, discipline, self-respect, and all that tends towards a true Christian manliness." It aims at laying hold of a boy's life at all points and transforming it with religion. Members of a company are often formed into clubs,—cricket, football, lacrosse, swimming, boating, athletic, etc.—and instruction is given in whatever is calculated to improve and develop either the physical, intellectual or moral side of a boy's nature. The idea is capable of an almost infinite number of practical applications, and is adaptable to any class of the juvenile community. Our illustration on another page of the 1st St. John's, N. B. Co.—the pioneer Canadian company, is from a photo by Lugrin. Any inquiries will be cheerfully answered by its captain, Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, or by the Brigade Secretary, Mr. William A. Smith, headquarters office, 68 Bath street, Glasgow, Scotland.

### Combatants and Non-Combatants.

*Après* of the subject of medical officers and the assumption of a combatant position, perhaps one of the most extraordinary instances on record occurred during the Indian Mutiny, when a medical officer carried the colours of a regiment, the circumstances of which must be familiar to many officers still living. If we mistake not, it was on the occasion of the assault on Lucknow, under Havelock, on September 25, 1857, when the 78th Highlanders advanced under a heavy fire. Lieut. Kirby, who carried the Queen's colours of the Ross-shire Buffs, was shot down; as he fell the colour was grasped by a bandsman named Glen, from whom it was wrested by sergeant Reid, of the Grenadier company, who carried it but a short distance. After a few paces he was also struck, when the colour was seized by Assistant-Surgeon Valentine M. McMaster, who continued to carry it until the regiment halted near the Residency gate. Dr. McMaster, who received the V.C. for a subsequent act of gallantry, died in 1872 then surgeon of Havelock's favourite Ross-shire Buffs.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

### A Valuable Book.

Messrs. Henry Stevens & Son are bringing out an elaborate account of "The Discovery of North America; a critical and Documentary Investigation; with an Essay on the Early Cartography of the New World, and Account of Two Hundred and Fifty Ancient Maps and Globes, Existing or Lost," by Mr. Henry Harrisse, the author of the "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima." Besides notices of the two voyages of Cabot, of the Corte-Reals (1501-1502), of unknown navigators (before 1502), and the Portuguese in Nova Scotia, it will, says the *Athenæum*, deal with the early cartography of the New World; discuss the chronology of the ninety-one authentic voyages westward, projected, attempted, or accomplished, between 1431 and 1504; and supply biographical notes concerning two hundred Portuguese and Spanish pilot-majors, pilots, cosmographers, and cartographers engaged in the discovery or description of the New World during the first half of the sixteenth century. An "Index Geographicus" will contain all the names of American regions, mountains, rivers, ports, and towns mentioned in maps constructed and historical accounts written before 1540. It will appear early in the spring of 1892, so as to coincide with the celebration of the fourth anniversary of the discovery of America.





THE OLD CHAPEL AT TADOUSAC.  
(Messrs. W. Notman & Son, photo.)

**OUR CANADIAN CHURCHES, IX.**

## CANADIAN CHURCHES, IX.

## The Old Chapel at Tadousac.

Mr. J. E. Roy, F.R.S.C., furnishes interesting data on this antique chapel,—in his excellent work on Tadousac, "*Voyage au Pays de Tadousac*."

"This primitive church of Tadousac was built in 1747, when Mgr. de Pontbriant was Bishop of Quebec. On the 21st March the carpenter, Blanchard, left, pursuant to contract, to square the timber, and on the 16th May, the Jesuit Coquart blessed the spot where the new fane was to be erected. Intendant Talon furnished the boards, deals, shingles and nails used to construct this antique sanctuary, and Father Coquart, in recognition of the intendant's munificence, undertook to say Mass annually, on Saint Anne's day, for the benefit of this kind patron. The next year Talon granted the missionary 300 *livres* for his new church, and in 1749 intendant Bigot presented the missionary with 200 *livres*, which were employed in completing the roof. The chapel, valued at 3,000 *livres*, was ready by the 24th June, 1750.

A few years back a leaden plate was discovered under the walls of the chapel, about six inches square, bearing the following inscription:

"*L'an 1747, le 14 mai, M. Cugnet, fermier des Postes,  
F. Doré, commis, Michel Lanaye, construisant  
l'église, le P. Coquart, Jesuite m'a placé.*

I. H. S.

This leaden plate, with its inscription rudely carved with the point of a knife, and a few notes written by the Jesuit Father Coquart, is all that is left for completing the history of the origin of the chapel of Tadousac.

Stull to the Indian, who found a home under his upturned canoe and made the sea shore his pillow, a simple structure, like the chapel, must have seemed a marvel, provided it were erected according to European plans."

*Jesum Hominum Salvator.*

The church has the form of a parallelogram, 30 feet in length by 25 feet in breadth. Two narrow windows, reaching about six feet from the ground, are cut in each lateral wall, and light up very well the sanctuary. The chapel faces the Bay of Tadousac, and from the facade, provided with a window, the view is superb. The steep roof is crowned with a campanile, where hangs the marvellous bell of 1647, whose chimes caused such raptures to the Indians.

The interior, unadorned, is of antique simplicity. The walls, in solid cedar, formerly whitewashed, are at present covered with paper.

Until 1885, the old chapel was used as a parish church for the faithful of Tadousac. On Christmas Day, 1885, Mass was said for the first time in a large church built of stone, a few hundred paces from Father Coquart's chapel. Several old paintings have been preserved; some of those of the XVIII. century are deserving of notice. M. Roy mentions them as follows: "Une Présentation de Marie au Temple," signed by Beauvais and bearing date 1747; "Le Mariage de Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette," and "La Naissance de Louis XVII." and others.

Antiquarians will find in Mr. Roy's volume a deal of ancient lore about Chicoutimi and Tadousac well worthy of perusal. The late T. D. King, of Montreal, in 1879, in a *brochure* he published, made a warm appeal to Tadousac tourists of every creed for funds to restore this quaint relic of the past. He succeeded. The old cemetery was put in proper order and a cross, eighteen feet high, erected there on 7th August, 1880.

Quebec, June 1891

J. M. LEMOINE.

## Sonnet on Life.

Birth is, to many, but the opening chord

Of a dull funeral march. Life is, at best

A dreary following of one's dreams to rest,

A lengthy task ill-done, and oft abhorred,

While Right and Faith are dead, and, Might is Lord,

"Short life, much sorrow, aching brow and breast"

With words like these Life's page is deep impressed,

Life's page, where Love is but a meagre word.

Nay, Life is Love. Bring me the grief, the pain,

The heart-sick hours, the daily fretting fears,

The weary waiting, and the anxious years.

Gladly I hug them to my heart again.

Pleasant and good is Life so I may know

Again Love's smile, Love's witchery, Love's glow.

—SOPHIE M. ALMON HENSLEY.

## Our New York Letter.

The annual exodus to England goes on merrily. Andrew Carnegie has gone with Walter Damrosch, who is at the head of the magnificent concert hall the Pittsburg millionaire has lately presented to New York at the cost of somewhere about a million dollars. Mrs. Custer, who has written such a brilliant description of her husband's battling with the Indians, and Lawrence Hutton are also among the departures of the week.

The greatest treat I have had in the pictorial world of New York has been a visit to Theodore Wores's studio in the Holbein building. Mr. Wores lived three years in Japan, and he caught the spirit of the place as no American artist ever has except Robert Blum. To look into one of his great Japanese pictures is like going to Japan—the scenery, the life, even the atmosphere, are all there. His colouring is extremely happy. Among the pictures that I especially noticed were (1) a delightful little bit of landscape, the Hydrangea—thicketed wood at the back of the Taki-nojin waterfall. The foliage is excellent, and in the background is the exquisite little scarlet shrine, one of the most picturesque in Japan—the foreground being occupied with a scarlet Torii and a queer little Japanese mother with her baby on her back—herself not much bigger than her five-year-old daughter. I noticed (2) a most sympathetic treatment of the fairy-like little garden of Dai Nichi Do, near Nikko, famous even among the world-famed toy-gardens of Japan. It had a beautiful figure of a Samacen player in the foreground to give the picture a motive. One would not desire finer colouring than (3) a vista of the little temple under the hill at Shiba, where they keep the sacred black image of the Buddha, which the great Iyeya-u carried through all his battles. This has one of the most richly carved and coloured exteriors in Japan—and its successful reproduction is a marvel. One of its happiest effects is his treatment of the chipping red lacquer of the gallery, trodden by a typical Japanese priest. Very different in style, but equally excellent is (4) the temple of Ivenitsu, at Nikko, which gives Mr. Wores the opportunity of showing his extraordinary talent in reproducing the effects of Japanese brasswork and gold lacquer; in the foreground are two of the beautiful bronze votive lanterns, Ishidoro, and some characteristic Buddhist acolytes. Anyone without being familiar with Japan recognizes the charm of (5) "The Koto-player," a pretty Japanese girl playing on that picturesque instrument in a typical Japanese room, with nothing visible except the matting, its shoji (shutters), a screen and an 'educated' blossoming plum tree in a blue porcelain pot. The Japanese girl could hardly be better. The other picture which attracted my attention most was (6) "In Cherry-blossom Time," in which a pretty Japanese Juliet stands on a balcony embowered in a profusion of the pink Japanese cherry-blossom, a sprig of which she drops to a dark Romeo below. The Cherry-Blossom is a masterpiece, and the whole conception of the picture charming. Mr. Wores had a distinguished success in England, both financially and in reputation.

Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, whose illustrated articles of travel have formed so prominent a feature in *Harper's*, are going to Hungary on an impressionizing tour, he wielding the pencil and she the pen, as usual.

The "Salon" this year in New York is really unusually good. This is unconstitutional for an 'Academy.'

NOTE, AN UNEXPLORED CORNER OF JAPAN, by Percival Lowell (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston)—This book came out in the *Atlantic*, so I need not summarize its contents. In seeing it again in book form, my first impressions are confirmed. It is no mere book of travel, for it gives many curious and intimate touches of Japanese life, and it is full of amusing philosophizings. It is bright enough for a Sunday newspaper, though dignified enough to deserve its place in the *Atlantic*. There is an 'obiter dicta' kind of flavour about the telling, and in subject it breaks virgin ground. The book is full of racy apophthegms.

THE ANGLOMANIACS, by Mrs. Burton Harrison, (Cassell Publishing Co., New York.)—Mrs. Harrison writes her stories as a clever woman would tell them at a tea. They are undeniably clever and sometimes very entertaining, but the style is amateurish. The Anglomaniacs suffer by comparison with "Miss Nobody, of Nowhere." It isn't half as funny. There are no characters to compare with Mrs.

Follis or little Gussie Van Beekman, and there is no flesh and blood in the book at all. It strikes one as having been written for effect. To gratify "400" sentiment a terrible parvenue is chosen for the arch-Anglomaniac. Flower de Hundred is a far better book, because it is natural and has plenty of warm blood in it. It is as different from the Anglomaniac as an Australian handshake is from the chin-knocking fashion now in vogue in the most fastidious circles.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

## POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!

—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

A peculiar and interesting phase of memory is what may be called "carrying memory." Perhaps the best example of it is to be found in the case of the railroad conductor. It is truly remarkable how he goes through a train, readily recollecting all whose tickets he has punched or taken, and quickly spotting any new comers requiring attention; in short, he carries the entire train in his memory. The trip finished, he no doubt forgets all about it; and with every train the same thing is repeated. That is a carrying memory. Is it not possible that in reciting their lessons, children may employ merely a carrying memory to tide them over their recitation and no more? Probably it is often the case. The habit of using the memory in this way would be pretty certain to weaken that faculty eventually, so as to render it inadequate for other purposes. But when so many people are complaining of having no memory, undoubtedly a carrying memory is better than none at all.

Occasional roughness on the water is nothing to the roughness sometimes experienced on land. What would be called sea-sickness on a boat, would presumably be called land-sickness on a railroad train. The latter may be less distressing than the former, but it is none the less real. It depends partly on the road-bed, and partly on the car springs. And having had the infelicity of travelling over a too rough road on altogether too flexible car springs, I know whereof I speak. When one attempts to read, the type all becomes pi; which, like the proverbial railroad pie, is objectionable. And to write is out of the question. Under the circumstances above indicated, I once squared my elbows and attempted to jot down a few "points." But points the most unexpected and undesirable sprung up everywhere; every letter of the alphabet was invested with innumerable uncalled-for points and angles. Out of pity, therefore, for the printers I desisted. Over a rough track, the way of the transgressor is hard; and car-sickness, or "landsickness" is not a myth. To say the least of it, there is the headache, the fatigue and the sleeplessness. There are comparatively few, I think, who enjoy sound sleep upon the first night of travel, however luxurious the sleeping car may be. But by the second night tired nature can hold out no longer, and sleep more readily ensues. One hint may be given in this connection: if you wish to sleep, have the head towards the engine. In that position, the motion of the train draws the blood to the extremities; otherwise it is driven to the head causing wakefulness. In travelling, as in other things, *experientia docet*. The above are a few of the evils of "meandering."

There is no car porter like a coloured one; the negroes make porters *par excellence*. Their soft voices, their noiseless movements, their obsequiousness, their appearance in sleeping-car uniform—and, indeed, everything about them seems to render them especially suited to the position. There is, therefore, at least one calling in life for which the coloured race is better fitted than the white. A white porter in comparison seems awkward and out of place; as a rule he is less attentive, and consequently less deserving of the "tip" which, by the way, one has some misgivings in offering to him. But as a rule he pockets the insult. One has no such misgivings about the coloured porter. The custom of tipping, though not carried to excess as in Europe, is nevertheless pretty firmly established upon this continent. Some discreet persons make a habit of tipping in advance, so as to inspire attention in the false hope of a subsequent tip which cometh not. The porters, I fancy, are beginning to see through the little game.



**A Lovely Teagown—The Rage For Embroidery—Bread Making—very Good Recipe For Yeast—A Pathetic Interest—King Arthur's Round Table?**

A lovely teagown is a thing of beauty and a joy, not quite for ever, but as long as it lasts: with which platitude I will commence the description of one I saw the other day, made by a Parisian dressmaker, and called "the Roman" teagown. It was so effective, and yet so quite possible to make at home that I think I must give you a sketch of it. The foundation is of simple pink silk, and over this is an exceedingly thin, fine, *crepe de chine*, brocaded with very small sprays of palest pink flowers and equally pale green leaves. The bodice is an ordinary full one, the *crepe* being gathered to the neck under a beautiful collar of gold passementerie sprinkled with pearls, and drawn to the waist by a gold belt of the same. The beauty and originality of the



dress lies in the make of the sleeves: these, as you see, are filled into the shoulder, and drape into the back of the skirt with which they form one piece of material. They fall straight from the shoulder in front, and are sufficiently closed under the arm to make a sleeve for it. It is one of the most elegant confections of the kind I have ever seen. It might be reproduced in silk gauze or grenadine with much of the same effect. Another equally lovely is made of *Eau de Nil* blue silk brocaded with cream. It also is beautifully draped with cream *crepe de chine* embroidered, or damasked with a

pattern of little white leaves in the same cream colour. Instead of being outside, this forms the underdress, which is kept in at the waist and neck by rich ornaments of passementerie in the form of two wings with fringes of golden drops. The bodice of blue brocade that came over this was made with short *directoire* jacket fronts adorned with very beautiful painted porcelain buttons set round with cut steel. The sleeves were entirely composed of *crepe de chine* edged with white blonde, and a fichu trimmed in the same way finished off the back of the neck, falling in folds that reminded one of those of a pointed hood.

The rage for embroidery has shown itself even in the dresses of little girls, which will certainly be very charming this summer. I am old-fashioned enough to prefer white of all things for girl's wear in hot weather, whether young or grown up: and next to white, pretty printed French cambrics. If, however, you want them to look a little smarter, you cannot choose more effective, nor more useful dresses than those made of foulard in plain colours, and combined with the many varieties of washing guipure or embroideries, now becoming so very reasonable in price. Here is a sketch of two ways of utilizing embroideries. The first



little figure wears a dress of pinkish-mauve foulard *crepe de chine*, surah, or pongee silk—anything that will wash, and the small cape, flounce, and basque to the bodice are made of *ecru* guipure. Her hat is of *ecru* coloured straw, lined with *crepe*, or chiffon of the same pinkish-mauve, and trimmed with any small flower that follows the same hue. The hat is tied on with *ecru* or deep violet ribbon-velvet according to taste, a little bow being placed inside over the head. The other child wears a simple dress of ficelle, or string-coloured batiste, turned back at the edge, with plain white embroidery, either Scotch, Irish or Madeira, or guipure lace, showing a panel down the side of the same work, made in the piece. Anyone, with a little ingenuity, could make innumerable pretty little frocks with this combination of materials, which have the advantage of being washable (to coin a word) and delightfully cool.

Bread making is one of those things that every woman should be taught as a most necessary part of her education. First, it is "the staff of life," on which we depend in no ordinary degree, and secondly, no woman can tell into what curious circumstances she may be forced, and in which she will appear either as a poor, useless, unhandy body, or she may come to the rescue of others who are helpless and ignorant, and be able to turn her hand to anything, even to so domestic a thing as bread-making. Good bread should mean pure, wholesome, nourishing food. It is to be greatly regretted that in towns this is seldom to be obtained. Adulteration has been brought to such a perfection, that we rarely eat bread from an ordinary baker's, of which all the component parts are pure and innocuous. Bread that has a sour taste on the second day after baking cannot be wholesome, and this baker's bread generally becomes, from the addition of potatoes to hasten the action of the

yeast. Though nearly all kitchen ranges nowadays possess an oven, not all ovens are suitable or large enough in which to bake bread. But in nearly every neighbourhood there is a baker, who for a small charge will bake for them. The name of "home made bread," has a lovable sound, and suggests all sorts of comfortable, domestic ideas; it is so certainly sweeter, cheaper, and more wholesome when rightly made, that if you can bake at home it pays in the end, and gives you more thoroughly healthy food. Now as to the ingredients. Be very careful that they are good and pure, and in a proper condition for use. To begin with, your flour; it is a mistake to suppose that the very whitest flour or bread is the best; it may be the prettiest, but it is not the most nourishing by any means. The more that flour is "decorticated," or, as some people call it "purified," from the outside covering of the grain, the more it is deprived of its power of nutriment as a food. In the brown outside—which is a casing of wondrous beauty containing rows of little cells discoverable only with a magnifying glass—or what we call "the bran," lies the precious gluten, which is the nourishing part of the flour; the rest, or whiter part, is chiefly composed of starch, in which there is comparatively no nutriment. Therefore, buy what is called "seconds" flour, in preference to what is called the white "firsts," that is not only more expensive, but incapable of feeding you. Keep it in a warm, dry place, and be sure that it is thoroughly dry before making bread, or the loaves will be heavy. As to yeast, it is easier in towns to buy it than to make it—though for that I have a reliable recipe—as it will more easily be obtained fresh. There are several kinds of yeast besides the common brewer's barm, and those in most ordinary use are the German and the French. The German is of a light grey muddy colour, and when fresh should be rather dry and crumbly before using; the whiter it is the better; if it is pasty and brown it is not good, and will spoil the bread. Never keep it longer than a week, and only then in a cool, dry place. French yeast is nearly as white as dough, and of a damper nature, when fresh, than German. When doubtful about the freshness of these yeasts, put a piece the size of a walnut into half-a-teacupful of cold water, and if it does not begin to bubble in twenty minutes, it is bad, and will not raise the bread. I find that I shall occupy too much space if I now deal with the actual process of making bread, so I must claim your kind indulgence, and permission to defer it to my next week's letter. In the meantime I will give you what I have found a very good recipe for yeast. This can be made at home very easily. Take half-an-ounce of hops to one quart of malt. Pour a gallon of boiling water on them, and let it stand for an hour; then boil it thoroughly, leaving it at the side of the fire to simmer for three hours. Strain it through an hair sieve, and when about tepid add to it half-a-pint of brewer's yeast, or a pint of the same barm previously made, mixing either of the two with two table-spoonsful of flour. Stir all well together, and let it stand covered till morning, when it will be ready for use.

A pathetic interest is attached to a beautiful statue of our dear Princess of Wales, that is now standing in the great rooms of the "Salon," the summer exhibition of pictures in Paris. The clever sculptor, Monsieur Chapu, died only a few days before the exhibition opened, and it is said that although the likeness is quite true to life, this great artist only had the opportunity of seeing Her Royal Highness for half-an-hour. He completed the portrait from several photographs, which in itself speaks for his talent, as it is the finest presentment of the Princess ever executed.

King Arthur's round table is to be the new shape of our dining-boards. After all, it is but returning to the ways and fashions of our ancestors, with whom round tables were ordinary affairs. They certainly have the advantage of allowing every one of the guests to see each other without craning their necks, as happens at the long straight ones. Another good thing is that very often such is the shape of the room that a round table will go where a long square one will not find place. Owing to this change we shall see a great alteration in the style of flower decorations at this season's parties. Those who possess fine pieces of old family plate, have now a good opportunity for utilizing them, as handsome centre-pieces will be the foundation of all floral edifices. Flat they certainly must not be, as they will make the table look like an exaggerated flower-bed. High palms, small tree ferns, and all kinds of tall flowering plants will be the most suitable for these centres. A very pretty fashion is to have a palm, or some tall plant placed in the middle of the table, and radiating from it garlands of

flowers and greenery to smaller stands placed before each guest round the table. Glass centre-pieces are extremely light and elegant. I saw one the other day that had a little fountain of scent playing all the time during dinner whilst the upper part held a lamp or branch for wax candles, surrounded by flowers. Sweet blossoms also adorned the edges of the glass basin, into which the spray of the little perfumed fountain fell. Some of these lovely glass pieces have stands all round from which are suspended glass baskets of flowers, with crystals hanging like fringes from them.



The annual spring games of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association held on Saturday last were a decided success from an athletic point of view, if from no other. They went to prove what had often been asserted, that Montreal possesses enough athletic material to make a good showing in any company, no matter how fast. When a few years ago men did their own training we had giants on the track and in the field, but the numbers under these circumstances were naturally small, for it was only the men much above the average who had a chance to come prominently to the front and the inexperienced youngster who put himself through a severe course of home made training either did too little or too much of it and probably did himself as much harm as good. Under present arrangements things are decidedly changed; there may not be so many championship stars, but there are far more who can show a degree of general all round excellence. After all, there is no excuse why this should not be so. The Association has every accommodation for the athlete, the finest grounds in the country, an excellent gymnasium where indoor work can be done, a cinder path second to none, a competent trainer and an enthusiastic public to lend encouragement.

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The leading feature on Saturday was the splendid performance of Carr in the hundred yards sprint, of which he was scratch man. Running the distance in even time and getting to the tape with comparative ease, it is almost a certainty that had he been pushed he would now be in the same list with Owen and Carey. It was plainly evident that there was considerably more left in him, and it need not be a matter of surprise if before many weeks Montreal should have a world's record broken. The way he finished in the 220 yards run showed that he had a good deal of reserve power, and he will do better than 23 2-5 before the season is over. The handicapping was well done and little was left to be desired in that quarter, while the management of both field and track events was as good as could be had anywhere. A summary of the results, with the finals only in the heat events, follows:—

One hundred yards—	
H. D. Carr, M.A.A.A., scratch.....	1
E. H. Courtemanche, M.A.A.A., 21 feet.....	2
Time, 10 seconds.	
Throwing 56 lbs weight—	
J. Arnton, Britannia F.B.C.....	1
J. Storey, Argyle S.S.C.....	2
Distance, 22 feet 11 inches.	
Running high jump—	
F. W. Sharp, Y.M.C.A., 2 inches.....	1
A. G. Sykes, M.G.A., 4 inches.....	2
Height, 5 feet 3 inches	
Half-mile run—	
S. G. Waldron, M.A.A.A., 5 yards.....	1
George Paris, M.J.L.C., scratch.....	2
Time, 2.01 4-5.	
Putting shot—	
John Whittey, J.S.L.C., 4 feet.....	1
J. J. Arnton, Britannia F.B.C., 2 feet.....	2
Distance, 38 feet 1 inch.	
Two hundred and twenty yards run—	
H. D. Carr, M.A.A.A., scratch.....	1
A. Leithead, M.A.A.A., 8 yards.....	2
Time, 23 2-5	
Two mile run—	
W. C. Finley, M.A.A.A., 85 yards.....	1
W. Gentleman, jr., S.L.C., scratch.....	2
Time, 10 21 1-5.	

Three mile bicycle—	
W. H. C. Mussen, M.A.A.A., scratch.....	1
G. S. Lowe, M.A.A.A., scratch.....	2
Time, 10 32 1-5.	
Running broad jump—	
A. Leithead, M.A.A.A., 4 feet.....	1
W. Fowler, M.G.A., 4 feet.....	2
Distance, 22 feet 1 1/4 in.	
Quarter mile run	
J. Strother, Jr. S.L.C., 30 yards.....	1
S. G. Waldron, M.A.A.A., scratch.....	2
One mile run—	
H. R. Chapman, Belœil Baseball Club, 100 yds	1
C. M. Cameron, M.A.A.A., 125 yards.....	2
Time, 4 27.	
Hundred and twenty yards hurdle race	
T. G. Wells, M.A.A.A., 7 yards.....	1
W. R. Thompson, M.A.A.A., scratch.....	2
Time, 19 2-5 sec.	

With another meeting on July 25th and the reasonable development to be expected during the interval, Montreal may safely be predicted to hold her own at the championships.

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The lacrosse struggle is now in full swing and the opening matches were watched with much interest. They were distinctly disappointing, chiefly from the poor condition in which most of the teams were. The match between Cornwall and the Capitals clearly demonstrated two things; first that the new senior club has a strong individual team, which will be even stronger when the men become better acquainted with each other's tactics on the field and when experience has put more combination into their play. At present there is a nervousness and unsteadiness about their work which detracts a great deal from effectiveness, but that fault will be soon overcome after a few more hard matches. Such men as Fraser, Quinn and James would do credit to any team, but the results will not be brilliant until more "passing" at critical points can be accomplished. Cornwall, on the other hand, was weaker perhaps than ever before since entering the ranks of the seniors. There is comparatively little change in the personnel of the twelve that have been so successful in the past, but men cannot play for ever. Want of condition was noticeable generally, and with the exception of perhaps Crites and Carpenter nobody played in championship form. If there is any ambition in the club to occupy their old place at the head of the list they will have to get out to practice a great deal oftener. In the Shamrock-Ottawa match the play on both sides was poor; the Ottawas were much superior to the Shamrocks certainly, and managed to win very easily, but that even is not saying much. The Shamrocks were in no shape to stand two hours' work and were soon fagged out, while such a thing as effective team play was unknown. There was one feature disagreeable enough in all conscience and that was the pounding of Crown when down on the field. However, the offender was treated to a dose of his own medicine afterwards and did not seem to relish it. The four club league has now had an opportunity of trying how their new scheme works, and what sort of drawing attractions the clubs are. The score in Cornwall was three to two; in Montreal, four to one. The players were:—

Cornwall.	Position.	Capital.
Carpenter.....	Goal.....	Ashenhurst
Crites.....	Point.....	Fraser
Hughes.....	Cover.....	Patterson
Adams.....	Defence Field.....	James
Riviere.....	".....	Devine
Murphy.....	".....	Morell
McAteer.....	Centre.....	Mulligan
Danaher.....	Home Field.....	Turner
Leacey.....	".....	Murphy
Lee.....	".....	Green
Black.....	Outside Home.....	Ketchum
McCutcheon.....	Inside Home.....	Quinn

In Montreal, the following comprised the teams:—

Shamrocks.	Position.	Ottawas.
Reddy.....	Goal.....	McConaghey
Brophy.....	Point.....	Druhan
McKenna.....	Cover Point.....	Clendinnen
Duggan.....	Defence Field.....	McKay
Dwyer.....	".....	H. Carson
Foley.....	".....	Coulson
Kelly.....	Centre.....	Bissonette
Moore.....	Home Field.....	Godwin
Neville.....	".....	Crown
McDonald.....	".....	Kent
Tansey.....	Outside Home.....	Thomas
Cafferty.....	Inside Home.....	Carson

\* \* \*

Next Saturday the Montreal and Toronto teams will meet on the M.A.A.A. grounds, when some of the old-time vim may be expected, as both have been practising hard. The

Torontos are fully alive to the fact that they will have their work cut out for them and last Saturday they played a match with the St. Regis Indians to improve their form and only beat the red men by a narrow majority.

\* \* \*

The work done at the Blue Bonnets track last week ought to inaugurate a new era in the history of trotting in Montreal and vicinity. It was the cleanest that has been seen for many years and the most accurate interpretation of the rules was insisted on. This was as it should be, and even such an experienced gentleman as Mr. Wm. Johnston, of New York, went away delighted. A few meetings like this will quickly restore public confidence and bring to the track the thousands who now stay away.

\* \* \*

The matches between Bishop's College School Cricket Club and the Montreal Cricket Club have now become an annual fixture. It is about three years ago since these return trips have been in existence, and during that time the school has made progress in form and results. Playing only one match in Montreal in 1889 and suffering defeat at the hands of the St. James Club, the next year saw three matches, one of which was a tie, one win, one loss. Last week the visit was a shorter one, but the visitors were better pleased, since they defeated both Montreal and McGill. A little more interest by the way, seems to have been taken by the public in these matches than is usual. Hochelaga Cricket Club also had a match with Lachine Cricket Club, and the latter proved an easy mark. The Bonaventures and Hochelagas are also leather hunting to a large extent.

\* \* \*

On Saturday the 29 foot and the 24 foot classes of the St. Lawrence Yacht Club will try their strength for the first time this season. The 29 footers will have among the ranks those new ones that promise to be fast. With the Frolic, the Mollic Bawn and the Sans Souci, together with the Breeze and the Chaperone, the race in this class ought to be an exciting one. The latter is almost a new boat and with a splendidly fitting new suit and new centreboard. The new club course is a straight one to the upper Valois light, to a buoy anchored off the Chateauguay shoal, round a buoy anchored off the boat house point at Pointe Claire and returning over the same course to the Club House Buoy.

\* \* \*

The handicapping in the Stake races at the Bel-Air summer meeting has been very well done, but it looks as if My Fellow, even with top-weight would get his race easily.

R. O. X.

### A Reminiscence of the Indian Mutiny.

The following is an extract from a letter recently received by a militia officer in New Brunswick from his cousin, a non-commissioned officer in India: "You should be in India to see soldiering. All the troops in Bengal go to church with rifles and ten pounds of ball ammunition, owing to this being the part where the mutiny broke out. While the soldiers were at church the Sepoys stole their rifles and swords out of the bungalows.

The camp of exercise at attack on the river Indus has just concluded. There were 70,000 troops there of different sorts—native and European—that's a few more more than they get together at one time in Canada.

I am getting on fine here; good pay and plenty of work, and, last but not least, good health.

I am in charge of the whole Bengal Sappers and Miners' telegraph department, and it is not a small one I can assure you. At the present time I am working a line between Roor-ree and a camp about twenty miles away. You know I have to put the poles and wire up as well as be able to fix instruments and work them. We use bullock carts to carry stores.

The bullock is the animal of burden out here for everything. I have a party of twenty-five Sepoys to keep everything clean and repair the line if broken. We had to carry it over some very rough country—jungle and sugar cane, some of it ten to twenty feet high. I am very fond of shooting and get plenty of it, too. Last Sunday I shot a fine large deer about five miles from my bungalow. I am getting quite a Robinson Crusoe for pets, having a dog, parrot, cat and a man Friday for a servant. Parrots fly about here just the same as sparrows in England. This is the 9th of December and is quite warm. I have my coat off while writing this to you. I bet it's rather colder where you are—just a little I should say."

# THE MAIDEN'S SACRIFICE.

BY JAMES HANNAY.



In the sweet days of summer, five hundred years ago,  
Where the broad Wigoudy river swept on in might below ;  
On in a ceaseless torrent, which down the Grand Falls bore,  
Over the steep, with sudden leap, full eighty feet and more,

There, on the bank above it, an Indian town arose,  
Where dwelt the warlike Malicites, the Mohawks were their foes,  
Those red-skinned sons of slaughter had joined in many a fray,  
With savage ire and carnage dire shaming the light of day.



But buried was the hatchet, they went to war no more ;  
The little children gamboll'd about each wigwam door.  
Around that savage village were maize fields, waving green ;  
So calm the scene, you scarce would deem that war had ever been.

Sikotis and his daughter, the dark eyed Malabeam,  
Sailed up the broad Wigoudy, beyond the Quisbis stream,  
And there upon an island they rested for the day,  
Their hearts were light, the skies were bright, and Nature's face was gay.



But like a clap of thunder, when the heavens are calm and clear,  
The war-whoop of the Mohawks fell on their startled ear,  
And a sharp, flint-tipped arrow pierced old Sakotis' breast—  
Ere Malabeam cou'd raise him, her father was at rest.

And bounding thro' the thicket, on rushed a savage crowd  
Of Mohawks in their war paint, with war whoops fierce and loud.  
And ere the orphan'd maiden had time to turn and fly,  
They bound her fast, all hope was past, except the hope to die.

There by her slaughter'd father, the weary hours she passed,  
Till the sun went down, and the lofty hills a gloomy shadow cast ;  
Thinking of home and kindred, of the paths she no more would tread,  
A murderous night and the morning light which would shine on heaps of dead.

But one who knew her language, said, "when the sun goes down,  
Your bark canoe shall guide us on to your father's town.  
Do this your life is spared you, then wed a Mohawk brave ;  
Refuse, your doom is torture, or worse, to be a slave."

Then said she, "I will guide you and wed a Mohawk brave,  
Since you have slain my father I will not be your slave ;  
The stream is broad and shallow, and those apart may stray,  
Bind your canoes together and I will lead the way."

Just as the gloom of darkness spread over hill and vale,  
 Adown the swift Wigoudy the Mohawk fleet set sail.  
 Three hundred Mohawk warriors chanted a martial song,  
 Their paddles gleam upon the stream, as swift they speed along.

In four long lines together, each to the next bound fast,  
 The maiden in the centre, the great canoe fleet passed,  
 And he who knew her language a line of silver drew,  
 As he bent to the forward paddle in the maiden's birch canoe.

The song was done, and silence fell upon every tongue,  
 On warriors old and grizzled, and braves, untaught and young.  
 What thoughts filled each dark bosom, nearing the thrice doomed town!  
 Flow on, O! mighty river, and bear the foemen down!

And Malabeam, what thought she, as on in front she flew,  
 Driving apace, with vigorous arms, her light and swift canoe?  
 Keen as a thirsty tiger who fast pursues his prey,  
 Towards her kindred's wigwams she swiftly led the way.

The night was dark and gloomy, the sky had scarce a star,  
 To gaze upon the pageant of fierce and savage war.  
 No moon shone on the river, her gentle beams were paled,  
 And through the gloomy tree tops a south wind sighed and wailed.

But little cared the Mohawks, the winds might wail or sigh,  
 The moon might hide her glory, and clouds obscure the sky.  
 With hearts intent on slaughter, with thoughts on carnage fed,  
 They toiled, and still before them the strong arm'd maiden sped.

But now the Indian village lies but a mile below,  
 A sound like muffled thunder seems on their ears to grow.  
 "What's that?" "'Tis but a torrent," the Indian maid replied,  
 "It joins the broad Wigoudy which here flows deep and wide."

"Speed on a little farther, the town is now hard by,  
 Your toils are nearly over and night still veils the sky.  
 The town is wraped in slumber, but ere the dawn of light,  
 What stalwart men shall perish, what warriors die to-night!"

But louder still, and louder the sounds like thunder grew,  
 As down the rapid river the swift flotilla flew;  
 On either shore the foam wreaths shone like a wall of snow;  
 But all in front was darkness; 'twas death which lay below

Then with a shout of triumph the Indian maiden cried,  
 "Listen ye Mohawk warriors who sail on death's dark tide,  
 Never shall earth grave hide you or wife weep o'er your clay,  
 Come to your doom, ye Mohawks, and I will lead the way."

Then sweeping with her paddle, one potent stroke, her last,  
 Down to the fall her bark is borne, its dreadful brink is passed;  
 And down the whole three hundred in swift succession go,  
 Into the dark abyss of death, full eighty feet below.

And vanished in a moment, like a meteor shooting star,  
 The savage Mohawk warriors in all their pride of war.  
 No eye beheld them perish, no living human ear  
 Heard the lost band's despairing cry piercing the darkness drear.

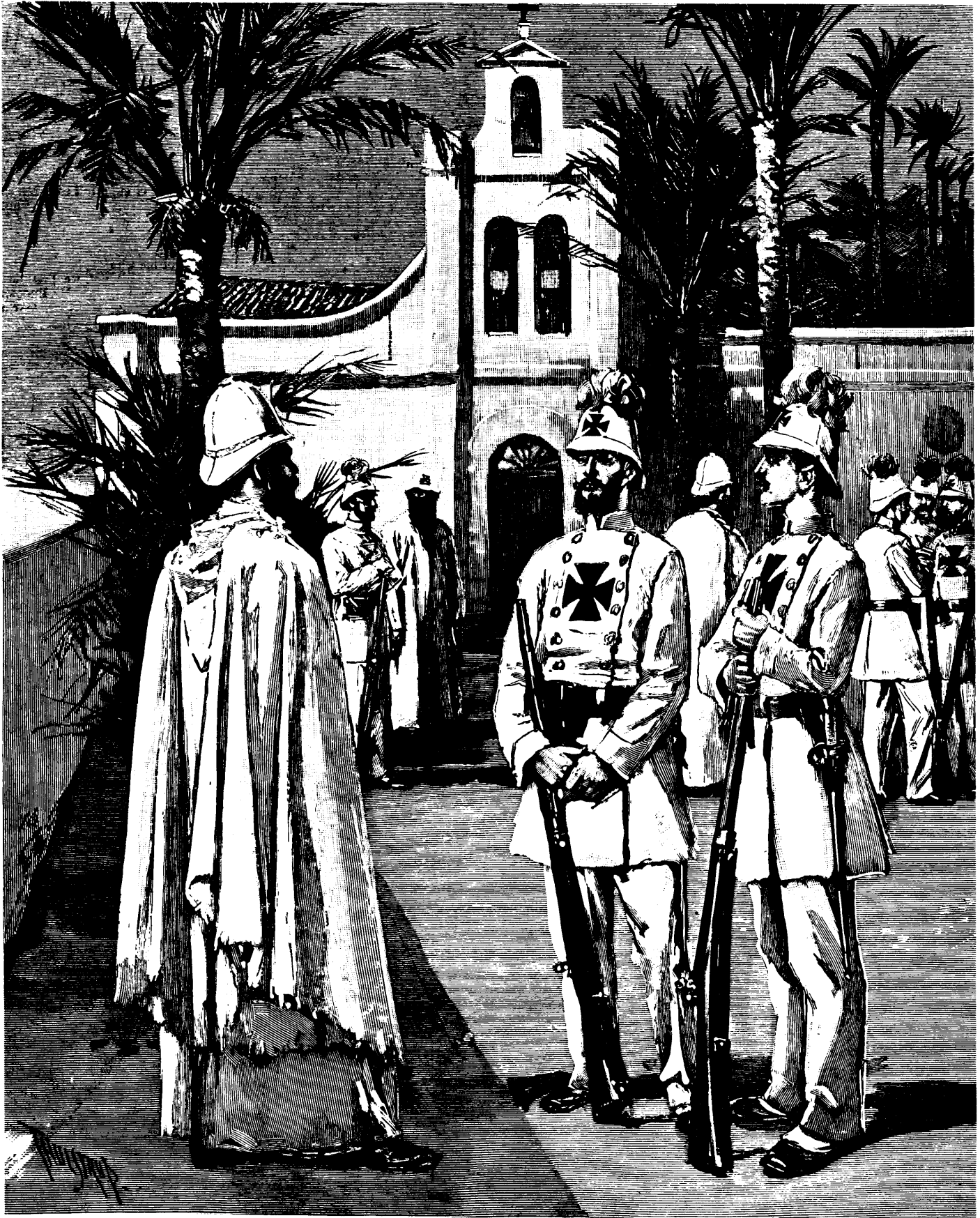
But many a day thereafter, beyond the torrent's roar,  
 The swarthy Mohawk dead were found upon the river's shore.  
 But on brave Malabeam's dead face no human eyes were set—  
 She lies in the dark stream's embrace, the river claims her yet.



The waters of five hundred years have flowed above her grave;  
 But daring deeds can never die while human hearts are brave.  
 Her tribe still tell her story, around their council fires,  
 And bless the name of her who died to rescue all their sires.

NOTE.—The Wigoudy is the Indian name of the River Saint John.





**THE WARRIOR MONKS OF THE SAHARA.**  
(From the drawing by T. de Thulstrup, in *Harper's Weekly*.)

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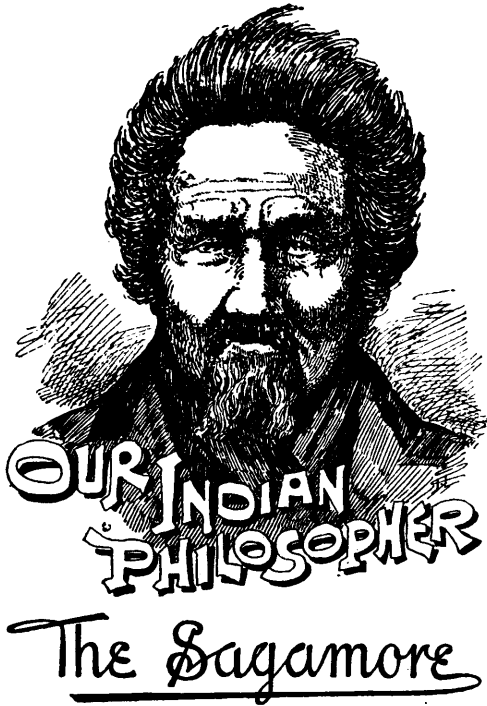
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13th JUNE, 1891.



"My brother," the reporter said, "I am the bearer of unwelcome news. Sir John Macdonald, the chieftain whose counsels for so many years have swayed the people of the nation, and whose name will live forever in our history, has journeyed from us to the Land of Souls. We shall hear his voice no more—unless it be in the whisper of the winds that sweep the mountains and the valleys, the prairies, lakes and rivers of the land he loved so well."

"He's been great chief," gravely observed the Sagamore.

"He has, indeed. In many a stormy conflict he has led the way to victory in years gone by. Even in the last lonely battle that must come to every man, the old chief almost made the world believe that he would conquer."

"Every man must give up some day," sadly rejoined the Millicete.

"And yet the world goes on," said the reporter, with a tinge of sad reflection. "The world goes on. But how will it go on in Canada without Sir John? After him the deluge, some have said. They tell us Canada will now be swallowed up by the United States. The chieftain, they say, prevented it in his lifetime, but he is gone."

"Who talks that way?" demanded the Sagamore sharply.

"Certain persons of my acquaintance," replied the reporter,—"and certain other persons whose acquaintance, I am glad to say, I am not honoured with. They tell us Canada is a ship at sea, with neither crew to spread her canvas, nor helmsman to guide her course. Uncle Sam is expected to find her abandoned and tow her into port."

"They lie!" exclaimed the Sagamore, with sudden vehemence.

"I hope they do," fervently rejoined the other. "But they say it all the same—and some people have almost been convinced by the mere reiteration of it that it must be true."

"Aint this free country?" demanded Mr. Paul.  
"It is—certainly."

"You s'pose, if people in this country wanted to be with people in them States, one man kin keep them back?"  
"Certainly not."

"What you s'pose made that old chief, Sir John, be chief so long? Aint it because most people in this country b'lieved in what he b'lieved?"

"Well, seeing that the days of despots are over in this region, I suppose you are right."

"If he dies, does that make them people b'lieve in something next day they didn't b'lieve in the day before?"

"Not if they are people of ordinary good sense—no."

"People in this country got good sense?"

"Yes, I think they have. One authority has been quoted, falsely, I trust, as saying that the masses are not remarkable for intelligence, but they have not shown much sign of mental incapacity, or lack of moral fibre either, it seems to me."

"Then," said the Sagamore, "they b'lieve now same's they b'lieved when they had their old chief. They made him chief because he b'lieved what they b'lieved. They stick to that. If they didn't b'lieve it with all their might they wouldn't feel so bad all over this country when he's gone. We don't see chief like him any more in long time, but if them people in States or any other place thinks aint any more chiefs at all in this country, they're heap fools."

"There seems to be logic in what you say," admitted the reporter. "And, when one comes to think of it, it would be paying a rather poor tribute to the memory of a man to turn right about when he had passed away and destroy the very fabric, for his wholesouled devotion to which they most highly honour him. On the whole, perhaps it will be within reason to hope that we won't be annexed right away, alter all. A man—a great man—has passed beyond. His influence is not dead, nor the national idea that he cherished and developed."

"Young men of this country ain't dead either," observed the Sagamore. "They kin see what's been done since he was young man. S'pose they're gonto s'top right there?"

"I should hope not. Nor the old men. The more I think of it, my brother, the more I am convinced that you are right. I remember that the death of some great American statesmen occurred at critical times, but the principles they represented have some vitality in them yet. I think I shall quote some passages of their own history to my American friends,—at home and abroad. Meanwhile, as one who mourns the departed chieftain, how best may I pay tribute to his memory?"

"If you stand up for your own country—never talk 'bout it not be able to git along—do all you kin to make other people b'lieve same way you b'lieve 'bout it—that's best way you kin show you liked that old chief."

"In other words," said the reporter, "in spite of possible jibes or sneers of incredulity or mockery, you would have me stand by the Old Flag, and declare it is the only one that I shall ever care to see waving above the country where the Old Chief lived and laboured, and where his body has been laid to rest amid a nation's tears"

The old man gravely nodded his assent.

## Note Extension of Time in PRIZE COMPETITION.

### Literary Competition.

The Publishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED offer the sum of \$130 in four prizes for short stories from Canadian writers—

1st prize.....	\$60
2nd ".....	40
3rd ".....	20
4th ".....	10

On the following conditions:

1st—All stories must be delivered at the office of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED not later than 1st August next.

2nd—Each story to contain not less than 5,000 words, and not to exceed 8,000 words.

3rd—All MS. sent in for this competition to become the property of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

4th—Each story must contain a motto on top of first page, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope, inside of which is stated the name and address of the writer. The outside of envelope to bear motto used on story.

5th—MS. to be written in ink, and on one side of paper only.

6th—Stories on Canadian subjects are preferred.

THE SABISTON LITHO. & PUB. CO.,  
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Montreal.



# The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891.

## QUESTIONS.

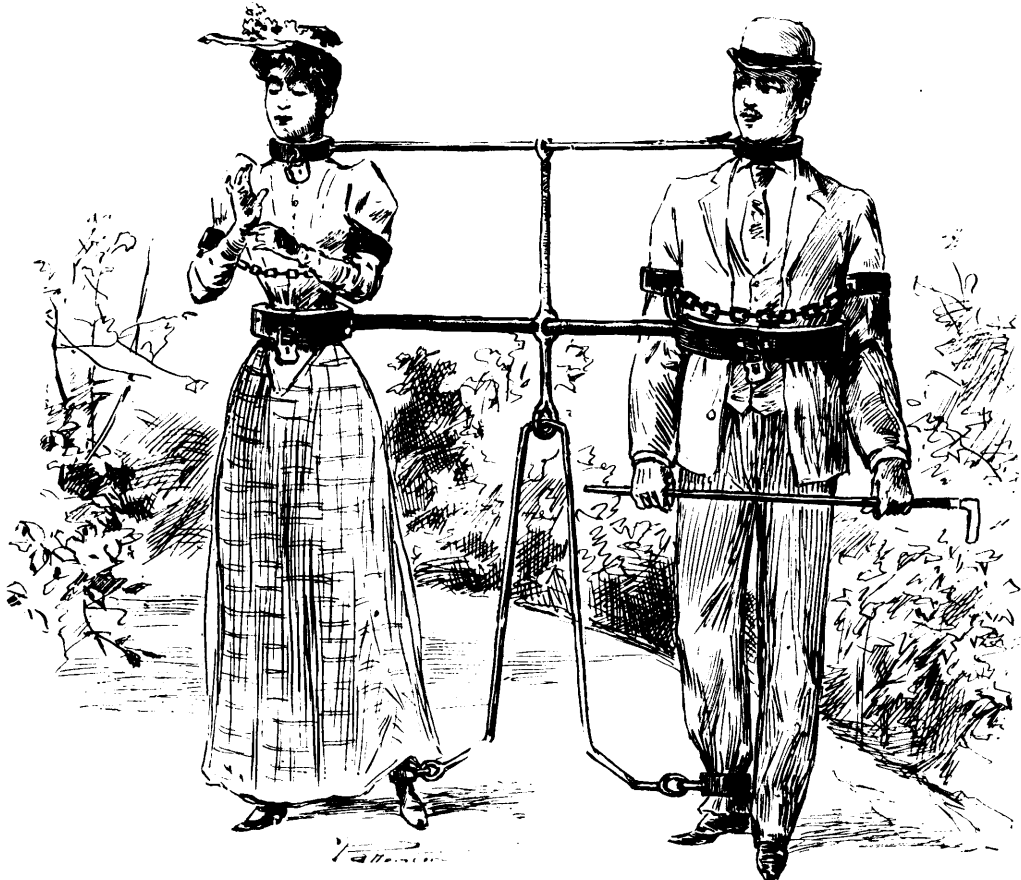
FIFTH SERIES.

- 25.—Quote where it is stated that a certain prominent literary society held a session during the summer of 1890?
- 26.—Where is mention made of a fire in St. Johns, Que., in the 18th century?
- 27.—In what building in Montreal was H.M. 39th Regiment quartered after the Crimean war? Quote the sentence.
- 28.—Where is mention made of a tobacco pouch being made out of human skin?
- 29.—Quote a few lines by Thackeray, unpublished until very recently?
- 30.—In what one sentence is mention made of three prominent Nova-Scotians?

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 152 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January, February, March, April and May.







**A HINT TO THE MONTREAL PARK COMMITTEE.**

In order that the exceedingly fine moral sense of our Park policemen may be protected from further shocks, the above suggestions are respectfully submitted.