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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

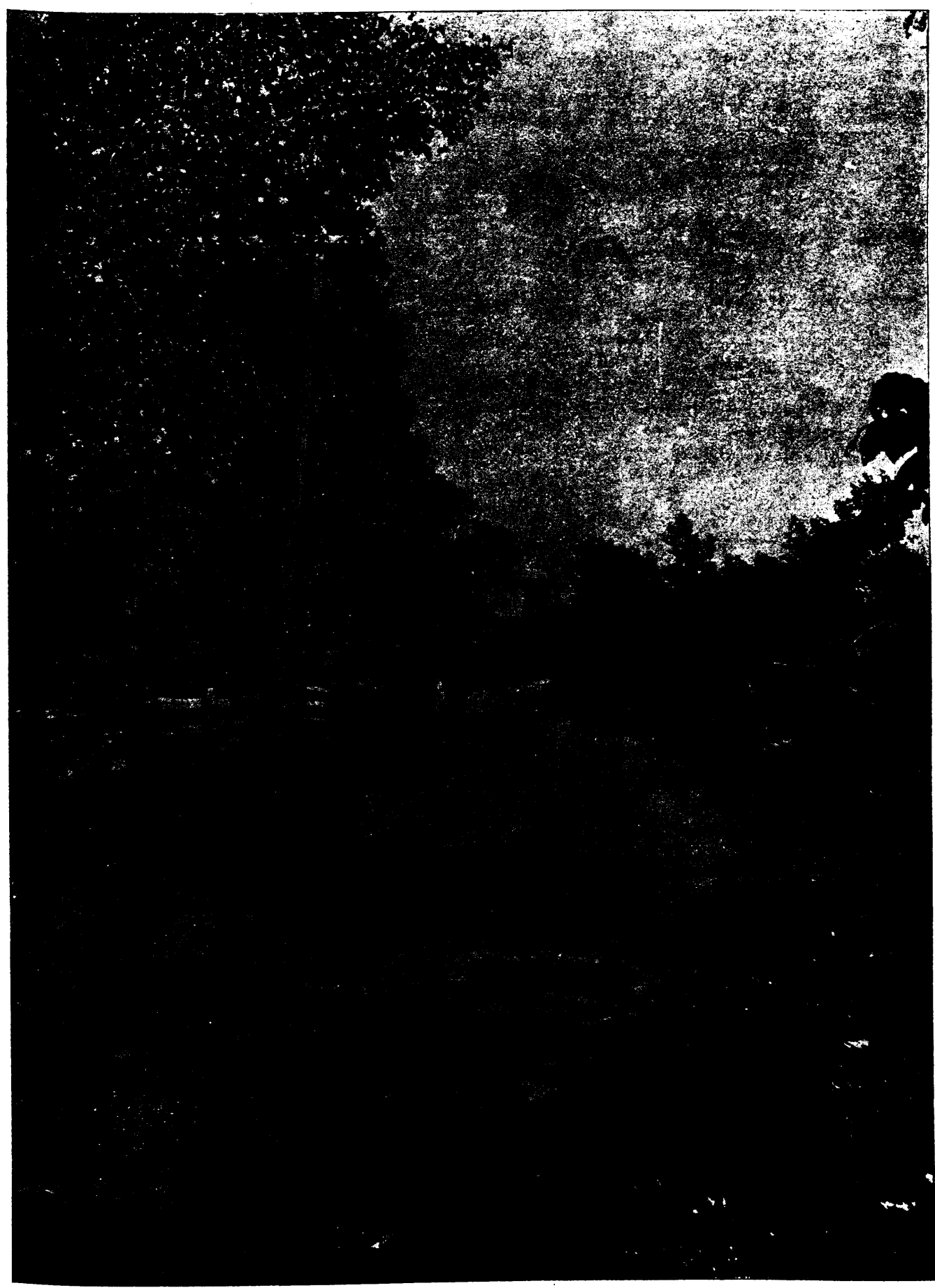
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8th AUGUST, 1891.



The Census.

It is now over four months since the census enumerators commenced their work, and it must be many weeks since the last of their reports was sent in to head-quarters; and yet no official statement, either exact or approximate, has so far been given to the public. It may be remembered that in Great Britain and Ireland the census was taken on the same day as that in Canada; and although the system there adopted radically differs from ours, it evidently has the advantage of being more speedy, the results having been published by authority several weeks ago. If our officials, who have charge of the work, keep on long enough, the publication will be unnecessary, as the figures gathered will date back too far to be of much value. Many people living on this side of the Atlantic have a vague idea that we are ahead of our English brethren in most matters, especially in speed in attaining results. On many points of doubtful value we certainly are ahead; on those of public interest—markedly so in the publication of official results—we are far behind; as instance, most, if not all, of our departmental reports reaching the public this year about twelve months after the period to which the figures referred. In this census matter also—a subject of great interest to those who care about noting the progress and development of the country—we are completely out of the race. Can no means be employed by which this and similar statistical information may be made public at a date approximating closer to that to which it refers?

An Unfriendly Criticism.

The first fruits of the pessimistic seed planted by DR. GOLDWIN SMITH are apparent. In a review of "Canada and the Canadian Question" (the latest work of that gentleman), published in so able a magazine as the *Atlantic Monthly*, a most extraordinary picture of Canadian affairs is presented—one that must make the cheeks of any Canadian who takes the faintest possible interest in national affairs, burn with indignation as he reads. Had the work on which the criticism was based been a reliable one, the anger might well be turned into shame; but it is needless to say that the matters stated are in many cases so far from fact, and the

conclusions so unfair and misleading, that the most casual student—if an impartial one—of recent Canadian history must, on studying such a doleful series of pictures, be impressed with their general inaccuracy. We have no wish to attempt to palliate many of the errors that have been made in Canadian government since Confederation; but every one knows that no system is perfect, nor are the affairs of any nation under the sun administered invariably in a manner according closely with the accepted principles of high morality, and at the same time most conducive to the general welfare of the state. In the constitution of even Great Britain appear many extraordinary inconsistencies; and her political life, at a period when she had many times our wealth and experience, was administered in a manner very far from one of ordinary morality. On the ground of national progress we have only to look back a very few years, and we see her in anything but an enviable condition, with internal trouble and dissatisfaction in almost every line; while her foreign policy—thanks to bungling mismanagement—would have been a disgrace to a fourth-rate power, such as Spain or Portugal. What politics and government have sunk to in the United States are matters of common notoriety; there is probably not a country in the civilized world so defective in orderly procedure, and so lax and corrupt in the conduct of its political affairs. In such matters Canada may be bad enough, but she is considerably better than her neighbours; while her progress in every way, during the past quarter of a century, has been remarkable. While the apparently unquestioned acceptance by the *Atlantic* of DR. SMITH'S statements speaks volumes for his high reputation in the world of letters, it is rather difficult to understand why—if only on the ground of courtesy to a neighbouring and friendly country—a high literary authority such as that magazine should pin its faith on any one man's statement, when such takes the form of an unremitting decryal of every feature of that country's political life. If a man across the street tells us that his host—with whom we have exchanged many civilities—is an unmitigated scoundrel, it might seem fair to enquire why he continues to reside with such a party, or what proof existed of his statement, before publishing to all the world the *ipse dixit* of the lodger supplemented with our own unfavourable comments. Such would seem, at any rate, the more courteous course to pursue. The reviewer of the book in question has also evidently little knowledge of the country and people which it berates so soundly. The remarks on the Senate and on the railways are no doubt very prettily put, and would be very effective if they were not at entire variance with facts. When we see him holding up his hands in evidently sincere horror at the existence of seven Provincial governments, would it not be well for him to be reminded that the territory thus legislated for is almost as large as the United States with its array of forty-nine state governments, each of them—it might be noted *en passant*—possessing far more autocratic and independent rule than our poor little seven, even to the extent of repudiation of their debts when in financial distress; and that the territory thus divided into seven would have been far in excess of that belonging to our southern friends, had it not been for concessions of large areas made by weak-minded English Premiers in compliance with the greedy demands of the Americans for more land, repeatedly and persistently urged on

claims based on the most trivial and frivolous grounds. And in his rather sneering mention of the C. P. R. line to St. John, running through American territory, would it not be well to recollect—when bemoaning our political immorality—by what means the greater part of that area was obtained? The story of the forged map has been often told; it must be rather disagreeable reading for ardent admirers of the policy of the Great Republic. We do not wonder at the "cold chill" which the reviewer states crept over him while reading DR. SMITH'S book, but we must confess surprise that he should accept its conclusions as absolute fact and give his *clientèle*—a large proportion of whom would naturally follow the subject no further—his evident firm belief in its correctness.

Imperial Elections.

To the average reader interested in Imperial politics, the result of many of the bye-elections held in Great Britain during recent years must be a considerable surprise. When the last appeal to the country was made, the Tory and Unionist majority was 120, which has been so reduced by the popular vote in constituencies which have since become vacant as to leave a majority of 85 in the last straight party division. An unbiased comparison of the state of the country during MR. GLADSTONE'S second and third tenure of office—1880-1886—in his domestic as well as his foreign policy, as opposed to the present *régime*, is so markedly unfavourable to the former, as to excite wonder at the composition of the reasoning faculties in the average British voter in wishing a renewal of Liberal ascendancy. Had the vigorous and honourable foreign policy of Lord Salisbury involved the country in disastrous and costly foreign wars, or entailed much additional outlay in the maintenance of an unusually expensive armament; had it curtailed the area of the outlying dependencies of the Crown, or by treaty made Britain subservient to any foreign power, little surprise might be expressed at the depleted pocket of the taxpayer insisting on his vote being in favour of a change of policy. But when these evils—the first of which was a marked feature in Mr. Gladstone's rule—have been totally avoided by the present administration, and that, on the contrary, the area of the Empire has been largely increased, and the Income tax—that great bogey to the ratepayer—considerably reduced without any counter-irritant in the shape of new taxation, we must look elsewhere than to its general policy to understand the *raison d'être* for the growing opposition to the Government. It is altogether probable that on the question of self-government for Ireland has the result of recent elections hinged; the sentiment in favour of that measure evidently spreading rapidly throughout Britain. Now that the present administration have stated that they would next session legislate in this direction, it is more than likely that we will hear little in future of Liberal gains. A return to the disastrous foreign policy that almost without exception characterized the whole period from 1880 to 1885 would be fatal to the best interests of the Empire.

Note.

The Literary competition closed on 1st inst. Answers to the Question competition will be received until the end of this month. The title page and index to Vol. VI. will be ready next week; it was unavoidably delayed owing to the issue of our Montreal special number.

AN HISTORIC CANADIAN FAMILY.

THE CUTHBERTS OF BERTHIER

(Continued from page 112.)

The career of James Cuthbert the second was stopped in the line of promotion in the regular service by the resignation of his commission in the 60th. He may have been personally the loser, but the country undoubtedly was the gainer by it. Such men were wanted in Canada at this time. In 1807 the military needs of England depleted this country of regular troops. A very small force was in Canada. The political horizon towards the United States was filling with dark clouds. Preparation were actively going on which could have no other meaning than hostile. Cuthbert was equal to the emergency. He belonged to a race of soldiers. By way of example, and to increase the

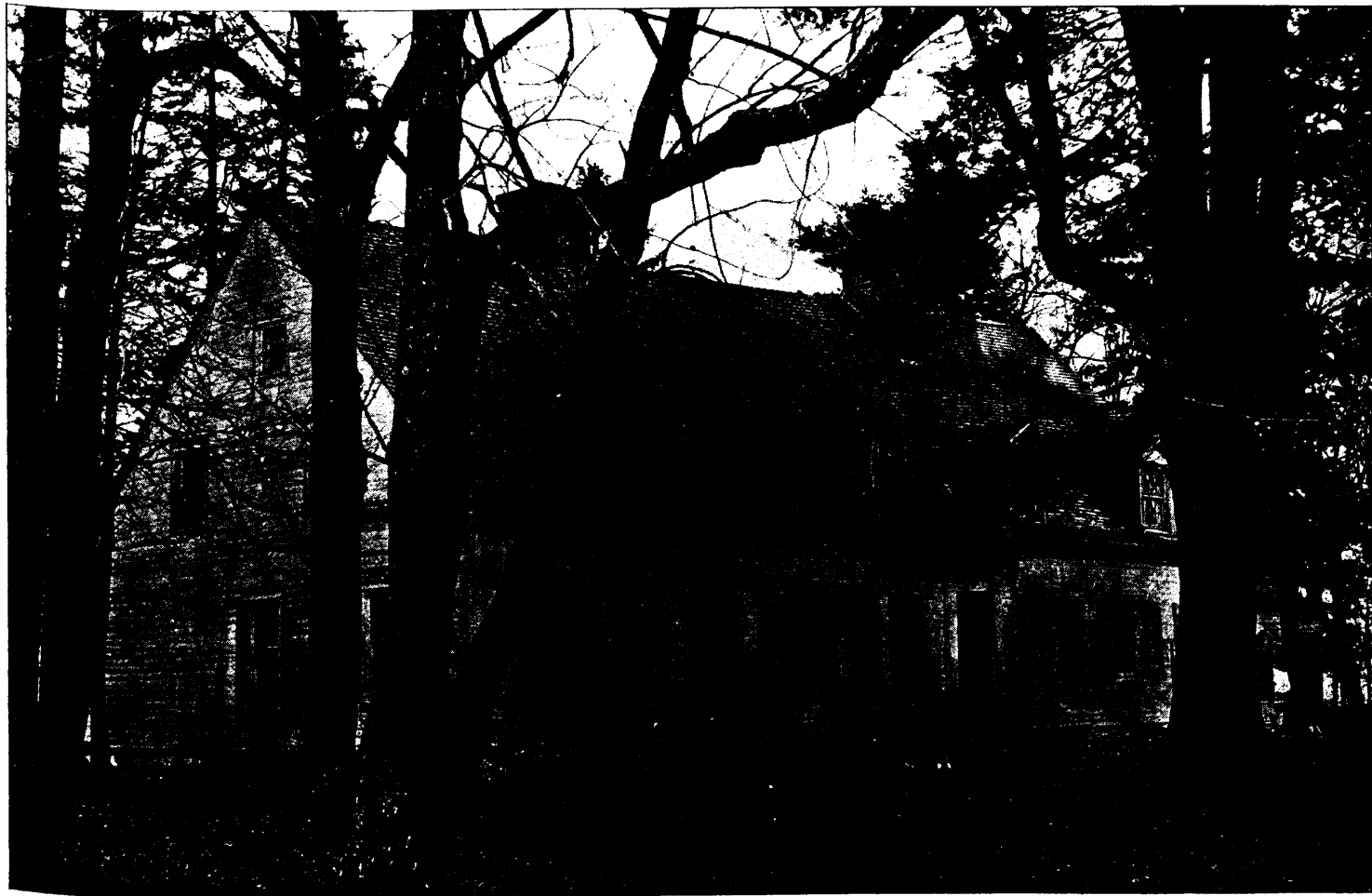
“His Excellency is exceedingly pleased to find a principle in some measure established by your individual exertions, the basis of which he means to pursue in forming an extensive and, he trusts, an efficient system of defence, &c.”

“As you have been the first to set such a laudable example, Sir James thinks it but just that Berthier should take the lead in any new project he may adopt, and he desires me to ask your opinion in regard to the following points. Being in some measure pledged for the success of the experiment, I shall be under considerable anxiety until I hear your sentiments.”

“tional instance can in no degree aid to keep alive the fixed sentiments of regard I entertain for you.”

These two men were drawn towards each other not only by a common love for the Empire and a keen sense of the duty they owed to it, sentiments, the practice of which cost Brock his life a few years later, but their inner natures responded to the same chords of sympathy.

The war continued—more men were required. Montreal was menaced from the south and west. General Hampton was encamped near Plattsburg in command of the best equipped army the Americans placed in the field during the war. General Wilkinson had nearly ten thousand men on Grenadier Island. Both bodies commenced to move on Montreal; the moment was critical; success to the Americans would have cut Canada in two. The commander of the forces issued a proclamation, calling for the exertions of the people. James Cuthbert was sent to Berthier to organize from the sedentary militia another battalion for general defence. How well he accomplished this is testified by the fact that within eight days after this order was placed in his hands he had repaired to Berthier and returned to Montreal at the head of one thousand additional men, received their



THE BERTHIER MANOR HOUSE—VIEW FROM GROVE.

available forces, he raised, uniformed and organized, at his own expense, a body of Canadian volunteers, pledged to serve in any part of the province with His Majesty's forces, and subject to military law.

The war of 1812 came. Cuthbert was induced to take the command of the 3rd Battalion of the select and embodied militia. He organized and drilled this corps and served with them on the frontier, brigaded with part of the 49th and 100th regiments, under the command of Colonel John Murray, the Inspecting Field Officer of Militia.

One cannot mention the 49th without reverting to its gallant commanding officer.

Let us see in what strain Brock wrote to Cuthbert :

QUEBEC, Oct. 12, 1807.

“You may well suppose that the principal subject of conversation at headquarters is the military state of the country. I have been careful, in justice to you, to mention to Sir James Craig the public spirit you have manifested in forming a company, without the least pecuniary aid or assistance from the Government.

This from the hero of Queenston Heights is no small meed of praise.

Later in the same year the Governor, Sir James Henry Craig, an experienced soldier, writes : “Mr. Cuthbert is requested to take every measure for keeping up the spirit of his people have hitherto manifested, and he may assure them the Governor will not be ungrateful of it.”

Brock again writes :

MONTREAL, July 7, 1808.

“Be assured the General has very substantial reasons for objecting to any issue of arms at this time. Were your corps the sole consideration, be satisfied he would not hesitate a moment; but he cannot show you such marked preference without exciting a degree of jealousy and outcry, &c.”

Witness the friendship and respect between Brock and Cuthbert. The former adds : “I am sorry you have deprived yourself of the very handsome dagger your partiality induced you to send me. No such proof was required to convince me of your friendship, and this addi-

arms and ammunition, and was at the post assigned to him. Chrystler's Farm and Chateaugay were won. The laurels were divided with the Niagara district and Montreal was saved.

James Cuthbert did not limit the services he rendered to his country to those for its defence. Few men had a longer record in its political councils. He represented the County of Warwick, in which his property was situated, in six consecutive Provincial Parliaments, for eighteen years, from 1797 to 1815. In 1812 he was, in addition, called to the Legislative Council, where his voice and experience were ever at the command of the public for the extended period of twenty-six years, sitting in that body until 1838, when the constitution was suspended and a new legislative body, the Special Council, substituted to govern the province. At this date James Cuthbert was third in seniority in the Legislative Council, Chief Justice Sewell and John Hale alone having seniority, the former having been nominated in 1809, and the latter in 1810.

The political storms which, for a number of years, had very seriously agitated the council chambers at Quebec, and

rendered it well nigh impossible to carry on the government, at length assumed the more serious aspect of open rebellion. In this juncture the courage and judgment of James Cuthbert were again called into action. He was subjected to daily threats and every species of personal danger at his house in Berthier, but he, single-handed, kept that populous county in peace and quiet throughout the whole of this anxious period, and this without recourse to a warrant of arrest or the calling in of military assistance.

The Special Council was composed of gentlemen of the first standing, chosen by the Administrator, from all parts of the province, and of English and French origin in equal numbers. It consisted of twenty-two members. It met for the first time on the 18th April, 1838, when His Excellency named Mr. Cuthbert to preside over its deliberations.

On the 12th November, 1839, the Special Council went into committee of the whole, to take into consideration the momentous question of the reunion of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada.

It was most undesirable that an important colony which had enjoyed the advantages of a parliament based on that of Great Britain for nearly fifty years should continue longer

feeling in the rebellion and rendered himself unpopular to the French Canadian majority, among whom he lived, but when it was proposed to reunite the provinces he did not take advantage of the position he occupied in the Special Council to retaliate for the treatment he had received during the rebellion, by voting to join the fates of the French Canadians with the English majority in Upper Canada. His views were opposed to this. He leaned to the continuance of the tentative of 1792, and favoured the idea that the future of the province should be worked out by its own inhabitants without legislative aid beyond its limits.

Having lost on the vote for the reunion, the succeeding resolution in favour of a suitable civil list to secure the independence of the judiciary and maintain the government in the exercise of its necessary and indispensable functions, met Mr. Cuthbert's approval. The Hon. James Cuthbert was at this time seventy years of age. He survived for ten years and died at the Manor of Berthier, on the 4th March, 1849, aged eighty. He was buried under the seignorial pew in the Roman Catholic parish church. He had also filled the position of *grand-voyer* of the province. James Cuthbert was twice married. His first wife was Miss Fraser, who

While the Cuthberts can claim from the Lyon King in the old northern capital recognition for feats of prowess in the days of plate armour and chivalry, so can they on this continent advance pretensions to a share in the glories of that honour roll which is dearest to the heart of all whom choice or accident have placed under the flag of the American Republic—the Declaration of Independence. Ross Cuthbert was sent to Philadelphia to pursue his legal studies, and there met and married Emily Rush. She was a daughter of Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration. He was the grandson of an officer in Cromwell's army who settled in America. After studying at Philadelphia, young Rush went to Europe in 1766, and continued his medical studies under the best masters in London and Paris. His diploma as M.D. was granted him in Edinburgh. True to the views of his ancestor, in the days of the Protectorate, on his return to America Dr. Rush at once espoused the cause of the colonies. He was able, accomplished, polished and kind, and displayed in the great epidemic, at Philadelphia, in 1793, the highest devotion to duty as a medical man. Mrs. Ross Cuthbert's brother, Richard Rush, was minister from the United States to England from 1817 to 1820.



THE BERTHIER MANOR HOUSE—VIEW FROM RIVER.

than absolutely necessary under the temporary guidance of a single body, however excellent in its composition, which was not elected by the people.

Mutual concessions might be needed and some sacrifices required to be made, and it was proposed to reunite the future fates of the Upper and Lower Provinces in parliament. The rebellion was nearly over.

The enemies of the Special Council have asserted that it was composed of gentlemen prepared to accede to the propositions to be laid before it by the representative of Her Majesty. This view, whatever general measure of truth the assertion contained, and which, perhaps, the exigencies of the time rendered a necessity, did not apply to Mr. Cuthbert. His views must have been known before his nomination. On the 13th November he was one of those who voted in the negative to the proposition that the reunion of the provinces under one legislature was, in the opinion of the Council, an indispensable and urgent necessity. Born in the country, Mr. Cuthbert had not hesitated to risk his life and employ his means to defend the soil against a foreign enemy in the American war. He had remained British in

died on the 10th January, 1811, at Montreal, where she was temporarily buried, aged thirty-two. Her remains were subsequently removed to Berthier. His second wife was Miss Louise A. Cairns; she was his mother's niece, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. J. C. and Arthur died unmarried; Charles Alfred was a lieutenant in the 65th Regiment and died in 1866; Edward Octavian we shall speak of later. Fannie married Pierre Levesque, of Montreal, who survives her. Julia married Capt. Stewart, of the 71st Highland Light Infantry, and subsequently of the Royal Canadian Rifles. He is now Sir Simeon Stewart.

The Hon. Ross Cuthbert, the second son of James Cuthbert, of the 15th Regiment, like his brother James, entered the Provincial Parliament early in life. He likewise sat for the County of Warwick in four successive parliaments, from 1801 to 1810. He was returned to the eighth parliament in 1815 and 1816. He was living in London in 1817. He was also a member of the tenth parliament in 1820. Ross Cuthbert was also a member of the Executive Council, and in 1814 we find him supporting Chief Justice Sewell against the accusations of the popular branch of the Legislature.

Ross Cuthbert was a superior and well educated man. His later years were spent in great seclusion. Few persons saw him. He had become despondent and moody. He had no lack of means, but public life had disappointed him. The Ross Cuthbert branch of the family are Anglicans. His children by Miss Rush were three in number—Georgina, who married A. O. Bostwick, Q.C., and had three children, John, Mary and Georgina. Mary, who lived to an advanced age and died unmarried at Berthier a few years since, was much beloved, and her charities are well known. The third son of Ross Cuthbert, James C., married Miss Stephens, and their son Edmund, a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, died from the effects of a sunstroke in the Crimea. The last seigneur of Berthier, Edward Octavian Cuthbert, already referred to, was born at the Manor House, on the 3rd of December, 1826. He was educated at the College of Chambly. In December, 1853, he married his cousin Miss Mary Bostwick, granddaughter of Ross Cuthbert and Emily Rush. He also entered political life, and represented his native county in the House of Commons of Canada for twelve years, from 1875 to 1887, when declining health precluded

his continuing longer in the service of his country. He was noted for his high sense of honour, his courteousness and goodness of heart. He died a short time ago, universally regretted. His wife predeceased him some years. He left four representatives, James Octavian, Albert Ross, an officer in the North-West Mounted Police, and two daughters, Jane and Julia, the latter of whom is married to the Rev. C. E. Lockhart.

Besides Mrs. Edward Octavian Cuthbert, there was issue of the marriage of Mr. Bostwick and Miss Cuthbert, John, now co-seigneur of the seigneurie of Dautry, and Georgina, the wife of Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Hanson. This latter is the son of Lieut.-Colonel Hanson, of the 71st Highland Light Infantry.

The Cuthberts have been famous for their hospitality ever since their settlement in the country. They have enjoyed the friendship and respect of many of the governors. The provincial cottage at Sorel was the summer retreat of successive representatives of the Crown and distinguished officers. At the end of the last century many a day might have been seen from the shore at Berthier the measured stroke of the oars of a well manned barge, rapidly approaching from among the islands. In the stern sheets floated the Royal standard, and in a few minutes the tall soldierly figure of the Duke of Kent was welcomed by the seigneur of Berthier. Once a week His Royal Highness dined with Mr. Cuthbert, and the dining table is still used by the family. Among other distinguished friends, pleasant memories are preserved of the friendship of the cultivated Earl and Countess of Dalhousie. In addition to being a distinguished soldier, to the former Canada is indebted for the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, while to Lady Dalhousie is familiar every wild flower of the shores of the St. Lawrence.

Berthier was a place of considerable importance in early times. The old manor house of the family, erected on the same site, and in place of the building destroyed by the Americans in the invasion of 1775, indicates the large ideas of the seigneur and the style in which the family lived. It is a spacious wooden house, upon a stone foundation, about a mile from the chapel. The stables, outbuildings and dovecot indicate a most comfortable gentleman's residence. The taste and care shown in the wood work, not only of the house, but of the offices, speak most clearly for the education and refinement of the owner. This residence is beautifully situated on the well-wooded banks of a small river, which it overlooks, with two entrances, one on the drive and the other on the river. It has not been used by the family for very many years. A pleasing incident connected with this structure is that the tenantry voluntarily assisted the seigneur in its rebuilding.

The illustrious French family of Colbert, to the founder of which Canada is indebted for so much, claimed descent from the Cuthberts of Castlehill.

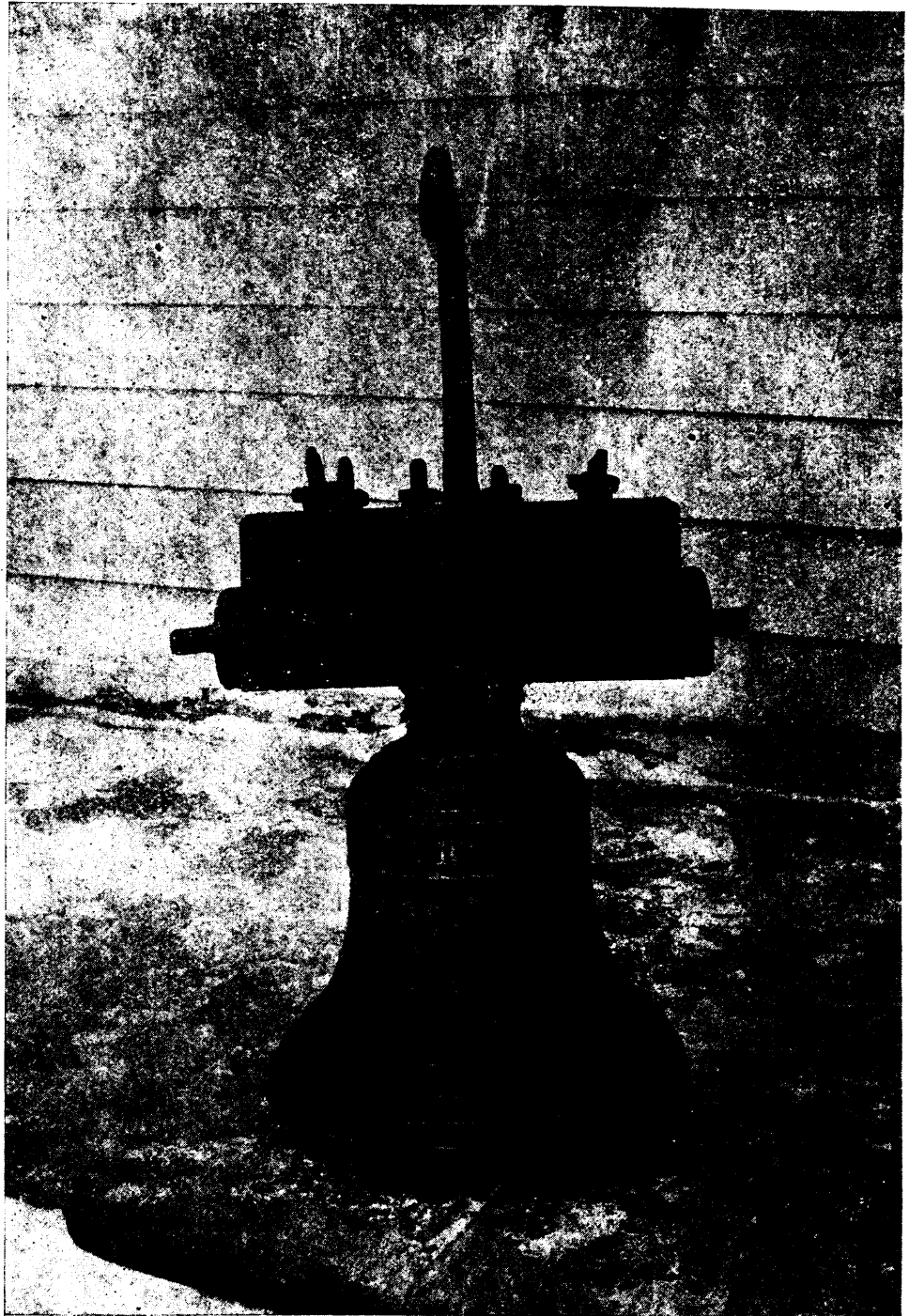
The best authorities have pronounced the claim as doubtful. We have before us, in writing this notice of the family in Canada, apparently an authentic copy of a petition, dated at Edinburgh, 4th June, 1686, from such distinguished Scottish noblemen as the Duke of Gordon, Marquis of Athol, Lord Privy Seal, the Earls of Kintore, Bredalbane, Northesk, Airl, Errol, Lord High Constable, Southesk, Strathmore and Kinghorn; Lauderdale, Linlithgow, Lord Chief Justice; Lords Forbes, Lovat, Drum, Balnagown, McIntosh and Calder, Barons of those ilks, Cuthbert, McLean, Dalziel and Ross; Baron Keith, Earl Marshall, etc.

Their prayer is that the King and the estates met in parliament be pleased to command that the directors of the King's Chancery issue a Birth Brief, attesting the fact that the Marquis of Seignelay, Secretary of State to the French King, son of the great Colbert, was descended from the Cuthberts of Castlehill. We trust that perhaps this article may come under the notice of those able in Scotland to say what became of this petition, and whether it casts any new light on the subject. Be this as it may, as touching the claims of the Colberts of France, the document is a monument to the illustrious ancestry of the Cuthberts of Berthier in Canada.

Many of the above noble petitioners were kinsmen of Cuthbert of Castlehill.

DAVID R. MCCORD, M.A.

OUR MONTREAL SPECIAL NUMBER.
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OLD BELL OF BERTHIER MANOR HOUSE.

What London Teaches Us.

London will teach you that it is possible for the streets of the busiest city in the world to be kept scrupulously clean, writes Edward W. Bok in the August *Ladies' Home Journal*. It will teach Americans, too, that a city can be paved so as to withstand the inroads of heavy traffic, and yet be a luxury for one to drive on any of its streets. We may teach them how to build the cars, but they can teach us how to construct safe railroads. Where the American railroad grades a crossing and endangers life, the English road builds a tunnel and protects the public. The wooden piers along our river fronts are nightmares when you see those buttresses of masonry in England. The American housewife is taught how beautiful the humblest home can look when flowers bloom from every window in it, and gardens look like spots of Paradise. The English woman can teach her American sister the great secret of keeping young by refusing to worry. She knows that worry means premature age, and she has too high a regard for her health to endanger it with what she knows will not avail. The English girl will teach the pride of every American that the foundation of the best health is exercise and plenty of

it, and that healthy girlhood is the stepping stone to the best wifehood and motherhood; though, in every other respect, the American girl can stand comparison.

Mormonism in Upper Canada.

A correspondent of the *Herald* gives an interesting reminiscence of Joseph Smith, a Mormon missionary who visited Toronto in 1832 and announced his intention of walking upon the waters of the River Humber. Thousands of people assembled to witness the feat, which, to all appearance was successfully accomplished. Some incredulous persons, however, decided to make an investigation, and under the cover of night a party of them secured a boat and rowed over from the opposite shore. They found, as some of them had anticipated, a platform constructed a couple of inches below the water on which the impostor walked to and fro whilst reading passages from the Book of Mormon. A hurried consultation ensued and the midnight investigators decided to have a hand in determining the result of the next exhibition. To this purpose they secured a hand saw and almost severed the planks. The poor prophet, according to this story, was not only discomfited but nearly drowned.—*Orillia Packet*.



INSPECTION OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE CADETS.



ST. MARY'S CADETS.

St. Mary's College Cadets, composed of students of St. Mary's College, Montreal, have had an interesting history. The first company was formed in 1856, under Captain Arthur Jones, now Rev. Father Jones, of St. Mary's College. The movement originated with the students themselves, and their organization was not favourably recognized by the faculty until 1861. Mr. Wm. Mauntel was made captain in 1861, and was succeeded the next year by Mr. Honore Mercier, the present Premier of the province. In that year the band was organized and the first public parade took place. In 1880 the Dominion Government granted the company 40 Peabody carbines. In 1887 a second company was formed, and the two turned out on May 24th of the next year to join in the reception to the Queen's Own of Toronto. In October of that year the second company was equipped by the Government with Star rifles. Two other companies were added last year, for one of which the college authorities, now fully convinced that the organization is a most beneficial one, purchased arms. Last autumn an ambulance corps, a signal corps and a drum and bugle band were organized. The present muster roll is 234 all told. On the 16th of June last the four companies paraded on the Champ de Mars, and were inspected by Lieut. Col. Houghton, deputy adjutant general of the fifth military district. The muster was 226 all told, the fourth company being supplied with rifles for the occasion by the 6th Fusiliers, through Lieut. Col. Massey. A very large crowd witnessed the manoeuvres, which consisted in the execution of the various marching movements, manual and firing exercise, bayonet exercise, attack drill,—in short, a course that would have tried the mettle of veterans; and, with the exception of some minor faults, the cadets acquitted themselves in a manner that won for them high

praise and hearty applause. The battalion is a credit to the college and the city, and the sturdy exercise voluntarily taken will unquestionably result in improving the physique of the members and make them the better students.

MONTREAL FIELD BATTERY INSPECTION.

The Montreal Field Battery, one of the finest in Canada, in camp on St. Helen's Island in the latter part of June, was inspected June 30th by Lieut. Col. C. E. Montizambert, artillery inspector of the province. The day was hot and rendered active exercise anything but desirable; yet the battery men acquitted themselves in the most satisfactory manner. The men fell in at 10.30 a.m., and marched out upon the parade ground, receiving the inspecting officer with a general salute. The battery was manoeuvred by Major Hall, Capt. Hooper, and Lieutenants Costigan and Benyon. The march past was excellently done, the sword exercise well executed, and the going into action and retiring by alternate half batteries carried out in a manner that won high praise. After the non com's had been examined by the inspector with most gratifying results, the battery was put through the "Gzowski trial" in subdivisions, the average time being less than 2.46—a creditable showing with comparatively untrained horses. The time was taken by Col. Houghton, D.A.G., and Col. Stevenson. After dinner the tents, camp equipment, etc., were inspected, and at the close the inspecting officer expressed himself highly gratified with the drill, discipline and efficiency of the battery.

THE BISHOP'S ROCK, GRAND MANAN, N.B.

In the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED for July 18th appeared an engraving showing that remarkable rock called the Southern Cross, which stands off the southwest head of Grand Manan, N.B. In this week's issue are presented two views, equally striking, of the rocky figure looming up at the extremity of the Northern Head, and called the "Bishop." One writer has called Grand Manan a "paradise of cliffs," and it is a favourite resort of marine artists. The high western shore for twenty miles shows no accessible entrance from the sea. Among Lower Province summer resorts, Grand Manan holds a favoured place with

American tourists. It is easily reached from Easport, Me., only a few miles away, and a steamer plies regularly also between the island and St. John, N.B. Lovers of magnificent cliff and seashore scenery find intense pleasure in visiting Grand Manan. A second view presented this week shows a picturesque fishing beach at one of the coves on the island, for it is famous for its fisheries as well as for its scenery.

CHRISTMAS.

It may seem rather premature to talk about Christmas in this hot weather, but we wish to impress on our readers the fact that we intend issuing early in December, the most superb holiday souvenir that has yet been offered to the Canadian public. In supplements, it will be unusually rich, presenting features that have never been approached by any paper, while in general artistic and literary excellence it will be the event of the season.

Stray Notes.

OBEDIENCE.—"And, mamma," sobbed the unhappy wife, "he—he threw his slippers across the r-room, and t told me to go to the dud-dud-devil."

"You did right, my dear child, to come straight home to me."

* * *

A SIMPLE PLAN.—A drill-sergeant in the British army was recently ordered to ascertain the religious views of some recruits; and this is how he did it:—"Fall in! Church of England men on the right; Roman Catholics on the left; all fancy religions to the rear!"

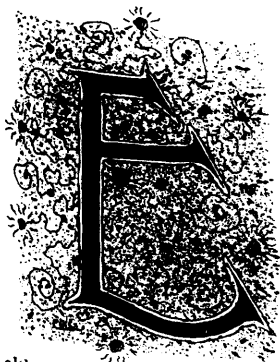
* * *

Plenty of Water, too—"I say," said the investor, "you advertised your farm as a fine location for a dairy."

hasn't a single feature to recommend it for that purpose." "Haint it? There's a tremendous chalk deposit just beyond that hill over there."

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, August, 1891.



EVERY class of the British people deeply sympathized with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone during the past few weeks in the death of their eldest son, Mr. William Henry Gladstone, who succumbed on July 4 under the exhaustion consequent on an operation for tumour of the brain, in his fifty-second year. Mr. Gladstone's son had none of his father's political energy,

although he for twenty years sat in Parliament and was a Lord of the Treasury in his father's first administration. On retiring, Mr. W. H. Gladstone settled down to a quiet country life, acting as steward to the Hawarden estates and making himself generally beloved by his neighbours and the tenantry alike.

The retirement of Captain Eyre Massey Shaw from the chief officership of the County Council Fire Brigade has caused universal surprise and regret, for both in society and among the people Captain Shaw was a great favourite. He was to be seen at every social function of any importance, but the enforced busyness of such a life never seemed to interfere with his duties; he always seemed at his post at the right moment—hardly, indeed, had a fire broke out before he was on the spot, cool and collected, superintending the efforts of his men, whom he made the most efficient fire brigade in the world.

Mr. Edmund Yates, the editor of the *World*, completed a few days ago his sixtieth year, and his friends and the staff of his paper seized the auspicious occasion to present him with a testimonial as a token of their affection and esteem, which took the shape of a large and handsome silver bowl, which was presented by a deputation, which consisted of Sir John Monckton (the City Clerk and husband of Lady Monckton, the well-known actress), Sir Morell Mackenzie, Major Arthur Griffiths and Mr. S. B. Bancroft. It may, perhaps, be worthy of note that the *World* has now been started seventeen years, the first number appearing on July 8th, 1874, with Mr. Henry Labouchere a member of the staff and city editor.

Two important books of biography have been published during the past week. Mr. Harold Frederic's "Young Emperor" (T. Fisher Unwin) is a very valuable study in contemporary continental politics, for Mr. Frederic has not only given us the main facts of the life story of the young man, whose name just now is in every mouth, but he has also carefully traced his influence on the state of Europe. Mr. Frederic is a novelist who is fast coming into popularity, and he has used all his art to make his book as interesting as a book of fiction, and not, as too often is a popular biography, a dry chronicle of important events.

The other important book is Mr. George W. G. Russell's "Life of Mr. Gladstone," the latest volume of that excellent series, "The Queen's Prime Ministers," which Messrs. Sampson & Low are now publishing, and of which the last volume was Mr. J. A. Froude's "Life of Lord Beaconsfield." Mr. Russell is one of Mr. Gladstone's political followers and a personal friend of the family, so that his task has been a hard one in more ways than one. In the first place he has had to eschew political criticism, as being hardly fitting in a younger follower of a still living statesman, and then, too, he has, as a friend of the family, to eschew the mention of any details as to the private life of the ex-premier. But he has made his work one of surpassing interest nevertheless, giving more attention to Mr. Gladstone's early life at school and at college than have his previous biographers, and tracing the gradual growth of his present political opinions, not in a spirit of criticism, but simply quotations from Mr. Gladstone's more important speeches.

Mr. Walter Crane, the artist-socialist, has been holding an exhibition of his pictures in New Bond street, and has been greeted by all with well-merited praise, for Mr. Crane is the first real artist who has ever made decorative subjects his special study—his work when it is not too political is always charming and always unapproachable.

The authoress of "Mademoiselle Ixe," Miss Hawker, has just published, through Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, a volume of short stories under the general title of "The Hotel d'Angleterre," which although they do not come up to the former work in power, and will not increase her reputation, are certainly pleasant reading, and are noticeable as showing in what a large degree the short story, practically introduced into England by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, has become fashionable, where before it was not tolerated for a moment. The stories in this volume are the very opposite of sensational, in point of fact they are rather too quiet and tranquil, but as examples of what a short story should be, without a word too much or a word too little, they should be read with care—anyhow the reader will find them enjoyable.

Mr. David Christie Murray, the novelist, who had been for so long absent in Australia without communicating to his friends that the report was spread about that he was lost or dead, is now in London arranging for the production at a west end theatre in the autumn of one of the plays which have gained him such success in Australasia. The English have not yet had a touch of Mr. Murray's quality as a playwright, so that he intends to do everything to ensure success by staging his play as magnificently as possible.

Rumour has it that Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones have fallen out, and that Mr. Jones, tired of writing good plays, which fill not his own but the managers' pockets, will in October start with a theatre of his own. Mr. Jones does not intend to rush into theatrical speculation, as many do, with his eyes closed, for I hear that he has made arrangements by which he can at any time give a fortnight's notice and quit the theatre if he finds things are not going so prosperously as he hopes.

Mr. Horace Ledger, who is already manager and part proprietor of the Lyric and Prince of Wales theatres, has taken the Vaudeville from September to Christmas. During September Miss Minnie Palmer will play in her better known parts, but in October she is to go on tour and the programme will be changed to Mr. Joseph Hatton's adaptation of Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper," with Miss Bessie Hatton, his daughter, in the title role.

Both Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero have decided to give their plays to the public in book form, so we shall soon see whether the modern successful play can hold its own as literature or not. Personally I fear not, for the drama of to-day is one of action—there is no time for the elaboration of purely literary qualities.

The chief thing about Henley Regatta this year has been the proof that Oxford is at present far and away ahead of Cambridge where rowing is concerned. A good deal of rain fell but it did not succeed in damping the general festivities.

Journalism has had a serious loss in the death of Mr. Jas. Runciman, who has in his time written on every subject with equal intelligence and vigour. Mr. Runciman, like Mr. W. T. Stead, was a north countryman, and, like Mr. Stead, was a journalist with a mission, which whatever he was writing he always kept well to the front.

At the comedy Theatre, Mr. C. H. Hawtreys has withdrawn "Jane" and has staged Messrs. F. C. Phillip's and Percy Fendall's farce, "Husband and Wife," which attracted favourable attention at a trial matinee given last month at the Criterion Theatre. Since that performance the play has been very much altered and strengthened and was on the first night a great success, going from the rise to the fall of the curtain with a roar of laughter. Of the company, Miss Lottie Venne, as the lively widow who incites the husbands to mutiny, is perhaps the best, but she is ably seconded in her efforts by Mr. Charles Brookfield, as a typical magistrate, and by Mr. W. F. Hawtreys.

GRANT RICHARDS

The Flight of St. Columba to Iona.

Put forth! put forth! The south-west blows;
Oft have we quailed before its might,
But it shall snatch us from our foes
With swiftness of a sea bird's flight.

The tempest beats our leathern sides
With waves winged white and bell'ed swart;
But every wave that on us strides
Wafts us the sooner to our port.

Islay and Jura came and went,
Too near, too broad for safe retreat;
To Colonsay our eyes we bent;
Why stayed it not our wandering feet?

Because we climbed its windiest height,
And through the mists across the foam,
Reproachful to our tear-dimmed sight
Loomed the familiar hills of home.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

To Cool A Bedroom.

If the sleeping-room is warm, it may be cooled for a time by wringing large pieces of cotton out of water and hanging them before the open windows, says *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Leave the door open, and as the air comes through the wet cotton it will be cooled. This is a good device for cooling a sick-room; the clothes can then be wet again and again. Keep the gas turned down low during the process of undressing, and sleep without a light, unless it is a tiny night-lamp.

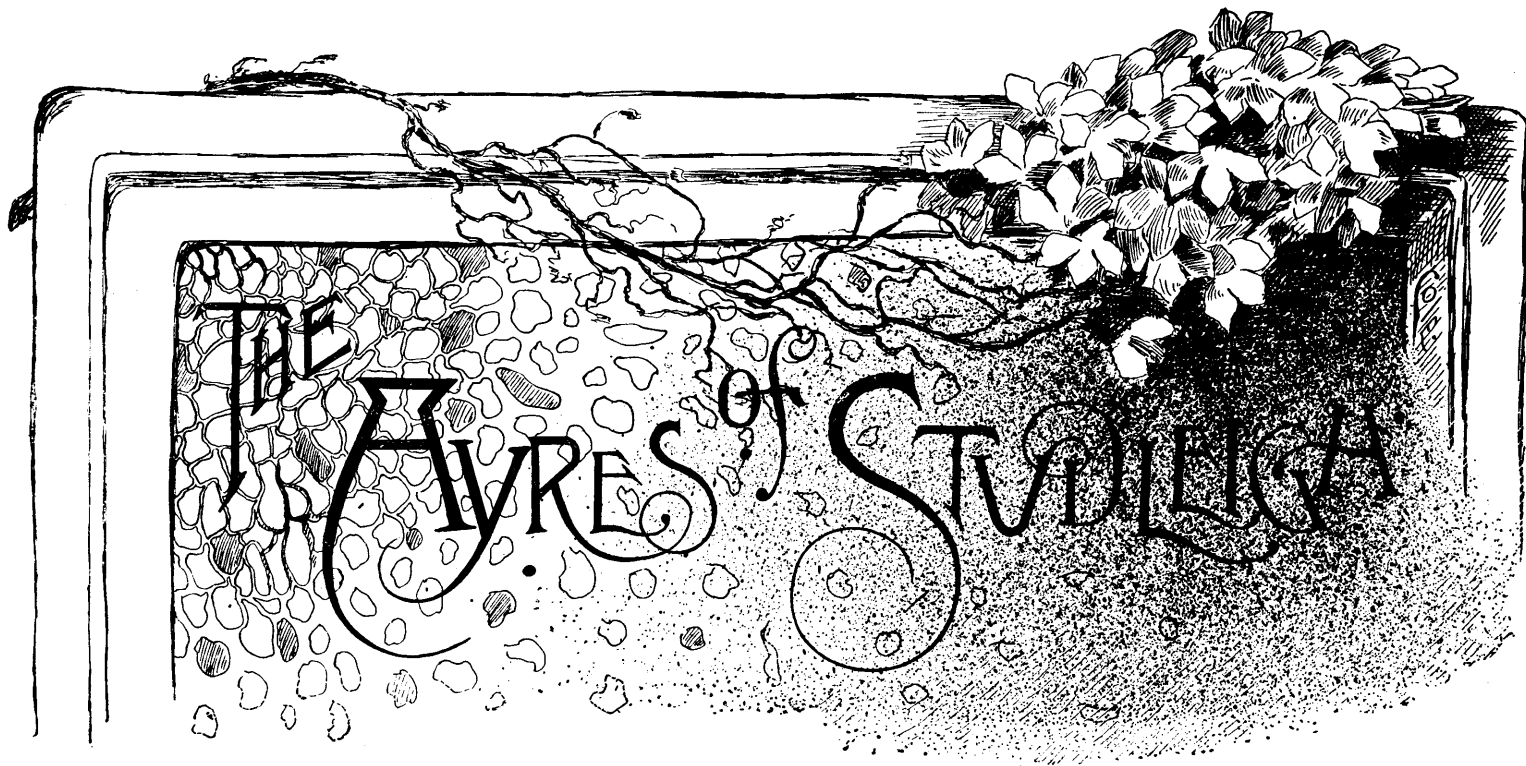


THE CATHEDRAL OF IONA.



"She opened the door softly, and was beside him before he was aware of her entrance."—(See page 131.)

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 XXXIII.—COUSINS.

On his couch, in the South window of the room where his father died, lay the young Squire of Studleigh, towards the close of a lovely August day. Nearly a month had gone since Lady Emily's hurried visit to Stonecroft, and still he lingered, though they expected each day would be his last upon the earth. The attack which had so fearfully alarmed his mother, and made his physicians scarcely less anxious, had passed away, and though it left him perceptibly weaker, had not been repeated. Of his own choice, his father's rooms had been made ready for him. Many an hour in the days of his comparative health he had been wont to spend in that large and pleasant room, which was haunted by painful memories for Lady Emily—memories in which regret and remorseful pain were bitterly commingled. She often told herself that she had failed in love and duty to her husband, who had worshipped her, and longed as the living so passionately long that opportunity could be given for atonement. Opportunity was given, perhaps, in what her son now required of her. It was her sad aim, in the midst of her agony, to bury every thought of self, and present to her boy a serene and even smiling face. The physicians never ceased to enjoin that the patient should be kept quiet, but surrounded by a cheerful, serene atmosphere.

Rachel Ayre and Clement came and went between the two houses, but at Studleigh Evelyn remained. In her hour of need the work of comforting her aunt, and being useful to others, lifted her entirely out of herself. It was an exquisite and beautiful thing to see how naturally she slipped into her place, and how in a few days Lady Emily learned to lean upon the gentle, helpful girl, and to find in her affections the greatest consolation.

Very gradually the walls of pride and self-will had been broken down, never again to be raised. Slowly the veil had been lifted from the heart of that haughty woman, and revealed her to be but a weak woman after all, whose need of love was very great.

William Ayre's face was very serene as he lay there with the tender glory of the sunset falling about him like a radiance. He looked wonderfully well in spite of his long illness—his face was not painfully emaciated, nor did he look what he and others believed himself to be—a dying man. His mother often said that from the day his cousin entered the house he had been better and brighter, and more perfectly content; and it was simply true.

He had been reading the sweet story of Lancelot and Elaine, and the book had fallen on the floor with its leaves open, and he was thinking not of the story, but of something else, which had flushed his face, and brought a bright, wonderful light into his eyes. Dinner was going on down stairs, the only hour of the day there was no watcher by the sick man's side. It had passed quickly that evening, and when the opening of the door disturbed him he looked round in surprise. It was Evelyn who entered, looking very stately and sweet in her white gown with the black ribbon bands, and the pale pearls round her neck, the slight mourning she had chosen to wear for her dead lover.

"Is dinner over, cousin? Surely you have hurried to-night?"

"I am glad you have not missed us. We fancied we had been longer than usual, Will," Evelyn answered, as she stepped lightly across the floor. "Aunt Emily has gone to lie down, on condition that I stay here, so I have come to stay."

She stooped down and lifted the open book from the floor. "Lancelot and Elaine! Why will you pore so over that doleful story, Will? I am not sure that I have much compassion for poor Elaine, but, of course, she will always be an idol among men." She spoke with a light and gentle banter, and smiled down upon him as she shook up his pillows. There was no sisterly action, no sweet, sisterly thoughtfulness which Evelyn did not do for and show to her cousin, and all with a quiet and beautiful cheerfulness which carried strength with it.

"Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain," quoted Will, with a quick smile. "Do you not believe that, cousin?"

"I don't believe in doing things in vain, Will," she answered energetically. "Now I am going to read the 'Back of the North Wind,' as a tonic after that sweet stuff. Have you everything you want?"

"Everything, now you have come; but I don't want you to read. Sit still and speak to me, cousin?"

"Well, I will, if you will talk good sense," she said, nodding brightly. "If we are to talk I may as well work. Saturday is mamma's birthday, and I have to finish this little gift for her. Well, I am listening."

"It is nearly a month since you came to Studleigh, cousin."

"A month on Friday, what then?"

"Are you not wearying to get away to your own cheerful home?"

"No, I am very happy here."

"Really happy, Evelyn?"

He bent forward with a curious eagerness, and looked her fully in the face.

"As happy as I can be anywhere," she said in a low voice. "As happy as any of us can be at Studleigh, when its dear master is so ill."

"Do you feel at home in the house, Evelyn?" he asked, with almost feverish eagerness. "Do you like the place—could you live here?"

"I think it is the loveliest place in the world, cousin Will," answered Evelyn, in mild surprise. "You know I do. I have often said so. Just look at the prospect from that bay window. It is perfectly enchanting."

"You have never felt quite at home in Stonecroft, I think," he added, musingly. "Is that not true?"

"What are you talking about, Will? I never saw you in such a quizzical mood. We would be very ungrateful indeed if we were not happy there."

"I am glad you like Studleigh; yes, very glad. When are Clement and Lady Sybil to be married?—not this furlough surely!"

"Oh, no; there is no talk of their marriage. I am quite sure it will not take place for a long time. It isn't likely that Lord and Lady Winterdyne will be in a hurry to part with their only daughter."

"That is true, unless they look to you, in a sense, to fill her place," he said looking at her keenly.

She bent her head low over her sewing, and made no reply; but he saw the hand which held the needle tremble.

"Forgive me, dearest. I do not know what has come to me to-day. I have wounded you so often. Will you forgive me Evelyn?"

"There is nothing to forgive, Cousin Will. You never wound me," she said looking up with a swift, bright smile. "Do let me read to you. I am afraid you have not a thirst for knowledge, sir."

"Yes, I have for knowledge of a kind," he made answer. "But I don't want knowledge out of any more books. It is realities a man must deal with when he comes to this. Don't grudge me your sweet companionship, Evelyn, although I know it is a shame that you should be shut up here day by day with a dying man; you, for whom the world should look its brightest."

"Oh, Will, how can you say such dreadful things? It has comforted me more than I can say to be here with you and Aunt Emily. You see, I was just beginning to think that life had no further uses for me, when God showed me that I could be of service to others yet; and that, though a great sorrow had come to me, I could not sit down and fold my hands."

"It was a great sorrow then?" he said wistfully, and his eyes dwelt searchingly on her beautiful face as he asked the question. She was looking away through the western window to the woods, kindled into a ruddy flame by the glory of the dying day.

"It was a blow, Will, a fierce and terrible blow, which seemed to slay me. I cannot tell you just how I feel. Sometimes I do not understand myself," she said dreamily.

"If you could tell me, dear, perhaps it would relieve you. Aunt Rachel told me that you had never spoken of it to her. It is not always well to shut one's self up alone even with such a grief as that."

"No, it is not well, but I seemed to want to think, and think, until I found out just where I stood. It was all so hurried and sudden, Will, even before he went away. I did not seem quite to realize what I had done. There were even times when I feared I had been too hurried. When I hear mamma speaking about her own marriage, and how she went to India on a few days' notice, I wonder. Am I so different from other women, or is it that I am only more slow of thought and decision? I could not, at least I do not think I could have gone out to the Cape if I had been asked to do it when they went away."

"Why not? Did you not care for poor Raybourne, Evelyn?"

"Yes—but—it seems to me that one has to think a long time, and be very sure. Marriage involves so much. There are fearful risks in it. Those who marry ought to know each other so well that there can be no risk of disappointment after."

Will Ayre turned his head away for a moment, and Evelyn wondered what were his thoughts.

"Are you shocked and horrified at me, Cousin Will?" she asked quickly, yet with a most perfect confidence. Never in all the years of their sweet cousinly intimacy had he once misunderstood or misjudged her.

"No, I was only thinking. Evelyn, tell me more. I want to know just how you and my mother stand to each other. I see when you are both here with me that you seem to be at home with each other, but I want to know the innermost."

"There is no innermost, except what you see. I have had many lessons here, Cousin Will. You have taught me what, please God, I shall never forget, but among them all, I hope I have been truly and clearly shown the wrong which can be done in the world by prejudice and hard judgment."

"You mean that my mother has misjudged you and Aunt Rachel. I know she has—"

"I did not mean that, Will, although there may be truth, in that too. I mean that never in all the world has there been a woman more misjudged than your mother has been by me. I used to feel fearfully bitter against her, Will. I could ask her forgiveness for it now on my dying knees."

"I love my mother dearly, Evelyn, but I cannot say she was kind to Aunt Rachel. Her prejudice against you has been one of the bitterest sorrows of my life."

"I am glad it has all been cleared up now, Will," the girl answered softly. "I used to think that if Aunt Emily could only know a little of mamma as we know her, how different everything would be—"

"She will know her now. She is learning to love her, I can see," replied the Squire, quietly. "It will be a fearful trial for my mother to leave Studleigh, Evelyn. I do not know where she can fix her home."

"What relations have you at Portmayne Castle now, Will?"

"My Uncle Fulke and his wife. They have a large family. It is out of the question that my mother could ever return there, nor will she care to live in the Dower House here when the new heir enters into possession."

"How calmly you speak of it all," cried Evelyn, with quivering lip. "You think of everything, of everyone. I wonder if there is one selfish thought in your heart. Mamma says every day you are so like your father that it breaks her heart—"

"It is the finest tribute, the only one I desire from those who loved him, and love me, Evely," said the Squire, with a placid smile.

After a little silence he turned from his couch and looked her full in the face.

"We have talked a great deal, Evelyn, but have never touched upon the point which is uppermost in my mind, though we have been very near it," he said, and his own face flushed deeply. "Has my mother said anything to you? She knows what has been in my mind for days—"

"No, she has said nothing. Tell me what you mean, cousin," Evelyn said, quietly.

"I scarcely dare, but I will, because I know your wide sympathy and your largeness of heart. Will you take my name, Evelyn, before I die?"

The girl's work fell from her nerveless hands, and she grew pale to the very lips.

"I do not think I understand you," she said with difficulty; but even while she spoke the truth flashed upon her clear as the noonday sun.

"It is a fearful thing to ask, a sacrifice of such magnitude that I do not dare, when I look at your beauty and think what life may yet hold for you, to anticipate your answer. I see you know what I mean, but before you speak let me say something, let me try and explain away the reasons why a man, dying, as I am, should dare to think of such a thing."

She drooped her head, and her hands played nervously with the gay-coloured silks on her lap, but she spoke no word.

"I do not want to say a word against Clem, honest fellow."

"You know very well, Will, that Clem would insist on Aunt Emily living in Studleigh just as she chose," Evelyn interrupted, quickly.

"It is not that, Evelyn. I have no fear whatever but that Clem will do what is just and true, after his own generous heart. But he has no desire for a country life; you have heard him say so dozens of times. He will always be a soldier and a rover, and so the place and the people will suffer."

"And what do you think I could do for them?" the girl asked in the same still, passionless voice.

"The part of the estate which is not entailed would be yours. It includes Pine Edge, and you would live there, not all the year, but sometimes, and could thus take some interest in the place."

"But your mother?"

"My mother's fortune is very ample. In any case she wishes me to bequeath all my money to you. I have done so absolutely; but, if you think you could agree to take my name, it would be sweet for me to think you had a right to it all, the right of a wife. I think that going through this simple ceremony a few hours before I die, Evelyn, would scarcely hurt your prospects. It is a strange, wild whim, perhaps; one of the vagaries of a sick man's fancy. But it is my mother's desire and mine. If out of your sweet compassion you could make up your mind to do this thing it would give me the greatest happiness the world can hold."

Evelyn Ayre sat in deep silence for a moment, with her face hidden, and then, without a word spoken, rose up and glided from the room.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—TILL DEATH DO US PART.

The Squire was not long left alone. He was still agitated with the excitement of what had just passed, when his mother, after a vain attempt to snatch a few moments needed sleep, came upstairs.

"I thought Evelyn was here, William," she said, when she opened the door and found him alone.

"She was here. She has not long gone. Have you had a rest mother?"

"A rest, but not a sleep. How hot you are," she said, as she laid her hand on his brow. "You seem quite excited. Is it possible, Will, that you have spoken to your cousin about what we talked of yesterday?"

"Yes, I have spoken."

"And what did she say. Has she left you in anger, Will?"

"Oh, no, I think not! Evelyn is never angry," he answered, brightly. "I do not suppose she will consent. It is a great deal to ask, mother—

too much—from a young girl like Evelyn, with life all before her."

"I do not know. She has a high ideal of life's purposes. She believes we should always consider others first. If the mere taking of your name would make you happier while you are with us, I do not think she would hesitate, dear."

"There speaks the mother," replied Will, with a smile of love. "Let us not speak any more about it. It is I who am selfish, seeking to satisfy a sick man's fancy."

"I do not see it in that light, Will," said the fond mother, rebelliously. "It is to benefit her ultimately. It will give her a great position."

"Not so very great since Clement's wife will be mistress of the old house. Sometimes one feels this law of primogeniture to be something of a hardship," said the Squire, musingly. "Mother, will you admit that I was not mistaken in my high opinion of our kinsfolk?"

"I will admit everything, Will. I am a humbled and repentant woman. I have something to ask your Aunt Rachel's forgiveness for yet; but every time I see her my courage fails me. It was a cruel thing I did, making them leave Pine Edge; I may confess my true reason now, Will, since circumstances have strangely changed. I saw the beauty of her little girl; I feared if you were allowed to grow up together you would have become attached to each other, and then the thought was perfectly intolerable to me. How swift is retribution after all! It is the very thing I desire now with all my heart."

"You do love Evelyn, then?"

"I do. It would be impossible to be beside so sweet and beautiful a character and not love her," she answered, generously. "I have, by my own fault, been a miserable woman all my days, trying with my weak, selfish hands to control destiny, the privilege of the Creator alone. Oh, my son, I have suffered too, and yet in the midst of all my suffering, I would not have things other than they are. I feel strangely calm and resigned, as if I could bear anything and keep still."

Will Ayre looked up at the beautiful face with ineffable love in his own. She had greatly changed. The freshness of her beauty was long since gone, and she looked her years to the full. The bright hair, which had been a dream of loveliness in her husband's eyes so long ago, had lost its lustre, and was almost grey; her eyes were dimmed by many tears, and by the strain of many an anxious vigil, but there was upon that face now a serene and perfect peace, a subdued and wistful tenderness a thousand times more winning than the pride of its early beauty; because it told of a heart gradually weaned from the sordid interests of self, and awakened to the richer meanings of life. It had been a long transition, long and trying, not only to herself, but to the others; but it was over now, and Lady Emily had reached the height of true womanhood. And so, for her, sorrow and disappointments had had their benign uses.

Meanwhile, in the room set apart for her, Evelyn was kneeling by the open window with her hands clasped, her heart in a strange tumult. The certainty that her cousin loved her was no surprise to her; but that he should have told her so, and asked her at the eleventh hour to be his wife, placed her in a peculiar and trying position. She felt neither horrified nor angry. Only a vast compassion filled her soul, and a keen appreciation of his unselfishness and generous motives. She was still occupied with these strange comminglings of thoughts and feelings when a low and hesitating knock came to the door, followed by her aunt's voice.

"It is I, Evelyn. May I come in?"

"Surely, Aunt Emily."

The girl sprang up and held open the door.

"My son has sent me to you, Evelyn. Do not let what he has said drive you away from us," said Lady Emily, hurriedly. "Think no more about it, my love. It cannot make much difference to him now, and I think it has relieved him that he has spoken out frankly to you. He has loved you all his life. Think what it must have been to him to keep silence so long, and don't be very hard in your judgment."

"Oh, Aunt Emily, hush! I am not hard at all," cried the girl, in a great burst of sorrow. "Life is so hard to understand I wish God would show me what to do."

Lady Emily put her arm round the drooping shoulders, with a tender caressing touch.

"I cannot bear to see you vexed, my darling. You, who have been so good to me and mine," she said, in a low, husky voice.

"I am not vexed at all, except for Will. May I go home to-night, Aunt Emily, without seeing him? I want to speak to mamma and I will come back to-morrow—"

"If you are very anxious to go, my dear, I will order the carriage at once," Lady Emily replied.

"But do not, I entreat you, sacrifice your own feelings—feelings which must be sacred to you, even for the sake of Will. He has had many disappointments, one more or less can make but little difference to him now. Already I think he regrets what he has said, he is fearful of distressing you. Only this fancy took a strange hold upon him, and when he asked my advice, I thought it better that he should reveal what was in his mind to you. Perhaps I was selfish in that too. It is so hard not to think *only* of my son in these sad days."

"It was not selfish, only natural. I wish you could believe, and make Will believe, that I am neither distressed nor angry on my own account, but only for him," Evelyn answered in a low voice, and with flushed face. "How could I misjudge him? He has always been so good. If—if it will make him happier, perhaps I ought to grant what he asks. It would be no hardship to me to be called by his name, and to have a closer right to watch by him to the end. By to-morrow, I think, after I have spoken to mamma, I shall know just what to do. To-morrow I shall come back in any case."

Lady Emily looked at the girl in simple wonder. She was so calm, so simple, so direct in her ideas, and her expression of them. There was no shirking the question, no obtrusion of her own feelings, only a quiet and brave consideration of the whole matter in its serious light, a desire to decide what would be best for all. It was the most wonderful thing Emily had met with in her life, but one could not at the moment express a tithe of what she felt.

Clement and his mother were lingering a few moments in the drawing-room after their return from Winterdyne, where they had been dining, when the rumble of wheels disturbed them.

"That will be a carriage from Studleigh, Clem," Rachel said, in quick alarm. "Your cousin must be here. I wish I had gone over to-day instead of to Winterdyne. I have been thinking so much of them all day."

Before Clement could reply, they heard a light footfall on the corridor, and the next moment Evelyn entered the room.

"What has happened, Evy? Is Will gone?" asked Clement, quickly.

"No, Will is no worse. I wanted to see mamma, and Aunt Emily sent the carriage with me. It is to stay here and take me over in the morning. Will you see about it, Clem, please? The man is waiting."

Clement looked genuinely surprised, and felt that there was something he could not understand, but he went off obediently to see that the man and his horses were accommodated for the night. Then Evelyn turned to her mother with a little, weary smile.

"Let us go upstairs, mamma, before Clem comes back. I have a great deal to say to you. I am very unhappy and perplexed. I don't know what I should do, and I know you will help me. Aunt Emily knew it too, so she let me come at once."

It was about fifteen minutes before Clem returned to the house, and he looked round the empty drawing-room in blank dismay, feeling rather aggrieved that it should be empty. He lingered about in the hall for a little and when no sound reached him from upstairs, he went into the smoking-room and lit his pipe. It seemed to him that he had been smoking for more than an hour, when he heard a step on the stairs, and his mother's voice—

"Are you there, Clem?"

"Yes, mother, here, and jolly glad to see you," he answered promptly. "What's up? Has Evy quarrelled with the old lady? I'm not a bit surprised. Why, what's up?"

The last words fell abruptly from his lips when he saw the exceeding paleness of his mother's face. She entered the smoking-room and shut the door:

"Evy is not coming down. A very strange thing has happened. Will has asked her to marry him."

"What! Oh, impossible. Isn't he dying? or is he getting better? What does it mean?"

"He is not getting better. Sit down, dear, and I will try and explain it to you."

But Clem did not sit down. He wandered up and down the room, pipe in hand, while his mother in a few brief words told him what had occurred.

"And do you mean to say, mother, that Evy for one moment would think of such a thing?" he asked, blankly.

"She is thinking of it. She is a very curious girl, Clem. Things lay hold upon her and weigh upon her heart."

"But, mother, so soon after poor Raybourne; it's monstrous I don't understand her."

"I do. It could not harm poor Raybourne, Clement though Evelyn should be called your cousin's wife a few hours before his death. That is not what concerns me. It is the future. It is hardly to be expected that Evelyn's life is to end just here. She is very young, and many other chances of happiness might come to her. I confess I am unable to advise her."

"This appears to me to be a matter easily enough settled. It is Will's mother, I believe, a selfish old woman, who thinks of nothing outside her own four walls. She is urging Evelyn on to this absurd sacrifice, but I shall not permit it!" said Clem, hotly.

"Hush, dear. You wrong your Aunt. She is not anxious for it, but the reverse."

"Then poor Will—poor fellow, I am sorry for him—must have become weakened in mind by his illness. In health I know he would be the very last man to ask such a sacrifice at the hands of any woman. Do you mean to say, mother, that you have any doubt in the matter? Why, what good would it do to the living or the dead? I never heard of a more absurd or senseless proposal in my life."

"Poor Will's motives are of the most unselfish, dear," his mother reminded him, quietly. "We must leave Evelyn alone. She is not one to be easily influenced. I have never known so young a woman with such capabilities of decision. We must leave her alone."

"I cannot. I will not permit it," Clement reiterated. "I will see Will myself if it cannot be prevented any other way."

Rachel shook her head, and faintly smiled. Her children were a little beyond her now; the time had gone for her to say—Do this! and it was done. Her sympathies in this matter were strangely divided. There was something weirdly pathetic in the idea of Will's life-long and hopeless love at last asserting itself and claiming recognition. What she said of Evelyn was absolutely true; and though in the morning Clement tried to reason with his sister, she would give him no satisfaction, and he felt that he was speaking in vain. Poor Clement was in sore distress. The memory of his friend and comrade was so fresh in his heart that the very idea that Evelyn should entertain a thought of supplanting that memory all seemed like perfect sacrilege. It weighed upon him so much that after the early lunch he mounted his horse and followed his mother and sister to Studleigh. When he was shown up to his cousin's room, and saw his face, all his anger died away.

"Come away, old fellow, it seems ages since I saw you. Have you come to slay me with that ominous-looking sword of yours?" Will said, with a bright, unruffled smile. "Now, I have seen everybody I want to see to-day except Evelyn."

"Has she not been here? She left Stonecroft in a great hurry this morning," said Clement, bluntly.

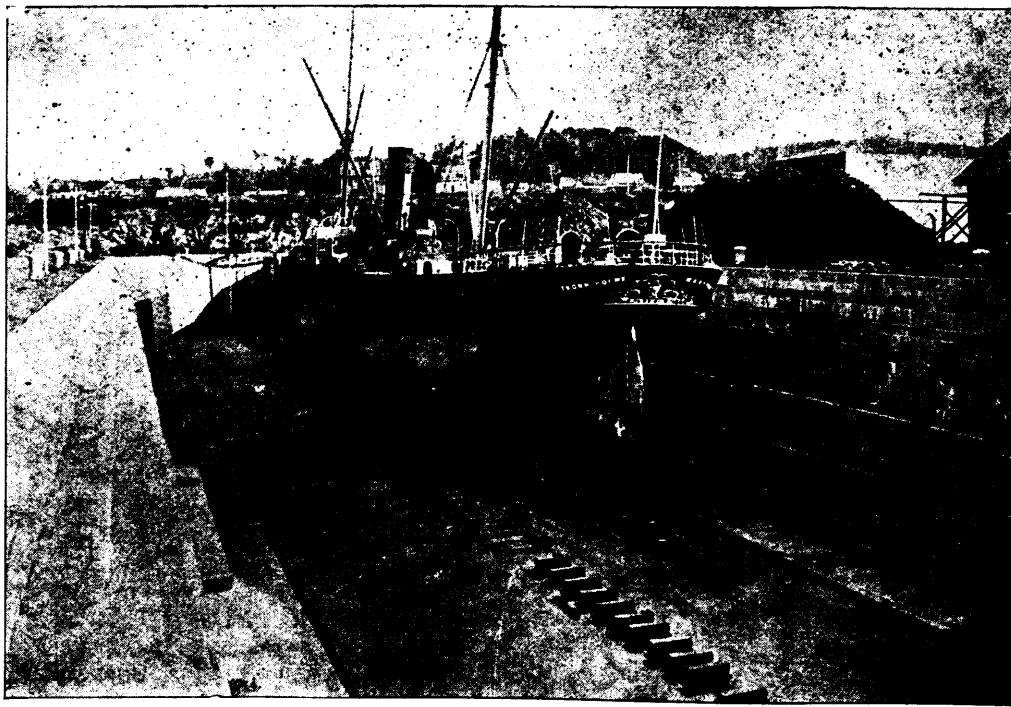
"Not yet; though I know she has come back. Aunt Rachel has just gone out. What a great, splendid fellow you are, Clem! It makes me feel strong to look at you."

The tears sprang hot and bright into Clem's honest eyes, and his heart smote him for his bitter thoughts of his cousin. He felt, after all, that if the granting of his request was to make his closing hours happier and brighter, it could be no such terrible sacrifice, but rather, especially to the woman who made it, something of a privilege. He sat down very meek and quiet by his cousin's side, and Will, looking up at him, read his every thought just as easily as if it had been written on an open page. But the subject was never mentioned between them.

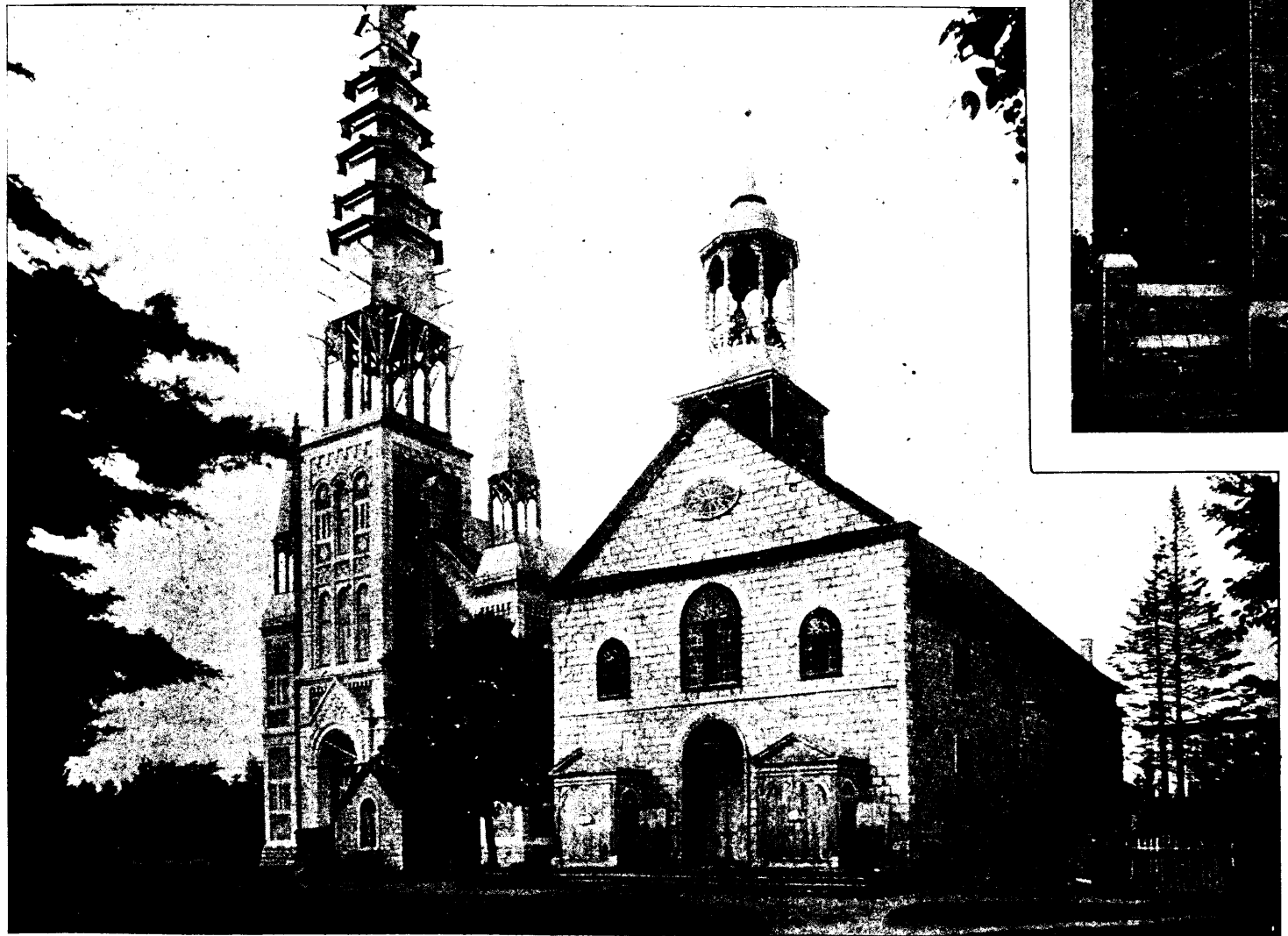
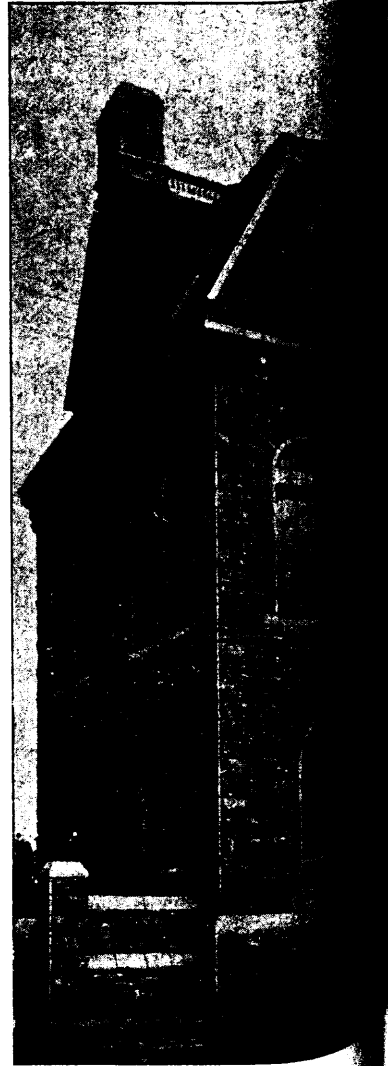
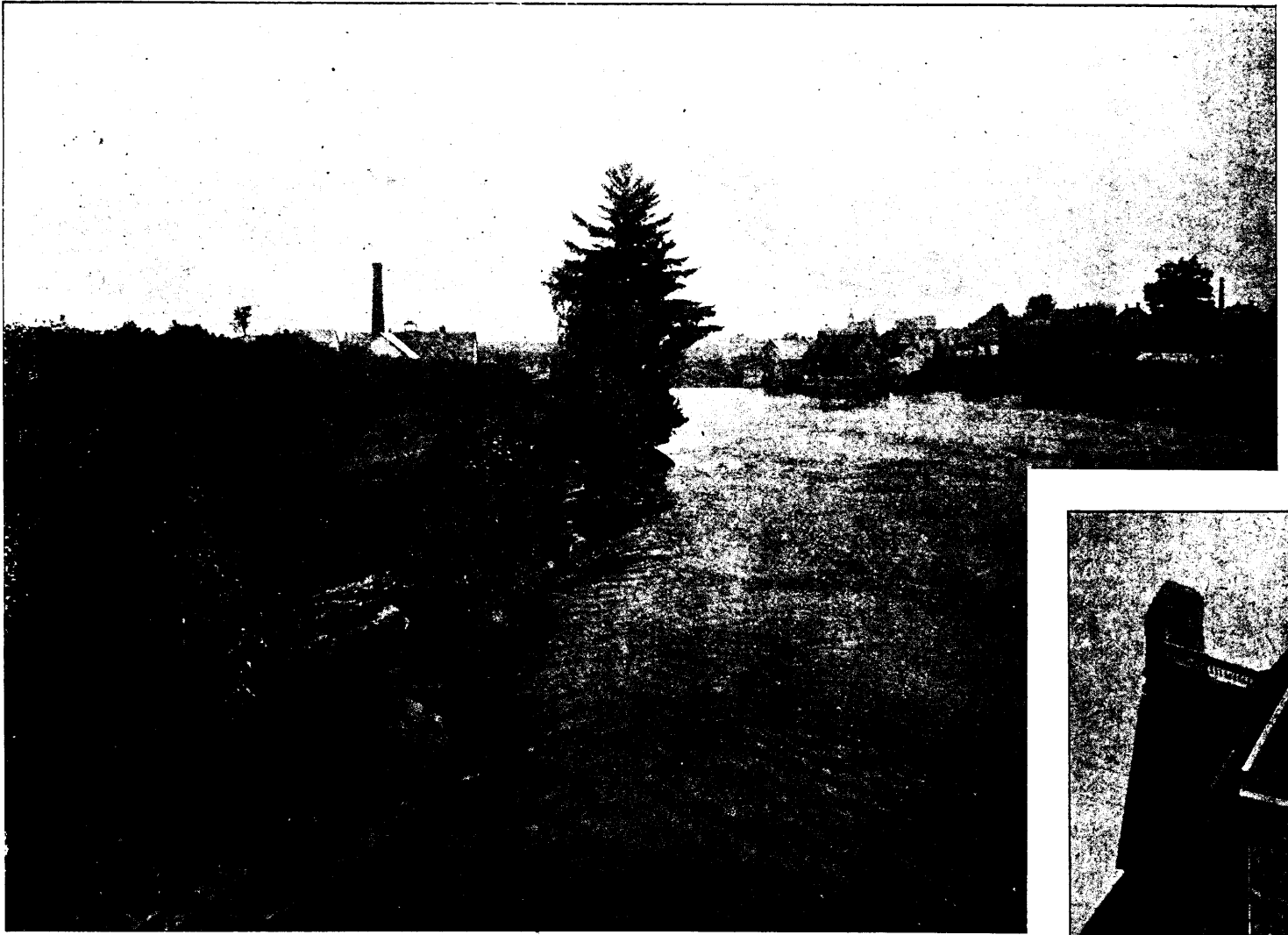
It was at sunset that day before Evelyn came to her cousin's room. She opened the door softly, and was beside him before he was aware of her entrance. The red flush mounted to his cheek when he looked round and saw the expression of her face.

"I have come back, dear Will," was all she said; "and if you like I will never leave you any more."

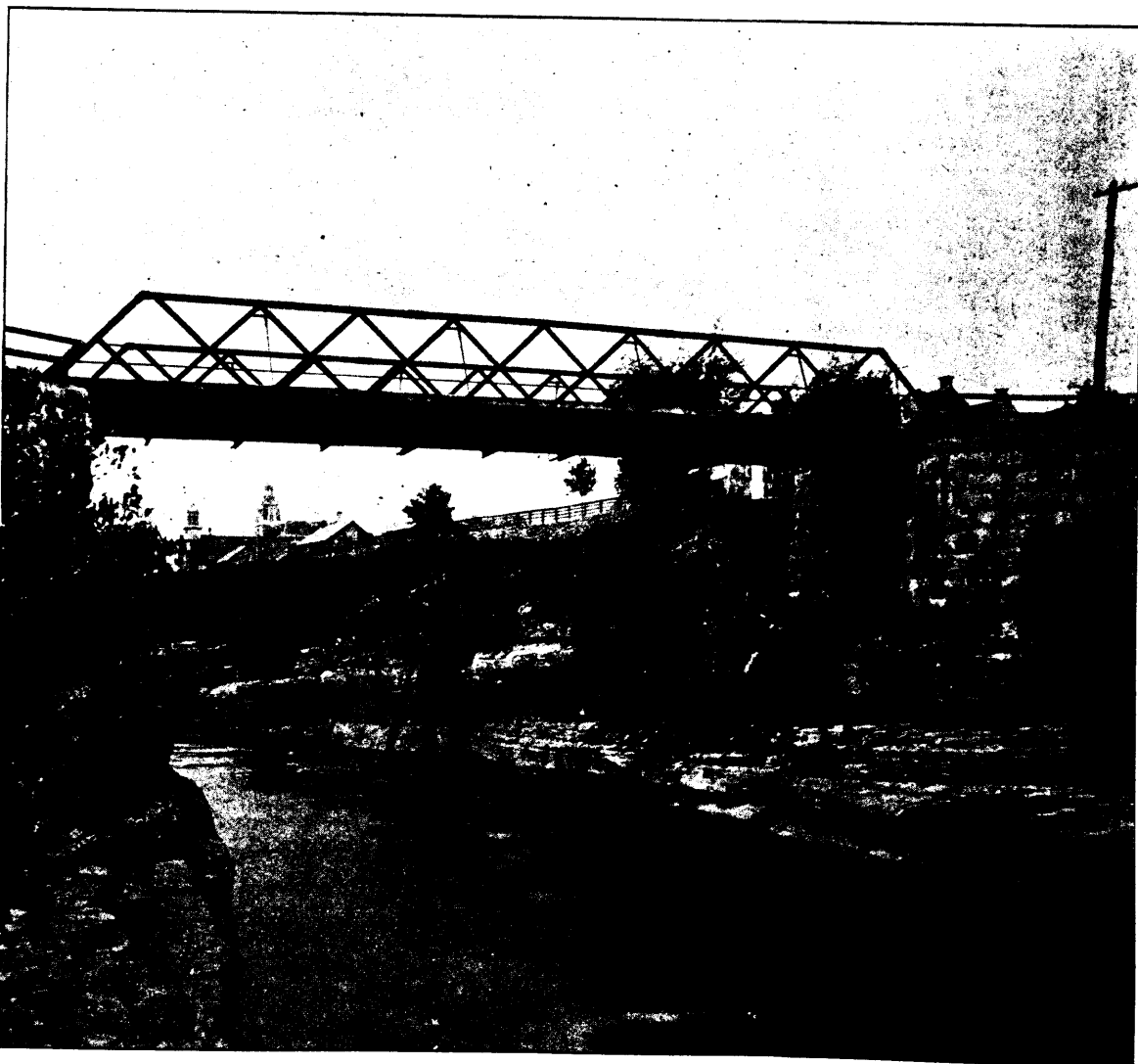
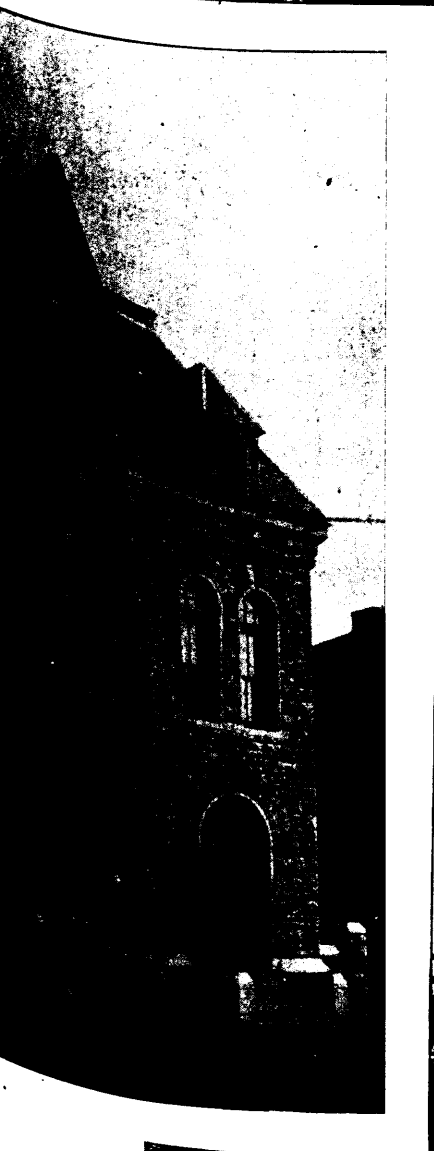
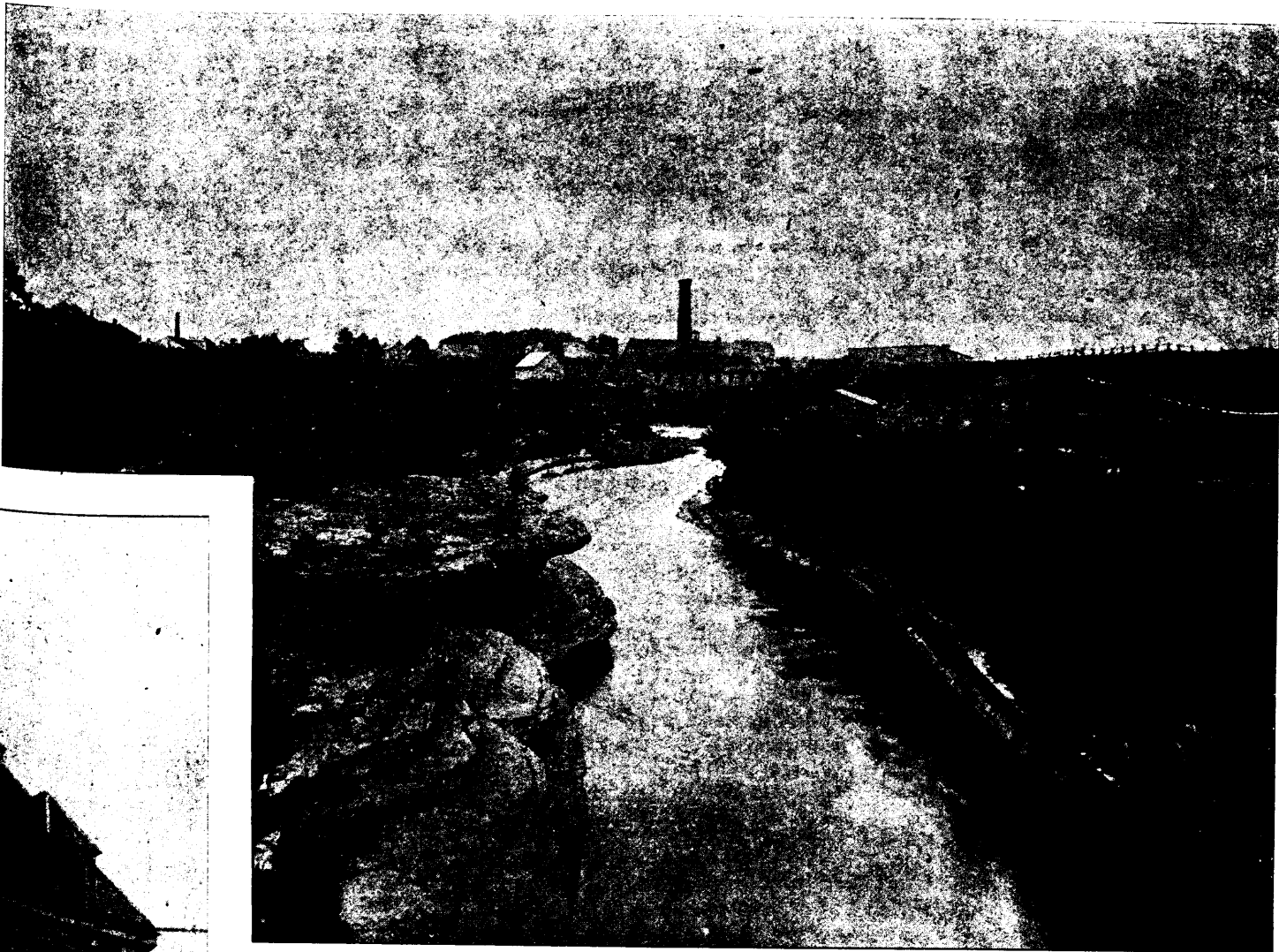
(To be Continued.)



QUEBEC DRY DOCK.



THE L'ASSOMPTION RIVER, ABOVE THE MILL-DAM,
THE OLD AND NEW PARISH CHURCHES.



THE RIVER, BELOW THE MILL-DAM.
BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER.



DRUMMONDVILLE, 30th July, 1891.

RT and Literature" in Toronto, as elsewhere, are taking their hard-earned holidays. But not lazily; their representatives have taken pencils, sketch books, and pads in plenty, and will present the public with many interesting records of their observations in due time.

Your correspondent was invited as usual to be present at the annual celebration of the Battle of Lundy's Lane, by the Historical Society, of which she has the honour to be an honorary member. The date falling on a Saturday, it was thought that the size of the gathering might be seriously affected there-

by; it was, however, a delightful surprise to see a crowd of some fifteen hundred interested people surrounding the little platform, erected as usual under the shade of the fine trees that crown the ridge of the historic hill. Large flags were draped over the platform, and both large and small ones were dotted throughout the cemetery, marking in especial the last resting place of Laura Secord, the heroine of 1812, and also the lowly graves of pioneers, militiamen and British soldiers, who endured, fought, and fell for the right to be free and loyal.

The day opened cloudy, but became delightful, and it has rarely been the lot of a community, placed as this is, away from the great centres of the cities, to listen to five as splendid speeches as were made on this notable occasion.

The chairman was, very properly, the Dominion member, William German, M.P., who called first upon Rev. Canon Bull, the president of the society. Canon Bull sketched the progress and aims of the Historical Society, and a very marked feature in the valuable record was the wise and continuous use of the lecture desk and the press. No pains is spared to engage the aid of literary men and women in getting together and verifying historical records and traditions, and this has yielded a series of valuable lectures and papers, which the Historical Society has printed at no light expenditure, and several of which, more particularly "The Battle of Lundy's Lane," by Capt. Ernest Cruikshank, of Fort Erie, have had to be re-issued in a second edition.

The fearless, incisive, accurate and logical address of Col. G. T. Denison made a strong impression, and if produced in the form of a tractate would form a more than ordinarily valuable addition to our historical literature.

It is almost remarkable that such a family of loyalists and of soldiers, of clean instincts, logical minds and intellectual gifts as the Denisons, should not yet have produced any jurists.

Mr. J. L. Hughes, Inspector of Public Schools for Toronto, was a stranger to the audience, but he is so no longer. His patriotic address, embellished by a merry wit, took people by storm, and won for his more serious statements a respectful consideration.

Mr. Alexander Muir, Principal of Gladstone Avenue Public School, Toronto, made a very dramatic and brilliant appeal to Canadian patriotism, and concluded by singing one of the songs, for the production of which he has become famous:

"Hurrah for Canada!"

A most apposite and delightful accident brought to the platform three visitors from New Brunswick,—Hon. Wm.

Wilson, M.P.P., Fredericton; Mr. G. R. Vincent, Barrister-at-Law, St. John; and a gentleman of St. John, whose name escapes me. Needless to say they were welcomed with enthusiasm, and the common feeling most heartily expressed was that such a linking of New Brunswick and Ontario was sure to bind Canadians more closely and lead to good results.

Hon. Mr. Wilson was called upon to speak, and gave a rousing speech which was warmly applauded. The hon. gentleman was furnished on the occasion with a text which he used with force and success, for it was to the assistance of the Niagara Frontier that the 104th made that tremendous and ever notable march on snow-shoes part of the way from Fredericton, to Montreal. They were at Lundy's Lane, and helped to win that famous victory. Mr. Wilson said, as all felt, that the warm Canadian spirit that led to such an exploit was still alive, and should Ontario ever need New Brunswick's aid it was hers most heartily.

A pretty story, with a pathetic ending however, was told your correspondent by an old man, until lately residing at Drummondville, named Isaac Leach. He said he was but a lad at the date of the battle of Lundy's Lane, and knowing that there was going to be a fight on the hill got into an old apple tree on the ridge "to see the fun." But an officer of the 104th seeing him amid the branches, fetched him down in a hurry and ordered him off home much to his disgust, his childish ignorance not allowing him to realize the dreadful danger of a battle-field. That officer afterwards turned out to be the lad's mother's brother, whom she had not seen or heard of for many years.

"I had enough of the fight at night," said the old man to me, "for the wounded were brought to our house, and I had to hold the candle for the surgeons while they took off shattered legs and arms. But I fought the rebels in Thirty-seven myself."

Very fine points were made by Dr. Ferguson, ex-M.P. for Welland, who called the attention of Canadians to the rich heritage of the North-West, whose rivers, running north and east, had deposited a soil of such alluvial richness that practically it could never be worn out, and which, by means of the splendid railway that, like a golden girdle, clasps the Empire and Canada in enduring union, makes our country the nation that is to be. For this Canada the heroes lying in the dust at Lundy's Lane, and on many another hard won battle-field, fell, and for this Canada her sons must not only be ready to die, but also to live.

Mr. Remington, President of the Buffalo Historical Society, was present, not for the first time on these occasions, and contributed a paper on the war of 1812, part of which was in verse, the beauty and elegance of which led to a request by several literary people present for a copy. Mr. Remington accordingly promised to have copies struck off for presentation.

Students of history will be glad to learn that Mr. Remington has in preparation, and nearly ready for the printer, a monograph,—The shipyard of the Griffon, of some fifty or sixty sheets. That shipyard was almost upon the present site of Buffalo, and La Salle's famous portage along the Niagara shore cannot fail to recur to the mind of the student who gazes across the vast chasm of rushing and roaring waters that chant forever a requiem and a Te Deum.

I must not dare to speak of the beauties of Queen Victoria (Niagara Falls) Park, but I must impress on the minds of travellers and tourists the wrong they do themselves by seeing the Cataract from the American side only. The Park is free, all but the islands, where only a nominal toll of ten cents is taken, and in the Museum is to be found—free—a fine collection of the minerals of Ontario.

A half length bust of Sir Casimir Gzowski, chief commissioner of Queen Victoria Park, has been placed near the pavilion. It is a fine likeness, and was executed by the Canadian sculptor, Dunbar, of Toronto.

It is freely expressed that a statue of the Queen, and another of Lord Dufferin, who first proposed the desirability of the park and gave it his warm support, would be but a graceful acknowledgment, both of our loyalty to Her Majesty and our indebtedness to Lord Dufferin's wise foresight.

S. A. CURZON.

The Coliseum.

"When the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the lone night-breeze waves along the air
The garland forest which the grey walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Caesar's head;
When the light shines serene but doth not glare;—
Then in this magic circle raise the dead!
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread."
—BYRON.



F all the ruins that throng Rome—the "lone mother of dead empires," none is more eloquent of vanished glory than the Coliseum. It was commenced in 72 A.D. by Vespasian, and eight years afterwards completed by Titus, who employed thousands of captive Jews upon the works. It was built in four stories, each one formed by a series of arches, framed by columns with their entablature—for the Romans, in adopting the Greek orders, used them for ornament rather than use. The colonnade on the first story is Tuscan, on the second Ionic, on the third Corinthian; while on the fourth story, which is somewhat higher than the others, pilasters support the cornice of the building, and take the place of the arcade. In the upper story are sockets for the insertion of poles, which supported the canvas sails, that protected the audience from the weather. Three tiers of seats inside correspond to the external stories—the highest enclosed in a colonnade. The space below the seats was occupied by stairways, cells, and vaulted corridors. The ground-plan is six hundred feet long by five hundred feet wide. Eighty-seven thousand people could be comfortably accommodated in it, and a hundred thousand have crowded it on great occasions.

The festival with which this masterpiece of Roman architecture was opened lasted a hundred days—during which nine thousand wild beasts were killed in conflict with gladiators and with each other. Human blood flowed as freely; men fighting with men, and even women with women, to gratify the brutal taste of the populace. Thus inaugurated, the Coliseum was for many a long year the favourite resort of the Romans. Delicate, high-born ladies shared the thirst for blood, and frequently gave the signal that the combat should be to the death. The sight of men fighting with each other and with wild beasts ceased at last to excite. The people craved a new sensation, and to gratify it the Christians were brought upon the scene—not to fight, but simply to be torn in pieces. Timid women, tottering old men, and little children, vied with bold warriors in courage and constancy. Whenever a public calamity happened, the cry was, "The Christians to the lions!" a cry that to those eager for the crown of martyrdom was but the joyful signal, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him!" The saintly Ignatius astonished his guards by his haste to reach the arena, and was more eager for the lions than the lions for him.

Gladiatorial fights outlasted paganism. Constantine prohibited them; but the people were so enraged that to avoid an insurrection the prohibition was revoked. In 403, A.D., however, a monk—Telemachus by name—boldly rushed into the arena and separated the combatants. The spectators, roused to frenzy at this interruption of their sport, tore up the marble seats and threw them down upon him. But, their passion over, they yielded to his self-sacrifice what they had refused to their Emperor's commands; and Telemachus was the Coliseum's last victim.

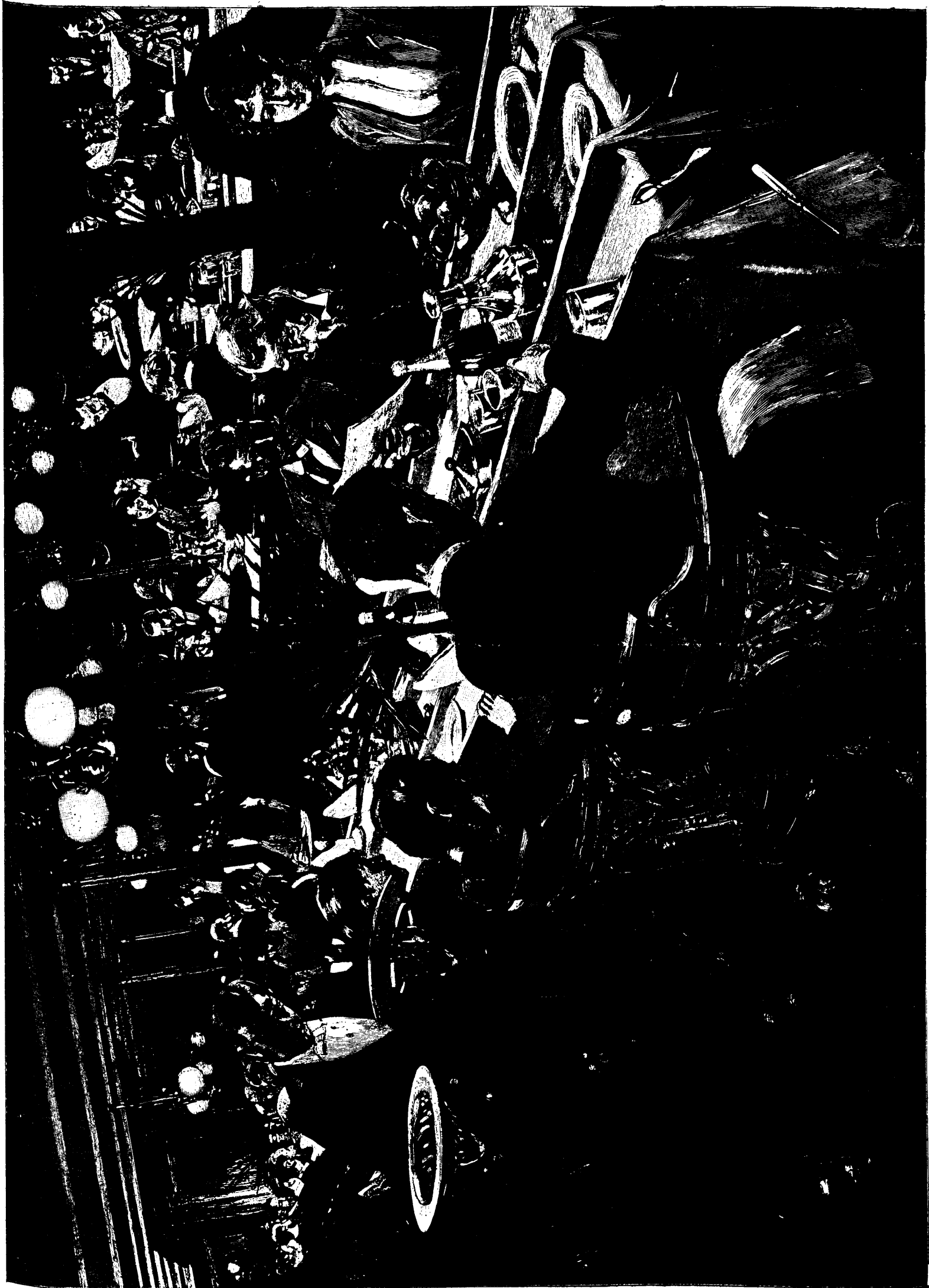
In the rage for building which marked the 12th century, the ready chiselled stone and marble of this structure were temptations not to be withstood. Cardinal Farnese, who began the spoliation, wrung from his uncle, Pope Paul III, permission to take away as much stone as he could carry off in twelve hours. The Cardinal outwitted the Pope by employing four thousand workmen. The quarrying thus begun was not entirely stayed until Benedict XIV, in the last century, consecrated the entire edifice as a Christian church—thus making further spoliation an act of sacrilege.

The Stations of the Cross stand out now against the podium; and an immense cross occupies the centre of the vast enclosure. The Galilean has conquered!

A. M. MACLEOD.

Keeping His Hand In.—Musical editor (meeting composer): Hello, Tewness, I haven't seen you since you got married. Doing anything in our line?

Composer—Nothing much. Only a little—er—cradle song in A flat.



DINNER-TIME ON A FRENCH LINER.
(Drawn by F. de Thulstrup.)



A French Teagown—Children's Summer Frocks—Princess Christian's Presents—The Queen's Dignity—Omnibus Women—A Useful Washing Dress—Summer Hats and Bonnets—Jam Time—Summer and Autumn Flittings—The New Swiss Suits.



FRENCH teagown is represented in my first sketch. What is more comfortable than, when one is hot and tired, to slip on an easy, light, loose robe, and yet without the sloppiness and bed-roomy look of a dressing-gown? In such an one as this you are perfectly dressed, and may quite well appear at late dinner at home. This one would not be at all expensive to make at home either. It is composed of ecru-coloured lace, by the piece, of any good design—a guipure pattern is best. It should be worn over an under-dress of water-green silk, or if you wish to make it cheaper, of



sateen. It is, as you see, drawn to the waist by a band of silk, and the same material in this beautiful shade of green forms the outside dress, which fits to the figure in princess fashion at the back, but falls with loose fronts down each side. The plain undersleeves are also of green silk to match, and just show a little beyond the wing-like over ones of lace. To enhance the beauty of this elegant dress, you

might make it still more lovely by lining the loose fronts of the green silk with plain coral pink silk—a surah or pongee—and by having the sleeves and under-dress—under the lace—of the same shade. Simple things are nearly always the prettiest, and I think you will agree with me that this dress is quite simple. It is a souvenir of one worn by a clever actress at one of the Paris theatres, but sufficiently simple to suit our English ladies' characteristics and taste.

Children's summer frocks require almost as much consideration and thought as those of their elders. In going to the country or seaside, one often wants a better little frock for Sunday than merely the ordinary cottons—though when they are carefully washed and "got up" nothing is nicer—particularly if a cold day comes. I think you will find the first of these two a very useful one for a little girl of five, made of cream or fawn *mousseline de laine*, and very simply trimmed with bands of deep violet velvet on cream, or deep olive green on fawn. The other child wears a pretty grey dress of cashmere, cut like a small r-dingote, and trimmed with fine grey cord passementerie of quite a simple design. The front inside is made of pleated crepon in the same shade



of grey, and this is just kept in place by a belt of the passementerie fringed with little grey silk *glands* or drops; a similar short fringe appearing at the neck. The sleeves are fuffed into the shoulders and gradually tighten into the wrists, where they are also trimmed with the passementerie. The children should wear stockings to correspond in colour, and shoes also, if possible, when in the house. Tan boots look very well at the seaside. If you like to keep children's frocks fairly clean, whilst not denying them the intense delight of grubbing against the seaside stones or sand, thin waterproof aprons for the girls, that tie quite round the little dresses behind, and loose overall trousers for the boys, are invaluable.

Princess Christian's presents on the occasion of her silver wedding included two caskets from the Artists' Guild, to contain addresses of congratulation, and a magnificent quilt, pillow, screen, and Bible and prayer book from the lady workers and committee of the Royal School of Art Needlework. As I had a very special invitation to inspect them all I thought I would give you a careful description of them, more detailed than may find its way into other papers. So if I speak of artistic needlework for two weeks running you must please forgive me. Now to tell you about the caskets, which were both very beautiful in different ways. One was composed of silk of an exquisite quality in a pale pink, shot with blue, making the opaline mauve tint now so very fashionable. The lid and sides were beautifully embroidered in gold. The other, of larger proportions, was of wood, engraved by the Misses Palmer with a new, so-called, "burnt-work," and lined throughout with cedar. It bears the following inscription engraved round it: "Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates." The design was from the clever brain of Signor M. Smargiassi. The Royal School of Art Needlework, which, as you know, has so long been under the especial care and presidency of Princess Helena, had a grand opportunity

of showing its gratitude and affection for her, and richly royally has it risen to the occasion. The beautiful quilt worked by its members deserves a very particular description. It is composed of amber satin, with a large circular piece in the centre of white satin. The edge of this is worked over in a peculiar twisted kind of stitch, in a rich, dark heliotrope silk. In the centre of the white satin is placed the royal monogram, surmounted by the crown arranged with white satin, the crown or circlet being worked in such clever fashion as to have the appearance of gold studded with pearls. The splendid centre-piece is *encadre* by the rose of England in conventional form, with buds and leaves worked in the softest shade of pink, and varieties of green silks. At each corner a scroll of white satin is entwined with small sprays of the conventionalised roses most artistically. With this quilt is included a handsome cushion of the same amber satin, similarly decorated with roses, and bordered with a voluminous frill. The committee, which includes many ladies of well known rank and fame, have presented the Princess with a superb one-panelled screen, the work and design being suggested by an old Spanish one. They also gave a Bible and prayer book, bound in embroidered crimson velvet worked in old bullion from a very ancient design. The sumptuous dress worn by Princess Christian on her silver wedding day,—a pearl grey satin embroidered with the rose, shamrock and thistle, in gold, as well as one of the trousseau dresses of her newly married daughter, also emanate from the work-rooms of the Royal School of Art Needlework.

Apropos of the late royal wedding, two or three people have remarked to me upon the deep impression made upon them by the Queen's dignity. On that occasion she was looking wonderfully well and bright, and walked—for her—quite actively as she bowed right and left in response to the salutations she received on all sides. Though always a *petite* personage, and now stout and aged, there never was a sovereign who looks more queenly than our royal and imperial ruler. She has, for a little woman, a wonderful dignity and presence which is quite peculiar to herself. This is felt by all who ever met her, foreigners included. For instance, I remember a French lady, who was present at the great state reception given by the late Emperor Napoleon, and the Empress Eugenie to the Queen and Prince Albert, at the Tuileries, long ago, saying: "The Empress looked superb, for she was just then at the zenith of her beauty, and she was magnificently dressed, and ablaze with diamonds. But your queen who was attired quite plainly in simple white silk with the blue ribbon of the Garter and a few other orders, looked far more the queen (*'elle était plus reine'*, to use my friend's own words) than the beautiful woman beside her, for she had such a dignity." And yet no one is more unpretending and simpler in her ways and tastes than Queen Victoria.

Omnibus women, or those who ride daily in omnibuses, are having a grave charge made against them. It would appear that the drivers of these useful public conveyances have been attacked on the score of cruelty by the emissaries of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and that they have shifted the blame to those of their passengers who are of our sex. Omnibus horses are certainly some of the hardest worked of our equine servants, and it is terrible to relate that in consequence of that work they are not long lived. One thing more than another that shortens their existence is the continual pulling up, and starting again with the heavy strain this involves; and the people who are mostly responsible for this are the members of our sex, I regret to say. Just to be carried a yard or two further they will permit of this cruel tension on the poor animals' mouths, legs, and backs, several times in the distance of two or three hundred yards, and thus, with reason the drivers say: "It's the stoppings and the startings that kill the horses, but the women don't care for that!" No, I am afraid they don't, and as I have before pointed out, they are equally unsympathetic in the matter of bits, and bearing reins, which is a long drawn-out torture, though they will scream, and be horrified if a horse falls down. You may say with justice, we are no more, if so cruel than men, but that makes it no better; I hope in many things that we do not resemble men, but we must ourselves be above reproach, else we are in no position to blame them when they are cruel. I cannot help saying that far more good would result if the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were more numerous, and more active, and I should like to see some such a society

originated, and carried on by the members of our sex, whether in connection with, or in addition to the S.P.C.A., which might empower them with the authority to draw attention to cruelties that would otherwise pass unheeded, and unremedied.

A useful washing dress is a most necessary affair in summer time, especially for those of my kind readers who affect cotton costumes and are not troubled with expensive laundresses. Nothing looks prettier, nor is more becoming to English girls than a fresh, clean, well 'got up' cambric dress on a hot summer day. It is very much the fashion now to trim these with lace or embroidery, 'broderie anglaise' as it is called, in contra distinction to other kinds of work, and the great thing in arranging a dress of this kind is to have it easy to wash and iron. Now please look at the accompany-



ing little sketch, and I think you will find it fulfils these requirements. The skirt is trimmed with flounces of work or guipure, slightly gathered on, or they can be run on flat, and the cambric of the dress full'd slightly to the waist as you see. The bodice has the embroidery set on at the side seams and left loose (not sewed down) so as to fasten across to each side, whilst the laundress can easily iron it when open. The frills on the shoulders should be either gauffred, or done with an Italian iron. This style of costume is most suitable to cambrics, prints, hollands, or foulards, and other washing silks. It would also look very well in plain white. The one I give you was pale water green foulard, which is one of the best tints to go with a white trimming. Of course, the most fashionable colours now are this light green, pale pink, heliotrope, or old rose, and grey.

Summer hats and bonnets are now becoming very pretty—indeed, in my opinion it is the time of year when all millinery has the very best opportunity of being becoming and tasteful, because flowers and fruit are in season, and to wear them is quite appropriate. With the shady hats that are so very fashionable just now a large quantity of flowers or fruit may be worn without their looking overdone or top-heavy. Those seen lately at the Prince and Princess of Wales' garden party, where every one puts on their very best, particularly some of the hats, were adorned with flowers. The young Princesses Victoria and Maud wore the basket hats that look so picturesque, covered with a trimming of roses. Their little Edinburgh cousins also had light straw hats garlanded with roses. Fruit now is a little superseding flowers, and I therefore give you this week a white crinoline lace hat trimmed with mixed white, black, and red cherries with their own leaves and stalks. These should be laid round the front of the hat like a wreath, and terminate at the back as if tied with the ribbon bows, which may be of any colour to suit or match the costume. The little straw bonnet below is of a soft shade of green in willow straw. It is trimmed very simply with a row of pink roses or rather a mauve tint, and two little black wings set on in front with smaller ones behind, the narrow strings being of black ribbon velvet to correspond. This is a useful little bonnet, easy to trim at home, and suitable for either a smart or a

quiet occasion. The toque is quite a summer one, and though it has its crown composed of light blue silk, the high-pointed brim is made of dark blue straw. This brim is cut down in the middle so as to rise in a point on each side. Thus it affords a space for the knotted ends of the pale blue



handkerchief that drapes the crown, and is tied in front so cleverly as to let the extreme points of the two ends stand up like two wings. A small tuft of shaded blue ostrich feathers trims the back.

Jam time is upon us, for it is essentially the fruit season, and this no good housekeeper will ignore, but take every advantage of, accordingly. Preserves should be looked upon as one of the first accomplishments of a good housewife, and to make them a success care and attention are requisite, and the watchfulness and general treatment that come never so perfectly as from the hands of a refined woman. Now, on this subject I shall have much to say, therefore, rather than be wearisome, I shall ask your kind leave to let my remarks extend to next week as well. Since luxuries in the way of preserves, and bottled fruits have become so much more reasonable, many people think it positive waste of time and money to make their own, giving as the reason that it is so much easier and less expensive to buy them ready-made. It may be easier, very possibly, but I query whether it is less expensive, and if you are the good cook in this line that most of our Scotch neighbours are, you will know that no bought jam was ever so delicately flavoured as your own, nor can you be certain that when they are the manufactured wares of the large wholesale makers, they are so carefully supervised or as cleanly and purely dealt with as the infinitely smaller quantities over which you can keep a watchful eye. This is said with no want of respect to the great jam-makers, whose preserves are certainly wonderful for the money, but they would probably agree with me in their own minds, that like many another home manufacture, home-made jam when thoroughly well done is quite unrivalled. Those housekeepers who are obliged to buy their fruit in towns are heavily handicapped by the chance of its not having been gathered dry, which is naturally fatal to the keeping powers of any jam. But a thoroughly respectable greengrocer will now and then kindly take the trouble to see that the fruit they supply to their customers does not linger on the road from the market gardeners who supply the market. When it is possible, see that your fruit is gathered some fine, dry, sunshiny morning, and if you cannot preserve it immediately after picking, which is most advisable, and are obliged to keep it, do so in a dry room or cellar. I have always found the best way in the case of the juicy seed fruits is to lay them out on sheets of brown paper, separating each berry or bunch as much as possible. Stone fruits should be similarly treated, and not allowed to touch each other, and turned over daily. Having for many years been in the habit of making over two hundred pounds weight of jam annually I think I may lay claim to a little experience in the matter. In the preparation of the fruit there is a great deal of difference between the wholesale and home-made preserves. In peeling, stoning or halving stone fruit only a silver knife

should be used, especially in the case of cherries and other acid stone fruits. The most careful handling is needed in any of the three operations so that the berry, or plum should not retain a bruised appearance afterwards. Even with the two most ordinary preserves, namely gooseberry and black currant, though it is certainly rather laborious, each berry ought to be topped, and tailed, and that not with the fingers, which rarely fail to break the skin or to mash the fruit. I prefer an old pair of scissors, and this little extra trouble is well worth the while in the improvement, and wonderful difference it makes in the jam. The hulls of raspberries and strawberries are unfortunately hardly amenable to this snipping process, but even in their case it is best to use a silver fork.

Summer and Autumn flittings have already begun, and if there is a thing that is the corner stone of our comfort on these occasions, it is to be provided with a thoroughly useful waterproof, comfortable, and above all not too cumbersome trunk. We "poor weak women," as the men kindly call us with the superiority and bumptiousness peculiar to their sex, are generally chaffed about the size and volume of our luggage, and general impedimenta. But now, by a clever invention, a trunk has been made of a peculiarly prepared wood fibre overlaid with a waterproof cement into sheets. These sheets have a layer of thick canvas cemented to each, and when welded all together a substance or plate is the result, of about quarter-of-an-inch in thickness. Though comparatively thin this peculiar stuff will bear no end of knocking about, and is not only lighter, but thus more durable than the wicker dress baskets covered with waterproof, which we have long thought the acme of delightful and unweighty luggage. Where weight is a matter of money, as in foreign and Colonial travelling, the advantage of having one's possessions placed in a casing that is not a serious item in the "ponderosity" of one's boxes, is naturally very great. So as many of my kind readers may be thinking of their annual outing, I tell them of this as a useful thing to know.

The new Swiss belts, or *corselets*, as the French people name them, I particularly wish to call to your attention. You have probably often noticed them in one or another form in the sketches I have given you of dresses from time to time. Well, now I wish to recommend them to you for those summer dresses to which you may find it useful to wear blouse bodices, because they are so far prettier and tidier than merely an ordinary ribbon waistbelt. Many people find a difficulty in keeping the blouse nice and taut, as sailors say; it has an unpleasant way of bagging at the waist by an extra movement, and not resuming its place. This can be greatly obviated by wearing an ordinary ribbon band round the blouse itself under that of the skirt, and by having the usual ribbon band with a buckle outside all. But the Swiss belt is better still, and keeps matters much more in order, and shipshape, (dear me, I am getting quite nautical!) and is less trouble in the end.

The Other Side.

A REMEMBRANCE.

No traveller in Switzerland who has ever noted the peculiarities of the country can have failed to mark the wonderful and suggestive contrasts (so delicately dwelt on by the late Matthew Arnold), between the terrible Alpine heights, given over to snow and desolation, where the very blood seems poisoned in its course, and the fruitful and smiling valleys on either side. A remembrance of this kind, connected with the forbidding pass of the Simplon, and the beautiful valley town of Domo d'Ossola, prompted these lines.

There are fresh blooms and ripening trees
Down in the valleys sweet;
All perfume gathers to the breeze,
All flowers beneath the feet.

This is below—but up, thou seest
This mountain, bleak and bare;—
Thou Something at my side that fleest,
Ah! canst thou be Despair?

Betwixt me and that lovely land
What leagues of anguish lie!
Is there a place where one may stand,
Still under stiller sky?

ONE, rich in mercy, reigns, who knows
All that thy spirit keeps;
A little space beyond these snows,
Waiting, Italia sleeps.

{ CLAUDE BERWICK.
{ A. R. G. HUNT.



THE BELLE OF THE SETTLEMENT

BY HENRY C. MITCHELL.



HE was coming! Great Scott! What news! She had actually started, and was expected to arrive within a few days.

It was enough to upset the equanimity of all the "Boys" in the settlement—and it did.

It was in one of the settlements of the North West, the exact locality of which it is unnecessary to specify—it occurred in a year needless to chronicle, and concerned a number of young gentlemen, whose names it might perhaps be unwise to mention!

Having thus briefly described the location, time and *dramatis personæ*, let us proceed with our "Pitiful Story."

There were a good number of us "Boys" in the settlement in those days, independent householders (house by courtesy), and according to the assessment roll we were "Farmers." I feel safer in quoting so reliable an authority as that, than in making a serious statement on my own responsibility, for I have heard this assertion doubted, by persons who plumed themselves on their ability to detect the genuine article! Let it suffice to say, however, that we were quite satisfied on that point ourselves, however skeptical others might be as to our right to so honourable a designation.

The average age of the brotherhood was at that time about twenty-one, and, strange as it may sound, although having reached such an age we were still unmarried! This was a state of affairs that caused us much unhappiness, although as a matter of fact, none of us felt we were to blame in the matter! We were quite willing, nay anxious, to serve in the ranks of the Benedicts; the fact of there being no eligible young ladies in the district may account in some measure for the unfortunate condition we were placed in, at any rate I have always thought it had something to do with it! Being then in this frame of mind, it will be easily understood what a state of excitement we were all in when it was announced on good authority that a young lady, pretty, amiable, and eligible in every way, was expected to arrive almost immediately, on a visit to one of the very few married ladies of our settlement. Our joy was not quite unalloyed, however, for although this was an event often discussed and hoped for in the "Shanties," the abruptness of the announcement brought consternation in our midst. We were not ready! Our houses were not in order, our washing was not home. To those young gentlemen who dwell in cities, and who are wont to adorn the sidewalks of a summer evening, habited in the most fashionable and striking apparel, such a predicament would cause slight embarrassment. "Washing not home,—that's nothing; all you have to do is to telephone to the steam laundry," they would say; "or if it isn't starched, buy another." (It is unnecessary to go into particulars).

The difficulty, however, with us was simply that there wasn't a steam laundry nor was there a telephone, neither could we have bought another had we wished to; our store didn't keep them in those days. Then again our laundry was managed on different lines to those city institutions. All the steam there was about it arose from the boiler that stood on the cooking stove, and which supplied the establishment with the necessary hot water, and was replenished from time to time from a wooden pail that stood near.

Then there was a beautiful uncertainty about when your things would be ready, there being no competition in our settlement; the lady who presided at the tub was a perfect autocrat; hers was a despotic sway; if the Duchess of the wash tub was indisposed, you had to wait; if Her Grace had decided that now was the time for gathering berries, and had placed your modest bundle of clothes outside the Castle wall, under the eaves where the rain could drain off

the sod roof on to it, very good, it is her pleasure! Don't argue! It is better not to; let 'em go, or Her Grace may point her noble finger to the door, "Begone, vile caitiff, avaunt, base minion! Down with the portcullis. Up with the drawbridge. Hie thee to the Buttery. Git!" And then where are you? So you see in this case, as it is often in others, prospective pleasure was tinged with present difficulties. However, each man felt he must make every effort to forward his cause, and realized the fact that in the approaching campaign he would have to rely solely on himself, and that this business was totally unlike any other. Usually when any difficulty arose we could count on the support and sympathy of all the fellows, but in an affair of this kind every one, to descend to the vernacular, ran his own show.

The competition would be very keen. On the evening of the eventful day when the great tidings were spread around, I drew up my chair in front of the fire to indulge in a thorough review of the whole situation and weigh carefully every chance for or against me in the coming contest.

The beautiful stranger was expected to arrive very shortly, although no one knew exactly the day, so I thought I ought to have the plan of campaign cut and dried beforehand. First, when ought I to call? Then what should I wear? These two were questions I felt should be settled before going any further, and I pulled away at my pipe. "The thing is, you know," I argued to myself, "the thing is whether I should score more by trying to get an introduction before anyone else, or whether I should wait for a few days until all the other fellows have called, and then sail down and knock 'em all out?" The latter course commended itself to me as the most advisable. Then what shall I wear? This was a knotty point. "You see, my boy," I argued, "it depends a good deal how the girl has been brought up; if she has been allowed to stuff her silly head with novels about wild Indians, hardy trappers of the West, etc., I might make more impression if I went in top boots, duck trowsers, blue shirt with red handkerchief, wide brimmed hat, cartridge belt, spurs and Peter's duck gun. But if, on the other hand, she was sent to school early and kept there she may be intellectual and favour the professor style more, and then I could go in my carpet shoes, rubber coat, felt hat and spectacles.

These were difficult questions, and I smoked harder, in hope of soon getting at the inspiring part of the pipe. Finally I decided that it was very difficult to determine how this young lady had been brought up, and what her tastes were, that I would just go as an ordinary individual, as decently clothed as time and the Duchess would allow, for unfortunately at that time Her Grace had no washing of mine, and I should have to take it there at once. Then came the question,—after being introduced what subject should I choose for conversation? This was a very nice point; you city fellows mayn't think so, but when there is only one girl to about forty men ordinary small talk is nowhere. Any fool can talk about that! What you want is something striking, something that would remain in her mind, you know, to distinguish you from the rest of the crowd.

If she was a society young lady, I feared I should have rather a hard job to interest her. I could not tell her very much about the last party, what the girls wore and what a fright I thought the other girl looked, you know, for there hadn't been a party. However, one thing is certain, I should have to squeeze in some quotation in French or Latin or something of that kind, for one of our fellows was a great classic, "old H. H.," and he would be sure to let off some

Greek or something, and I must keep level at all costs. French, I thought I could remember most of, and briefly outlined a conversation in which I could wriggle in a few words. She might say, you know, "How very delighted I am to make your acquaintance," and then I could reply, "It affords me much pleasure to hear you say so. Sans peur et sans reproche." Or it might be she would say (if she was a judge of character), "I thought Mr. H. H. rather a foolish young man, don't you?" and I would reply, "Oh, yes, I agree with you. Honi soit qui mal y pense. Old H. H. hasn't much 'aplomb' about him."

After letting these gems off I could turn the conversation for fear of vain repetition. On arising next morning, clearly the first thing to be done was to journey up to the Duchess without loss of time with my bundle. So after doing the necessary "chores" I hitched up the oxen to the cart, and started away in the hope of getting my apparel attended to before any of the other fellows arrived.

The castle of the Duchess was some three miles distant from my shanty, and when I had gone about two-and-a-half miles I was near enough to see that there were no rigs at the door, which was encouraging, as I hoped I was going to be first; but presently as I was trudging along by the side of the oxen with my modest bundle tied in a large red handkerchief, slung on a stick across my shoulder, I saw what appeared to be a team and rig in the distance; but instead of heading for the castle, to my surprise it seemed to be coming my way. As it drew nearer I thought I could distinguish an umbrella shading the driver; this struck me as rather unusual; none of the boys owned such a thing, it must be a lady; and as the rig was now rapidly approaching the horse appeared very familiar. "That is Mrs. Dash's horse, I am sure," I said to myself, "but who has she got with her?" for now they were near enough for me to see that there was another lady in the trap, who also had a parasol, a large red one. "By jove, this is going to be interesting. Who the Dickens can it be?" Then I remembered Mrs. Dash was the lady the beautiful stranger was to stay with. A cold shudder ran through me. "Impossible! it can't be her." But something made me feel that it *must* be. "Oh where can I get to? What on earth shall I do?" They were very close now, coming right down on me. I tried to pull my old hat farther down, turn up my ragged old collar and sneak along by the oxen on the side farthest away. If it was her, it couldn't be worse. I wasn't ready. I felt I didn't look like a wild hunter, I didn't look like a professor, didn't look—look very clean! I couldn't remember what I meant to talk about, all the French was jumbled up. They were within a few yards. I got nervous, excited, I didn't dare to look up. They were opposite! They were passing, thank Heav— "Good morning, Mr. Henry; what a beautiful day it is."

It was Mrs. Dash's voice, and I had to look up, and there on the far side I could see the edge of that beautiful sunshade with lace around the edge, and just then it canted over and I saw the face of the stranger! I felt so overcome I was speechless. Mrs. Dash coughed; I felt I ought to reply to her remark on the weather, and so I dashed in regardless of consequences.

"Oh yes, indeed, very lovely, and so unexpected!—that is, I mean the weather is lovely, you know, quite warm enough for a red para—Ehem! Ah yes, beautiful weather." Mrs. Dash looked at me steadily, and then turning to the visitor by her side, said "Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Henry, to you, Marie." The visitor smiled bewitchingly as she bowed, and as Mrs. Dash went through the mystic words of introduction I had just sense enough to lift the ancient curio that did duty for a hat, but the

situation was cruel; here I was, fairly caught, after all the elaborate plans I laid too! First, questioning whether I should look better in the costume of a hunter, then favouring the professor style, or a curate or a professional man, and now to be caught arrayed in clothes a rag-picker would be ashamed to be seen in!

But I felt I couldn't stand there all day grinning, so plunged in again. What I said it is impossible to say, but after floundering along with apologies for my appearance, explanations where I was going, what the bundle on my shoulder was, &c, I had to stop, mumbling something about the sun being very hot and not feeling well. "Good-bye, Mr. Henry, I hope the sun is not too strong to-day for you, good-bye," and with a look that would have turned a horse from his oats, Mrs. Dash whipped up the horse and drove on. And I laughed a horrid laugh and put the red bundle in the trail and drove the cart over it, and struck the oxen over the head with the stick and threw my hat away and kicked myself around the block.

There is not very much more to tell you now. I felt my chance of ingratiating myself would be very slim now and retired to the solitude of my shanty for a few days to try and recover a little, but on Sunday I thought I might venture to church, and sit somewhere in the back and do a little gazing on my own account. So I got up early on Sunday morning, and had a good two hours in the dressing business, at the end of which I felt I had done my best, and set off to walk over to the school-house where service was held.

I walked slowly, so as to arrive cool and fresh, and when I got there, I found a crowd of other fellows outside waiting to get in; there did not seem to be much talking going on, every man looked at his neighbour sideways, and there seemed to be a lack of cordiality about us all. I remember thinking to myself, What a sight that Norman looks. Fancy wearing a collar like that! He can't afford to take liberties with himself in that fashion! And old Peter! I had always liked him, but this morning, poor chap, I thought, its a good job the power is *not* given us "To see oursel's as ithers see us" or he'd feel pretty cheap!

And then the door opened and we all went in, and the sermon began, but we didn't seem to attend very much, for we were all waiting!

And presently she arrived and walked in with Mrs. Dash. She looked so trim and neat in her pale blue gown. And then all the fellows on the front bench moved, half of them squashed up to one end of the form and the other half crowded to the other end, and left a gap in the middle big enough to seat four, and they all looked appealingly at her. But she passed them by and took a vacant seat next to Norman. And I felt certain then, that of all the fools in the place, Norman was the very biggest.

Then a hymn was given out, there was a fearful rustling sound, and then twenty men stretched out twenty hymn books to Miss Belle—but Norman was ahead, she was looking over his!

About half way through the service we were startled by the sound of horses galloping, and through the window I saw another man arrive and tie his horse to the fence, and when he came in looking so hot and dusty and travel stained (for he had ridden twenty miles) we all spread ourselves out so as to make no room, and he had to make his way right to the end of the hall and find a seat, a long way from Miss Belle, and we felt happy.

After the service he came forward but we crowded round Miss Belle so that he couldn't get near. Then I saw him whispering to some of the fellows, but they shook their heads and then he came over to me and begged me to *introduce* him! Fancy the cheek of him. I asked him what he took me for? As if there weren't enough already!

Mrs. Dash gave a general invitation to all the boys to come over in the afternoon and have a cup of tea. When I arrived, there were twenty-seven men on the verandah,—she and Mrs. Dash were seated in the middle of the circle. After about an hour and a half, I managed to push my way to the front, and then she saw me, and said with such a sweet smile, "How do you do, Mr. Henry? I *hope* you are feeling stronger. Is your headache better?"

There was an audible titter from the crowd behind me, and I replied, "Thank you so much! I'll go home and enquire about my head and come back and tell you," and I walked stiffly away.

On the way I picked up old H.H., and as he looked jolly miserable, I felt friendly. "How did you get on, old man?" I asked. "Oh I hadn't the ghost of a chance," he said. "You know she arrived two or three days before she

was expected. And Mrs. Dash was driving her home past my shanty, where I was sitting outside,—you know how hot it was that day? Well I took out my rocking chair to sit on in the shade, took off my coat, boots and socks and put my feet up on the back of another chair and went to sleep! I didn't wake up until Mrs. Dash's rig stopped opposite my chair—the noise startled me, one look was enough, and with a yell I shot into the shanty through the open window."

Then we fell to discussing the girl and presently we seemed both to agree that you couldn't call her exactly *pretty*! after a bit, we agreed she was really almost *plain*!

Then Norman seemed to be making the running and we decided he always was an idiot and full of conceit.

Finally when we reached my shanty, we both agreed she was downright *ugly*, we couldn't see what all the excitement was about. What in thunder could any one see in her! And altogether the *grapes* were very *sour*.

She is Mrs. Norman now.

Villanelle of Patience.

The piano she pounds, and she plays
A "piece" that is lengthy and loud,
While the victim unwillingly stays;

Stays, while from dawn till the haze
Of twilight grows dense as a cloud,
The piano she pounds and she plays.

Plays, and the air she so slays,
The composer must squirm in his shroud,
While her victim unwillingly stays.

On *da capos* the limit she'll raise,
Till two rapidly grow to a crowd,
The piano she pounds and she plays.

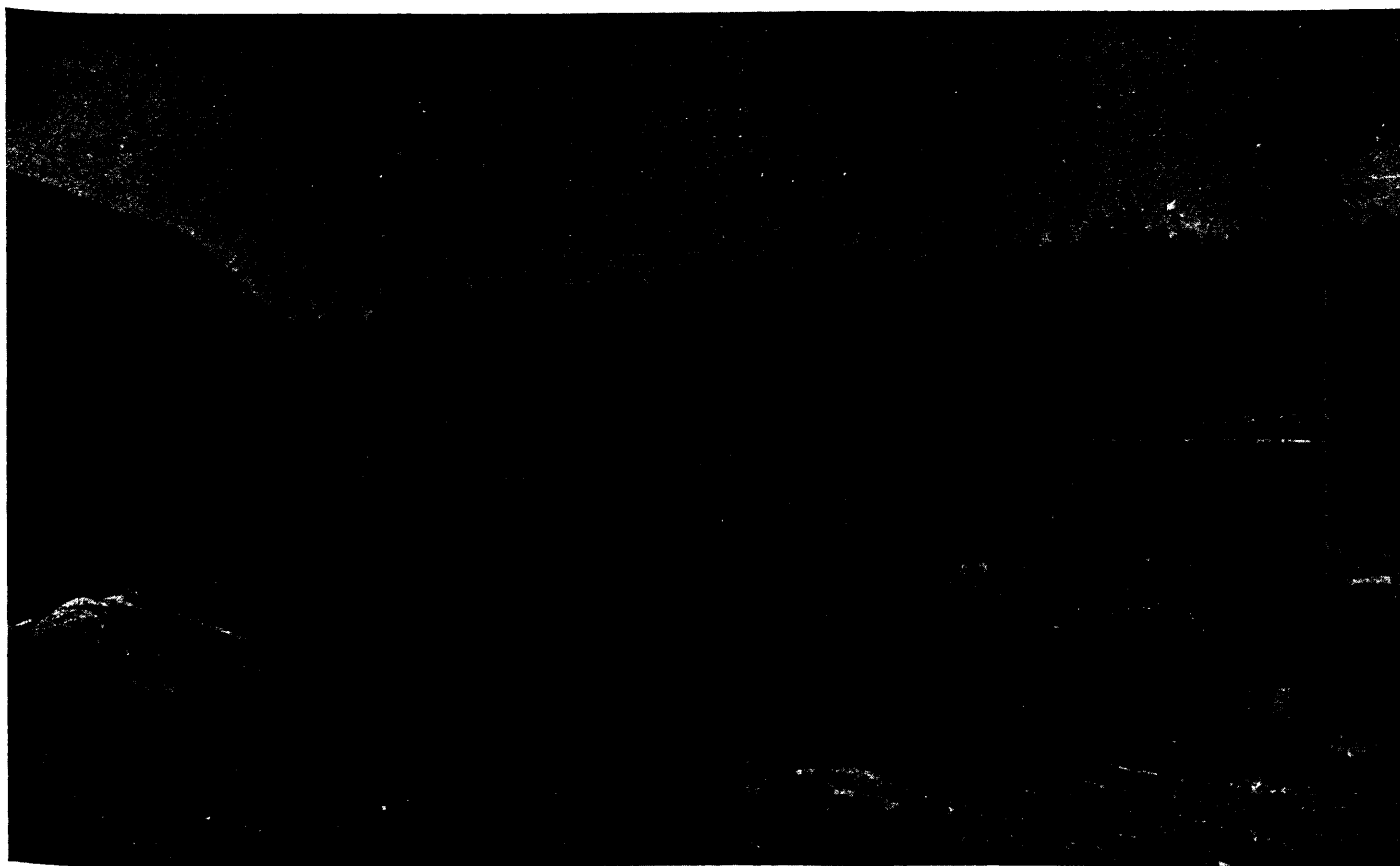
Pianissimos aye miss her gaze,
But on her fortes she does herself proud,
While her victim unwillingly stays.

Syncopation her soul not dismays,
Nor discounts for rests is allowed,
The piano she pounds and she plays.

She stops. I mendaciously praise;
And again with fresh vigour endowed,
The piano she pounds and she plays,
While her victim unwillingly stays.

Chicago, 1891.

J. E. MACPHERSON.



FISHING BEACH, SPRAGG'S COVE, GRAND MANAN, N.B.



VIEWS OF THE BISHOP'S ROCK, GRAND MANAW, N B
; (Mr. L. A. Alliscr, Amateur photo.)



THE COLISEUM AT ROME.



The Sagamore



Y BROTHER, the reporter said, "What a dreadful state of affairs we are called upon to witness. Have you ever heard anything to equal the recent revelations at Ottawa? Isn't it enough to make one almost despair of human nature? Dear me! Dear me!"

The reporter wiped his forehead with his handkerchief and sighed profoundly.

"What's the matter now?" demanded the saga-

more.

"What! Haven't you heard? Has no one read the papers to you?"

"My grandson," replied the sagamore, "reads 'um every night."

"And has he not read to you the awful revelations being made at Ottawa? Have you not learned that we have in our national capital a sink of corruption that is bottomless, that stinks in the nostrils of the whole world, and that never was equalled this side of Sodom?"

"No," said the sagamore. "He didn't read any stuff like that. Ain't been any strange smells round here, either."

"But he must have read the evidence in the Tarte investigation and before the public accounts committee," said the reporter.

"Ah-hah," said Mr. Paul.

"Very well, isn't that enough to make patriotic men hide their heads in shame and sorrow for their country?" the reporter demanded in solemn tones. "Trickery, fraud, bribery, corruption,—a state of affairs unparalleled in modern history. Why, sir, we must apply the most drastic measures, or the spirit of knavery will overwhelm the nation. We must destroy the government, turn the rascals out, make a clean sweep of the civil service, and put honest men in every office. Otherwise the fate of Sodom may fitly overtake us. It is a time for every honest man to rise up and strike for honest methods in the affairs of the nation. We are the prey of thieves and robbers. The disgrace and shame must be wiped out!"

"You're right up on your hind legs to-day," quoth Mr. Paul, as the reporter concluded with a dramatic flourish.

"It is time!" cried the reporter, with another flourish. "It is time that honest men should rise up and denounce the thievery and jobbery that permeate every department of the government of this country. What hope for the preservation of national morality if the centre of the government be steeped in iniquity?"

"Far's I kin make out," observed Mr. Paul, "some men in Ottawa been found out in gittin' money in other people's names, and some other people been found out makin' presents to men to try if they kin git fat contracts that way. Ain't that so?"

"It is," said the reporter. "But the half has not been told. The government is rotten. The spirit of thievery permeates the whole system. We must make a clean sweep. Honest men must speak out."

"Ever since I been little boy," said Mr. Paul, "I noticed when one thief was caught every other thief spoke out—hollered with all his might for a clean sweep."

"What do you mean, sir?" sharply demanded the reporter, giving the old man a terrible look of virtuous indignation and wrath.

The sagamore met the look with perfect equanimity.

"I mean," he calmly rejoined, "that when a man hollers 'stop thief—he means some other thief."

"Am I a thief?" hotly demanded the reporter—"or what do you mean to insinuate?"

"I mean," said Mr. Paul, "that all this blather 'bout awful things been found out at Ottawa don't mean that all the crookedness in this world is up there. You asked me if I hear them papers read. I did. I hear 'um read 'bout that Tail Race job in Montreal—'bout that street railroad boodle in Toronto—'bout cabmen's insurance swindle over in France—'bout Mr. Mercier's little tricks—'bout boodle

more power than any party in this country. But money changers went there agin, and you kin find 'um in the temple to-day."

"If I understand your view correctly, then," said the reporter, "you hold that wherever two or three—or more—are gathered together, no matter in whose name, the devil of greed and selfishness will be there in the midst with his eye peeled for plunder."

"That's so," nodded the sagamore.

"Then you think if we made a clean sweep at Ottawa there would be some rogues in the new lot."

"Ah-hah."

"But they're all thieves up there now," said the reporter.

"So all the other thieves say," gravely rejoined the sagamore.

"You're an old cynic and a humbug!" cried the reporter, "and I wouldn't trust my life with you. I'll go."

He rose to suit the action to the word.

"Hold on!" cried the sagamore. "What's that in your pocket?"

The end of a string, with beads on it, hung out of the reporter's pocket. He looked down at it.



schemes all over this world. But I don't need to read them papers. I had new axe stole from me las' week. When I found it in Tom Sauk's camp he swore he never seen it afore; and said this place was full of thieves and bad men. But it ain't. Every man up in Ottawa ain't a thief because Mr. Murphy run away from New York and because some clerks got more money than they had a right to."

"But we must turn the rascals out!" argued the reporter. "If we can only make a clean sweep and start new there will be no more such revelations."

"You gonto git new style of men made for the job?" queried the sagamore.

"There are plenty of honest men to be found," said the reporter shortly. "But it's no use to talk to you. You're a friend of the present government, and partisanship makes you blind."

The last words were spoken sadly, as from a grieved heart.

"Young man," said the sagamore, "you're talkin' 'bout an experiment been tried pooty often in this world. I hear that boy read from one man's sermon 'bout money changers bein' drove 'way from the temple by One who had good 'eal

"Ah," he said, thrusting it out of sight, "some beads I got for my little girl."

"Got 'um where?" demanded the sagamore.

"At one of the other camps," said the reporter.

Mr. Paul seized his visitor by the shoulder and went down into that pocket. He brought up (sad to say) a handsome beaded purse that but a few minutes before had hung on the wall behind where the reporter sat, and within reach of his hand. Mr. Paul went into the pocket again and brought up a toy basket and sundry other things. He held them up.

"Where in the world," gasped the reporter, "did those things come from? How did they get into my pocket? Is this sleight of hand, or am I bewitched?"

"You're found out," tersely rejoined the sagamore, systematically going through his visitor's other pockets and piling up more stuff beside the bead work. "I ain't so blind as you thought—eh? Now you git through that door pooty quick—I'm gonto make clean sweep."

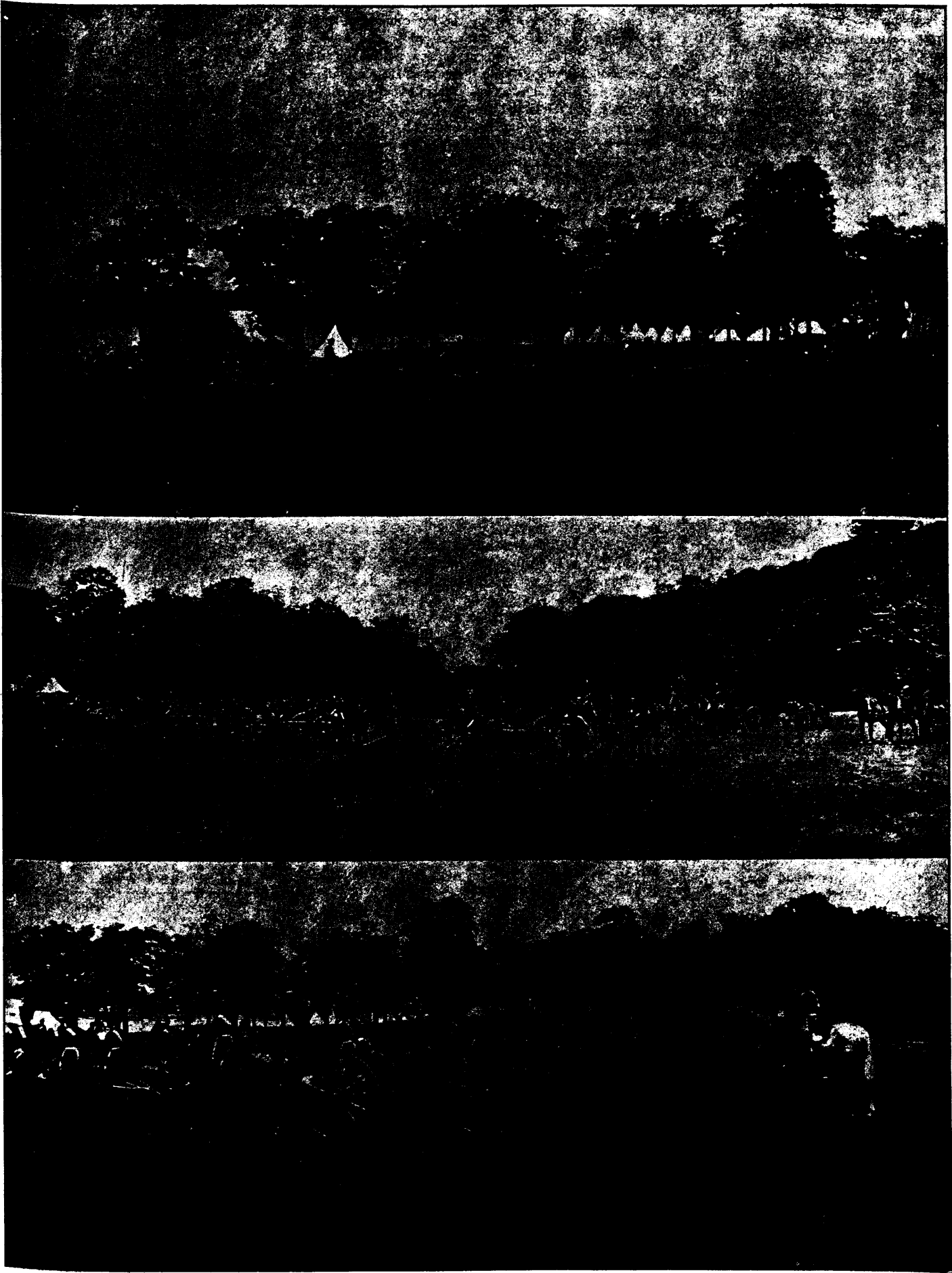
He did so—with his boot and an axe handle.

"I'll go," cried the reporter, hurrying down the path—

"I'll go. This is no place for honest men."

And so saying he took to his heels and turned the nearest bend in the road quicker than Mr. Murphy's memory ever got out of sight when Osler got on its trail.

"Beware when comes the pilot fish, for sharks are then around," quoth Mr. Paul to himself, and went in and barricaded his wigwam.



SCENES AT THE INSPECTION OF THE MONTREAL FIELD BATTERY, JUNE 30th.



SPORTS AND PASTIMES



THE regatta season comes on one with a rush just about this time of the year, and as they all give more or less of zest to the championship meeting, which will be held at Barrie, they are interesting in their local way. Montreal, or rather the surrounding summer resorts of Montreal, had no less than three regattas on Saturday last—Valois, Ste. Rose and Longueuil. The first mentioned was decidedly the most important from a sporting point of view, that is, in such events as the tandem and four-in-a-canoe, not to speak of the huge craft that go under the misnomer of war canoes. The other two were well enough in their way, but the only ambitious positions competitors could hope to occupy would be of merely local interest to the outside world. In expressing an individual opinion I have always held that Valois has the best aquatic material on the island, not barring even the Lachine boys, but I have also come to the conclusion that the very essential element of taking chances and going in to win or be beaten in an outside contest forms no part of the people of Valois' sporting economy. Lachine has been in hard luck and has suffered many defeats, but to her credit be it said, she has always managed to send some sort of representation to a national meeting. Maybe it was like the publican and the Pharisee, and while Valois laid back in the stern and held the steering strings, she said, "Beat the Lachine fellows! too easy, my boy, give us something harder." Still those same Lachine fellows, in the words of Private Mulvaney, have "bowls" enough to get up a crew of some sort for the championships at Barrie, while the only encouragement got from their lake side brethren is to the effect that they will not be in it. If there was any letting being done and the non-combatants wanted to "bear" the market, this sort of thing would be understandable, but, as I am led to believe, there is not any inclination to wager any more than a copper cent, it looks more Pharisical than ever; it is not a bluff, for the man who bluffs usually puts up something to do it with. It is not the intention to hurt any clubs' feelings. Every club has a perfect right to stay at home and enjoy itself, even if the aquatic reputation of the city it belongs to goes to the "demerit bow-wows." But no club has a right to make nasty remarks about another club which has the pluck to undertake something that the censors are afraid of. If the Lachine crew should happen to win the junior fours they would be overwhelmed with congratulations on their return, and the people who sneered would be the first to recover themselves, so to speak; while a few of the most unreclaimable pessimistic ones would cheer up their diminutive souls by shaking their heads sideways at first, nodding them knowingly afterwards, and ejaculating their synonyms for anything that did not please them in the wisdom of the words "flake" or "put-up job."

Valois, Pointe Claire, St. Lambert, Longueuil, St. Anne, —all have plenty of good racing material, but they all seem afflicted with such a bad attack of inertia that the best local physicians think there is no possibility of recovery unless some well-meaning friend should start off a bunch of fire-crackers under their camp chairs. This measure might seem too heroic and would probably scorch a blazer or two, but the physician who told me this simply threw it out as a hint which he could not find in either Wood's or Naphey's "Materia Medica and Therapeutics." Now, don't put on a supercilious air and laugh at the men who have pluck and endurance enough to attempt what you shrink from. Lachine and the G. T. R. have been the only clubs for some few years past who have had the hardihood to represent Montreal in the face of almost certain defeat, and they should get all the credit possible. The Lachinites, ever since the year of the Big Four, have only been able to put a junior four on the water. The Grand Trunk last year made somewhat a better showing, and were the victims of circumstances on the second day, as far as results were concerned, notwithstanding which they took the advantage of showing what they could do, even after being ruled out. But there is considerably more enthusiasm among the Grand Trunk men than has been developed among the rest of the clubs. At an early stage of the game last fall they recognized the

fact that they were not properly boated. They did not hang their heads and inveigh against hard luck; they did not follow the sublime example of Mr. Micawber and wait for something to turn up; they simply got up and "humped" themselves, and the natural result was that something was necessarily bound to "turn up." They needed boats, and they told their friends and the public the state of the case. Then they put on an energetic working committee, and the latter told the same story with an ardour that would do credit to a prospective missionary in New Guinea. The outcome was what was to have been expected; money flowed into the treasury and was put to the intended use, with the result now that the Grand Trunks are nearly as well boated as any aquatic club in the Dominion. They took advantage of their good fortune, and immediately put several crews on the water, with the ultimate result that Montreal, in the entry list, is making the best showing in the C. A. A. O. regatta, with Toronto excepted. What the outcome will be nobody, of course, can tell, but I am willing to take small chances that a trophy or two will come Montrealwards. As regards the entry list for the Barrie meeting it is decidedly the best ever published in the history of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen, and there is hardly a doubt that the results will be looked forward to with more general interests than hitherto. The subjoined list of entries will give some idea of the work being done by our Canadian amphibians, but Monday and Tuesday next will tell the tale:

Senior singles—James Henderson, Catlin Boat club, Chicago, Ill.; A. P. Burritt, Argonaut Rowing club, Toronto; R. McKay, jr., Argonaut Rowing club, Toronto; F. H. Thompson, Argonaut Rowing club, Toronto; M. Shea, Don Amateur Rowing club, Toronto, and J. J. Ryan, Sunnyside Boat club, Toronto.

Junior singles—L. B. Stewart, Argonaut Rowing club, Toronto; F. H. Thompson, Argonaut Rowing club, Toronto; E. A. Thompson, Argonaut Rowing Club, Toronto; John Hurley, Don Amateur Rowing club, Toronto; A. Green, Grand Trunk Rowing club, Montreal; R. F. Turner, Dubuque Boating Association, Dubuque, Iowa; Joseph Wright, Toronto Rowing club, Toronto; F. Nye, Toronto Rowing club, Toronto; D. M. Cameron, Leander Rowing club, Hamilton, and J. A. Russell, Bayside Rowing club, Toronto.

Senior fours—Argonauts, R. McKay, jr., A. D. Crooks, A. A. McKay, R. McKay; spare men, C. H. Luntz and E. A. Thompson; Dons, Toronto, Joseph Sullivan, Fred Liston, Charles Rame, Jas. Hurley; spare men, Jas. Stewart and S. Scholes; Grand Trunk Boat club, Montreal, A. Green, F. Green, R. J. Kell and J. Beattie; Toronto Rowing club, Toronto, P. J. Smith, R. Durnham, James Grandfield, Joseph Wright; spare men, C. D. Lennox and R. Douglas; Wolverine Boat club, Detroit, Thomas Walsh, C. L. Van Damme, John Magerman and Thomas George.

Junior fours—Argonauts No. 1, A. J. Boyd, John Evans, W. A. Smith, H. W. Stewart; spare men, W. R. Johnson and E. R. Vankoughnet; Argonauts No. 2, Frank J. Lightbourne, E. C. Senkler, R. O. McCulloch, A. A. McKay; spare men, A. W. Ridout and R. McKay, jr.; Lachine Rowing club, Lachine, F. Fairbanks, C. Routh, H. Routh, T. Stewart; spare man, C. E. Howard; Wolverine Boat club, Detroit, Mich., Joseph Jemine, F. Herberts, E. Froman and W. Dronhagen; Dons, Toronto, James O'Connor, Alfred Reynolds, Thomas Kenny, P. Kenny; spare men, M. Shea and John Hines; Grand Trunk Boat club, Montreal, J. A. Stewart, R. Starke, W. Nixon, R. McLean; spare men, R. J. Hunt and F. C. Moore; Toronto Rowing club, Toronto, D. M. Stewart, G. S. Ewart, D. B. Burnhardt, W. Payne; spare men, J. Doran and F. Brown; Bayside Rowing club, Toronto, W. S. Park, William Spencer, J. Smyth, Joseph Murphy; spare men, M. J. Roach and J. Bennett.

Senior doubles—Catlin Boat Club, Chicago, Ed. L. Case and James Henderson; Dons, Toronto, M. Shea and S. Scholes; spare men, Jas. Stewart and W. Rame; Bayside, Toronto, A. Cameron and R. Curran; Manhattan Athletic club, New York, Joseph and James Donoghue.

Junior doubles—Argonauts, Toronto, G. H. Muntz and R. G. Muntz; Dons, Toronto, H. Watkins and T. Friend; spare men, Joseph Sullivan and J. Hurley; Grand Trunk, Montreal, J. A. Stewart and J. Beattie; spare man, R. J. Kell; Baysides, Toronto, J. Bennett and W. J. Sheenan.

Pair oars—Argonauts No. 1, L. B. Stewart and G. H. Muntz; Argonauts No. 2, A. C. Macdonnell and A. R. Denison; Toronto Rowing club, Toronto, C. D. Lennox and R. Douglas; Detroit Boat club, Detroit, No. 1, F. D.

Standish and Frank A. Lyon; Detroit Boat club, No. 2, Peacock and Girdley.

Talking about regattas, there is one rule laid down by our local clubs that is harmful. It is the limitation of measurement in skiff races. The object at first was apparently a good one, but it has not served its purpose, for the natural result is the hindrance of making improvements in boats. Races for family skiffs are all very well in their way, although they will never be of any particular advantage in the promotion of regattas, but when limitations are made and a boat built on new lines, but coming within the required limitations, is not allowed to go over the course, then it seems that it is a spirit of pot-hunting rather than a spirit of amateur sport which actuates the men who object to row in the company and the club who refuse to accept the entry. A peculiar instance of this sort was developed at the St. Lambert regatta. The skiff owned by Paradis had been cut down to meet the requirements of the case. The Transpor-tines were evidently in a state of cerulean funk and refused to row. That was well as far as it went, for the conditions of the regatta were—"two to start or no race." Prepared for such an emergency as this, there was another entry at hand willing to go over the course with the objectionable, but, contrary to all precedent in local regattas, a post entry in this particular case could not be entertained. To every fair minded man the spirit of selfishness that masquerades under the alleged name of "amateurism" savours somewhat of the nauseous. The boy between seven and seventeen is about as cruel a specimen as is to be found in the animal kingdom. Later on in life he has the rough edges rubbed off, and force of circumstances renders him more agreeable as far as the ordinary conventionalities are concerned. It is the same way with some aquatic clubs whose milk teeth have still left vacancies. When the Solomonic grinders get into position they will know better and pretend not to a despotism they were not of. They will recognize that charity is little more than politeness put into practice, and they will be slower to make sporting laws that make for the injury of a neighbour.

I don't know, but most people seem to be in a watery or rather an aquatic state of mind at the present time. When not discussing the probabilities in regattas on the side or the big double scull race in Hamilton, or the championship meeting in Barrie, attention is devoted to the men who dance upon the waters in the frail bark for which we are indebted to the Indians. The meet of the Northern division at Pigeon Lake attracted considerable attention, and from all accounts, with the exception of a couple of spells of bad weather, there was nothing left to be desired in the heart of the most enthusiastic canoeist. The opening was not a cheerful one. The otherwise placid lake worked itself up into a series of aggressive looking billows; the campers esconced themselves in their canvas habitation and laced up the aper-tures; the wind whistled about and made itself generally disagreeable, at the same time imparting a sort of earthquaky sensation to the campers, and then the rain came down in straight lines and condescendingly put out the camp fires just when everything seemed in good working order. The elements effectually dampened the clothes and the tents and the ardour of the campers, but canoeists are made of sterner stuff than can be influenced by little things like thunder showers, so that when the time for the races came round a considerable amount of bottled-up liveliness found vent. It would occupy too much space to give an account of the different races, but the winners of the principal events are to be congratulated. The record of the meet was captured by C. E. Archbald, than whom a better sailor never navigated a canoe, and there are few better ones than the Mah, while that pride of Canadian canoeists, the Orillia cup, fell to the lot of Mr. Jacques, of Toronto. McKendrick, as usual, was a leading figure in the struggle, although the result was not quite so good as in previous years. The meet of the Northern Division was a good preparatory effort for the central meet on Lake Champlain, which began on Thursday.

The trotting meeting which took place last week at the Woodbine was apparently worthy of every support. The only pity is that here in Canada we should be under the authority of different racing associations. The National Trotting Association recognizes fines, expulsions, etc., from the American, but the latter, who have recently reinstated Nelson, to the disgust of all honest horsemen, run their own little sideshow all to themselves. It is a little hard for proprietors in the Province of Quebec, who are struggling for perfectly square racing, to see really attractive stock, who have offended and therefore cannot start under N. T. A. rules, go west and enter with impunity and no danger of old fines being collected. Drastic measures are needed in such cases, and the sooner they are applied the better. In Montreal, during the present season, there has been a very marked movement in progress looking to the reformation of the trotting turf, and more than could have been expected has been accomplished, but it will go for comparatively little if the tracks under the American association open the back door and wink at wrong doing for the sake of having attractive entries at their meetings. A little more of the spirit which was shown at the Blue Bonnets opening meeting would go a long way to leaven the whole lump. Let us hope for the best, because in Canada we are naturally a trotter raising people, and it would be a pity if bad judgment at the start spoiled years of hard and honest work.

R. O. X.