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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 15th DECEMBER, 1888.

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GREEK GIRL.

From the painting by Oscar Bégas.

Photograph supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
127 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

15th DECEMBER, 1888.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

SPECIAL.

During the month of December we will give to new subscribers the current first six months, twenty-six numbers, of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, making a volume of 416 pages, containing over 250 beautiful engravings, and a great amount of interesting and instructive reading, ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR, the conditions being that the subscriber remits, *at the same time*, \$4.00 for a full year's subscription, beginning 1st January, 1889. In other words, we offer eighteen months' subscription for \$5.00, or again, we give away three months' subscription gratis. Persons wishing to form clubs can obtain their own subscription FREE, by sending us the price of *four* subscriptions, as now offered.

This offer is open for December only, and should be taken advantage of *early*, as our stock of back numbers is limited.



In reply to several queries, we may state that the population of Prince Edward Island is set down at 120,000 souls. That of Charlottetown is about 12,000. In proportion of its size, there is no province in the Dominion that has men more distinguished in public life and literature. The legend on its escutcheon is one of the happiest conceits ever devised, taken from Virgil:

Laurea pinus

Parva sub ingenti patris se subjicit umbra,

The first volume of the French census of 1886, just issued, shows that the number of children in a family is only 2.07. Eight out of every hundred of the children are unlawful. In 37 years the number of native-born French has increased less than 1,500,000. The handful of French in Canada increased in the same time from about 500,000 to 1,300,000. During the last forty years more persons of French descent have been born in Canada than in Old France. It is a hard thing to say, but France is visibly wasting down, and if she does not multiply her marriages and increase her births, she will wilt into inanition.

Our main safeguard in Canada has been the inviolability of the marriage tie, the scarcity of divorce and early marriage. But we must have a care. While the laws of Quebec, for instance, do not provide for divorce, there is recognized a system of "annulment," which is being carried out more and more. While the large cities are not to be relied on, in this respect, there is ground for belief that, in the country parts, the good old fashion of almost life-long marriages and plenty of children will be kept up.

The long-lived chiefs of the Indian tribes, dwelling on the historical reserves of the older provinces, among white men, are gradually passing away, and as each one goes, his name ought to be kept on record. The last of these deaths is that of the well known Kadhagewon, "Spotted Feather," Chief of the Saugeen band of Ojibway

Indians, who died at Port Elgin, Ont., aged 83. He received a valuable silver medal from George III., for loyalty to the British Crown, in 1812-14. He also received a medal from the Prince of Wales when the latter visited Canada in 1860.

Mr. Blake is a native Canadian, and hence is our common property. We, therefore, naturally resent insinuations made against him by writers who should respect his ability and his record. Surely one of these might have spared himself his school-boy English precedents in treating of Mr. Blake's legal connection with the railway question in the Northwest. To talk of Oliver St. John not holding a brief for ship-money, or Somers doing the same for the arbitrary prerogative of James II., is laughable enough, but to add that Samson ground in the mill of the Philistines without a fee is an insult.

We stated casually, last week, that Quakers were unknown in Canada. And so we thought. But we are glad to learn that we were mistaken. An esteemed correspondent from Ottawa informs us that there are large settlements of the Disciples of Fox in Prince Edward county, Picton, Bloomfield and other parts. Also, in the Township of Mariposa, County of Victoria. This being the case, there must be members of the Society of Friends elsewhere in the country, and we should be happy to hear from any that chose to furnish us with statistics.

The record of the graduates of our Royal Military colleges is most worthy and deserving of being set before the public. The positions held by the 128 graduates and the 33 ex-cadets, who obtained their discharge before graduating, are:—Of the graduates, 26 are now holding commissions in the Royal Engineers, 12 in the Royal Artillery, 1 in the cavalry and 9 in the line. Twenty-four graduates are civil engineers in Canada; 9 following the same profession out of Canada; 12 are in the Civil Service, 9 of them being employed professionally as engineers; 4 are in the Regiment of Canadian Artillery, 2 in the Infantry of School Corps, 6 in the Mounted Police, 2 are instructors in the R. M. C., and the rest are following miscellaneous employments. Of the ex-cadets not graduates three hold commissions in the Royal Engineers, three in the Royal Artillery and nine in the line.

It is beyond belief that the Mormons, from Utah, settling at Lee's Creek, in the Northwest, should have the assurance to talk of importing polygamy in their covered waggons and harbouring it under their new thatches on the prairie. Mr. A. Maitland Stenhouse, who resigned his seat in the B. C. Legislature to join the colony, states that the Mormons there do not propose to abandon polygamy. He argues that they have as much right to practise polygamy as the Mohammedans of British India. Reports from Lee's Creek say that in some of the settlers' houses three or four women are residing, only one of whom is the wife, the rest being "aunties," but whether "aunties" or "wives," the Government is determined not to put up with polygamy on Canadian soil.

In one of his discussions, Dr. Whiton asks: "Is Deception Ever a Duty?" and takes his text from 2 Kings, vi. 19: "This is not the way, neither is this the city: follow, me and I will bring you to the man whom ye seek. But he led them to Samaria." Then the doctor holds that the great point is not only "Are we allowed to wander from

truth?" but "What is my duty?" Duty has sometimes conflicting claims.

On this continent, where we have to deal with the red and black man, numbering still several millions, it would be well to heed what Dr. Needham Cust says, in his "Notes on Mission Subjects." He holds that civilization is the incidental, not the primary, object of a mission. It is wrong to expect that civilization must precede evangelization; it may accompany it. The missionary should have as a model not the British nor New England village, but the villages of Palestine, such as they were when our Lord passed through them. Nothing is so bad as to turn a negro into a pseudo-Englishman.

It is a mistake to say that Quebec women are more prolific than those of Ontario, for instance. Before five years of age, Quebec has indeed the upper-hand, but, above that age, Ontario raises more children than her sister province, according to the population. Still here, in Montreal, we have the authenticated case of Mother Quintal, who just celebrated her 95th birthday with 14 children, 113 grandchildren, 138 great grandchildren, and 20 great-great-grandchildren.

The number of secret societies in the United States is legion. There are over 200 fraternities, benevolent, social, insurance, political, religious, temperance and other secret orders. Following is the membership of some of the prominent American organizations: Freemasons, 600,000; Odd Fellows, 530,000; Grand Army of the Republic, 380,000; Knights of Pythias, 210,000; Good Templars, 200,962; Ancient Order of United Workmen, 191,876; Knights of Honour, 124,756; The Royal Arcanum, 80,000; Improved Order of Red Men, 64,000; American Legion of Honour, 61,664; Knights and Ladies of Honour, 46,200; Sons of Veterans, 47,000; Ancient Order of Foresters, 38,539; Daughters of Rebekah, 33,858; Knights of the Golden Eagle, 30,000; and Order of Chosen Friends, 29,271. The total number of Masons in the world is estimated at 4,000,000. The total number of Druids in the world is 67,000.

NATURE AND ART.

Among the public lectures of Laval University, delivered fortnightly during the winter season, the series of M. Desmazures, Professor of Archaeology, have been singularly entertaining and instructive. In his last lecture he made a striking and picturesque explanation of the evolving tendencies of nature into art, and showed how architecture, for instance, is nothing less but a copy of the works which God set before the eyes of man.

Thus, in the beginning, trees served for the habitation of man. A tree planted in the earth was taken for support. Its boughs were so much covering, and they were gathered and fastened together. Branches were set around, garnished with leaves, moss, creepers, and all this afforded a scanty shelter. Later, instead of a natural tree, an artificial one was made, with artificial boughs, and this afforded the framework of a house. Then to the walls, in the room of leaves, was set kneaded earth, by the aid of which cold and insects were kept aloof. The doorway was quite low, narrow and solid, to give protection against wild beasts. Then, fire was introduced into the hut, with an opening at the top for ventilation. This fire proved very useful, and was employed to burn

squares of earth, with which the walls of the hut were covered, and thus they got brick which is water-proof, and enamelled brick that keeps out the damp. Then, it was that primitive man, filled with happiness and presumption, imagined the tower of Babel, which is the triumph of brick, just as, slyly adds the lecturer, the Eiffel tower is the triumph of sheet-iron and the Babel of the nineteenth century. He says also that, by dint of going ahead, man sometimes goes back on his footsteps.

Later on, brick was found inferior to stone, and the latter carried the day. Then, after the hut, the house made its appearance, with all its comforts, and they who, before that, had grovelled in caves and tents, now brought their houses to some perfection. The cavern, the carvings, the pilaster, the column, were used to adorn the dwelling and prop it up. The tent grew larger, and served not only for dwelling, but for public meetings, religious and national. A renowned type is the Tabernacle of the Master in the barrens. It must next be observed that when the people emigrated, they reproduced, with new materials, the buildings which they had conceived with primitive materials. They transformed the cabin from wood to brick, and from brick to stone; the cavern, in wood and framework, and artificial carvings; and the tent, in woodwork, or even in stone. This is so true that certain works in sandstone, in India and Cambogia, look much like carpentry, and travellers have been deceived in them, seeing them from afar.

Man was imitative all along. He imitated the mountain in the pyramid; the cavern, in the labyrinth; sheer rocks in towers; forests, with their plentiful leafage, in the colonnades and vaults of their palaces and churches. Chateaubriand, carried away by the exuberance of his fancy, saw the cathedral of the Middle Ages in the ancient woods of Gaul and Germany.

The first pillars of Egypt had the shape of palm tree trunks and reeds bound together. Then, man borrowed the leaves and flowers for his ornaments; the skulls of beasts, stags, reindeer, and the geometrical shapes of minerals. He imitated the leaf of the olive, the laurel, the thistle, the acanthus, the lily and the rose. He imitated the shell, the egg, the pearl, the olive, the almond, the tears of the rain, and the tongues of fire. Stone was transformed into rings, collars, spear-heads, beams and rafters. Animals were put under contribution—the heads of beasts, the trunks of snakes, and thence the torsos of columns. Monuments supported on the backs of elephants; the muzzles of gargoyled lions; of men in caryatides; of stalactites and stalagmites, are thoroughly reproduced on a large scale in the great relics of India. The Swiss chalet, for example, so happy, elegant and appropriate in style, is found in the Himalayas and the valley of Kackmyr. The Lacustrine cities are found in America and China. As we find the kinship of peoples by their tongue, we discover it also by their manner of building. The vault comes from the cavern; the pillar from the tree; the capital from the wreath of flowers. Among the English we trace all the elements of Aryan construction—the hall, the portico and the gynæceum. The temples of India are derived from the imitation of caverns; and Chinese buildings, from the transformation of tents.

The learned professor closed this masterly exposition by describing the migration of the Cyclo-

pean tribes—the Pelasges and the Hellenes. He then displayed a series of views illustrative of the works of these several people, and wound up by rendering a picture of the Parthenon of Athens, the *ne plus ultra* of architectural grace and beauty.

COSMIC FORCES.

In our number before the last we presented our readers with an engraving of the Eiffel Tower, the loftiest building in the world, and in our last number, as a sequel, we gave them some "Curiosities of Measurement," in which we compared the tower with some of Nature's works in this world of ours. But what are the greatest of these compared with God's works outside of this world? The sun and his attendant planets, and the stars, infinite in number, each a sun attended, astronomers tell us, by his attendant planets; and an infinity of space beyond them again, with stars whose light has not yet reached this world. Those of them which we can see are made visible by their light, which, also, by the aid of that wonderful instrument, the spectroscope, has shown us that many of the elements of which they are constituted are the same or similar to those found on our earth, and thus revealed the unity of creation. Yet that very light, by which we see these at night, makes them invisible by day, and if the sun shone always upon us, we should know nothing of these other worlds and suns. Our readers, or many of them, must be acquainted with Blanco White's beautiful sonnet founded on the facts we have mentioned, but many have probably never seen it. It will bear repetition, and we reproduce it. It has been called the finest, and is certainly among the finest, sonnets in our language.

Mysterious Night! when our first father knew
Thee, by report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the Host of Heaven, came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view,—
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
While flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou would'st us blind?—
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?—
If Light can thus deceive us, why not Life?

LITERARY NOTES.

L'Evangeline, printed at Digby, has begun its second year. It is the mouthpiece of the Acadians.

The Canterbury volume of "Poems of Wild Life," edited by Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, is now published.

Wilfrid Chateauclair has a sketch in the *Globe* Christmas number entitled "The Relics of St. Tegakwita."

We learn that Miss Elizabeth G. Roberts has a small volume of her poems, published for private circulation.

The fifth volume of the "Genealogical Dictionary of Canadian Families," by Mgr. Tanguay, has just been issued.

Among the new books received by the McGill College Library is a volume of *Esquimaux Legends*, translated into French, which are very readable.

An Historical Society has been established in Chateaugay, and there is already talk of raising a monument on the historical battlefield of that name.

Goodridge B. Roberts, editor of the *King's College Record*, is preparing a series of papers on the literary men of Canada. He is enthusiastically Canadian.

Mrs. Frances Harrison has a Canadian sketch on the Valley of the Eustache in an American periodical. We are glad to see that she has dropped the name "Seranus."

At the last fortnightly meeting of the Montreal Society for Historical Studies, Mr. John Reade, B.A., F.R.S.C., read a full and learned paper on "Canadian Histories."

"The Fisheries Dispute and Annexation of Canada," by J. de Ricci, is a new work just published. It is very full on the Fisheries, containing all the correspondence on the subject, with the text of the treaty and the American Retaliation Act.

AT LUNDY'S LANE.

The president of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society has sent for our columns the following lines, written by Mrs. S. A. C., a gifted authoress of Toronto. The occasion was a recent visit of the writer at the Lundy's Lane battle ground and cemetery, and observing the grave of Captain Abram Hall, aged 28 years, United States Infantry, who fell there in the fierce conflict of July 25, 1814, saw that it was lonely and neglected. The thought suggested was a mother's grief for her son, and for that mother's sake the writer would contribute to restore the grave and its surroundings, which has been done, under the society's direction.

At the grave of Abram Hall, Captain U. S. I., who fell in the fierce conflict of Lundy's Lane, 25th July, 1814, and was interred where he fell by the British forces, who victoriously held the ground, now Lundy's Lane Cemetery.

Not that thou wert an enemy do I desire
Thy grave should be no mound of weeds or mire.
My country's enemies are mine and I would fight
With tireless arm to guard her sacred right.—
Nor that thou wert an enemy and I forgot
The fierce incursion—unforgiven yet—
But that thou wert a mother's son I'd keep,
For mother-love, thy bed in thy last sleep.
Lay e'er, my son, in stranger-land a foe.
I would some mother's breast might pity know—
Some kindly hand should smooth, as I do now—
His last long pillow, and upon his brow
Drop gentle tears, for one so brave and young,
Nor leave, for enmity, a warrior's dirge unsung.

Toronto.

S. A. C.

AMHERST ISLAND.

ITS PURCHASE FROM THE INDIANS—SOME INTERESTING FACTS.

It might be interesting to some, says a correspondent, to hear a little of the early history of Amherst Island. There are various theories with regard to the purchase of "Isle Tanti" from the Indians by Sir W. Johnstone, but the theory generally received, so far as I know, is that Sir W. Johnstone purchased the island many years ago from the "Six Nation Indians." As for the price paid, it is supposed that it is not now known. He afterward bequeathed the island to his son, Sir John Johnstone, who in his turn bequeathed it to his daughter, Catharine Maria Johnstone, who was married subsequently to Brigadier-General Bowey, of the British army. Brigadier-General Bowey met his death in the battle of Salamanca, Spain, 1813. While Arthur Kennedy Johnstone, brother of Lady Bowey, was her chief agent and resident in Montreal, he paid an occasional flying visit to Amherst Island. But for a number of years previous to 1835, the resident agent was Richard Hitchins, Esq., father of Toronto's estimable citizen, Col. Hitchins. Lady Bowey in turn sold the island to Lord Mountcashel in 1835. Then, from the autumn of 1835 until the spring of 1839, Captain John S. Cummings held the agency, and then, in the most magnanimous manner, resigned in favour of a friend, Capt. Wm. Radcliff, who assumed the agency and continued to hold it until the spring of 1849, and was succeeded by Mr. John Boyes. Major Maxwell, the present owner, purchased the island, about 1858, from Lord Mountcashel. Mr. John Boyes in turn was succeeded by Mr. Wm. Percival, who continued agent until early in the seventies, when Mr. Wm. Moutray, the present agent, entered into office and still continues to hold the position.

COWPER.

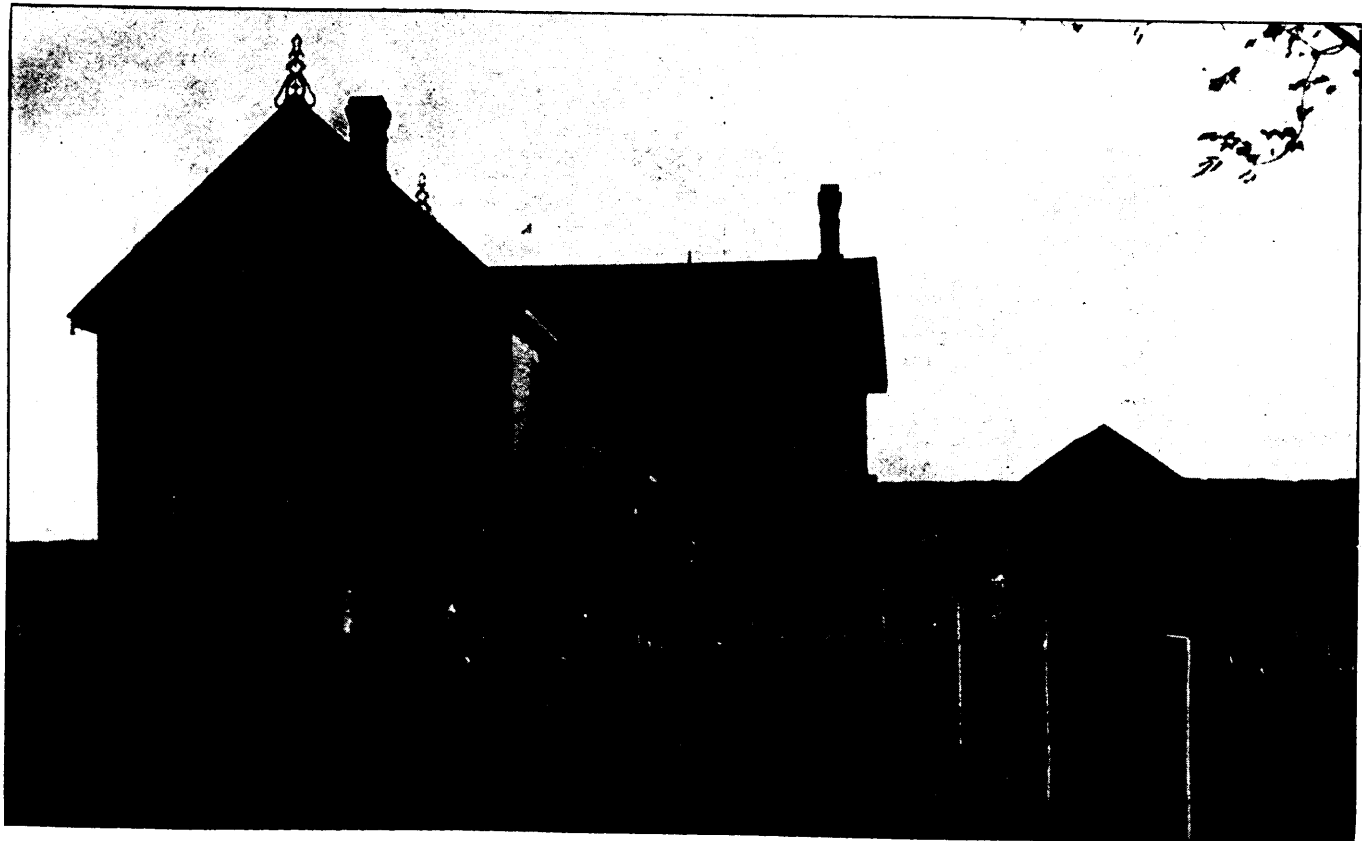
A gentle stream purred on its peaceful way
Through woodlands fair and meadows wondrous sweet,
Chancing at length a cavern dark to meet
Within whose depth ne'er fell the light of day.
Lo! as it enter'd, heavenward flew the spray,
All loth to pass beyond, and backward beat,
As though the natural course it would defeat
That plung'd it where the sun cast not a ray.
Through that lone cave of blackness on it sped,
Its happy music turn'd to mournful sigh,
Until it reach'd the end, when earth and sky
Shone doubly bright that seemed for so long dead;—
Thus didst thou pass, sweet singer, through the gloom
Of life's dark hollow. Light came at the tomb.

SAREPTA.

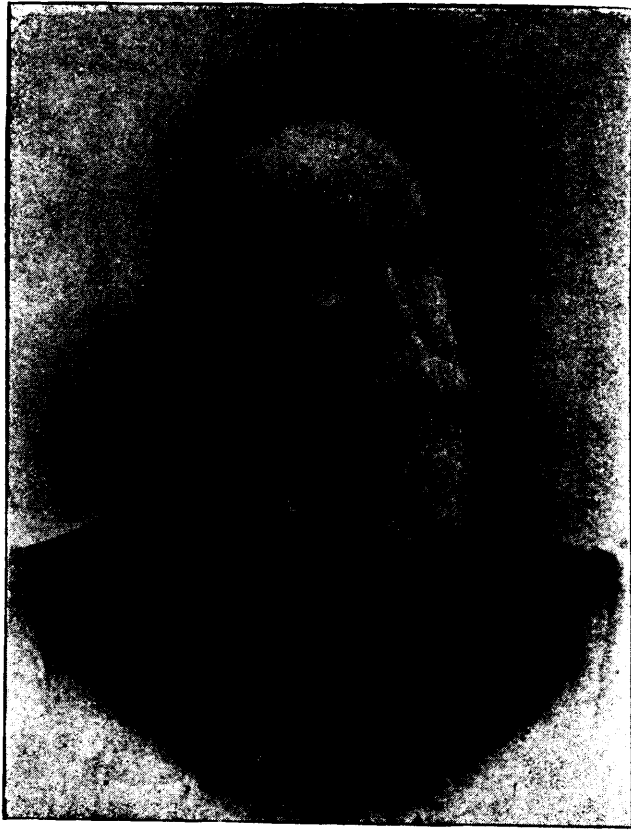


SIR GEO. STEPHEN, BARONET.

From a photograph by Notman.

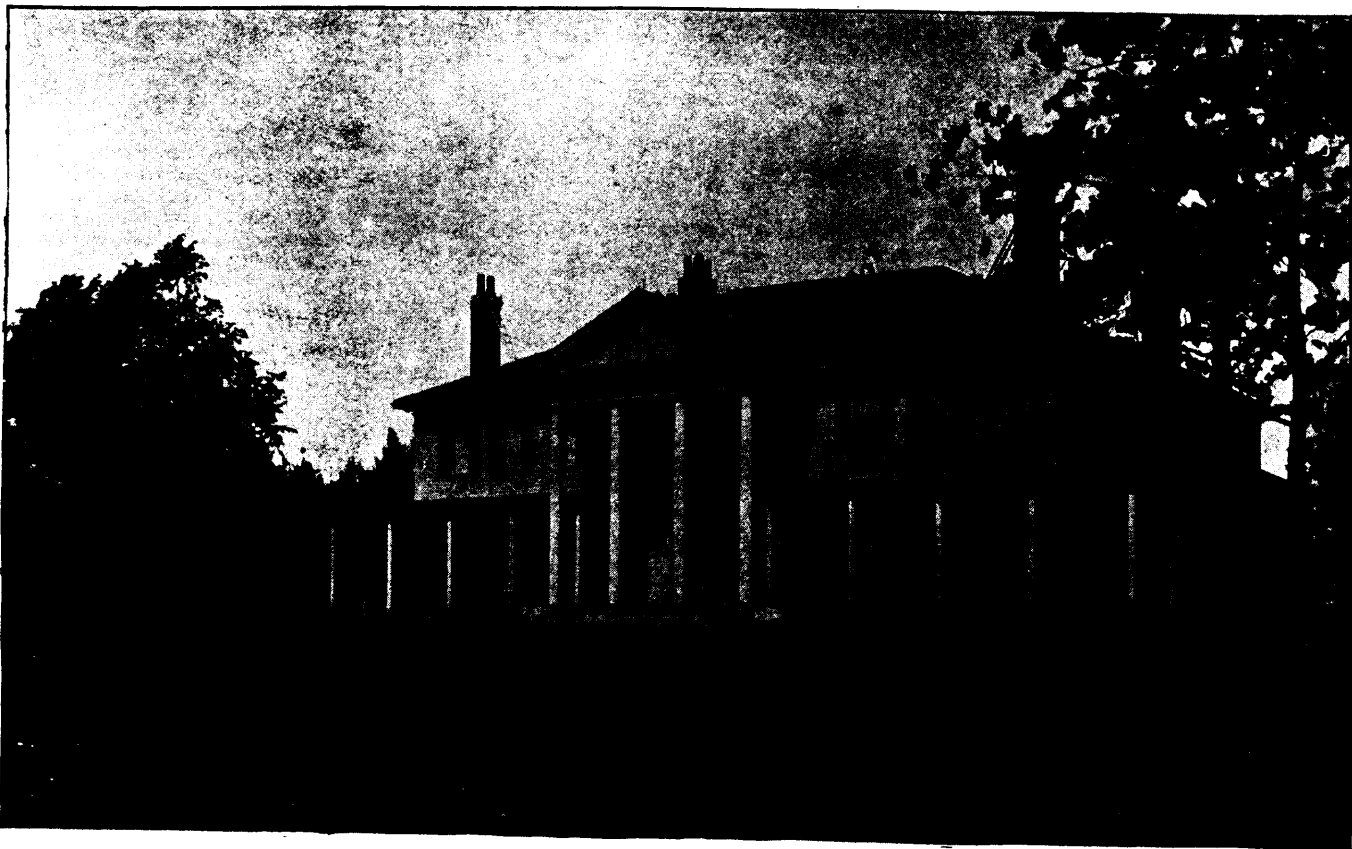


"NASEBY." THE FARM BUILDINGS OF JAMES S. FREER, BRANDON HILLS, MANITOBA.



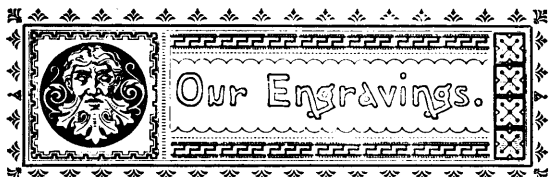
HIS HONOR A. A. MACDONALD, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

From a photograph by G. H. Cook & Co., Charlottetown.



THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

From a photograph by C. Lewis.



THE GREEK GIRL.—Our front page is graced by the study of a head which the author, Arthur Bégas, calls that of a Greek maiden. The Greek full face is not so easy to take, nor is it so agreeable to the eye, as the profile, and hence it is that, in the ancient medals, the side face is much oftener employed for effect. In our picture, however, the forehead is broad and stamped with understanding. The expression of the eyes and mouth is not so much Hellenic as it is Latin, such as we see it in Spanish and French Creoles.

SIR GEORGE STEPHEN, BART.—This distinguished man was born at Dufftown, Banff, Scotland, on the 5th June, 1829, and educated in the parish school of the same. At fourteen he was apprenticed to an Aberdeen draper, and, after four years' service, completed his business education in the great house of J. F. Pawson & Co., of London. In 1850 young Stephen came over to Canada, and, in 1853, formed a partnership with his cousin, the late William Stephen. On the death of the latter in 1860, the former bought his interest, enlarged the business and met with extraordinary success. He was elected a director of the Bank of Montreal, and in 1876 was chosen vice-president. He became president on the death of the late David Torrance. It was about this time that he joined a syndicate for the purchase of the interests of the Dutch holders of the bonds of the St. Paul & Pacific Railway, and, finishing the road so as to control the whole traffic of the Canadian Northwest, they soon found themselves in possession of an exceedingly profitable line. Then, extending their operations, the syndicate made St. Paul the final point of their system, which they named the St. Paul & Manitoba Railway. This led to Sir George Stephen's connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, and in 1888 he was elected its president, which position he retained to within a few months ago. In 1885, along with his relative, Sir Donald Smith, he founded the "Montreal Scholarship," tenable for three years and open to Montreal and neighbourhood, in the Royal College of Music, and again, in 1886, he and Sir Donald donated each the princely sum of \$500,000 for a new hospital at Montreal, to be called the Victoria. In 1885 the Government of Canada presented Sir George with the Confederation medal, and in 1886 Her Majesty the Queen created him a baronet in recognition of his services on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Sir George Stephen has no family of his own, but his adopted daughter was married, a few years ago, to the son of Sir Stafford Northcote. His own name will ever be linked with the prosperity and glory of Canada.

NASEBY, BRANDON HILLS.—The following letter, dated from this place on Nov. 5, 1888, will give due information about our picture: "By this mail I am forwarding you a view of my Farm Buildings as an illustration of what is done on what was so recently wild prairie in the way of substantial home buildings, as contrasted with the earlier erections of pioneer settlers. It may interest you to know that I am farming under the Brandon Hills, having recently come out from the old country (Bristol), having there been a printer and newspaper publisher. We are regular subscribers to THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, and should not now like to be without it. The preparation of the matter and the character of the illustrations leave nothing to be desired, whilst the price (15c. up here) places it within the reach of every man, woman and child who cares for a high class literary and artistic publication. Should you not care to use the view of "Naseby" I am sending you, please return the same; should you use it and care to reproduce it, kindly forward me twenty-five copies of the issue containing the same, and remittance shall follow immediately upon receipt. Perhaps you could enclose them to your agent at Brandon. I want to send a number of copies to England. Yours truly, JAMES S. FREER.

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR A. A. MACDONALD.—The Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island springs from the Clan-ronald branch of the Macdonalds of the Isles. He is son of the Hugh and Catharine Macdonald of Panmure, and grandson of Andrew Macdonald, who purchased a great stretch of land in the province, and with his family and retainers emigrated from Inverness-shire, and settled at Three Rivers, P.E.I., in 1806, where he and his sons thrived for many years. The subject of our sketch was born at the latter place, in 1829; was educated at the County Grammar School, and by private tutor; and married, in 1863, Elizabeth, daughter of a former Provincial Postmaster-General, Thomas Owens. Mr. Macdonald was U.S. Consular Agent at Three Rivers, from 1849 to 1870, and represented Georgetown in the House of Assembly from 1864 to 1870. He was a member of the Legislative Council, for the second district of King's, from 1863 to 1873, when he was made Postmaster-General of the Province; P. O. Inspector from 1880 to 1884, and Postmaster at Charlottetown in 1884. Mr. Macdonald has the high honour of being one of the Fathers of Confederation, having been a delegate to the Charlottetown Conference of 1864, and, in the fall of the same year, to the decisive Quebec Conference. He was also a delegate to the Intercolonial Convention at Portland in 1868, member of the Board of Education from 1867 to 1870, and of the Executive Council from 1867 till the Confederation in 1872. In reward for

his services to both parties, in the Free Education, Land Purchase, Railway and Confederation Acts, he was appointed Lieut.-Governor of his native province in 1884.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CHARLOTTETOWN.—The Government House is the residence of His Honour the Hon. A. A. Macdonald, Lieut.-Governor of Prince Edward Island. It was opened July 6th, 1834, the Hon. George Wright being administrator at the time, in the absence of the Governor, Sir Aretas W. Young. It is beautifully located, a short distance west of the city, upon a slightly elevated plot of ground, gently inclining toward the sea, and commands a fine view of the harbour and city.

MOUNT DONALD.—In the heart of the Selkirks, up the Beaver Valley, tower the Selkirk Mountains, and the highest of these is christened Sir Donald, after the great financier and philanthropist, whose name is forever linked with the Canadian Pacific Railway. Of the many mountain views which we have published in these pages, there is none more stately, sublime and graceful withal than that of Mount Sir Donald.

THE LATE SENATOR ROSS.—This distinguished and useful man, one of the foremost men in Canada, was born in Scotland in 1819, came to Canada at an early age, settled in the old capital of Quebec, and went into the shipping and timber trades, where he amassed a colossal fortune, owning ships in every sea, and doing business in all parts of the globe. He became one of the wealthiest men in America. He had a hand in almost all the monied institutions of Quebec, being President of the bank of that name and Director of the Guarantee Company of North America. He was often asked to enter public life, but always declined, until 1873 and 1878, when he ran unsuccessfully in Quebec Centre for the Commons. He was at length prevailed upon to accept a seat in the Senate in 1884. Mr. Ross died, a few months ago, at only 69 years of age, and is succeeded in the representation of the Laurentides division by Mr. Prince, the timber king of Chicoutimi.

"B" BATTERY DRILL SHED.—Our picture represents a gun weighing about 6300 lbs., raised to the top of parapet (about thirty feet in height) by means of sheers, 60 feet long, the heaviest part of an artilleryman's duty. The whole work was performed without a hitch under the direction of Sergt.-Major Lyndon, superintended by the Commandant for the instruction of a "special class" studying for "Long Course Certificates."

"A" AND "B" BATTERIES SHIFTING ORDNANCE.—"A" and "B" Batteries, Regular Canadian Artillery, are not allowed to compete with the Militia Batteries, as their greater opportunities for drill and practice and, presumably, superior instruction, would give them an unfair advantage. They are, therefore, pitted against one another. The task this year was to dismount a 58 cwt. gun from one carriage, move it on rollers through a narrow passage—four feet wide and nine feet long—and mount it on another carriage 75 feet distant. The winning squad of "B" Battery performed the task in 6 minutes 22 seconds.

THE LAW COURTS, CHARLOTTETOWN.—The Court House (or Law Courts, as it is called), was erected in 1875, at a cost of \$58,000. Its dimensions are 52 x 84 feet, built of pressed brick with free-stone trimmings. To the right is seen St. Paul's Church (Episcopal.)

THE CHARLOTTETOWN POST OFFICE.—The handsome Post Office built by the Dominion Government after the Island entered Confederation was unfortunately reduced to ashes in the big fire of February 20th, 1884. The present one was erected and first opened on February 16th, 1887. Although not considered by many so handsome a structure as the old one, it is, however, much more substantial and commodious in its appointments. Besides the Post office, there are in it also the Savings Bank, Custom and Inland Revenue Offices. It is built of brick and free-stone, 60 x 65 feet, three stories high, and cost about \$75,000. F. de St. Croix Brecken is postmaster.

QUEEN SQUARE GARDENS, CHARLOTTETOWN.—These Gardens, although only quite recently opened, form, with their gravelled walks, profusion of varied hued flowers and velvety green lawns, one of the chief attractions of the city, and are much admired by strangers. In the foreground, to the right, is the Parliament House, next to it stands the Post Office, and the third building is the Market House.

THE REV. W. W. CARSON, pastor of the Dominion Methodist Church, Ottawa, is a native of the County of Carleton, and received part of his education in the city in which he is now a pastor. He is in the prime of life, and among the most vigorous and liberal thinkers in his denomination. He is a minister of the Methodist Church, but his creed is said not to be exactly limited by that of any denomination. On public and national questions he speaks out fearlessly his views, while the frankness and candour of his manner disarm unfriendly criticism. To his catholic spirit and cosmopolitan sympathies, as well as to his earnest eloquence, is due the fact that at the Capital all classes wait upon his ministry, and he seldom speaks save to a crowded congregation. He was called to the ministry in 1867, and was ordained by Rev. W. Morley Punshon in 1871. After ordination he held the pastorate of the First Methodist Church, Hamilton. He has held important positions in connection with his denomination, and, in seeking to enlarge his knowledge of mankind, has travelled extensively in Europe and America.

P. O., WOODSTOCK.—One of the chief features of our country towns, in the provinces, is the beauty and substantial appearance of their public buildings—court houses, gaols, post offices and custom houses. The Post Office of the flourishing town of Woodstock is a case in point, as the reader may see by looking at the engraving in this issue.

PTOLEMY ON THE NILE.

[From an unpublished gala entitled "How Balthazar the King went down into Egypt."]

BY HUNTER DUVAR.

"Nilus! Nilus!" and before them rolled
The mystic river; and a barge of gold
Lay moored with its carved prow against a pier,
From which the King embarked with all his train;
The reis on the foredeck drew the spear
From out the ringbolt and cast off the chain,
And they were floating upon Nile the old!

Full bravely led the galley of the King,
And, all at once, like flap of ibis' wing,
Flashed out the gilt and crimson-bladed oars,
And lightly o'er the molten surface skimmed,
While slow unrolled the low and level shores,
Like to a landscape on a curtain limned,
And blended into shadows, lessening.

Music was on the Nile boats. Conch and horn,
Flute answering flute, with zittern and lycon,
Took up the keynote from the leading barge,
And part and counterpart in measured strain,
In gathering volume, rolled on to the marge,
The while the swelling chorus grew amain
And inland o'er the standing rice was borne.

Along the shore, as down the mystic river
Floated the King, the boughs without a shiver
Bent in the breathless air, and ibis
And birds of scarlet plumage waded grave,
While small deer, timorous as their nature is,
And panthers to the brink came down to lave,
But drew back as they saw the oar blades quiver.

Along the burnished waters meadow flowers
Floated, and buds with berries, which the scours
Of torrents, melted moons ago, had shred
From Afric's inland mountain range of snows,
And torn up with the rich mould from its bed,
And brought to Egypt when the waters rose
To pour into her lap full harvest dowers.

They floated past the swamp of crocodiles
And labyrinths of submerged bulrush isles,
With matted lilies growing on the ooze,
While round the shallow bars the eddies swum,
All changeless as in old time when the Jews
Mustered at beat of the Egyptian drum
And laid their tale of brick upon the piles.

Upon the left bank of the river loomed
A massive wall, where Pharaohs lay entombed,
With their deeds vaguely limned in hieroglyph,
In tinct of vivid azure, green, and red,
Ochre and vermeil—standing stark and stiff
Their rigid forms—while 'mong the mummied dead
The frogs croaked and the woful bittern boomed.

As they swept on they saw a form of stone
Cleaving the yellow skyline, stern and lone
And awful, so no man might bear to dwell
'Neath its eyes glaring with unwinking lids,
As if of beings it alone could tell
The august mystery of the pyramids,
Ere centuries of sand had round them blown.

Now on the right bank of the river's flow,
Where sentinelled with watch-towers and aglow
With half-mooned vanes all flickering like jets,
Uprose a city walled, in proud estate,
Full of domed roofs and tall white minarets,
The King's fleet veered toward a water-gate
And anchored 'neath the walls of Cairo.

Hernewood, P.E.I.

[The reader will agree with the editor that it would be hard to find a more skilful piece of workmanship than this picture of the bard of Hernewood.]

IN OCTOBER, 1888.

O Toronto's fair city is all in a blaze!
From the crown of her hills to the depth of her bays,
By the Don's sluggish wave and the Humber so bright,
Toronto's fair city is all in a light!

O brilliant the burning! and wondrous to see;
Like the low of a furnace it lights up the lea.
And O! its rare colours, its rays and its glints!
Divine were the artist should catch its fine tints.

O ardent the glow and resplendent the sheen!
The scarlets and ambers, the yellow and green,
The russets and purples, the crimsons and greys,
The bronzes and browns of the beautiful blaze.

O the surge of the fire o'er the highways hath rolled,
The orchards' hot glare hath the hue of red gold;
The willows grow ashen, their feet in the stream,
The underwood smiles in the soft golden gleam.

O the yellow flame glares from the poplars so tall,
And glows in the elms and the beeches withal;
The crimson burns lambent on maple and oak,
O clear shines the fire that is free from dun smoke!

O Toronto's fair city is all in a blaze,
From the crown of her hills to the depths of her bays!
Like the low of a furnace, it lights up the lea,
O the fires of October are glorious to see!

S. A. C.



Sir Donald Smith is expected back home by the beginning of the new year.

The Archbishop of Ottawa, who is now in Rome, will spend nearly six months abroad.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has withdrawn from public life, meaning to spend his time in literary work.

Hon. J. J. C. Abbott has made an important purchase of 4,000 volumes for the Montreal Fraser Institute.

Sir John H. Johnston, of St. Osyth's Priory, England, is interested in the phosphate mining operations at Buckingham.

Senator Alexander has written to a friend in Ottawa to say that ill health will prevent his attending the coming session.

Hon. Mr. Blake will spend some days again at the Capital to watch the interests of his clients in the great railway case.

Sir Donald Smith has had plans prepared for a handsome stone cottage at St. Andrews, N.B., where he will live each summer.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron, of Toronto, formerly of Detroit, has made her will, disposing of upwards of four millions of dollars.

Hon. Mr. Price, the lumber king of the Chicoutimi and Saguenay, has been raised to the Senate in the room of the late Hon. J. G. Ross.

Hon. Mr. Chapleau and Mrs. Chapleau sailed for Paris on Saturday last to consult a physician for the Minister, who expects to be back by February.

Mrs. Barnabas Tilton, mother of John Tilton, Deputy Minister of Fisheries, died at Lancaster, N.B., yesterday. Deceased was in her eighty-first year.

Mrs. Hannah Macdougall, mother of the Hon. William Macdougall, who died in her 84th year, was born at St. Andrews, on the Ottawa River, and came to Toronto when fifteen years of age.

Mrs. F. X. Quintal a few days ago celebrated the 95th anniversary of her birthday, surrounded by her 14 children, 113 grand-children, 138 great-grandchildren, and 20 great-grandchildren.

The memorial window presented by Lady Macdonald to St. Alban's Church, Ottawa, in memory of her mother, was manufactured in England from a Canadian design, is understood to be very handsome, and cost about \$1,500.

Professor Wiggins, of tempestuous fame, has scored another success, and is receiving greetings from all parts. He foretold an earthquake somewhere, and all along the south shore of the St. Lawrence to Rimouski the earth trembled. No casualties.

On November 22, 1888, at the advanced age of 82 years, being born in Montreal 12th August, 1806, there passed away one of the last surviving members of the Montreal branch of the well known Canadian family of Sewell. Mrs. Durnford was a daughter of the late Stephen Sewell, K.C., formerly solicitor-general for Lower Canada.

Sir Charles Tupper writes us from his office, at London, asking that the following facts be added to his biography which we lately published. He obtained the M.D. degree at Edinburgh University, and also the license of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1843. He was created a baronet in the present year, 1888. He was one of the three (being Minister of Railways at the time), who made the agreement with the C.P.R. Syndicate for the building of the road, and he carried it through Parliament the next year, the Imperial Parliament having nothing to do with it.

QUEBEC IN 1830.

At this period several British regiments occupied the Citadel and Jesuits barracks, composed of infantry, armed with the antiquated flint lock "Brown Bess" gun, the Royal Artillery and Engineers and Commissariat department. The artillery and engineers were located in barracks at the foot of Palace street, and the commissariat a building on the *Place d'Armes*, the officers' mess on St. Louis street, where they and invited guests dined, enlivened by the strains of a regimental band. The entrance to the city was by five gates, namely, St. Louis, Palace, St. John, Hope and Mountain Hill gates, at each of which was a guardhouse, with sentry boxes for the soldiers, who paced for two hours, till relieved by others in their turn; besides a guardhouse near the old chateau and Castle St. Louis (since burned), the residence of the Governor-General. At about the midnight hour might be heard the words of a sentry: "Turn out the guard!" "Who goes there?" "Rounds!" "What rounds?"

"Grand rounds." "Stand and give the counter-sign." "Pass, grand rounds." The officers of this guard then proceeded to the other guardhouses, till the round was completed, the occupants being supplied with rations, selected by the commissariat. On Sunday a review of the troops took place on the Esplanade by the Governor-General (then a superior officer of the army), accompanied by a brilliant staff, the troops, after marching and counter-marching, then proceeding to their barracks. A grand review of all the troops at the Plains of Abraham, on the Queen's birthday, was an imposing sight to those then living (alas! how few remain), who witnessed the military display. The firing of the cannon on the Citadel, at 9 p.m. in summer, and 8.30 p.m. in winter, summoned the soldiers to their barracks from the taverns in the suburbs, where some remained after roll-call, or fell struggling on their way, to be picked up by a corporal's guard, and to undergo the penalty of extra drill on the following morning. This brief pen and ink sketch must suffice, as the art of photography was unknown in those days, which would otherwise have afforded some more vivid conception of "Quebec as a garrison city" to the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

Ottawa.

G. S. P.

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

Murray's Magazine is amusing in its description of the ideal oyster, by which it means, of course, the British native. The shape should be like the petal of a rose leaf. Who ever heard of the petal of a leaf? Its shell should be as thin as china. It should have a metallic ring and an opalescent hue. The hollow should be like an egg cup and the flesh firm, white and nut-like. All of which is very fine, but what about the *taste* of your native? Why that smack of copper?

The Canadian man of letters likes his own hard shells, because they come from the deep, have the zest of brine, are fed, not on slops nor sewage, but on kelp and slippery sea weed, with lesser mollusks that make them fat and plump. Then look at the kingly size of them—the *Bouc-touche*, large as your hand; the *Saint-Simon*, tapering and firm; the *Malpecque*, with its bunches of pearly meat, and the little *Caraquette* that holds in solution a saline elixir.

"Foy," of Quebec, has sent me several pieces of verse, all clever, but not always polished enough with Horace's file. There can be no good workmanship without the *limae labor*. The following triolet, however, from his pen, shows that he has a fine touch:—

L'HIRONDELLE.

Petit hirondelle,
Joli voyageur,
Voles donc vers ma belle,
Petit hirondelle!

Demandes lui qu'elle
Me renvoie mon cœur,
Petit hirondelle,
Joli voyageur!

The *Varsity Gazette*, of Toronto, gives this list of college newspapers:—*University Review*, Trinity College, Toronto; *College Times*, U. C. College, Toronto; *Knox College Monthly*, Toronto; *The Varsity*, Toronto; *McGill Gazette*, Montreal; *University Monthly*, Fredericton, N.B.; *Portfolio*, Hamilton Ladies' College; *Sunbeam*, Whitby Ladies' College; *Gazette*, Dalhousie College, N.S.; *King's College Record*, Windsor, N.S.; *Journal*, Queen's College, Kingston; *Acta Victoriana*, Cobourg; *Argosy*, Sackville, N.B.; *Journal*, Manitoba College, Winnipeg; *Presbyterian College Journal*, Montreal; *The Owl*, Ottawa College. From this it will be seen that nine papers are published in Ontario, two in Quebec, two in New Brunswick, two in Nova Scotia, and one in Manitoba. Of these, two are from ladies' colleges in Ontario. *The Varsity* is the only weekly among the number; there are several fortnightly, but the great majority are monthlies. The list lacks *The Athenæum*, of Acadia College, Wolfville, N.S.; the *Almafilian*, of Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont., and *Le Couvent*, of Joliette, P.Q.

Not better than our own, but pleasing from association, is the *Oxford Magazine*, published, with its buff cover and frontispiece of MOUSIKE and GYMNASIKE. It comes out weekly during term. The number before us contains this cynic and scholastic outburst:—

ODE TO THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE AT OSNEY.

Proud monument of British enterprise!

Stately highway of Commerce! thou art old:

Since with enraptured gaze we saw thee rise

Three winters o'er thy perilous planks have rolled,

Each with its load of carriages and carts:

Freshmen, who saw thy birth, are Bachelors of Arts.

Majestic arch, that spans the Isis' flow,

Fraught with the memory of our lives imperilled,

We could not hope to keep thee—thou must go.

Yet shall no bard in Chronicle or Herald,

No civic Muse, deplore thee! none of all

Who paid augmented rates to rear thee, mourn thy fall.

Thou art of schemes municipal the symbol,

As crazy, and as tortuous. Fare thee well!

Not long o'er thee shall Undergraduate nimble

Evade the Proctor and his bulldogs fell:

Business and Pleasure to their old forgotten

Path will return again, and leave thy timbers rotten.

Perchance some Alderman, or Member of

The Local Board,—his shallop softly mooring,—

Beside thy site contemplative will rove

And weep awhile thy glories unending:

And unimpeded by thy barring wood

Dead cats and dogs shall float adown the central flood.

A. G.

We have two more monuments that are spoken of. The first is to the memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. All Canada owes him this tribute for his services in the cause of good fellowship and national union. We, men of letters, have special cause to enlist in this good work. Poor D'Arcy was a born orator, and, in his published speeches, the very best are those delivered after his settlement in the Dominion. He wrote much pretty verse, and so ductile was his mind that, among his gathered poems, we find quite a little collection of ballads on Canadian themes.

The other monument is to the Iroquois virgin and saint, Catharine Tagakwita, born near Auriesville, in the Mohawk Valley, and who lived and died at Caughnawaga, over against Montreal, or, as it was called in her time, Sault St. Louis. Rev. Clarence Walworth, Rector of St. Mary's, Albany, had this statue made and inscribed at his own cost, and sent over to Caughnawaga to be set up. In some unaccountable way the stone has been stopped on the road, near Portage River, six miles from the Sault, and it is said that the hitch lies in \$40 of Customs' duties which have not yet been paid. The writer of these lines, with other men of letters and students of history, are going to see that this mistake is mended.

TALON.

OLD FRIENDS.—Never give up old friends for new ones. Make new ones if you like, and when you have learned that you can trust them, love them if you will, but remember the old ones still. Do not forget that they have been merry with you in time of pleasure, and when sorrow came to you they sorrowed also. No matter if they have gone down in the social scale, and you up; no matter if poverty and misfortune have come to them, while prosperity and plenty have fallen to you— are they any less true for that?

OATMEAL AS A FOOD.—Many of the keepers of big groceries in this city tell of the large extent to which oatmeal is used as an article of diet. In thousands of families a plate or a bowl of oatmeal porridge, which ought to be of the best quality, well boiled, and taken with cream, is the first thing at breakfast. The children are apt to be very fond of it. It is wholesome, nutritious and advantageous to the digestion. It is surprising that more people do not learn how to prepare for the breakfast table oatmeal cakes, those thin, crisp, most excellent biscuits which one finds in all households in Scotland, and which ought to be eaten with fresh milk. They are easily made, worth making, possess most of the merits of porridge, and are a desirable change from it at times.

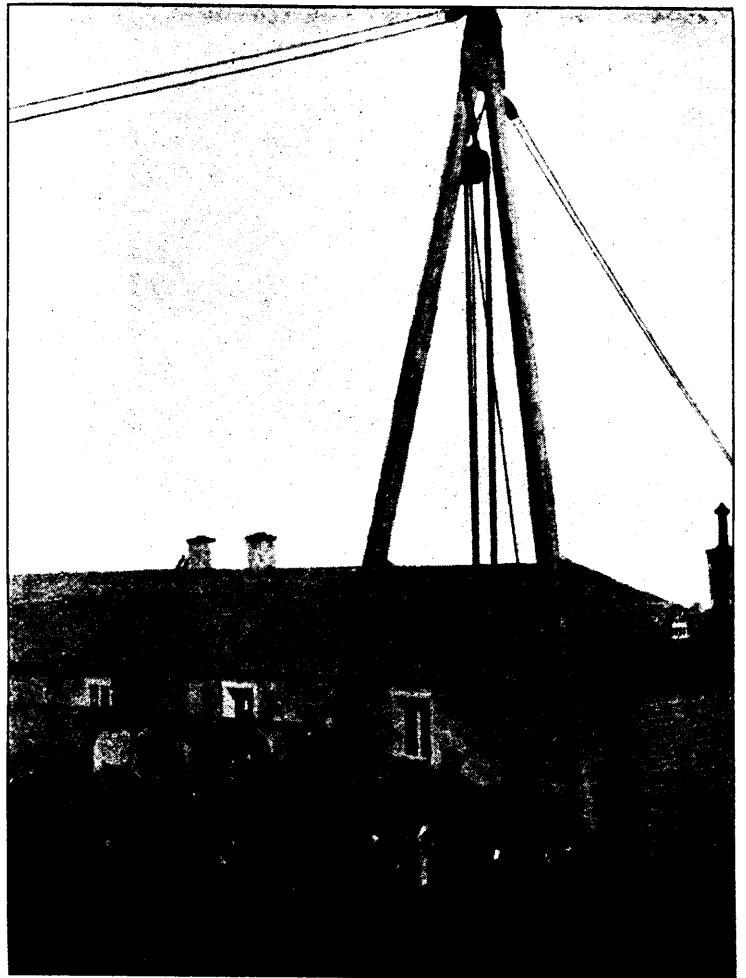


MOUNT "SIR DONALD," SELKIRKS.

From a photograph by Notman.



THE LATE HON. J. G. ROSS.
From a photograph by Livernois.



"B" BATTERY AT SHEER DRILL IN THE CITADEL,
QUEBEC.



"B" BATTERY SHIFTING ORDNANCE IN THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.

From a photograph by Capt. Imlah, R. C. A.

The Lady in Muslin.

I.

IN WHICH RICHARD GAUNT DECLARES HIMSELF UNROMANTIC.

We were sitting comfortably in Dick's room, smoking our after-dinner cigars, and enjoying as much of fresh early summer air as is permitted to make its way through the open windows of London "first floors," talking the while in that easy fashion which is the result of intimacy, philosophical quietude of mind, a good dinner, and an excellent cigar.

If I recollect rightly, the leading subject of our conversation—though of course relieved by pleasant digressions, suggested by our employment—was, the spirit of the age.

"Practical, no doubt," I replied to a lengthy remark of Gaunt's on the unpoetical, unromantic leaning of the civilization of the nineteenth century. "Yet, after all, one can't be surprised at it. The time preceding the realization of desire is the time of imagination—of high-coloured expectations. The realization must needs be practical. I regard the present pitch of civilization as the realism necessarily resulting from the idealism of the chivalric ages. Perhaps to make another step we shall have to go through another poetic or ideal period higher in degree than the last, and so on."

Dick smoked on. He was not imaginatively inclined, so I was neither surprised nor discouraged at the composed silence with which he received an idea that, I flatter myself, *was* a little novel.

"You don't know much of Tennyson, Gaunt, do you?" I said, putting down my cigar, and taking a lately published volume of the poet from my pocket.

"No; can't understand him," was Dick's curt reply. "Never could understand any of your mysticisms. At college I always made a horrid hash of metaphysics, and all that kind of stuff."

"Yes," I replied, gently. I remembered my excellent friend had made a considerable hash of not only all such "stuff," but other practical kinds of knowledge, too, without, however, falling much in his own estimation.

"The only poet I ever read is Byron, and I skip him where he grows too—you know—up in the clouds," continued Dick, grinning pleasantly, and letting the fragrant smoke lazily get out of his mouth as it could. "As you said before, I belong to the age, and as a respectable inhabitant of the world in the nineteenth century, I concern myself with only the practical and the get-at-able; I never did a romantic or sentimental thing in my life."

I could quite believe it. As I looked in my friend's brown, rather stolid, countenance, I had not the least doubt of it.

He was a strongly-built, tall, powerful-looking fellow, with a large head, covered by thick, curly, brown hair, reddy-brown whiskers and moustaches hiding at least a third part of a face that was certainly not intellectual, either in outline or expression; but, then, there was something so hearty and honest in the dark full eyes, that, in looking in Richard Gaunt's face, the last thing you troubled yourself about was his intellect.

I am—well—I won't call myself an intellectual person; all I say is, that I am an admirer, and, I believe, understander, of Tennyson. I have a fondness for German literature, besides which I dabble in reviews and magazines; and I flatter myself the satire and sharp-edged wit which you, my dear reader, appreciate so well, are not the only weapons I could bring to defend myself, were my right to the title of a "literary man" disputed.

I only make this allusion to myself to throw a stronger light on the virtues of Mr. Gaunt. A man, I say, of my stamp, in looking at Richard's face, forgot to notice his want of intellect; and in those pleasant, kind eyes of his found something which made him forget his favourite synonym for a human being, "mind," and feel glad to call their possessor "friend."

We were silent after that candid declaration of Dick's, I pursuing a train of ideas that our conversation had suggested, Gaunt lazily employed in sipping his wine, puffing out his smoke, and watching his opposite neighbour, a young lady of artistic talents, who, seated at her piano, was giving us, or I suppose him, the benefit of some dreadfully high pitched songs, gratis.

"She didn't sing badly last night at Sadler's Wells," remarked Gaunt, breaking in on my reflections. "I think I shall go with Philipps, and sup with her next Friday. She's not bad-looking either, is she, Mark?"

"Not at all," I answered, dryly; "and I've no doubt, in a theatre, where full scope is given to her rather powerful voice, she is a charming singer; as a neighbour, I confess I should find her inconvenient."

Dick grinned again, in a little quizzical way, that was his nearest approach to the satiric.

"I understand you, my boy. Well, you know, it's one of the peculiarities of the age of 'Realism.'"

What "it" meant, I didn't enquire. I am a stern moralist, but I don't like discussing such cases of "it" with my friend Gaunt.

I took another glass of claret, and lighted another weed; Dick did the same, and drew his chair a little nearer the open window, for which he was evidently rewarded by some sign over the way, for he certainly smiled, and suddenly waved his cigar in a manner that was otherwise both objectless and absurd.

I made no remark. "Chacun à son goût" is my motto, with a mental shrug of the shoulder; but I drew back into the shade of the window curtain, and began sketching an article I meant for the next month's London *Society*, which should contain all the pith of the sentiments my friend's conduct awoke in me, regarding not only himself, but society in general.

I was disturbed by the postman's knock.

Mrs. Briggs herself—Dick was a favourite of hers—brought up the letters, and as my worthy friend happened at the moment to have his head stretched out of the window and his eyes quite engrossed by "over the way," she gave them into my hand, with a few pleasant remarks on my own healthful looks, etc.

Mrs. B. knew I was Gaunt's dear friend, so, like a skilful diplomatist, she cultivated my acquaintance with smiles and care, although, as I once overheard her say to some one who was making enquiries concerning me, she didn't know as if I was a "raal gent, for I wore boots as had been mended, only three shirts a week, and was a noospaper writer."

A man who takes letters in his hand, naturally examines them, and without any very prying curiosity I turned over the two envelopes and examined the writing and postmarks.

Both were from Blackheath, and to my surprise, instead of the manly handwriting of Dick's usual correspondents, one bore most unmistakably the direction of a lady's hand, and the other, to my still greater astonishment, the unsteady round characters of a child's!

Now, I knew Richard Gaunt's history and genealogy pretty well, and was thoroughly aware that he had neither sister, aunt nor cousin of any degree, in the feminine gender. The Gaunts were a singularly unprolific race, consisting most brokenly of a line of only sons. Indeed, I doubt if such a person as a *Miss* Gaunt had ever existed, in their family at least.

I turned over the letters meditatively, then I looked at my friend, who was in the act of pressing the tips of his fingers to his moustache in a very unmistakable fashion. "Richard," I exclaimed, sternly, a rather unkind idea concerning Mr. Gaunt's character suddenly dashing through my mind.

Dick popped his head back as if electrified.

"What the deuce is up?" he exclaimed, sharply. "Can't you let a fellow alone, Mark, to do what he chooses?"

"Here are two letters," I answered, serenely.

"Well! and what of that? Do you think that the arrival of a letter is such a rare and important

event that you must disturb a man just—just—ah!—she's gone!" added Dick, ruefully, looking again towards over the way. "Confound you, Mark!"

I was quite accustomed to compliments of this kind from my bosom friend, and I received his remarks with a philosophical silence, merely throwing him the letters.

Dick took them, crossly, but no sooner did he glance at the lady's handwriting than his eye lighted up with sudden interest. He hastily broke the seal, and turned eagerly to catch the few gleams of daylight that remained.

I felt puzzled. I had no idea that there was any secret in Dick Gaunt's life that was hidden from me. He was not a man for mysteries, and all his romances—if, indeed, his love-making could be termed as such—was most frankly exposed to the gaze of all who chose to look.

I roused myself from the kind of affectionate carelessness with which I generally regarded Dick's doings, and watched him curiously.

The first letter read, he carefully re-folded it, and then took up the other, which he examined with a smiling wonder, as if pleased, yet considerably puzzled, by it. He stroked and curled his moustache excitedly, screwed up his eyes, turned about the paper, and evidently did his best to possess himself of its contents. I could not help thinking that Dick's young correspondent must have some strong hold on his affections to induce him to give himself such evident exertion to make him or her out.

I looked very seriously at my friend, as, apparently despairing of success, he merely glanced at the fourth page, and then folding up the little blotty letter, slipped it with the other into his pocket. I waited a moment or two expecting some remark, but Dick neither returned my look nor spoke a word.

"I had no idea you had juvenile correspondents, Richard," I said, and in a pleasant confidence-inviting tone. With a cool, daring opponent like myself, I knew that he was a bad fencer, so I was quite prepared to see him start a little, look uncomfortable, and exclaim: "Eh!—oh! didn't you?" and then awkwardly attempt to act the natural and unembarrassed, by striking fuses and applying them to the wrong end of his cigar.

"I thought you had no female relations, Dick," I continued; "no bothering womankind, you once told me."

"But I didn't tell you I had no female friends, I suppose," Dick answered, gruffly.

"*Friends!* Oh, no, certainly. Don't you choose your friends rather young, though?"

Gaunt did not look up or reply, but even in the growing twilight I saw the phenomenon of Mr. Richard Gaunt *blushing*, whether with conscious guilt, shame or anger I knew not.

We smoked silently for at least half an hour after that, I feeling not exactly at my ease, Gaunt with a grimness that was his imitation of sulkiness.

Actually sulky he was not, for he answered civilly enough any questions I put to him, passing me the tobacco canister with his usual alacrity directly he saw that my pipe was empty, and suggesting brandy and water, as he always did, as soon as a certain time had elapsed from our finishing our claret; but he was not conversationally inclined; he smoked lazily and almost musingly; and I particularly remarked that it was in vain, our opposite neighbour seated herself at the open window in the full light of the lamp in her most becoming attitude. There sat Dick in his arm-chair, silent and grave, apparently quite oblivious of ever having felt the slightest interest in over the way, at any rate, quite unconscious of her presence.

How long this unsocial state of affairs might have continued, and whether my delicate silence might at length have melted Gaunt's grimness into friendly confidence, I cannot say, for we were suddenly disturbed by noisy boots and noisy voices on the stairs, and in came Philips, Brown and Smith, all smoking and all jovial, from a very late dinner, to make us join their expedition to—well—no matter where.

(To be continued.)



The Toronto Zoological Society is insolvent.

The Dominion Parliament will meet on January 31st.

Quebec now pays 22 cents per lamp for its electric lighting.

The town of Fraserville (River du Loup) is lighted with the electric light.

Savings banks deposits in Canada amounted to over \$50,500,000; ten years ago they were \$13,500,000.

Over two hundred members of the Northwest Mounted Police have savings bank deposits. Their deposits exceed \$25,000.

The Canadian Pacific intends building a road through Crow's Nest in British Columbia with a view to making it their main line.

The proposed monument to Jacques Cartier is to be made of the splendid granite lately found on the line of the Lake St. John Railway.

British Columbia shingles are readily sold all over Manitoba and the Territories, and a profitable market might be found for them in Eastern Canada.

The Messrs. Allan have interviewed Sir John Macdonald and urged the claims of the Allan Line to the Atlantic mail subsidy, declaring that they could offer advantages equal to any.

C. J. Brydges, land commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company, reports that the Company has sold as much farming lands so far this year as they did in the preceding five years. The Company also sold a much larger amount of Winnipeg property this year than in any year since the boom.

A very considerable emigration from those rural districts of France from which the first settlers in Canada came is expected in the province of Quebec next year. The *curés* in these districts are said to be interesting themselves very much in the movement, and the people being dissatisfied under the present regime in France are disposed to emigrate.

From a statement which has been compiled respecting the proportion of children to population in Ontario and Quebec, respectively, it appears that in 1881 Ontario had more children in proportion to population than Quebec of every age from eleven years upward. Below that age Quebec had the preponderance. It must be concluded, that English Canadians raise larger families than French Canadians.

HERE AND THERE.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—W. J. Barnwell, a mathematician and organist, of Berkshire, England, claims to have squared the circle. He has been at work on the time-honoured problem for 15 years. His solution consists of eight figures, which, in concrete shape, form a perfect cyclo-meter. Mr. Barnwell has laid his formula before the French Academy of Sciences. If he has really squared the circle he should now devote himself to the effort to discover perpetual motion, and also settle the historic question as to who filipped the late lamented Billy Patterson,

VOODOOISM.—Voodooism is practised in Hayti, but without human sacrifice. There is no cannibalism known on the island, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The Voodooists are a remarkably learned people in the science of botany, and they can do things which would seem incredible to those who never saw them performing their strange rites. They profess to be able to give a charm to the life of a warrior, and they can render the human body impregnable to the thrust of the sharpest sword. This is done by bathing the body in a vegetable solution. They are a strange people, and their influence on the island is considerable.

BEARS AND GAME.—Mr. Louis Lapointe, wood-ranger for the county of L'Islet, reports that 56 bears were killed in that county this fall, in the townships of Garneau, Lafontaine and Fournier, and in the seignory of St. Roch des Aulnais. One *habitant* named Legros killed 8, another named Caron 7, a third named Jincas 7, and a fourth named Launiere 5. Mr. Lapointe also reports that moose, cariboo and red deer have considerably increased in that section, and that a great number of the two latter kinds have been bagged of late by hunters.

A MARITIME PROVINCE MEDAL.—A prize to be entitled the "Charles G. Coster Memorial Prize,"

and intended as a tribute to the memory of the late Chas. G. Goster, M.A., Ph. D., Principal of the grammar school at St. John, N.B., is offered by Mr. Colin H. Livingstone, B.A., to the undergraduates (men or women) from the Maritime Provinces, in April, 1889. It is not restricted to any academic year, and will be awarded to that undergraduate from the above Provinces who, in the opinion of the Faculty, shall have passed the best sessional examination. In 1890 it is to be restricted to undergraduates of the first year.

A GREAT COLLECTION.—The Slater memorial museum at Norwich, Conn., has been opened. It has been established under the supervision of Edward Robinson, curator of antiquities in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and is said to be the finest collection of casts of Greek and Græco-Roman and renaissance sculpture and photographs of the frescoes and paintings of the masters of art, in the Italian, German, Netherland, Dutch and other schools between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, and of the architectural monuments of the old world on this continent.

LA BELLE POULE.—The French are considering the question of breaking up the old "La Belle Poule," the vessel that brought Napoleon's remains from St. Helena to France. There is much opposition to the project among the Imperialists, who declare that every splinter of the famous vessel is sacred.

IN THE TUNNEL.

My little son
Was troubled in the darkness, and he cried.
As we sped on,
I felt him nestle nearer to my side ;
Soon, hushed and calm, his hand in mine he laid,
And whispered softly, "Now, I'm not afraid."

I sat and thought.
I had been troubled in the dark—had cried—
Not trusted as I ought.
Yet had not I long since drawn near His side ?
Was not my hand within my Saviour's laid ?
Why had I been so troubled and afraid ?

We flashed into the light ;
My little son, his fright and trouble o'er,
His countenance all bright,
Cried gayly, "It is lighter than before !"
And I smiled back, my fear and trouble o'er ;
"Yes, yes," I cried, "much lighter than before !"

E. H. Moore.

THE LOG CABIN.

The following lofty and touching reference to his early home is from the great Daniel Webster, and a masterpiece of eloquence and philosophy which deserves to be inserted in a book of Selected Readings. Hence it is that we publish it to-day :—

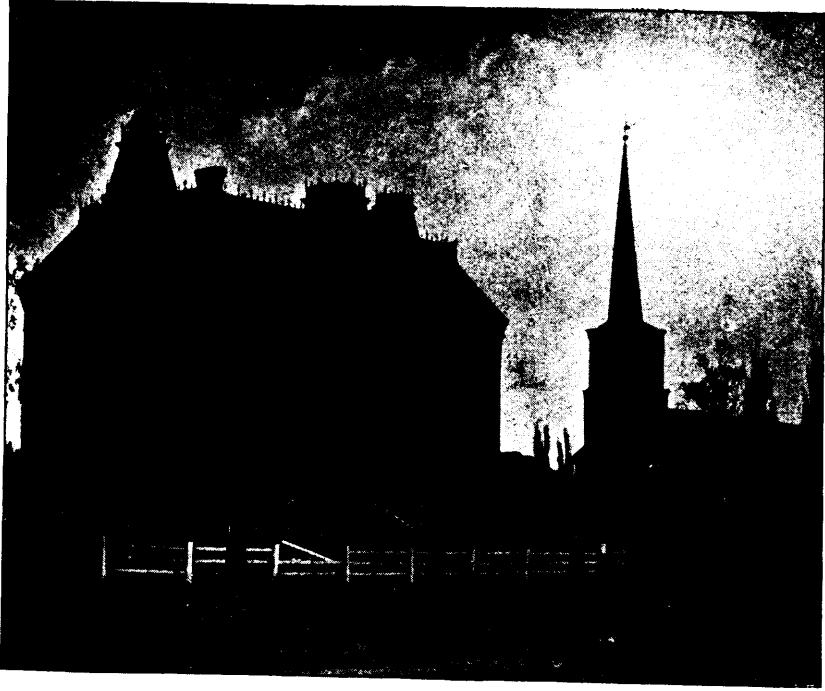
"It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin matter of personal merit or obscure origin matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in this country but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them ; and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin ; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin, raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living ; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of a seven years' revo-

lutionary war, shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to save his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind."

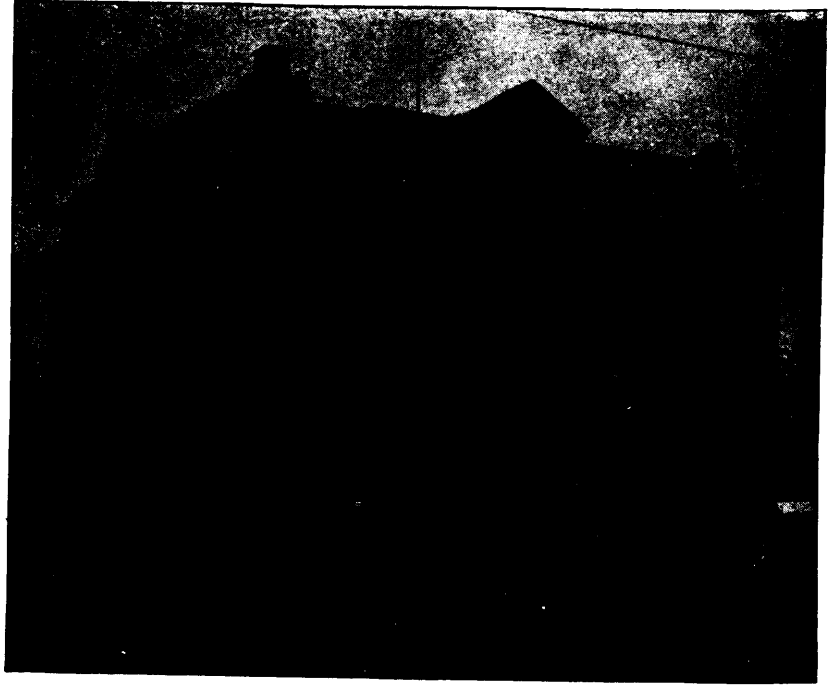
THE FEAR OF THE LORD SHOWN IN SHAKESPEARE.

This "fear of the Lord" is incorporated by Shakespeare in the impression left upon us by his great tragedies in a way far more effectual than if he were invariably to apportion rewards and punishments in the fifth act with a neat and ready hand to his good and evil characters. It is enough for him to engage our loyalty and love for human worth, wherever and however we meet with it, and to make us rejoice in its presence, whether it find in this world conditions favourable to its action or the reverse. This we might name the principle of faith in the province of ethics, and there, at all events, we are saved by faith. The innocents suffer in Shakespeare's plays as they do in real life, but all our hearts go with them. Which of us would not choose to be *Duncan* lying in his blood, rather than *Macbeth* upon the throne? Which of us would not choose rather to suffer wrong with *Desdemona* than rejoice in accomplished villainy with *Iago*? But *Macbeth*, *Iago*, *Edmund*, *Richard III.*, *King Claudius*, and the other malefactors of Shakespeare's plays do not indeed triumph in the final issue. "The conscience of mankind refuses to believe in the ultimate impunity of guilt, and looks upon the flying criminal as only taking a circuit to his doom." Shakespeare here rightly exhibits things foreshortened in the tract of time. Though the innocent and the righteous may indeed, if judged from a merely external point of view, appear as losers in the game of life, the guilty can never, in the long run, be the winners. The baser types, which for a time seem to flourish in violation of the laws of health or the spiritual laws of the inner life, inevitably tend toward sterility and extinction. The righteous have not set their hearts on worldly success or prosperity, and they do not attain it ; a dramatic poet may courageously exhibit the fact ; but what is dearer they attain—a serene conscience and a tranquil assurance that all must be well with those supported by the eternal laws. But the guilty ones, whose aim has been external success, and who have challenged the Divine laws, or hoped to evade them, are represented as failing in the end to achieve that poor success on which their hearts have been set. "I have seen the wicked in great power * * * * but I went by, and lo, he was not." Follow a malefactor far enough, Shakespeare says, and you will find that his feet must needs be caught in the toils spread for those who strive against the moral order of the world. Nor can pleasure evade those inexorable laws any more than can crime. A golden mist, with magic exhalations and a strange glamour of pleasure may rise for an hour ; but these are the transitory glories of sunset vapours, which night presently strikes into sullen quietude with her leaden mace. This is what Shakespeare has exhibited in his "Antony and Cleopatra." All the sensuous witchery of the East is there displayed ; but behind the gold and the music, the spicery and the eager amorous faces rise the dread forms of actors on whom the players in that stupendous farce-tragedy had not reckoned, the forms of the calm avenging laws.

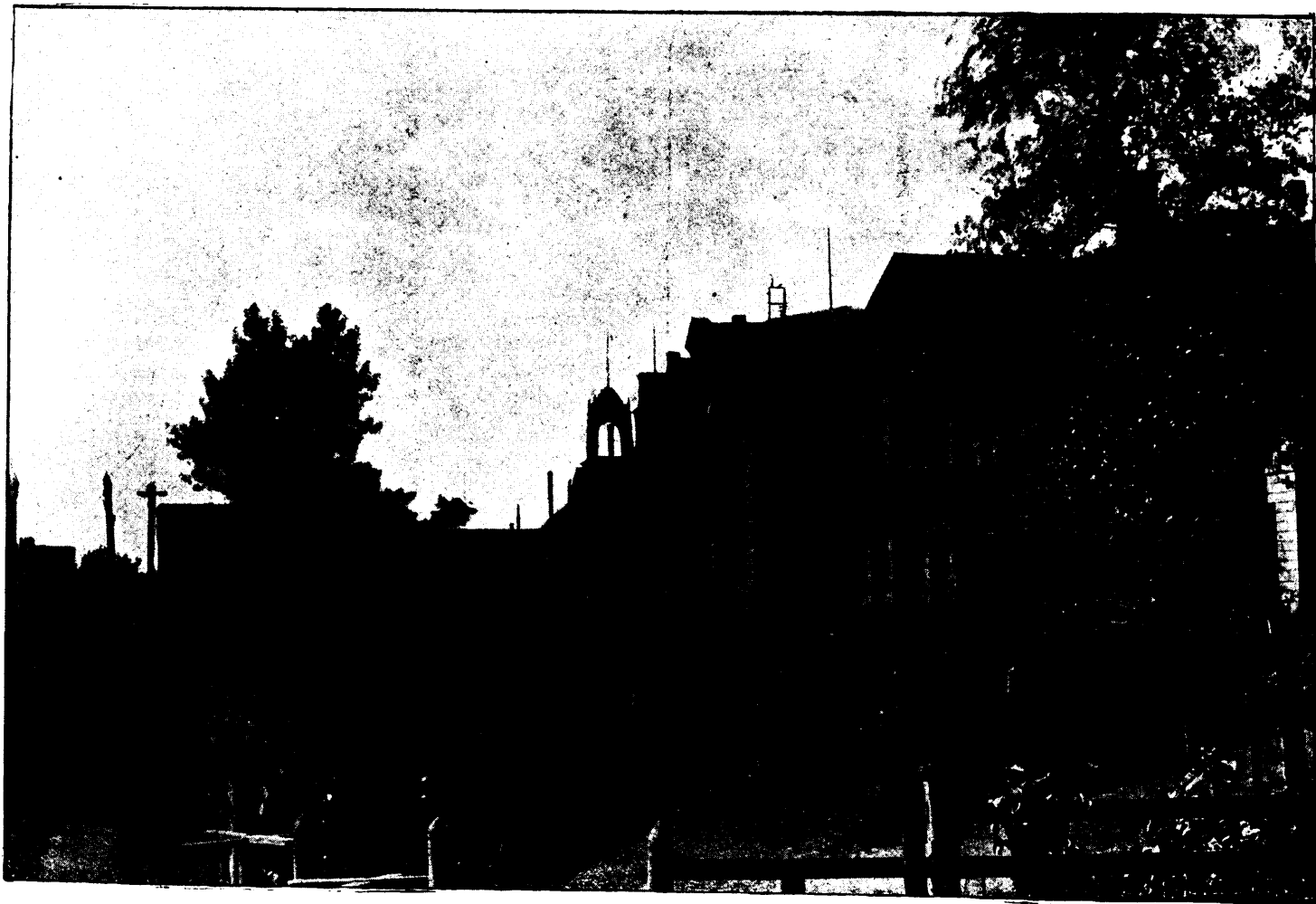
"A TABBIE."—When Miss Fawcett, daughter of the late Postmaster-General of England, applied to a famous mathematical coach at Cambridge to be taken as his pupil, she was rudely repulsed, and the ungallant tutor remarked that he "would take no tabbies." Very well. This same Miss Fawcett has been systematically beating the best men of her year in the Trinity College examinations, and will doubtless be senior wrangler for the ensuing year.



THE LAW COURTS, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

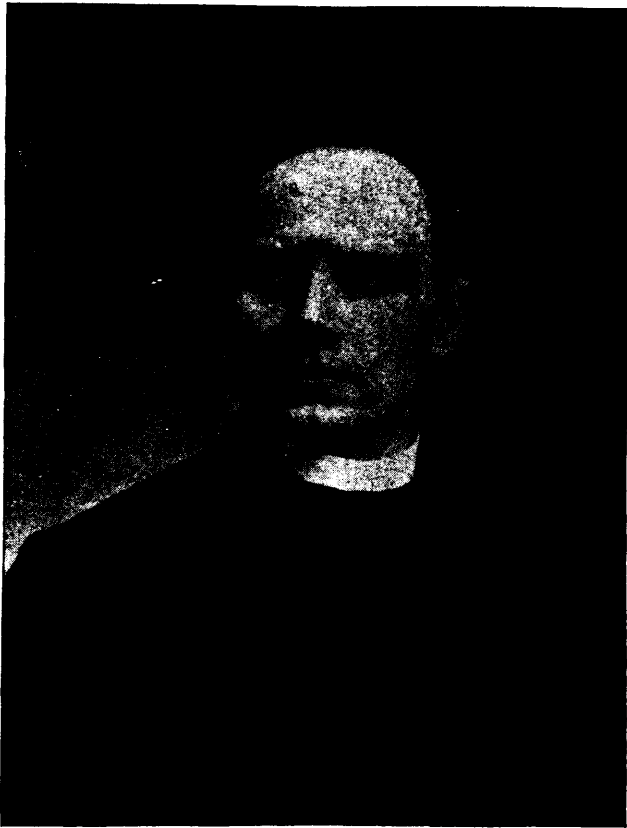


THE POST OFFICE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.



QUEEN'S SQUARE GARDENS AND LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

From a photograph by C. Lewis.



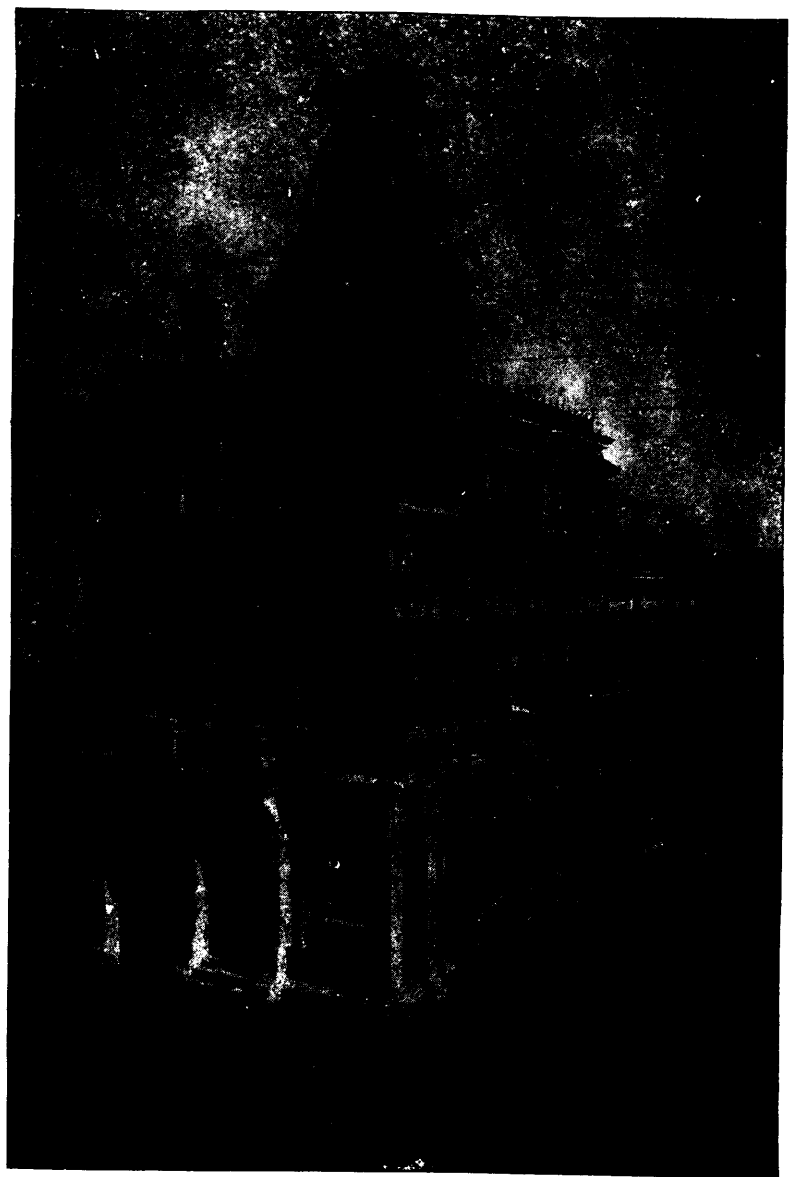
REV. W. W. CARSON, OTTAWA.
From a photograph by Topley.



DR. H. P. WRIGHT, OTTAWA.
From a photograph by Topley.



THE DOMINION METHODIST CHURCH, OTTAWA.
From a photograph by Topley.



THE POST OFFICE, WOODSTOCK, ONT.
From a photograph by C. E. Perry.



Our Homes.

THE MODEL MOTHER.—Happy would all Christian mothers be, if at the end of their lives they could say they were faithful to their children even in death. And unhappy must those mothers be who hand over their children to the influences of a false education, and when they are dying know they are leaving behind them children who will not even say a prayer for their souls. Their own hearts "a sword shall pierce," but their sorrows shall never be crowned with joy, like Mary's.

IN SIGHT.

Long years, beloved! held us far apart;
A waste of days, the goal beyond our sight;
We only knew by our firm faith in right,
That somehow, some day, bringing heart to heart,
Our ways would meet and never more would part,
And we would both be happy bearing light
To make life's journey for each other bright,
And knowing balm to heal each burning smart.
But now, oh joy! beloved, see the goal!
Behold the glory of that mountain peak!
Ah, sweet! your eyes are lit with happy tears—
A light is in them, laying bare your soul.
A little while, dear love, and all we seek
Will then be ours, to crown the coming years.

THE BRIDAL VEIL.—The bridal veil is of Eastern origin, and among the Anglo-Saxons it was held over the heads of both bride and groom. The orange blossom is the emblem of purity and truth, although in some portions of France the bride is crowned with a myrtle wreath, which is transferred to her hand when she is blindfolded, and the bridesmaids dance about her while she seeks to place the wreath on one of their heads. The one so crowned, it is said, will herself be a bride within the following year. An old superstition prevails to the effect that all pins used in fastening the bridal veil and flowers must be thrown away or ill fortune will come to the bride. How many must have neglected to do this.

A CHILD'S TIME TABLE.

Sixty Seconds in a minute;
Here's your task, so now begin it.
Sixty Minutes in an Hour;
Do your work with all your power.
Twelve good Hours in every Day;
Time for work and time for play.
Twenty-four for Day and Night;
Some for darkness, some for light.
Every Week of Days has Seven;
All are good, since all from Heaven.
Yet the first, the Day of Rest,
Ever must we count the best.
Lunar Months of Weeks have Four;
Calendar, a few days more.
Twelve new Months in every Year;
Each in turn is coming near.
Winter, Summer, Autumn, Spring,
All their pleasant changes ring.
Century!—a Hundred Years;
Leave with Heaven its hopes and fears.

A ROYAL BREAKFAST.—A letter written by Anne Boleyn about three and a half centuries ago has just been published. It was on the occasion of her first visit to London, and the writer describes, among other things, the unfavourable effects produced in her case by the late hours and dissipations of the capital in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. She writes:—"We rise so late in the morning—seldom before six o'clock—and sit up so late at night—being scarcely in bed before ten—that I am quite sick of it. The irregular life which I have led since I came to this place has quite destroyed my appetite." She then proceeds to mention what was a normal appetite in a healthy English woman at that period. "You know," she writes to her correspondent, "I could manage one pound of bacon and a tankard of good ale for my breakfast in the country, but in London I find it difficult to get through half that quantity."

A Horse-Dealer's Little Ruse.

BY WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

The season had been a most disastrous one to the agricultural community throughout Great Britain, in consequence of a long continued drought, combined with an almost unprecedented depression of the markets all over the world, and an unusually large wheat crop in India, which completely demoralized prices and drove English competition out of the market. There was a general stagnation of trade, and great failures were of daily occurrence; but the greatest distress prevailed in the agricultural districts, and among the many sufferers was Mr. William Flewelling, of the Oak-tree Farm, Knobbing, Greenshire.

He was living with the sword of Damocles, in the shape of bankruptcy and ruin, trembling over his head. It was a heavy heart, which he carried silently in his bosom through many a weary day of anxious apprehension; and many a sleepless night he passed staring the grim future in the face, and trying to discover a loophole of escape from the web of difficulties which entangled him. It was not for himself that he cared, but he was married, and had given hostages to Fortune, and the thought that his little ones might soon be crying at his knees for bread and he not able to give it to them, sent the blood with a hot rush through his veins, and made his heart turn sick. He was no longer a young man, and had been engaged in agricultural pursuits from his youth up, and was ignorant of aught else in life, so what could he do? That was the question which revolved unceasingly in his mind. He never knew when he arose at early dawn to perform his daily toil, which once had been a pleasure to him, and was now such a hopeless making of bricks without straw, but that the long expected thunderbolt might not fall before the sun set. He had dreaded it so long that it would almost have been a relief to know the worst, instead of living through years of misery in anticipation, and yet when he looked at his wife and children he still dreaded it, and prayed to that Heaven, which always preserves such a stilly silence, to defer the evil hour. He had for a long while by one means and another managed to obtain a reprieve and avoid a crisis; but it could not last much longer, and the inevitableness of it all, ate into his life like a cancer. His heart was devoid of all hope; only despair and a terrible expectancy, which was a perpetual thorn in his side, remained. Life to him had become a burden, but he bravely clung to it for the sake of his little ones. There is often more heroism in living for others than in laying down one's life for them. As an old philosopher tersely put it: "Sometimes to live is magnanimity."

When he met any of his neighbours down in the village he endeavoured, with what poor success he half divined himself, to laugh and talk cheerfully for the sake of keeping up appearances, but it was with a sense of being arraigned at the bar before a prejudiced jury that he did so, and he longed all the time to get away and be alone with his sorrow. He knew, by a thousand and one little signs, that nearly everybody more than suspected his position, and that he and his affairs had long been a topic of conversation in every tap-room in the village. He knew that in his absence well-disposed folks said "Poor devil!" if his name was mentioned in conversation, and then charitably began to recall his imprudencies. It's the way of the world. Probably in happier days, in the arrogance of prosperity he had exercised the same charity himself in speaking of an unfortunate acquaintance. We poor mortals are so blind, and are possessed of such short memories.

But, ah, it's a terrible comedy in which to play a principal rôle this keeping up of appearances! To die rotting on a battle field, and hear the troops departing in the distance, and lie there forsaken and forgotten by the whole world is not harder. There, at least, a man need not hide the agony he feels. He is alone with his God, who in His infinite compassion will release him from his desolation. The struggle is bitter, but it is short. In the world, however, when a man falls, the circle

in which he moved is as uninterested as if he were a sparrow, yet he dare not cry out in his agony, because a thousand eyes are upon him, all as watchful as the carrion birds, which swoop above the dying soldier in his solitude, ready to fall upon his body when he has no longer strength to defend himself. And once he is down he is dismissed from all further consideration with a shrug of the shoulders, or a couple of empty phrases between two mouthfuls at dinner.

Hope is a pillar of fire flying before all men; lighting each one according to his aspirations and ambition through his individual Gehenna; only those who have been suddenly left in mid stream to grope through the valley in darkness, with precious souls upon their shoulders, fully comprehend the bitterness of poverty. Wickedness, especially if it be blatant and brazen, the world can condone; successful roguery commands its respect and as much moral whitewashing as may be desired, but poverty is too heinous a crime to merit even a backward glance of pity.

It was in the fall of the year. The crops were in and stacked in three miserable little ricks, already mortgaged, and the blustering autumn winds were beginning to assume their fierce autocracy over the fallen leaves. Flewelling, in order to save a little something from the wreck of his fortunes, and also to appease certain of his most pressing creditors, and keep a roof over the heads of his wife and family, had anticipated the auctioneer's hammer, and disposed of the greater portion of his farming implements, for which he had no further use as the season had closed, and all the best blood in his stables, with the exception of one colt, which, as he put it, "had a great future before him." In this colt were centred all his hopes. He had kept him back as long as possible, and would have liked to have been able to keep him a year or two longer, when he would naturally become much more valuable, but now this was not practicable, and he hoped that he might realize sufficient money upon the colt to meet some of his most urgent liabilities. Quarter day was close at hand, and he was already two quarters in arrears; the tax collector, too, would soon be round again, and every mail brought empty demands for settlement, or in default of the money being immediately forthcoming, threatening the institution of legal proceedings.

Such was the condition of affairs at the Oak-tree farm. When, therefore, Mr. Julius Smart, a horse-dealer, resident in the neighbouring village of Great Swingerton, of which he was one of the leading spirits, drove over to Knobbing one fine morning, in a high dog-cart, very rakish in appearance, and drawn by a tall, high-stepping trotting horse, a decided flutter of pleasant expectation ran through Mr. Flewelling's establishment. Mr. Smart's advent had much the same effect upon the household of the Oak-tree farm as a wave of heat does upon a thermometer. Everybody's spirits rose immediately. The general joy even infected "Trix," a big retriever dog, who ran out to the gate and greeted the visitor with sundry friendly barks. Usually "Trix" was too lazy and unconcerned to leave his kennel to notice persons whom he conceived to be calling upon merely business errands, and simply regarded such persons from his snug quarters with half shut sleepy eyes in a sort of superior and cynical manner. He reserved his enthusiasm for the reception of friends. He was quite above dissimulation on all ordinary occasions, and in this and many other particulars displayed an inconsequent integrity, which is generally more characteristic of dogs than of their masters. Of course, the object of Mr. Smart's visit was to examine the colt, which he had heard Mr. Flewelling was *disposed* to sell. Mr. Flewelling himself appeared in better spirits than he had done for many months, and with an hospitality born of his exuberant joy and the confidence he reposed in the colt, he pressed Mr. Smart to dine with him *en famille*, before proceeding to business. Nothing loth, after his drive in the keen air, Mr. Smart readily consented.

"The dinner was served up and waiting," said Mrs. Flewelling, putting her head out of the kit-

chen window, bestowing a smile of welcome upon the visitor, and an immediate adjournment was proposed.

With an affectation of making his toilette for the occasion, Mr. Smart flicked his top-boots with a red silk handkerchief of prodigal dimensions, and having given his horse into the charge of one of the boys, he uncovered his head, and offering an arm to each of a couple of the daughters of the house, to show his acquaintance with the formalities of town life, stepped cheerfully into the dining-room.

(To be Continued.)



The composition which gives its name to the book of poems of the Lockhart brothers* is the "Masque of Flowers." It occupies the place of honour in the volume, and is written in prose. Curiosity led us to read it first, and we saw at once that it was really a feat of strength on the part of one or both of the brothers, and should be classed as a prose-poem. There are two portraits, one of Burton W. Lockhart, and the other that of Arthur J. Lockhart, the latter being the chief author of the poems. We greet the work as a further proof of the literary activity which reigns in the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Lockhart is a Nova Scotian, born—we should say from several of the best poems, such as "Gaspereau" and "Hills of Minas"—in the Acadian valley, but now residing at East Corinth, Maine, whence we have received several interesting communications from him. His brother dwells in Suffield, Connecticut.

We shall say at once that "The Masque of Minstrels" is a distinct acquisition to Canadian literature. There is zest and freshness in the treatment of a broad range of subjects, sentimental in great measure, but the prevailing bent of the author's mind is introspective and philosophical. There are also mild assertions of faith and worship which impart grace to several of the lesser poems. "Alice Lee," a love story, in four parts, is the one that gives character to the volume, and that by which Mr. Lockhart will win his title to public fame and favour. We may say of this whole work what the author says in "The Maiden-Eve."

The maiden-Eve is a bride to-night,
And her brow is bound with a circlet bright,
And her robe of blue, in every fold,
Is sprinkled and starred with dust of gold.

And I at the holy altar stand,
And hold, sweet Mary, thy lily-white hand;
Fair is thy face, and thine eye is bright,
And thou, meek maid, art a bride to-night!

As Byron says, "there is the charm of recollected music" in the modern treatment of classical subjects. Here we have before us the "Legend of Marathon," † written forty years ago by a Canadian judge whose name is withheld, and who prints this work, of his three and twentieth year, for private friends, because he deems it "less worthy of cremation than the residue." The legend is that of Eucles, the soldier, who, after being wounded in the battle, ran from Marathon to Athens—22 miles—and fell dead as he spoke the words: "Rejoice. We triumph! *Chairete, Nikomen!*"

If it is true that the style of the historic and warlike ballad is, as it were, forgotten in our day, then we account for the charm with which compositions of the kind before us take the mind back to the good sterling days—which seem already so far away—when the school of Scott, Lockhart, Macaulay, Moore, Byron and the incomparable Aytoun—kept up the Lays of the Last Minstrels, and sang in rattling verses the scenes of love and the deeds of chivalry. Our septuagenarian bard handles his metre—which he diversifies in several rhythms—with perfect skill,

and we met not a single slipshod line. The descriptive passages are correctly classical, and in the account of the battle the splendour of Persian pageantry is happily contrasted with the simple valour of the Greeks. The episode of the appearance of the phantom Theseus is introduced with striking effect:—

What awful Shade
Gigantic in the sunlight made,
O'er silent hosts and ranks dismayed,
Is floating stern and slow!

The work closes with a little love-poem in itself, "By the Grave," and these are the concluding lines:—

Years fled on—the land was dark,
The Persian swept the Attic hills,
And thousands thronged the flyer's bark
And wail the mourning Athens fills.
The eve before the woful flight,
A scant and melancholy train
With dirge and wreath and funeral rite,
Came sadly to the rustic fane;
A maiden's dust to earth they bare,
Her heart for years had rested there.

MILITIA NOTES.

The Militia Department deny that St. Johns Infantry School will be moved to Montreal.

Captain H. B. Mackay, R.E., graduate R.M.C. June '84, has been appointed Commanding Royal Engineers, West Coast of Africa.

Lord Lansdowne has appointed Captain Streatfield, Grenadier Guards, who was his aide-de-camp in Canada, his acting private secretary.

Lieut.-Col. Boswell, commandant of the 90th Battalion, has applied to the Militia Department to be allowed to raise two additional companies.

The death is announced in England of General Sir C. H. Ellice, late adjutant-general of the forces. Among his military services is recorded a campaign in Canada during the rebellion of 1837.

Colonel Francis Duncan, who died lately, had, as an officer of the Imperial Army, served in Nova Scotia, and often visited the Dominion, where he had many friends. He was an honorary D.C.L. of King's College, N.S.

Major W. P. Anderson has been promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 43rd Rifles and Carleton Rifles, in place of Lieut.-Col. Wm. White, who organized the battalion in 1881, and has ever since commanded it.

As a result of the recent visit of Mr. John Robson to Ottawa the Dominion Government have agreed to assume the greater portion of the expenses of suppressing the Indian uprising on Skeena river, and an appropriation for that purpose will be asked for at the coming session of Parliament.

AFTER THE STORM.

Oh! swallow, fleet swallow, thou fliest so high,
Now the storm in its fury no longer is nigh;
Beseeems it thou piercest, in arrowy flight,
The gold and the blue on the borders of night.

Is it for joy that thou spreadest thy wings,
Where the last gorgeous beam of the rainbow springs?
As tho' thou wert happy to welcome again
The sun-setting blushes o'er valley and plain.

As I watch thy manœuvres I cannot but think,
How much of the glory that lies on the brink
Of our deepest affections, we never behold,
Because we soar not for the blue and the gold.

But tempest-tost, rudderless, hopelessly lie,
Seldom caring to look for the succour so high;
Contented to wait for the chance that may bring
Some miracle-mercy on far-reaching wing.

How sweet is the calm now the tempest is spent!
It seemeth as tho' the old promise was sent,
Once more to the earth thro' the bow in the sky
To shield us and tell us "THE MASTER IS NIGH!"

Oh! swallow, sweet swallow, thy heavenward flight
Hath taught me a manifold lesson to night,—
A lesson of hope, inexpressibly sweet,
A balm for my soul, and a light for my feet.

Montreal.

HENRY PRINCE.

Ruskin says: "To read, to think, to love, to hope, to work—these are the things to make men happy. They have power to do these things; they will never have power to do more." To this a contemporary rejoins: Yes, men have power to do more than these things. They have power to pray, to worship God, to abstain from the commission of sin, practice virtue, to help their neighbour in distress—in fact men have power to do innumerable good things beside those mentioned by Ruskin. And these, more than those mentioned by Ruskin, will help to make men happy.



The Empress of Austria lives almost entirely on milk, boiled eggs and biscuits.

A little girl's view of it:—"Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom; she never married."

A man always thinks his love letters models of composition till they come up in a breach of promise case.

"On what do you base your sudden antipathy to tobogganing, Spriggs?" "On the seat of my trousers!"

Theodosia is about to marry a corn doctor. She is romantic, and says she always wanted a man at her feet.

A British subject has been declared insane in Chicago. Probably he had been trying to understand the England campaign bugaboo.

There are few things more painful than the effort of a man using a word, of whose pronunciation he is doubtful, to appear nonchalant.

A little boy who had been used to receive his elder brother's old toys and clothes recently asked: "Ma, shall I have to marry his widow when he dies?"

"John, you are not listening to a word I am saying!" "Why, my dear, I am all ears." "I know you are, and that makes it all the more provoking."

"The awkwardest thing in the world," says a cynical neighbour, "is a woman handling a gun." Dunno about that; did you ever see a man handling a baby?

Miss Westend (confidentially): "Mr. Saphead proposed to me last night." Rival belle: "Did he? When I refused him in the afternoon he said he was going to do something desperate."

"My dear," remarked a fond mother to a belle of several seasons, "what did you mean by taking Mr. Red-cheek's hand last night?" "Nothing, mamma; I always like to encourage amateurs."

"Do you not think that this world is beautiful?" she said. "Yes, tolerable." "Do you not think that there is poetry in everything?" "Yes, poetry in everything except the poems we see in the magazines."

A correspondent asks: "Which is correct, 'Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes,' or 'See, the Conquering Hero?'" It depends upon the location. If the correspondent should be out West and see an Indian making for him with a scalping knife the former would be the correct way of using the quotation.

Mr. Bogle, of Chicago, has a small daughter who has just begun to attend Sunday school, and a good neighbour who answers to the name of Jewell. Lately there was sung at Sunday school the hymn beginning, "Precious jewels, precious jewels," when the young Bogle, who thought an invidious distinction was being made, rendered her part of it, "Precious Boggles, precious Boggles."

Seven is the perfect number, and if the following seven rules were faithfully observed they would do something toward making a perfect man. Before thou openest thy mouth think: 1. What thou shalt speak. 2. Why thou shouldst speak it. 3. To whom thou art about to speak. 4. Concerning whom or what thou art about to speak. 5. What will result therefrom. 6. What benefit it can produce. 7. Who may be listening.

HIAWATHA'S OTHER GIRL.

I.

Legends say that Hiawatha,
When he lost his Minnehaha,
Joined the tribe of Oglawaha
For a lark.

II.

And made love to Mintawewe,
Daughter of the Chief Okeechee,
On the shores of Lake Pokeepsee,
In the dark.

III.

But the maiden met a trader,
Who proceeded to persuade her
Of his love until he made her
Eyelids fall.

IV.

Then a dumpy little squatter
Flung the trader in the water,
And the Indian warrior got her
After all.

FRENCH TEA.—The French do not drink good tea, but they give this recipe as the proper way to make tea: Pour boiling water on the leaves and then turn it out of the pot. Then pour one-third of the water required, and place the pot over a steaming apparatus in order to let it draw without boiling. After a while add another third, and then the last third. In this way the full flavour and strength of the tea are obtained.

* The Masque of Minstrels. By Two Brothers. Bangor, Me., 1887, 12, 361 pp.
† A Legend of Marathon; 8 vo. paper; 35 pp.

Tom: "You are laying in an unusually large supply of coal this year, aren't you, Dick?" Dick: "Yes; you see I bought one of those patent fuel saving stoves."

A little girl spent the afternoon at her grandmother's. When she came home her mother asked: "Have you been a good girl, dear?" "Not so very," answered the truthful little one; "but, oh, I've had lots of fun!"

Tommy (anticipating things): "I wasn't at school yesterday, Miss Bangs." His teacher (very severely): "No, you were not." Tommy (decisively): "Miss Bangs, I've got to turn over a new leaf or get into trouble."

"Don't you find life a good deal of a grind, Count Spaghetti?" "I used to," replied the Count, as he let his mind revert to the days when he and his monkey worked eight hours a day to gratify the public taste for music.

"What were you laughing at so loudly this evening?" asked Mrs. Brown, when her husband came upstairs to bed. "I was telling that old schoolmate of mine a very funny story." "But I didn't hear him laugh." "No," growled the old man, "that fellow is an ass."

A young travelling man had been going to see a young lady for a good while, and had just proposed to her for the seventeenth time. "Can you take no for an answer?" she enquired, in a tone that showed decided annoyance. "No, not exactly," he replied, meekly. "But I'll try to get along with it till you can give a better one."

Magazine editor: "Did you pay the artist who illustrated the great poem, 'Christmas Chimes,' on our first page?" Secretary: "Yes, sir. Sent him a cheque for \$250." "Good. How much did you pay the engraver?" "I sent him \$75." "Yes. Is there any money left?" "About seventeen cents." "Very well. Send it to the man who wrote the poem."

Speaking of thankfulness, old Polydore, one of the patriarchs of a South Carolina plantation, had a great many aches and pains, but when asked how he was, invariably answered: "I'se chock full o' misery, massa, t'ank de Lord, t'ank de Lord!" Somebody asked him one day what he thanked the Lord for and he replied. "Case you been so bleegin' as to ask about it, massa."

"Tacky" is a new word which has just found its way into the American language. Its origin is obscure, and the efforts of several Eastern papers that have devoted themselves to the subject have thus far failed to reveal it. The meaning, however, is well defined. "Tacky" means any person or anything in bad form. Persons that are a little "off" in the social scale are "tacky." An inferior actor or play is "tacky."



EXTENUATING.

YOUNG RECTOR: You go to the Kindergarten, little girl?

LITTLE GIRL: Yeth, thir.

RECTOR: There are many little boys and girls at the Kindergarten?

L. G.: Yeth, thir.

RECTOR: I hope they are very good, and never say or do anything naughty?

L. G.: Well, thir, Johnny Sharp did thay that Harry Brown with a blamed fool, but then he ith, you know?



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