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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

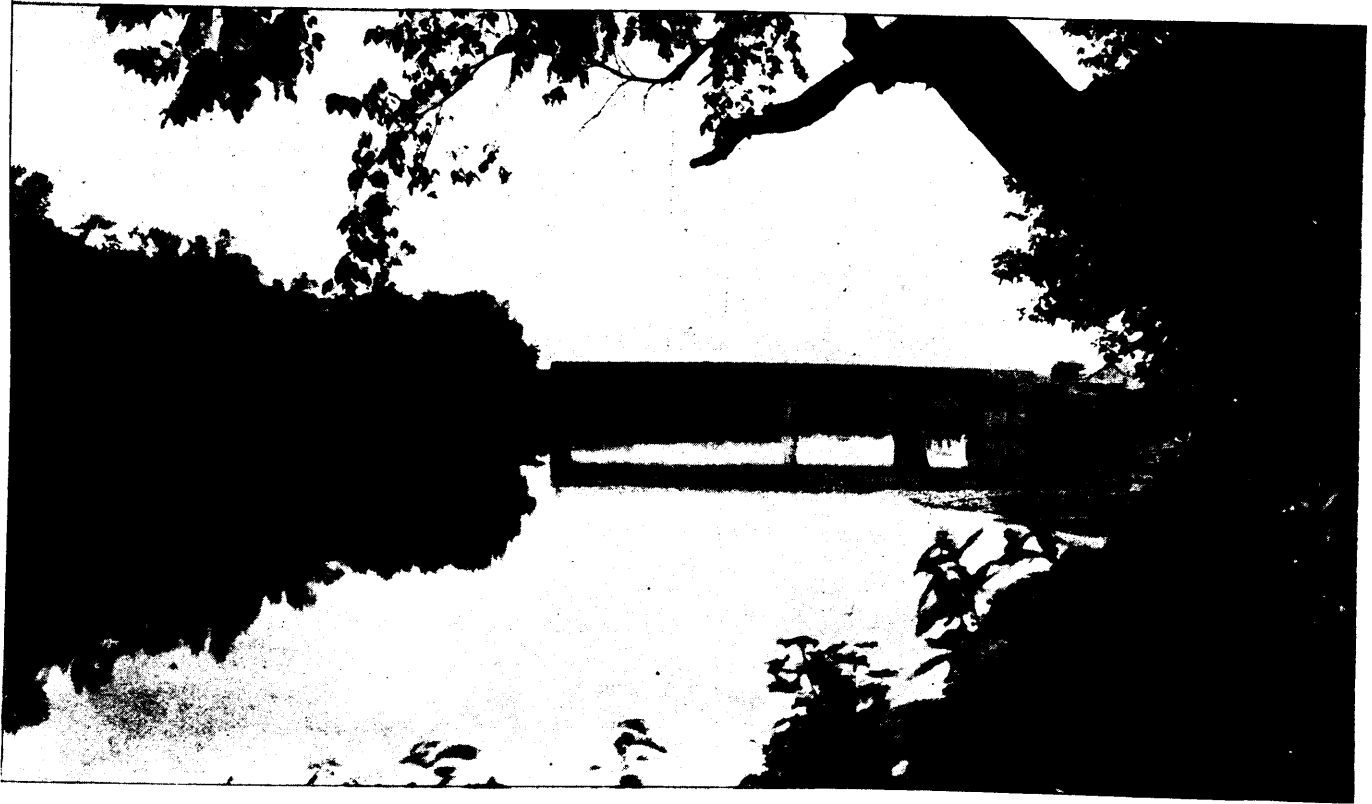
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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 6th APRIL, 1889.

(REGISTERED.)

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OLD COVERED BRIDGE OVER THE ST. FRANCIS RIVER, AT SHERBROOKE.
From a photograph by P. M. Osgoode.



A MESSAGE FROM SOUTH AFRICA:
THE DREAM OF AN OLD MEMBER OF NO. 3 COMPANY, V.V.R., AND OF THE ST. GEORGE SNOWSHOE CLUB.
(Everard Barraud.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

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SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

6th APRIL, 1889.



We invite the attention of our readers to a very important and interesting map and article, on another page, relating to trans-Pacific cable routes, and it appears to us that either Great Britain, her Colonies and the United States combined, or the United States *separately*, must adopt the Northern route, as projected and advocated by Mr. Gisborne.

The latest report concerning Emin Pasha is to the effect that he is in excellent health, that his safety is assured and that he had obtained a remarkable victory over the Dervishes.

The Colonial Secretary declined to interfere with the Jesuits' Estates Bill in response to the petition of the Evangelical Alliance, on the ground that the matter rested entirely with the Canadian Government.

Some excitement was caused in the British House of Commons by Sir Richard Webster's veracity being called in question by Sir Charles Russell. The Attorney-General's explanations were considered defective.

The Quebec Legislature was prorogued on the 21st inst. Among the most important measures of the session were the act to extend the franchise to the sons of farmers and students, and another to disfranchise Government employees.

Some of the United States Republican senators took their revenge on Mr. Murat Halstead for his action in criticizing their conduct, some time ago, by subjecting his nomination to the German mission to unflattering discussion.

The people of St. François de la Beauce were startled some time ago by the sight of an extraordinary meteor in the shape of a luminous ball, which darted through the sky, and by its fiery gleams lit up the whole country side.

The Club National, of this city, on the motion of Mr. Gouin, recently passed a resolution disowning the Toronto *Globe* as an organ of the Liberal party, on account of its sudden change on the question of the Jesuits' Estates bill.

The collapse of the Comptoir d'Escompte has crippled the producing power of France. It is thought however, that confidence will be restored by the efforts made to reorganize the institution. Large subscriptions have been promised to that end.

The Hon. Col. Rhodes, Provincial Minister of Agriculture, attended at the convocation of the Montreal Veterinary College last week. Sir Wm. Dawson, Prof. Penhallow and the president of the institution, Dr. McEachran, also took part in the proceedings.

The Santa Clara gold mines in Lower California, which were announced, some time ago, to be a new

Eldorado, have turned out most disappointing—the precious metal being scattered thinly over a large surface and the cost of working eating up the profits of the miners.

An event of considerable importance in dynastic history is the meeting of the Queens of England and Spain on the territory of the latter sovereign. During one short but eventful period of English history the King of Spain and the Queen of England were husband and wife.

The thirteen members who voted for Col. O'Brien's motion for the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Bill were: Messrs. Barron, Bell, Charlton, Cockburn, Denison, Macdonald, of Huron, McCarthy, McNeill, Scriver, Sutherland, Tyrwhitt, Wallace and Col. O'Brien himself.

A bill has been introduced into the Canadian Senate for the extension of the Blake Act so as to make it illegal throughout the Dominion to carry a revolver without special license. The frequency of murders or attempted murders during the last twelve months has made some such measure an urgent necessity.

The discovery at Zurich, Switzerland, of a manufactory of bombs, which had not the authority of the law, and the alleged connection therewith of Russians, has set the Government of St. Petersburg on the alert for signs of Nihilist conspiracy. Further developments are anxiously awaited and additional safeguards have been taken to protect the life of the Czar.

A report, based on the municipal returns for 1886, that the population of this province has undergone material decrease since the census of 1881, has happily proved unfounded. There has, it is true, been emigration from some of the rural districts, but it has been more than compensated for by the natural growth of the population and by the arrival of immigrants.

The President has appointed Mr. Robert T. Lincoln American Minister to Great Britain. Mr. Lincoln has had some experience in public life, having served in one Cabinet, and his appearance in London is sure to be welcomed by hosts of persons who held his father's name in veneration. Col. Fred. Grant, another President's son, has received the mission to Austria.

It was apprehended at first that President Harrison's Behring's Sea proclamation was likely to lead to international controversy. Its wording, however, is susceptible of a construction which need cause no alarm on that head. Mr. Blaine seems to be fond of *equivokes* in his foreign policy which, while giving him prestige at home, creates no risks abroad. Vagueness, however, is an old defect of international diplomacy.

The mind cure or Christian science movement has received a shock which will seriously arrest its progress through the death of three prominent professors of that system. One of them, Mrs. Bertha Hoyt, of Birmingham, Conn., obstinately refused to have medical attendance, and the physicians who were called in, when it was too late, expressed the opinion that her life would have probably have been prolonged but for her persistent delusion.

The vote on Col. O'Brien's motion in favour of disallowing the Jesuits' Estates Act was a surprise to the House and to the public, only 13 being for, while 188 were against, the motion. Among the chief speakers against the bill were Col. O'Brien,

Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Mr. Clark Wallace and Mr. Scriver, while on the side of the Government's policy were the Minister of Justice, Mr. Colby, the Hon. Mr. Laurier, Sir John Macdonald, Sir Richard Cartwright and some others. The Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, who is extremely feeble and is rarely seen in the House after six o'clock, created considerable enthusiasm by coming in between one and two in the morning to register his vote.

The Right Hon. John Bright, who has, for a considerable time, been in declining health, passed away peacefully and painlessly on the morning of the 27th of March. Mr. Bright, who was the son of Jacob Bright, a prominent cotton spinner and manufacturer, of Rochdale, was born in that place on the 16th of November, 1811, and was, consequently, in his 78th year. At an early age he was taken into his father's business. His power as a speaker was soon recognized; he took a prominent part in the anti-Corn Law agitation, and in 1844 entered Parliament as member for Durham. He quickly rose to a leading position on the Liberal side of the House of Commons, and for about forty years was one of England's most distinguished public men, his fame as an orator extending to every portion of the civilized world. Mr. Bright held office twice under Mr. Gladstone, as President of the Board of Trade and as Chancellor of the Exchequer of Lancaster. He separated from his old leader on the question of Home Rule for Ireland, which he strongly opposed. Both the Conservative and Liberal leaders have paid tributes to his memory.

Dr. Robert Palmer Howard, Dean of the Medical Faculty of McGill University, died at his residence, Union Avenue, in this city, on the 28th inst., after a comparatively brief illness. The deceased physician, who was universally esteemed, and whose loss will be severely felt by the institution with which he had been so long connected, was born in Montreal on the 12th of January, 1823. He was of Irish descent and was a kinsman of the late Dr. Henry Howard, of Longue Pointe Asylum, and of the Harbour Master, Capt. Thomas Howard. His son is Dr. R. J. B. Howard. The late Dean of the Faculty studied medicine at McGill College, completing his course in Great Britain and France. In 1849 he began a practice, which was soon firmly established and assumed large dimensions. He succeeded the late Dr. Holmes as Professor of Medical Theory and Practice. He held the position of President of the Medical and Chirurgical Society, of the Canada Medical Association and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec. He was for nearly a quarter of a century an attending physician at the General Hospital, was a member of the Provincial Medical Board, and held other offices of responsibility. He contributed largely to the literature of his profession and was regarded far and wide as an authority. He was twice married—to the daughter of Judge Chipman, of Halifax, by whom he leaves a son, and to Miss Severs, of London, Eng.

THE ILLUSTRATION OF THE NORTH-WEST.

Our readers may recall that, when the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED was established, one of the objects which its founders undertook to promote was the dissemination of needed knowledge touching the resources, scenery and people of our great North-west. Although in recent years a great deal has

LOUIS HONORÉ FRÉCHETTE.

The substance of Mr. Leigh R. Gregor's address at the last meeting of the Society of Canadian Literature in the Fraser Institute, was as follows: Mr. Fréchette is the only French-Canadian poet whose name is known to English people. This is owing to the fact that one of his books won the distinction of "coronation" in a competition of poets which took place in Paris in 1880. The victory gave him a place among French writers, and established his reputation as leader of the Canadian school. The recent publication of a volume of verse called, *La Légende d'un Peuple*, has given him the prestige of being the French-Canadian national poet.

Mr. Fréchette was born at Lévis in 1839. He received a seminary and college education. He took a law course at Laval. Whilst pursuing his studies at the university he occupied in succession the positions of assistant editor of a journal and translator for the Legislative Assembly. In 1865 he founded a Liberal paper at Lévis, which lived but a short time.

In 1866 he removed to Chicago. He remained there for about four years. On his return to the Province of Quebec he was well received, and induced to present himself as a candidate for Parliament in the County of Lévis. As a politician he experienced a variety of fortunes; happily for his literary work, a good many reverses.

In 1863 Mr. Fréchette published his first volume of verses, entitled *Mes Loisirs*. The name is suggestive of Byron's "Hours of Idleness" and does not challenge criticism. Nevertheless, the young poet was taken to task by the Hon. A. B. Routhier. The critic, whilst commending many excellent qualities, such as the richness of the expression, said: "Large images take place of ideas. * * * With few exceptions the verses have no other quality than a certain sonorous plenitude which fills the ear but does not reach the heart."

Mr. Edmond Lareau considers these words bitter and makes a favourable estimate in his History. Mr. Fréchette himself, according to Darveau, takes a very modest view of the merits of *Mes Loisirs*, and speaks of it as a *pêché de jeunesse*, but the congratulations which he received were very encouraging, if encouragement were necessary, and should be cited as a counterpoise to the foregoing criticism. Victor Hugo and Lamartine were among the number of those who applauded. Mr. Fréchette is an ardent admirer, almost a disciple, of Victor Hugo. He has experienced no stronger foreign influence. Knowing this, we possess a key to the colour and temper of his poems. Hugo is his master. In some of his shorter pieces, *à la mémoire d'Alexina, à Hilda*, he has caught the note of *Les Contemplations* and *L'Art d'être Grand Père*. *La Voix d'un Exilé*, a violent diatribe against the abuses of the administration, invites comparison with *Les Châtiments*. Like its great model, which it has not hesitated to imitate in the intemperance of its invective, it has been spoken of in the most diverse manner. That which in one quarter has been hailed as the just wrath of a censor of morals, others have declared to be an outbreak of resentful disappointment. The following lines have a good deal of vigour:

"Grisez-vous bien, ô vous que le boulet du bague,
Devrait faire seul chanceler."

As well as—

"Oui, voilà ce que peut l'idée ardente et forte.
Elle n'a pas besoin de pesante cohorte.
De puissants monitors ou de canons rayés."

Mr. Fréchette has written a series of clever and caustic letters, called *Lettres à Basile*. "*Pêle-Mêle*" is a number of short poems without "suite." Among the best are those called *Sursum Corda* (in subsequent collections *Renouveau*), *Joliet*, *Papineau*, *Le Mississippi*, *Le Printemps*, *à la mémoire d'Alexina, à Hilda*, *Fleurs fanées*. Some persons include *La dernière Iroquoise*. A great many others are not inferior to these in elegance of rhythm.

Les Fleurs Boréales, the volume which had the honour of being crowned by the Academy, con-

tains those pieces which, according to the author's judgment, are the best in "*Pêle-Mêle*." The latter form also the more enduring part of the first mentioned collection.

"*Les Fleurs Boréales*," says the Rev. A. B. Cruchet, in his review in *L'Aurore*, "contains five poems which are simply masterpieces. They are *Renouveau*, *Papineau*, *Reminiscor*, *La dernière Iroquoise* and *La Découverte du Mississippi*. Any of them would have been sufficient to make the author's reputation."

The largest and the most serious of Mr. Fréchette's books is *La Légende d'un Peuple*. It has a purpose—to celebrate the glorious deeds of the French-Canadian people. It has also a plan, and, therefore, continuity. It strikes an ambitious note, sustained with remarkable success, is fervently patriotic, and perhaps will come to be regarded as the national epic. It consists of three groups of episodes from Canadian History, representing three of its phases. The first treats of the discovery of Canada, the sufferings and heroism of its martyrs and pioneers; the second, of the great struggles which culminated in the battle of the Plains of Abraham; the third of the rebellion of '37-'38, and of the efforts which have been made to recover French-Canadian liberties, or, as it may appear to some, to "lead captive their fierce conquerors." In addition to these groups there are two poems by way of prologue and epilogue, called *L'Amérique* and *France*. The former celebrates the discovery of America and salutes it as the land of liberty, the modern land of promise, as doubling the sweep of the world:

"Ton aile immense, ouverte dans le vent,
Doubla l'envergure du monde."

The latter hails France as the saviour of Europe in the great upheavals of the future:

"Tu seras—et c'est Dieu lui-même qui t'y pousse—
La pacificatrice irrésistible et douce."

Notre Histoire contains a pretty figure:

"Et notre vieux drapeau, trempé de pleurs amers,
Ferma son aile blanche et repassa les mers."

The following lines are from *Ante Lucem*:

* * * La Nature elle-même, aux reflets
Des nouvelles clartés que chaque âge lui verse,
Sourit plus maternelle en sa grâce diverse.

From *Le Frêne des Ursulines* a moving tribute to the memory of *Madame La Peltrie*:

"Et je rêvai longtemps; car jamais, ô vieil arbre,
A nul fronton superbe, au seuil de nul tombeau,
Je n'ai rien vu, fouillé dans le bronze ou le marbre,
De plus touchant et de plus beau.

Que celle qui porta le nom de la Peltrie,
Sainte veuve, enseignant sous tes ombrages frais,
Avec le nom de Dieu, le grand mot de Patrie
Aux petit enfants des forêts."

From other poems:

"Bientôt le blé jauni tombe à faucilles pleines."

"Deux âmes à l'affût de tous les dévouements."

Mr. Fréchette scourges the memory of Louis XV., who so shamefully neglected the colony in her time of trouble:

"Sans honte et sans mystère,
Un Bourbon nous avait livré à l'Angleterre."

"Par un nouvea forfait souillant son diadème,
Le roi de France." * * *

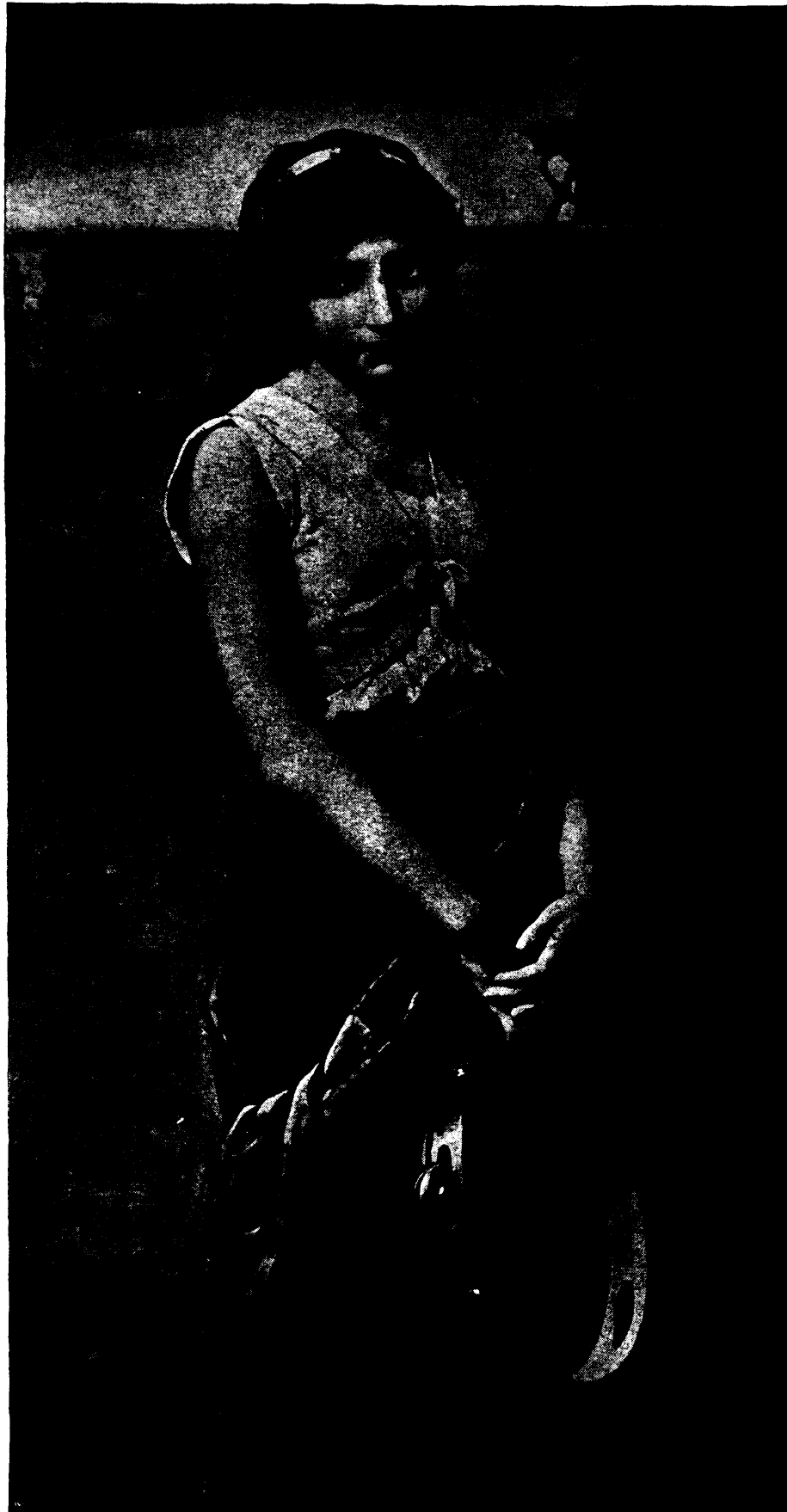
Vive la France, in the third group, is one of the best things that the Laureate has ever written.

"*La Légende*" contains some fine verses addressed to the British flag. With this exception, the patriotism so often spoken of above, is not Canadian, but French-Canadian patriotism. It must not be forgotten, however, that the theme is the glory of the French Canadian people. A suitable epigraph for "*La Légende*" might be drawn from itself:

"Les gloires d'autrefois comme elles sont sereines,
Et pures devant vous, vertus contemporaines."

Mr. Fréchette's style is much improved in "*La Légende*." The greatest gain is in the direction of facility. Everything is more flowing, more natural, more interesting. The narrative element occupies, with justice, a larger place. There are many passages of dramatic power. There is more originality.

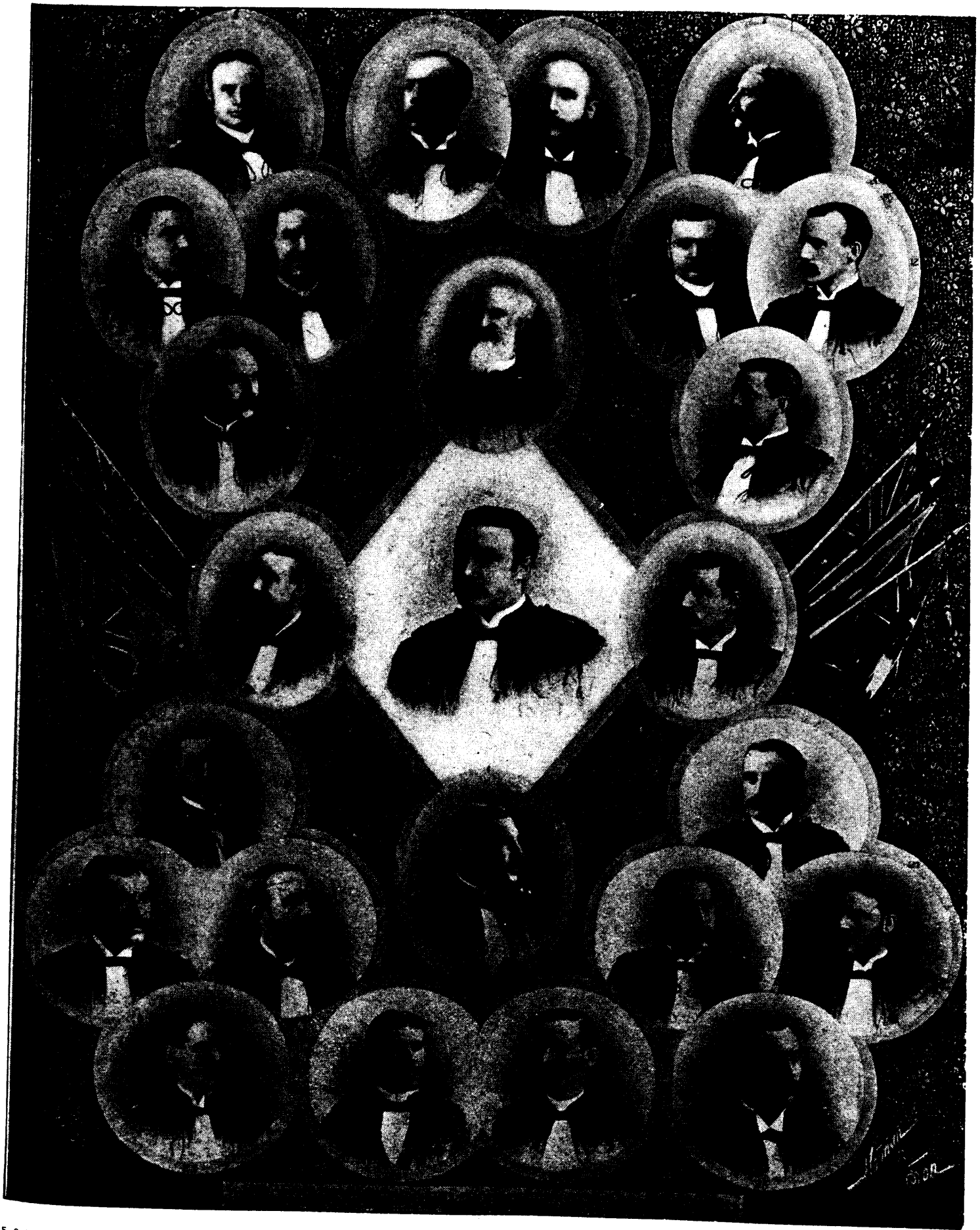
been written on the subject in books and pamphlets and the daily press, there is still a mass of valuable and interesting information concerning the stretch of country between the great lakes and the Rocky Mountains which it properly falls within the scope of such a journal as this to place worthily before the public. Apart from the patriotic concern that all Canadians must feel in the development of so grand a heritage, there is in certain phases of Northwestern progress much that is extremely interesting to all cultivated and thoughtful minds. The pictorial and literary illustration of those phases, based on photographs taken and facts elicited at all the chief centres of colonizing activity, we propose to make a principal feature of our paper during the coming summer. No point worthy of special observation in that vast field of human industry will fail to receive the attention that it deserves. The improved methods of cultivating wheat, on a scale of which our forefathers never dreamed, will be portrayed in all their instructive reality. Whatever is most salient and noteworthy in the great ranching district of the further west will be made clear by views and descriptions. The advance over prairie and mountain of the iron steed which, in our day, is the *avant-courier* of civilization, will be shown in a series of graphic sketches taken at various stages along the completed and unfinished lines. Survey parties will also be delineated. The Indian will not be forgotten. Of the Mounted Police our readers shall have glimpses as they appear both on ordinary duty and on special service. City and village and farm, with whatever is attractive and instructive in each, will be faithfully depicted, and expanses of fertile country on which no human habitation has yet risen will be seen awaiting the settler's enterprise. Special pains will be taken to do justice to what is most striking by its grandeur or beauty in Northwestern scenery. Plain and mountain, buffalo-trail and river-course, haunt of antelope and rendezvous of water-fowl, will have their place in our panorama. But to make it such in truth—to bring within our projected series of pictures and papers every characteristic trait of our Northwest, its people and its progress—we must have the sympathy and cooperation of those who, like ourselves, are anxious that the world should see Canada as it really is. To facilitate the task of those whose aid we now invite to our project, we have appointed Mr. J. H. Brownlee, of Brandon, our special agent throughout the Northwest; and to that gentleman all correspondence on the subject, as well as photographs and sketches, should be addressed. We bespeak on his behalf and our own the cordial assistance of all patriotic Northwesters who would see "the wheat prairies of Manitoba, the green uplands of Assiniboia and Alberta's broad pastures" presented to the world as their importance demands. It is hardly necessary to insist further on the advantage to the people of the Northwest of having their country, so favoured by nature and so happily situated for supporting a large and prosperous population, described and illustrated as its great resources merit. By aiding us in carrying out our plan, there is no part not only of the older provinces of Canada, but of the United States, of Great Britain and her possessions abroad, and of the European continent, that will be left in darkness as to that splendid region of which we are so proud to-day and in which lies, to a great extent, our hope for the future.



MIGNON.

By G. Hom.

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



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 3. MAJOR G. R. STARKE
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THE OFFICERS OF THE 3rd BATTALION, VICTORIA RIFLES OF CANADA.

From a photograph by Notman.



THE BRIDGE OVER THE MAGOG, SHERBROOKE, P.Q.—“Is not that beautiful—perfect?” said the writer, one lovely autumn morning, leaning over the handrail of the “Old St. Francis Bridge.” The woods were wrapt in all the cheerier oranges, reds and russets of the seven-tinted rainbow, for it was the season when they wore what Whittier calls “their robes of praise.” Over all was the faintest possible tinge of “illusion” with which the artists of the stage make “concealment lovelier,” and their enchanting transformation scenes, if possible, more enchanting still. The light suited the land and water scape, the landscape suited the light, and the result was a sight that might be equalled, nay, is equalled, every truly fair day all over this our most favoured land of Canada, but, being perfect, could not be surpassed. Look up the river and on, the inward eye flashes the Big Rock with its hole of dubious depth, for fishers will (sometimes at least) mistake imagination for memory. Down the river is “One Tree Island,” where, some score of years ago, a little boy, Moe by name, was drowned in two or three feet of water, within a few yards of his brother David and his father’s two hired men. As they were “larking,” they thought that when he cried for help he was only “larking,” too. Then, a little further down, is the floating headquarters of the Sherbrooke Oarsmen. Descendants of the hardy Norsemen, their club house is literally on “the rolling wave.” Nor is their vigour or muscle injured by the occasional substitution of ladies and Chinese lanterns as “dunnage” in their boats, in lieu of bows, arrows and slave chains, while their manners, and probably their honesty, are certainly the better for the change. But time and space would fail to tell all that rushes to the mind in connection with the “town of tumbling floods and roaring cataracts,” its heights, its falls, its curious “pot” under the beetling Magog Crag, its unworked iron quarry, and last, not least, unique in Canada, its free reading-room, actually hanging over one of the most beautiful and seething of Canadian *chutes* or rapids.

A DREAM IN SOUTH AFRICA.—A soldier’s dream, but of different import from that which Campbell has imagined. Canadians will, indeed, have no difficulty in penetrating to the heart of the artist’s motive. As he rests himself on the drouthy *veldt*, in the midst of crowding *cacti*—a scene with which the stories of Haggard have of late made us so well acquainted—the tired horseman dreams of another scene under a far northern sky. The groups of snow-shoers on the slopes of Mount Royal and the familiar emblem, with the now historic letters and appropriate motto, reveal at a glance that the dreamer’s thoughts were with hearth and home, before the shrine of his unforgotten love. If for Scotland we substitute Canada as the goal of the wayfarer’s heart wanderings, the picture has its story told in Pringle’s pathetic poem, “Afar in the Desert.” Here are the opening lines as they were copied for the writer many years ago by one who had known Pringle well:

“Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the sorrows of life the soul o’ercast,
And sick of the present I cling to the past;
When the shadows of things that had long since fled
Flit over the brain like ghosts of the dead—
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood’s noon;
Attachments, by fate or by falsehood reft;
Companions of early days, lost or left;
And my native land, whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime,
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh flower of Eden unfolding to view:—
All, all now forsaken, forgotten, foregone,
And I a lone exile, remembered by none;
With a sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man.”

The sadder of these lines do not, we trust, literally represent the situation of our dreamer. His home friends have not forgotten him. Many of our readers will, we feel sure, be able to recall Mr. Everard Barrand, as an old member both of St. George’s Snowshoe Club and of No. 3 Company of the Victoria Rifles—the Victoria Volunteer Rifles, as they were termed in his day. The picture is an admirable example of its kind, and we feel confident that it will meet with appreciation from all true Canadians. The homesickness of the “Canadien Errant” was never more effectively expressed.

MIGNON.—“So you laugh,” wrote Carlyle, in the spring of 1824 to that sweetheart on whose lot in recent years the world has lavished so much sympathy—“so you laugh at my venerated Goethe and my *Herzen’s Kind*, poor little Mignon. Oh! the hardness of man’s, and still more of woman’s, heart! If you were not lost to all true feeling your eyes would be a fountain of tears in the perusing of “Meister.” Have you no pity for the hero, or the Count, or the Frau Melina, or Philina, or the Manager? Well, it cannot be helped. I must not quarrel with you. Seriously, you are right about the book. It is worth next to nothing as a novel. Except Mignon, who will touch you yet, perhaps, there is no person in it one has any care about.” Even Francis Jeffrey, into whose ruthless hands the book fell in the following year, had words of approval for little Mignon, “Would any one believe,” he writes,

“that the same work which contains all these platitudes of vulgarity should have furnished our great novelist with one of his most fantastical characters, and Lord Byron with one of the most beautiful passages in his poetry.” And he reproduces the familiar song:

“Knowest thou the land where the lemon trees bloom?
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thickets’ gloom?
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?
Thither, O thither,
My dearest and kindest, with thee would I go.”

Of the many Mignons of artistic fancy which have illustrated the poet’s creation, Hom’s is considered one of the best.

THE ARMORY OF THE 3RD BATTALION, VICTORIA RIFLES OF CANADA.—This Armoury—a monument to the perseverance and enterprise of the members of the Regiment which occupies it—is situated on Cathcart street, near University. As it was built for the purposes and accommodation of the Victoria Rifles, a short sketch of the Regiment will not be out of place. The corps was organized in 1861, and was, with several other militia regiments, an outcome of the military ardour which was aroused by the Slidell-Mason arrest, ordinarily known as the “Trent affair.” The members of the regiment were largely drawn from the Beaver and other snowshoe clubs in this city, by whom the draft was so severely felt that it was commemorated by a song—the oldest club song in the Montreal Snowshoe Club—the first verse of which is as follows:

“The raging war fever in the year ‘62
Caused snowshoeing matters to look rather blue;
Great racing and walking were looked on as trifles
By the heroes who joined the Victoria Rifles.”

When first organized in 1861 the members were obliged to provide their own uniforms, the Government of the day refusing to do anything towards its equipment. The uneasy feeling aroused in the following year caused the authorities to welcome the acquisition of such a well-drilled and efficient body of men, and on the 10th of January, 1862, the regiment was enrolled under the name of the Victoria Volunteer Rifles, with Lieut.-Col. Osborne Smith in command. Subsequently, in 1868, the volunteer system was abolished and the corps placed on the list of active militia. In the year 1878 or 1879, the name was changed from the “Victoria Volunteer Rifles” to “Victoria Rifles of Canada.” The corps since its organization has taken part on all occasions in which the militia has been called upon to defend our borders from hostile invasion or to protect property. The principal occasions on which it has been called out for service are the Fenian raids of 1866 and 1870, the Guibord affair in 1875, the Orange troubles in 1876, ’77 and ’78, the ship labour riots in Quebec, and the disturbances in connection with the establishment of a small-pox hospital on the Exhibition grounds in 1885. The regiment was prepared to proceed to the Northwest during the late rebellion, but being third on the list for duty was not called upon. For many years after the roof of the old Drill Shed in Craig street fell in the battalion continued to muster in the armories which were attached to the shed and did not share in the general collapse. Those who were accustomed to tramp down to the old quarters, where there was barely room for the regiment to fall in and where tarpaulins were spread to prevent the rain from pouring in on the rifles, cannot avoid contrasting the present luxurious quarters with those formerly occupied by the corps. In 1882 the regiment obtained more commodious quarters in the old High School building. These they continued to occupy for five years, when it became evident that another move must necessarily be made, as the building was required for the use of the Free Public Library. The new Drill Hall had in the meantime been completed and the armories were in course of construction. The idea of returning to the Craig street quarters was very distasteful to the members of the corps, the majority of whom reside west of Bleury street. It was at this juncture that the idea of having quarters built expressly for the corps—of having a “home” of its own, where it could establish its headquarters without fear of “notice to quit,” writs of ejection, or the roof falling in—took shape. All agreed that it would be very desirable could it be brought about, but it seemed so far distant and incapable of being realized that the majority regarded the idea as Utopian. Those of that mind did not take into consideration the persistent spirit nor the development of the bump of determination in the present senior major of the battalion, at that time captain of No. 1 company, nor the many warm friends which the regiment has in this city. The first movement was to solicit subscriptions from all ranks of the regiment before making any appeal to the public, the result being that in a short time \$4,000 had been subscribed by members of the corps. Then an appeal was made to the public generally, and especially to the citizens of Montreal, to which our leading banks and citizens liberally responded. In the meantime the lady friends of the regiment had not been idle. Their willing fingers had been busily plied during the summer and fall of 1886, until, on the 15th of December, a huge collection of beautiful, unique and tasteful articles had been gathered together, and the “Vics” bazaar in aid of the new Armoury was opened. The result was a great success, and the Armoury fund was increased by nearly \$5,000. During the summer of 1886 the foundation of the building was being put in, and on the 7th December following the corner stone of the building was laid by Sir A. P. Caron, K.C.M.G., Minister of Militia, in the presence of a large concourse of its friends and a full parade of the regiment. Work was pushed rapidly forward during the winter, and on the 21st June, 1887, the Armoury was formally declared open. As the regiment cannot hold

real property in its own name, it was decided to form a joint stock company under the name of the “Victoria Rifles Armoury Association,” in whose name the building and property now stand. The Armoury is a two-storey pressed brick and terra cotta building, resting on a high cut-stone foundation. As will appear from the engraving, it is military in design, the lofty square tower with round bastion giving it an imposing appearance. The building covers four lots and is 87 feet square. Passing in by the main entrance into the hall, on the right are the officers’ quarters, consisting of a large mess-room and a smaller room used as the ante-room. Further on to the right is the handsomely finished and furnished room occupied by the “Veterans,” the term applied to the ex-members of the corps. On the left of the entrance hall is the orderly room, passing through which we find the commanding officer’s room. Next to the orderly room is a large room, formerly used by the bands for practice, but presently being fitted up by the sergeants as a mess room, the room presently occupied by them being much too small for this efficient and influential branch of the corps. Next to this room is the quartermaster’s store-room, where are also kept the stores of the different companies. At the rear of the first floor and opening into a passage at the end of the entrance hall, and forming a T to it, are six rooms, neatly furnished and decorated by the different companies. The upper story is almost entirely taken up with the main hall, capable of seating 750 people, and in which the companies can drill with ease at the same time. At one end of the hall is a stage, with all the appliances for theatrical performances, concerts, etc., while a dressing-room is attached to the stage at each side. Surrounding the main hall are neat closed c.p.boards in ash, with walnut facings. These contain the rifles, sword-bayonets and scabbards, and are so arranged that each man can have his rifle and accoutrements in place within a few minutes after dismissal of his company. The main hall is ornamented with a large picture of the ladies who took part in the bazaar of ’86, who were photographed in groups. There are nine groups in the frame. There is also a fine portrait of the late Col. Dyde, A.D.C. to Her Majesty, and another of the founders of the Armoury, the present senior major, C. W. Radiger. This portrait was presented by the battalion in recognition of the valuable services of the major on its behalf. The basement of the building, with the exception of the portion occupied by the caretaker, and the furnace room, are used for recreation purposes, of which there are three branches of departments, each under charge of a committee, presided over by a chairman. These are the bowling, billiards and shooting departments. Three bowling alleys occupy the centre of the basement. They are built according to the most approved plans and are much used by the members of the regiment. On almost any evening during the week members may be seen vieing with each other in the healthful and invigorating game of ten-pins or “cocked hat.” Shareholders in the Armoury Association who are not members of the regiment are entitled to the privileges of the recreation rooms during the day and to bring their lady friends to participate. Many have availed themselves of the opportunity, and several successful bowling matches have been held before the luncheon hour during the present and last winter. The billiard room contains three tables and is cosily fitted up. The walls are decorated with a number of plates of American birds, the gift of the late Major John Redpath. The shooting members of the battalion are justly proud of their department. The gallery occupies one side of the basement parallel with the bowling alleys, and is fitted up with the Morris tube targets and appliances. Judging by the number of members who shoot, there can be no doubt but a great impetus has been given to this most useful and requisite pastime of the soldier. The interest in shooting is further increased by holding weekly competitions. Although the practice does not render one proficient in judging of the various conditions of wind and weather, proficiency in which can only be acquired by experience on the open range, a great amount of benefit can be derived by beginners in acquiring a proper position and becoming accustomed to steadiness in firing, while old shots have an opportunity “to keep their hand in” during the long interval between the shooting seasons. Occupying such commodious and central quarters, the regiment has every inducement to maintain and increase its *esprit de corps* and efficiency, while the fact of its having a veterans’ association, composed of ex-members, links it with the past, and forms a nucleus around which, should occasion ever arise, a large number of trained and willing men could rally for the defense of their hearths and firesides—*pro aris et focis*.

A WINTER SCENE IN BROCKVILLE.—The town of Brockville, which stands at the eastern end of the Thousand Islands, is probably one of the most pleasantly situated towns in Ontario. It is built on an elevation, which rises up from the St. Lawrence in a series of graceful ridges, that tend to increase the charm of what otherwise is a truly delightful spot. Brockville was first laid out in 1802, and was named after the hero of Queenstown Heights. The town is handsomely laid out, while the architecture and surroundings of the houses, many of which are villas, are in admirable taste. Our illustration sufficiently indicates this. The mansion in the foreground, the towering church spire, and with the lawn-like grounds, fringed in by a semblance of forest, demonstrate that the town’s people, though busy and enterprising, have a high regard for the beautiful, to whose cultivation they pay no small amount of attention. Besides being a favourite resort of many who love to pass a portion of the season among the islets of the St. Lawrence, numerous sportsmen make Brockville their headquarters, when

fishing and shooting are in order, and frequently make splendid bags of finny fish and feathered fowl. Brockville is the chief town of the united counties of Leeds and Grenville, is a port of call for all the river steamers, and, moreover, has stations of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways. It has excellent banking facilities and has no small manufacturing interests in it, several of the local industries being of considerable proportions. Besides, it is the market town for a wealthy agricultural district. Last year the imports at this port amounted to \$696,241 in value, and the imports to \$563,100.

THE COWBOYS' DINNER.—Although not indigenous to the country and climate, the cowboy of the Western prairies has become so associated with them that his absence would leave a void that every one would regret. The cowboy is so incorporated with prairie life or, rather, has so incorporated prairie life with himself, that he would be quite as much missed as "the last of the bisons," or as those Indian tribes which have turned their faces towards the setting sun and have taken their last rest in the happy hunting grounds of the far beyond. The Western cowboy is an institution which, once encountered, can never be forgotten. He is the realization of the combined characteristics of the aboriginal Indian and the Western pale face. He is rough and ready, reckless and daring, ever willing to give and never unready to take what fortune casts in his way, whether it be a brush with the horse thief and the cattle raider, or to welcome and treat to his best the "tender-foot" from the East; whether he be in quest of fortune, or in search of adventure. There are few who have not read about him, while many have shared his rude hospitalities, and, with all his recklessness, have been fain to admit, with the old lady who once became his guest, that despite all his almost studied rudeness and profanity, there were in him "the makings of a better man." The cowboy *par excellence* is a genius in his way, in his peculiar dress—wide trousers and short, round jacket, plentifully adorned with fringes and tassels where it was possible to make room for them. With his broad sombrero and his Mexican spurs, with his horse accoutred in the Mexican saddle, and frequently the saddle-cloth attached, his lasso attached to the lasso-pommel, his Winchester strapped on his back, and his ever ready revolver shining over the right hip, he presents to the stranger, in martial guise, a rather alarming, if not a terrifying, appearance. Taking him all through, the cowboy is neither the ogre nor the thirsty blood sucker that he has been too often portrayed as being. Rough, reckless and ready, by his habits and pursuits obliged to hold his hand ready at any moment to face danger and protect himself; isolated from the soothing influences of home and woman-kind, he naturally contracts habits and language which, to the unsophisticated eye and ear, rather incline to sadly depreciate the one who, on closer observation, will be found to be a rough diamond, and yet susceptible to all the polish if it were applied. Since the acquisition of the Canadian Northwest by the Government of the Dominion, the wandering Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company's trappers have, in their turn, made way for the Canadian ranch-owner, who, with his cowboys, has imported into that section the familiar features of the cattle grazing states of Nebraska, Kansas, New Mexico, Missouri, etc. The mounted cowboy, with his immense herds of horned cattle, are frequent objects which break the monotonous character of the wide stretching prairie, and, in our illustration, we represent a number of them taking their homely meal in one of the canvas tents in which they live out the unoccupied portions of their lives. Many of them are of gentle blood, and scions of Britain's proudest families are to be discovered underneath the rude exterior of the ranchman. The physiognomies which are given are, most of them, prepossessing rather than otherwise, and upon their rustic table are to be seen the traces of canned provisions, showing that, despite their remoteness from ordinary civilized life, they are *bons vivants*, and are not accustomed to complain of a satiety of "crow." They are represented as living under canvas, and, though their surroundings may be unpolished, it is not to be supposed that the cowboy is in any way deprived of what are generally regarded as the creature comforts. Occasionally some of them make breaks for the nearest settlements, and then, indeed, do they "paint the town red." Seldom, however, do they commit damages for which they are not prepared to make ample compensation, these outbreaks of theirs not seldom being very expensive and the cause of much terror and wonderment to those who are forced to be spectators.

THE SPRING FASHIONS.—The toilet is always an important consideration in the life of women. Whether at home or out visiting, her dress is naturally the first thought. But it is not the same for a formal reception as for a friendly call. Whilst at her "five o'clock" the hostess receives in house dress, her friends come unceremoniously in their ordinary walking dress of embroidered cloth or English woollen goods, under an otter or astrakhan jacket, completed by a Russian cap or a Phrygian bonnet of velvet to match. For the house there is worn by the visitors and visited an elegant costume of *faulle*, *moire* or velvet, embroidered or trimmed with lace, or *soutache*, the one *en taille* or her corsage draped, or in a tasteful *fichu* of pale rose or *vert d'eau*, trimmed with Mechlin lace, *Point Brûton*, *Valencienne* or Chantilly, the others wrapped in their stylish mantles of plush, damask or velvet, wearing hats of the latest style, which they proudly exhibit at the select parties of their friends, until seasonable weather shall allow them to figure outside. *Sacques* of mezzo tint are worn this year less *foued* than formerly. Visiting mantles, short behind, are length-

ened in front like a stole. Of olive velvet, cut to make a vest at the back, and falling in front to the knees; a boa and cuffs *au Marabout de Lophophore*, embroideries of gold *en pointe derrière* at the neck, the wrists and across the stole. As for hats, large crowns are fancied, with feathers and plumes of 1889. Large figures are most becoming in the Virot hat, suited to the early days of spring—in dull green English straw, underlined with black velvet. A half crown of roses, without leaves, placed around the brim, knotted with black lace. A knot of black lace also on the side, with a garland of black feathers. Then, with the *Chapeau Bacchante*, which is of straw, with flowered velvet trimming, the brim draped with crepe to match, and holding by a band of black ribbons a tuft of feathers, also black, the back of the crown *doublée*, with black *tulle*, in a framing of ivy. Both are equally becoming and new. The gloves, though only an accessory, are of equal importance in the visiting toilet. They have, from all time, been the first point of distinction in a really elegant woman. They thus have their fashion. And here, very happily, have those frightful pearl grey gloves, with immense embroidery in black silk, which, for three years past, have transformed into common looking groom's paws the delicate and thin hands of our Parisian slaves of fashion, been discarded. The Saxony glove, *couleur Suède*, more or less dark, has resumed its old position. Extending under the sleeve, very simple, with two buttons at the wrist, and admirably shaping the hand, which it fits like an epidermis, it is charming. As for the adornments of lace and silk embroidery, they are mere matters of taste. Between the glove and bracelet there is only the space of the wrist. The bracelet, small and flexible, is set with enamelled flowers in stones, whose brilliancy throws a lustre upon the morning toilet, so sober in its ever neutral, or, at least, very deep, tones. If large and flat, the bracelet supports, in a band of leather or gold, the extremely small watch which to-day is an essential feature. Enclosed in a ball no larger than a filbert, in the clasp of a bracelet, in the cork of a scent bottle, in the setting of a ring, suspended from the arm by a small chain, let into the corner of a card case, in the angle of a portemannaie, in the handle of a parasol, arranged in the pocket of a *couffé*, adjusted in blotters, in the liqueur stands, in the ladies' companions, the toilette sets, in ball cards, in fans and screens, and even in the buckles of low shoes, it is the favourite ornament. Indeed, it is everywhere and in everything except where it ought to be, that is, suspended from its chain, or in the pocket, which are relegated to the past. At the present time how to keep one's self warm, but not to be burdened with furs, is the question. We shall not, therefore, abandon the heavy pelisse, lined inside, with high neck, after the Russian fashion, whilst awaiting the sunshine of the dog days, which warrant, for driving as well as the promenade, light mantles of English cashmere, embroidered with silk leaves, the back and jupe covered with heavy vellum lace, the neck trimmed with lace and a double-breasted front. But as the season changes there is the tailor jacket for the morning, the afternoon visit being made in a shorter pelisse, fitting more loosely. In the evening the heavy mantle of *vigogue*, *brocatelle*, or of soft silk wadded, trimmed with feathers or very simply with embroidery, with fringes of pearls, chenilles or gold. As for the head dress, it also undergoes a complete change. The large winter hat of felt or velvet trimmed with plumes like that of a musketeer, so graceful in vehicles for attending "the meet," or mid the surroundings of the great assembly rooms or formal receptions, is out of place in the petit salon. The straw which in a couple of months will shade the forehead, so soon as the genial sun shall bring in the victorious May, would be ridiculous at the present time. Tulle, therefore, set with gold or jet light crepe, blended with velvet, white or black lace, silk in all its forms, set off with embroidery, *piqués* with delicate *scarabées*, trimmed with ribbons of gold, *moire*, gauze, leaves, particularly with flowers—the flowers of the season, so far as they have appeared—are in order, and with an attractively shaped hat make one of the most becoming head-dresses. For instance, the crown very narrow and by no means deep makes in the head-dress the same radical change which exists in the hat. The flat crowns cannot accommodate the *chignon*; high and pointed, which latterly has thrown back upon the head the entire *chevelure*. Draping *coiffures* knotted *en Codogan*, below the nape of the neck, are surmounted with a very small hat, which, perched upon the top, appears almost like a diadem. In front there are several curls, slightly puffed, the temples brushed back, the mass of the hair behind enclosed in a twist or *en torsade*. But besides the hat which is the morning head-dress, there are the evening preparations. The capuchon is very pretty in Chinese crepe, more often in embroidered tulle. The side is braided in rows *à la Foutanges*, by a *moire* ribbon which ties the ends, *dressé en crêlé*, whilst behind, falling like a scarf, the tulle is wrapped around the neck. A length of ribbon binds the scarf like a mantilla. Then, when at the theatre, there is a very elegant accessory, newly inaugurated. It is a theatre pocket, in velvet or plush, trimmed with embroidery. The pocket is flat at the bottom and rounded. The material, pleated all around, is attached above by a fine cord or a ribbon. It is lined with satin and divided into inside pockets. One of these holds the opera glass, another a small mirror, another the box of rice-powder with the puff, the fourth a bottle of scent, preferably of silverware of the old-fashioned *poire d'angoise*, and holding in each of its sections a different perfume. Then the small brush and the little shell comb for use between the acts to arrange a curl that has become displaced, or to remove the powder that has fallen upon the corsage. A case for the hairpins and a pincushion complete the ele-

gant assortment, so precious at times during the course of a long evening. A hook keeps the fan in the pocket, so as not to overload the hands.

SERENADE.

FROM THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

Thou leanest down, and I would fain
Mount to thy balcony—in vain—
My hands, that thrill to press thy charms,
Just miss thy white extended arms.

Drop me a ribbon, or thy zone,
To cheat thy nurse, that watchful crone;
Or, from the strings of cittern sweet
Weave a frail ladder for my feet.

Or, better still, thy comb unbind,
And leave thy tresses unconfined,
Until their jetty tresses flow
Thy dainty ankles far below.

By that fantastic ladder's stair,
'Mid fragrant clouds of silken hair,
Although no angel, I will climb
To Paradise, and joys sublime.

GEORGE MURRAY.

LITERARY NOTES.

Theo. Gift's new volume, entitled "Not for the Night Time," will be published immediately by Messrs. Roper & Drowley.

"The Trade of the United Kingdom with the World: a handbook of illustrations and reference," by S. J. Dymes, is announced for early publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Messrs. F. Warne & Co. have in the press a small volume of sermons, under the title "Social Models," by the Rev. Silas K. Hocking, the well-known story-writer.

The next issue of the Cities of the World series of Messrs. Cassell & Co., will be devoted to "the leading cities of Great Britain and Ireland, delineated by Pen and Pencil."

The second volume of Lambert's London Library, entitled "Fraternity," a novel by Chas. Ogilvie, will be issued at an early day, by Messrs. F. J. Lambert & Co., Temple Chambers, E.C.

Messrs. Saxon & Co. have just brought out a new novel by Mr. French Sheldon, in one volume, entitled "Herbert Severance." It is published in America, simultaneously, by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

The next part of "Parodies," (No. 64)—a series which is collected and annotated by Mr. Walter Hamilton—is taken up with the work of D. G. Rossetti, W. Morris, Oscar Wilde, Martin F. Topper, and others.

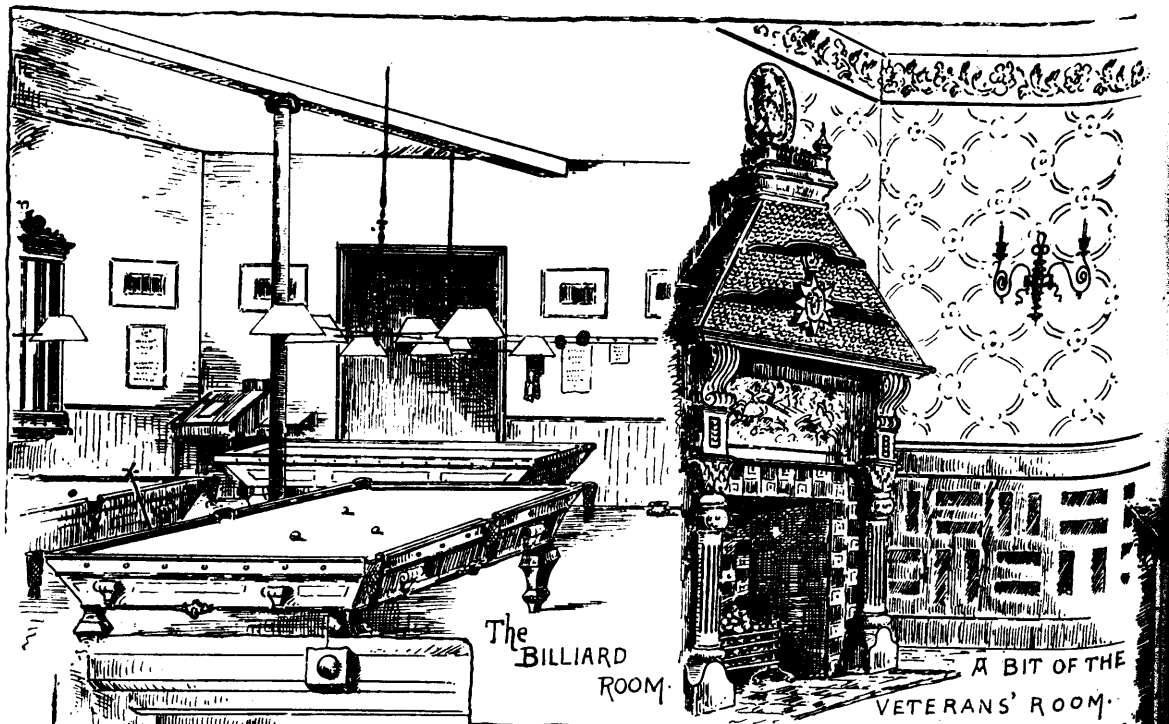
Under the title "The Land of Gold and Ivory," Messrs. W. B. Whittingham & Co. announce a new handbook to South Africa, which they have in preparation. They have also in the press a fourth edition of Mr. Mather's "Golden South Africa," and a new and enlarged edition of "South Africa as a Health Resort," of which a German edition will also be issued.

The death at Cairo, of Miss Mary Whately, head and founder of the English Mission Schools there, is announced. She was the second daughter of Archbishop Whately, and in her 65th year. She first went to Cairo in 1861 for her health, and settled there for good when she saw the useful work that could be done in that country. Among other works, Miss Whately wrote "Ragged Life in Egypt," "Among the Huts," and "Scenes of Life in Cairo."

Major-General W. Nassau Lees, who died lately, at the age of 64, was one of the great living scholars in the Arabic and Persian languages and literatures, and was, for some time, part proprietor of *The Times of India*. He edited, and printed entirely at his own expense, the great commentary of Zamakshari, the most valuable commentary on the Koran extant. He also edited many Arabic and Persian texts, and wrote some useful elementary school-books in those languages.

The last number of the *Political Science Quarterly*, (March), contains, amongst other valuable contributions, in article in which Mr. Arnold Forster presents the Unionist view of the Irish question. A Conservative Frenchman, M. Gauvain, explains the causes of the present crisis in France, and the significance of "Boulangism." Mr. Bernheim sketches the history of the ballot in New York, and argues for the Australian system. Professor Woodrow Wilson analyses and criticises Bryce's "American Commonwealth."

A new magazine is promised, to be devoted, in the main, to Celtic subjects, and entitled *The Highland Monthly*. Several periodicals of this character have been published in the course of the last quarter of a century, the longest lived being *The Celtic Magazine*, which was discontinued some months ago. Each appears to have lacked the element of success. The new venture will be edited conjointly by Mr. Duncan Campbell, editor of *The Northern Chronicle*, an acknowledged authority on the lore of the Highlands, and Mr. Alex. Macbain, M.A., rector of Raining's School, Inverness, a Celtic scholar of recognized learning and ability. The first number will contain the opening chapters of a serial tale, entitled "The Long Glen," in which the habits and life of a former generation of Highlanders will be illustrated in an interesting way by the author, who is a native of Glenlyon.



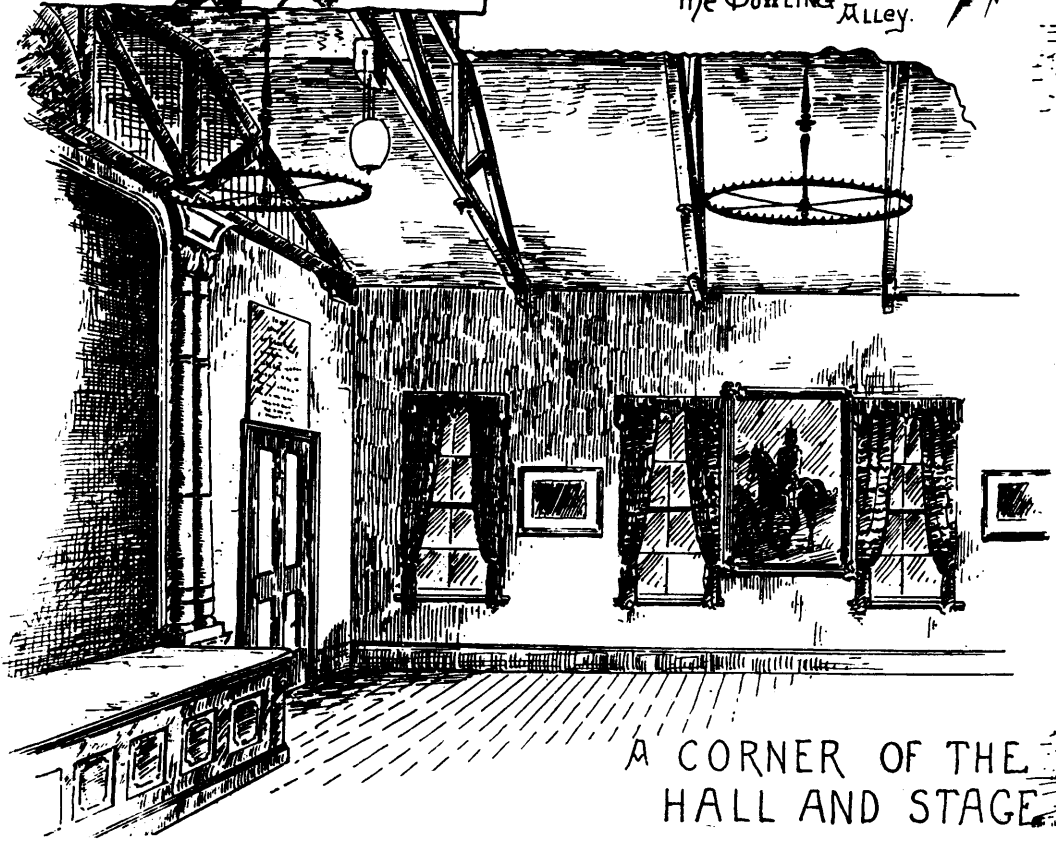
The BILLIARD ROOM.

A BIT OF THE VETERANS' ROOM.

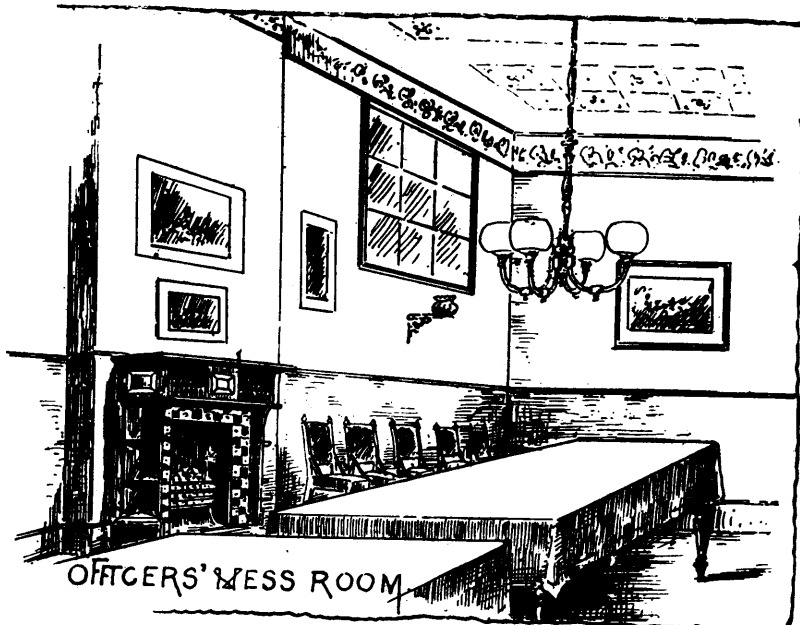
The SHOOTING GALLERY.



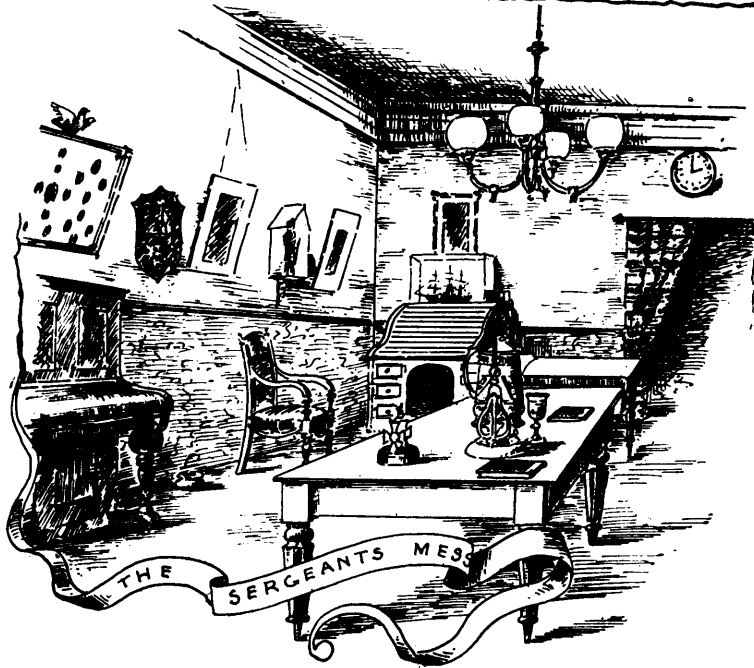
The BOWLING ALLEY.



A CORNER OF THE HALL AND STAGE.



OFFICERS' MESS ROOM



THE SERGEANTS MESS



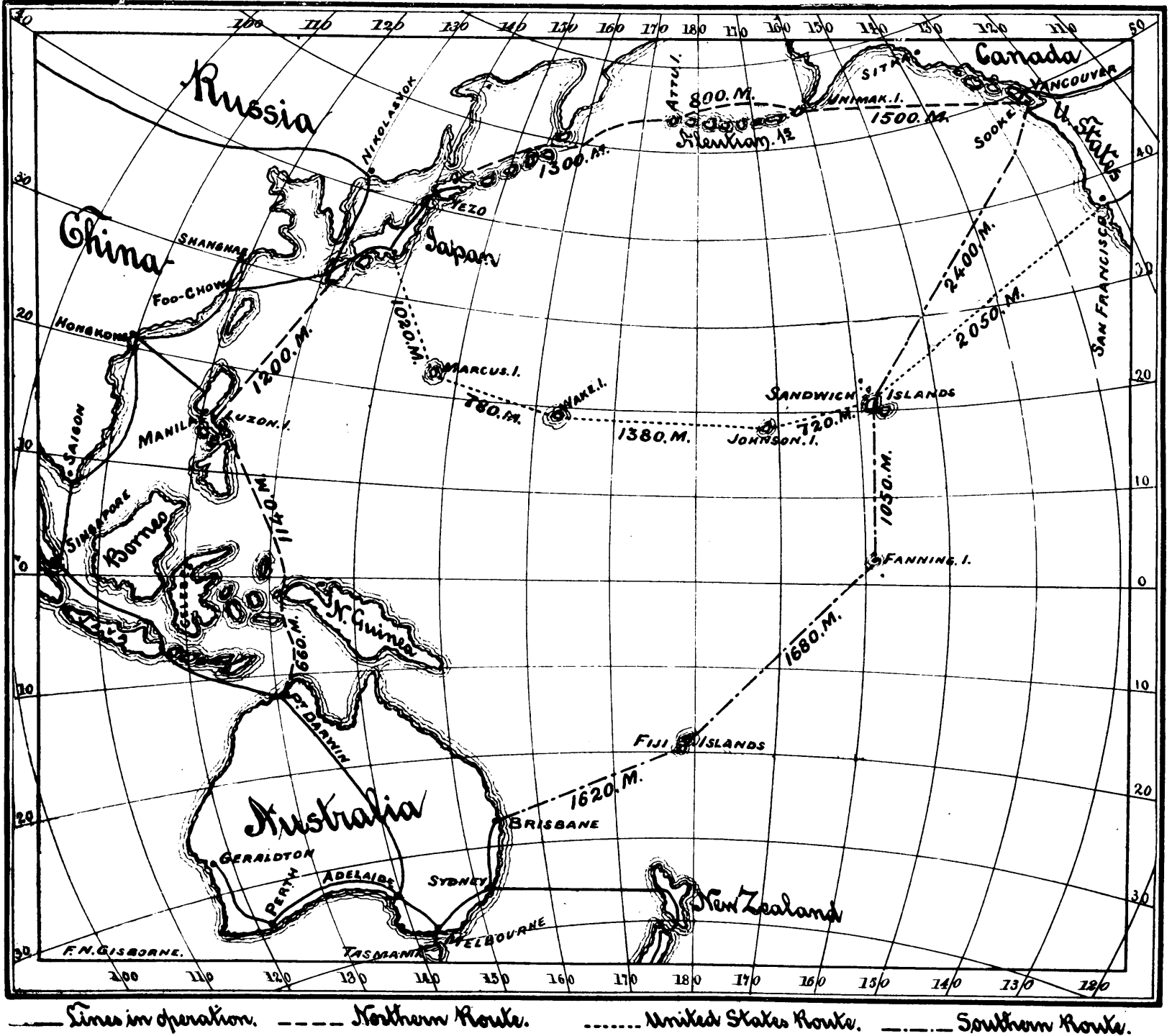
MAIN ENTRANCE



THE STAIRCASE

HB 1889

PROPOSED PACIFIC OCEAN ELECTRIC ROUTES.



The accompanying plan shows at a glance the three routes proposed for a trans-Pacific electric telegraph—No. 1, the NORTHERN, projected nearly twenty years since by Mr. F. N. Gisborne, C.E. and Electrician, whose portrait and eventful career appeared in our issue of 23rd February last; No. 2, the CENTRAL, or United States route; and No. 3, the SOUTHERN, advocated by the Australian colonies and by Mr. Sandford Fleming, C.E.

The relative approximate distances from point to point are as follows:

	Nautical Miles.
Via the NORTHERN route.	
Sook Bay, near Victoria, B.C., to Unimak, Aleutian Islands	1,500
Unimak, Aleutian Islands to Attu Island	800
Attu Island to Japan	1,300
	3,600
Japan to Luzon Island, Manilla (whence there is a direct cable to China, 529 miles.)	1,200
Luzon Island to New Guinea	1,140
New Guinea to Port Darwin, Australia	660
	3,000
Via the CENTRAL route.	
San Francisco to Oahoo, Sandwich Islands	2,050
Oahoo to Johnston Island	720
Johnston to Wake Island	1,380
Wake to Marcus Island	780
Marcus Island to Japan	1,020
	5,950

Via the SOUTHERN route.	
Sook Bay, near Victoria, B.C., to Oahoo, Sandwich Islands	2,400
Oahoo to Fanning Island	1,050
Fanning Island to one of the Fiji Islands	1,680
Fiji Islands to Brisbane, Australia	1,620
	6,750

Adding 12 per cent. slack for the cable as submerged, and estimating the cost at \$950 per nautical mile laid, the relative cost of the several routes for a single connecting line would be as follows:

Northern route via the Aleutian Islands to Japan		\$3,830,400
Central route via the Sandwich Islands to Japan		6,330,800
Northern route via Japan to Australia		7,022,400
Southern route via Sandwich Islands to Australia		7,182,000

Experience has proved, however, that a single series of cables would be totally inadequate to maintain uninterrupted communication through such vast distances, and for this reason alone double the above expenditure of capital must be anticipated.

The risk of damage from abrasion, via the Southern and Central Pacific routes, is exceptionally great, on account of the numerous coral reefs and coral-reef islands which rise precipitously from profound depths of ocean; whereas the Northern Pacific, so far as known, is entirely free

from such dangers, both soundings and bottom being similar to those of Northern Atlantic submarine cable routes.

It is, of course, a simple question of sentiment as to the desirability of landing cables upon recent British possessions like Fanning and the Fiji Islands, for the purpose of securing immunity from foreign intervention; or upon independent territory like the Sandwich Islands, whose rulers can be held responsible for any wilful damage to national enterprises; for, given a swift cruiser, a length or two of wire rope and a few cutting grapnels, any cable, no matter where located, or depth of ocean, can be rendered useless with far less danger than is incurred by blockade runners.

The commercial advantages attendant upon telegraphic connection via the Northwest route, which is the shortest and cheapest, to the more important markets, are indisputable. During the last fiscal year the United States commerce with Japan and China exceeded \$246,000,000, whereas Canada's trade only amounted to \$10,000,000; but in the immediate future, the trade of the Dominion with Japan and China, aided by the direct trans-continental line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and by fast ocean steamers connected therewith, must of necessity increase in far greater relative proportion; and thus, with four hundred millions of people, nearer by 3,000 miles to our shores than the four million Aus-

tralian colonists, it is obvious that Canadian interests can be more effectually served by the NORTHERN route.

The prospective earnings of the several enterprises must also be taken into consideration, for, upon the tariff rates, must depend the question of successful competition; and in this connection it must be borne in mind that the speed of transmission, through a 3,000 mile cable, is limited to about seventeen words per minute; or, if in sufficiently perfect electrical condition for duplex working, twenty-five words per minute; whereas, a cable half that length, say 1,500 miles (*vide* the NORTHERN route), can be duplexed and worked as rapidly as skillful operators can manipulate the instruments.

In the regular course of business messages are necessarily crowded within three or four hours of each day, and the speed of transmission, to effect prompt delivery and reply, is unquestionably a very important element of success.

It being evident that the lowest tariff will prevail over the shortest distances to important business centres, established and prospective rates must also be considered. For instance:

	Per Word.
The existing price from Canada to Japan, via India and Singapore, is.....	\$2.21
As proposed by the subsidized Southern route, via the Sandwich Islands and Australia.....	2.25
And by the unsubsidized Northern route via the Aleutian Islands.....	75

All routes allowing 25 cents per word for trans-Atlantic and trans-Continental lines. Again:

	Per Word.
The present rate from Canada, via Singapore, to China, and also as proposed by the Southern route, is.....	\$1.91
Whereas, via the Northern route, it would not exceed.....	1.00

And, finally, the distances by both the Northern and Southern routes to Australia being very nearly equal, viz., 6,600 and 6,750 miles respectively, it is evident that the NORTHERN, which will have already profited by the shortest and most direct connection with Japan and China, could afford lower rates to Australia than the Southern route, and (as suggested by Mr. Gisborne) it would, doubtless, be advisable if Great Britain, her Colonies and the United States Governments would combine in the establishment of telegraphic connections from British Columbia and Washington Territory to Japan, China and Australia, via Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, and thus, by adopting the most feasible, least costly and *only remunerative* international route, prevent all rivalry and future competition.

N.B.—The present route of a cable message from Canada to Australia, New Zealand and China is as follows: It goes from New York to London, then via the Great Northern Telegraph line to Denmark, from there to Russia, across Siberia, to China and Japan. This is the all-land route. Another route is from New York to London. From there it goes via the Eastern Telegraph Co. to France. Thence by cable through the Mediterranean and Red Seas to Aden, from Aden to Bombay, from there to Penang, Singapore and Batavia. It enters Australia at Port Darwin, thence overland to the principal cities of Sydney, Melbourne, etc. A cable connects New Zealand with Sydney. Also Tasmania with Melbourne.

RECTIFICATION.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to draw the attention of your readers to a mis-statement which appeared in your last week's issue about Mlle. Eugénie Tessier's musical training. She never took any lessons in harmony from Professor Letondal; she took singing lessons from him for over two years (this was from September, 1883, to December, 1886, taking into account an interruption of about one year), at the end of which time she had already acquired a powerful vocal technique and a pure diction, as well as a broad style. Her best laurels were won while under Prof. Letondal's guidance. She afterwards took some lessons from Mr. Paul Wiallard.

Yours very truly,

JUSTITIA.

Montreal, April 2, 1889.

The Lady in Muslin.

Mrs. Marsh shrugged her shoulders. "In her own eyes, probably she is; but not in those of the law," she replied.

"But she—Margaret Owenson, is it the same?"

"What are you talking about with your Margaret Owenson? The lady dressed in blue whom I saw with you yesterday, shaking hands in that loving fashion—that is Mrs. Huntingdon. I recognized her at a glance. What does she want here?"

Gaunt did not reply; he stood as one petrified; then turning to me, he said in a tone almost apologetic, "Do you know, Mark, I never had the slightest suspicion of this; I never dreamt it was the wife herself! How she has deceived me!"

"Nicely, I've no doubt," Mrs. Marsh exclaimed, smiling. "Not a difficult thing for a pretty young woman to do, Richard. But, setting aside that, what does she want here?"

"To think," Dick continued in an humble tone—"to think that I should never have seen through it. The portrait, the—a hundred things explain themselves."

All this time I was standing a mute and bewildered listener. In his surprise, Dick forgot that this was adding mystery to mystery to me; while the old lady, too much absorbed with the startling communications she was making, scarcely noticed, or, if she did observe my presence, took it as right and natural.

"So false—so utterly deceitful!" Dick went on muttering, declining the chair Mrs. Marsh pushed towards him, preparatory to holding a consultation as to what Mrs. Huntingdon could want, and then, with a kind of sudden passion, he seized his hat, and before we could say a word, had rushed into the garden, and in another moment we saw him bounding over the planks crossing the stream, on his way to the cottage.

A wild-goose chase, my poor friend! Do you think a startled bird would wait to be caught?—that a woman of Margaret Owenson's daring cleverness would await quietly the discovery of her secret? Not she!

The old woman was a long time answering Dick's impatient summons. She was sleepy, for she had been up all night packing her mistress's valuables. "Miss Owenson had left at five o'clock that morning; she did not know where she had gone—maybe to France.

And that's all the news we heard of the gay lady of the cottage for many months, in spite of search and inquiry, both private and with the assistance of the police.

What Margaret Owenson wanted was that curious Indian box, containing family papers, in Richard's private closet, and that she got. For that she consented to shut herself up in her quiet cottage, and make such dashing love to poor Gaunt and myself—for that she plotted, planned and executed, not uncleverly either, considering she attained her end, though whether she would have done so had Dick been a little more confidential and not so thick-skulled, is, in my opinion, doubtful.

How she got possession of her coveted treasure remained involved in mystery. I have my own theory about the matter, recollecting that that hot dark night when I kept such a friendly watch for the thief who stole mine host's hens and eggs, followed the very evening Margaret saw the curious Indian box in the closet. The Indians are expert thieves!

That strictly-guarded secret of Gaunt's was obliged to be told to the sacred ears of lawyers, and so Dick's conscience comforted itself with thinking that another pair of ears, in spite of their illegality, might safely be added to the number, without materially adding to the sin, and so at length I came to know Cecile's history.

Years ago, when Dick was minus the wisdom and experience of his "ties," with a large capacity for "larks," smoke and flirtation, and a very small one for application of any kind, he was suddenly despatched by his father on an expedi-

tion to Jamaica, on some business concerning his estates there.

Dick's character being very little formed to act the surveillant, but very much so for seeking amusement and frolic wherever it was to be found, it was not surprising that he very soon removed the seat of government from the dreary mansion on the estate to the best hotel in Kingston, as affording him the means of a more congenial existence.

Rich, young, gay and high-spirited, he soon made his way into the best society the town could boast, and among this dissipated set, fell into company with a certain Cecil Huntingdon—a man of very much the same stamp as himself, as regarded love of pleasure and daring pursuit of it, but of principles the utter worthlessness of which time alone discovered to him. Cecil Huntingdon soon became Gaunt's chosen companion; they lodged in the same hotel, dined at the same table, rode, drove—in fact, were always together.

Such intimacy soon showed to Dick that his gay, handsome friend was not altogether the angel he appeared at first sight, but, at the same time, the vices he discovered in him were those only too readily pardoned among men.

If Cecil Huntingdon drank to an excess that generally obliged his friends to confide him in a state of insensibility to the care of his servant, and it was a subject rather of amusement than disgust to them, Gaunt was not more particular than the rest.

If, again, Mr. Huntingdon played high, and generally successful, he did it with such gentlemanly good temper, such courteous regret at his success, that "Huntingdon's luck" was wondered at and envied, but never openly questioned, and Gaunt lost with the rest, and laughed. These "fashionable faults" Dick observed soon enough; a couple of years were necessary to teach him the utter dissoluteness of his "dear" friend.

Huntingdon's family had been for generations large proprietors in the island. Since, however, the slave emancipation, and the consequent depreciation of property, they had gradually sold off the estates, and, at the time of Gaunt's visit to the island, Cecil, the then head of the family, was endeavouring to complete the sale of the last, with the intention of returning to England, where also he was possessed of a handsome property.

The Huntingdon estate happened to be contiguous to that of the Gaunts, and so it was very natural that the visits of surveillance that both gentlemen from time to time were forced to make should be made in company; and the dwelling-house of the Gaunts being more commodious than Mr. Huntingdon's, the two always took up their abode there.

A part of this house had been allotted to the manager of the estate, and here he had lately brought from the island of St. Domingo, where she had been living with some friends, his only child, a girl of sixteen or seventeen, extremely handsome, and educated so far as the resources of the place permitted. It was not surprising that, when the gentlemen came on their occasional visits, they passed a great deal of their time with Marie, the manager's daughter; neither was it surprising that the girl, in all the first blush of her youthful beauty, welcomed eagerly such breaks on her wearisome solitude, and received with unfeigned pleasure the attentions and compliments of Gaunt and Huntingdon.

Dick was an honourable man, in spite of his flirting propensities, and not being sufficiently in love with the beautiful but ill-educated Marie to care to stoop from his position to marry her, no sooner did he perceive the eagerness with which his attentions were received, and preferred to those of Huntingdon, than he withdrew a little, came less frequently, and, when he did come, lingered less in Marie's *salon*, and became chary of his sweet speeches.

Marie was not slow to perceive the change, and perhaps out of pique, perhaps, because in her burdensome solitude she preferred any company to none, she soon transferred her smiles to Mr. Huntingdon.

(To be continued.)



A WINTER SCENE IN BROCKVILLE, ONT.—THE FROST LADEN ELMS.



CANADIAN COW-BOY LIFE—DINNER IN THE TENT.

Drawn from life by A. H. H. Heming.



RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

"O Tempora! O mores!" says F.C.E., "may now be translated: 'What a character the *Times* has made for itself through Mr. Walter's heedlessness of Mr. Buckle's warning.' And then he nudertakes to comfort staunch Tory friends of the Thunderer by assuring them that the great organ of British opinion has passed through many a worse strait than even being "Pigotted," in proof whereof he refers us to the parody on Coleridge's "Devil's Walk." The hero is our own vexatious familiar. Vade retro me, Satana!

M.P.'s welcome contribution appears in our present number

From one whose name is honoured by all our readers we have received this composition of his near kinsman, which we mark "Valde" with both pencils:

"RISPETTO."

We lie in dreams and take no thought of time.
The ripples play with pebbles on the shore,
And from the distant city floats the chime
Of bells, and rings in echo o'er and o'er.
The stars that shine down on us through the night,—
How far away! yet not beyond our sight.
Ah, then how near us is her sweetness brought!
Can time and space set bound to love and thought?
Kingscroft, March 21, 1889.

Most of the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED have doubtless read or heard of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." That most charming picture of child-life—the life of a boy trained under the sweetest, truest and most loving of motherly influences, made its first appearance some five years ago in *St. Nicholas*. It was written, by special request, for that delightful periodical, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, a lady who had already made her mark in the world of letters by several novels of undoubted merit and deserved popularity. The model for the little heir to the Earldom of Dorincourt was Mrs. Burnett's own son, Vivian, whose affectionate ways, originality of thought and expression, and rare faculty of making friends with rich and poor alike suggested the characteristics of what has now become a type both in juvenile literature and on the stage.

Mrs. Burnett had exceptional advantages for drawing such a portrait. A native of England, her early life had been spent amid English scenes and had made her familiar with the salient points of difference between English and American society. There was no improbability whatever in the little boy of Captain Errol's young widow turning out, through successive deaths in his father's family, the heir of a great noble house. The plot is, therefore, as probable as Cedric himself is true to nature.

Before the story was completed as a serial it had won a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic, which falls to the lot of few tales in which children are the heroes or heroines. Although, save the central figure and his group of friends and kindred, including "Hobbs" and "Dick," as well as "Dearest" and the surprised and vanquished earl, and no incident, save those which arose naturally out of the circumstances brought about by the arrival of Mr. Havisham, it made its way to the sympathies of thousands of readers in the old world and the new. The demand for it in England was unprecedented in the annals of juvenile fiction, and has rarely been equalled even by romance of the more pretentious kind. It was dramatized and put upon the stage and drew crowded houses in the metropolis of the British Empire.

It was only to be expected that this example should be followed in the land of Lord Fauntleroy's birth. But who would take the "title rôle?" That was a problem which, at first sight, did not seem to be of easy solution. Where could the boy be found with beauty of person and grace of manner to personate Mrs. Burnett's creation? Not to any boy, but to a girl was that task entrusted. It was a little lady who was chosen to play the part of the little lord. The last number of *St. Nicholas* gives her history and her portrait. Her name is Elsie Leslie Lyde, and she is only in her tenth year. Her dramatic genius is remark-

able. Even before the publication of Mrs. Burnett's masterpiece she had acted *Editha* in "Editha's Burglar," an earlier production of the same lady, which had been fitted for the stage by Mr. Augustus Thomas, as well as in other characters. She was, from the issue of its first chapters, one of the most ardent admirers of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and when she came to embody the part it was like second nature to her. A native of Newark, N.J., Elsie Leslie Lyde has been carefully brought up and her education is still assiduously attended to. Her photograph, by Sarony, and illustrations of her home and stage life, as well as letters from Mrs. Burnett and other friends, add interest to the pleasing sketch entitled "'Fauntleroy' and Elsie Leslie Lyde," from the pen of Lucy C. Lillie in the April *St. Nicholas*.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" is (owing to its intrinsic merits and to its popularity) an excellent example of the revolution which the present generation has witnessed in that branch of literature which is addressed solely or mainly to the young. Let any one, well on in middle life, recall the "Children's Friends," the "Juvenile Manuals," the "Aids to Development" or "Home Treasuries" of the early years of Queen Victoria's reign, and he will have no difficulty in recognizing the contrast, in this respect, between the past and the present. Even if we limit our retrospect to a quarter of a century, we shall be struck with the evidences not of improvement merely—for that is in the course of things—but of the degree to which books written for young people have come to rival, both in literary style and in luxury and taste of outfit, those which are meant exclusively for mature readers. That this change is due to the enlargement of the sphere of woman's influence in literature can hardly be doubted; and, though the writers who are most in favour with that important class of readers to whom "juvenile literature," properly so called, directly appeals, are by no means all of the female sex, the works, great and small, that come under that head, would be sadly diminished if the feminine element were withdrawn.

Another point to be noted is the change in the tone of such books. The mawkish, goody-goody story, with its impossible angelic girls, who hardly ever smile, and its superhumanly perfect boys, who are like nothing in the heaven above or the earth beneath, are now practically extinct species in the world of letters. The modern child's book, moreover, avoids the affectation of using baby language. It speaks a healthy, simple, intelligible tongue, which young people, who read at all, quickly comprehend, even if they do not hear the same forms of speech daily in their homes. The books of the past erred either in affecting an irrational and uncalled for simplicity, or in soaring to the clouds or sinking to the depths, which no youthful mind could follow. Some of the learned conversations *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, which were once thought suitable diet for children who hungered after knowledge, would have puzzled an English civil service examiner.

The change in books has been no less marked in periodicals. Such a magazine as *St. Nicholas* would have been impossible half a century ago. The best writers, the best artists, the best editors, the best printers, of the day, think it an honour to contribute to its letterpress, its illustrations, its manifold taste and charm.

The number of books constantly issuing from the press is astonishing. Twice a month the *American Bookseller* comes out filled with fresh titles of volumes written by thousands of busy pens all over the civilized world. History, travel, poetry, fiction, science, art, industry, education—the name is virtually legion, and (how did Solomon come to say it so long before the time?) "of the making of many books there is no end."

We Canadians can only envy and admire when we see an American lady, Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, taking some of our most romantic subjects—"The Romance of Dollard" and "The Bells of Ste. Anne"—and weaving thereon charming pictures of the heroism and pathos and simple devotion of the days that are gone and the

days that are going. Mrs. Catherwood has insight and sympathy and what she writes is well worth reading. See her contributions in the *Century* and in *St. Nicholas*.

April, O mother of all the dappled hours,
Restorer of lost days for whom we long;
Bringer of seed time, of the flowers and birds;
Sower of plenty, of the buds and showers;
Exalter of dumb hearts to the brink of song;
Revealer of blind winter's runic words,
Relief from losing strife
To him thou givest and to us regret.
Wilt thou requicken ever there to life
Our dreams which troop across the burning hills,
Or on some primal bleak woodlands forget
Thy yearning children by their woodland rills?

This verse is from a poem of exquisite beauty and pathos, entitled "Death in April," by Bliss Carman in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April.

We have received, through the courtesy of the esteemed author, a copy of a paper of great historic interest entitled "Le Général Sir Frédéric Haldimand à Québec, 1778-84." In this paper, which was read before the first Section of the Royal Society of Canada in May last, Mr. J. M. LeMoine reviews one of the most important, one of the most critical, and, in some respects, hitherto, one of the most obscure and controverted periods in the annals of the British régime. Apart from his tastes and long attention to this class of research, Mr. LeMoine had special opportunities for gaining fresh light on the character and career of the statesman whose administration he has undertaken to illustrate. In the summer of 1885 he visited the British Museum and examined all the documents, in print and in manuscript, bearing on his theme, and since then he has continued his inquiries, availing himself, more particularly, of the rich store of authentic material collected and classified in the Archives Bureau at Ottawa under the accomplished and conscientious supervision of Mr. Douglas Brynmner. The mass of information which Mr. LeMoine was thus enabled to bring together has tended to clear Sir F. Haldimand of many of the imputations which ignorance or prejudice had raised against him. He is here presented to us in the character of a loyal and faithful servant of the Crown, to which he had sworn allegiance, and, at the same time, as a man of integrity who had ably and faithfully guarded the interests of Canada in her hour of peril from foreign and domestic foes. Altogether, we consider Mr. LeMoine's paper a valuable addition to the history of Canada during the closing years of the great American struggle.

FOREGLEANINGS.

Against the bar the breaking surge,
Beyond, the ocean, swinging slow,
From stormy tones to plaintive dirge,
For lost ones sleeping calm below.

With rushing wings and cleaving breast
The white ships rose into the day;
They went and came from out the West,
They go and come, but only they.

The white gulls circled through the spray,
The pipers hopped in reckless glee;
"He cometh not," they seem to say,—
Their voices held a jeer for me.

The wild goose winged his wedged flight,
With ringing notes, across the blue,
And cried, till day was lost in night:
"He never will return to you."

The rowlocks clicked, the ash oars bent,
The fisher's boat shot o'er the bay,
No hue from flashing blade was lent,
The summer skies had turned to gray.

The sea, with fingers white and strong,
Beat on the sounding keys of stone;
There was no music in its song,
For me it only made a moan.

The waves gleamed soft and glistened bright,
And rippled over shingling shells;
They only sheathed a fatal might,
And smote the heart like crushing knells.

Rolling, they broke, and gliding near,
Far reaching, lapped the pebbled shore;
Their curling crests suppressed a sneer,
And whispered, hoarsely: "Nevermore!"

M. PHAIL



We have to thank the author, Mr. H. S. Howell, for an extremely interesting little book, entitled "The Keys of the Bastille of Paris." The author's story adds a fresh phase of romance to the associations of that old prison fortress, the fall of which, as Carlyle writes, "may be said to have shaken all France to the deepest foundations of its existence." It appears that in October of 1879 Mr. Howell's attention was drawn to a paragraph in the *Toronto Mail* to the effect that the keys of the Bastille were said to be in the possession of a young locksmith, of St. Louis, Missouri, who had purchased them from a Frenchman named Lechastel. How did the latter come to own such a relic? It may be recalled that, when the Bastille surrendered, the Governor, the aged Marquis de Launay, was, in spite of solemn engagements, dragged into the street by the infuriated mob and put to death. Carlyle gives a striking picture of the old noble guarding the stronghold against his King's enemies: "Fancy him sitting from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's length of the powder magazine; motionless, like an old Roman senator or bronze lamp-holder, coldly apprising Thuriot and all men by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was. Harmless, he sat there while unharmed, but the King's fortress could, might, would or should in no wise be surrendered save to the King's messenger. One old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with honour, but, think, ye brawling *canaille*, how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward! In such statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies de Launay might have left Thuriot, the red clerks of the Basoche, the Curé of Saint Stephen, and all the tagrag-and-bobtail of the world to work their will." But the Bastille was not to be saved the dishonour of capture even by such self-sacrifice. The surging multitude must have its way. And then? "Why dwell on what follows? * * * Along the streets of Paris circulate seven Bastille prisoners, borne shoulder high, seven heads on pikes, the keys of the Bastille, and much else." Now, it is claimed in Mr. Howell's essay that "among the first who entered the courtyard of the Bastille was one Carwin Lechastel by name, and, when the draw-bridge fell, he secured a bunch of keys from one of the fleeing gaolers. These he stuck on the end of his pike and carried through the streets. The keys, we are told, remained in Lechastel's family until 1859, when one of his descendants, who had emigrated to America, finding himself in reduced circumstances, was compelled to offer the old heirloom for sale. He spoke little English and many could not understand his strange relation, while of those who did, only a few gave it credit. At last he encountered a sympathetic hearer in the person of Mr. John Hamilton, of Morgan Street, St. Louis, to whom, after some negotiation, he disposed of his treasure. On seeing the notice in the *Mail*, Mr. Howell tried in vain to have communication by letter with "the keeper of the keys." At last he determined to go to St. Louis and there, after no little trouble, he made good his quest. The keys, now in his possession (for he finally persuaded Mr. Hamilton to part with them), are five—one bearing evidence of extreme age, 12 inches long and very heavy; another, of steel, delicately wrought, with the socket shaped like the *fleur-de-lis*. The latter is the smallest of the bunch. Of those of intermediate size, one is 6 inches long, and has a heavy, beveled head; the remaining ones are 10 inches long and seem to have once been plated with brass. In closing his description of the capture of the fortress, Carlyle writes, *inter alia*: "The key of that robber-den shall cross the Atlantic, shall lie on Washington's table." Mr. Howell reminds us that "Lafayette secured the key of the main entrance—Porte St. Antoine—and sent it to Gen. Washington, and it is now to be seen on Mount

Vernon." Among letters that Mr. Howell received touching his own remarkable find was a communication from Mrs. E. B. Washington, a grand-niece of the first President, and a member of the Mount Vernon Association. She was very anxious to compare the Lechastel keys with Lafayette's famous gift, and on subsequently obtaining an opportunity of doing so, she was much struck with the resemblance. Mr. Howell sent photographs of his keys (exact size), with accompanying description, to the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale, the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of this city, and other learned institutions on both sides of the Atlantic. The subject is of exceptional interest in the present year.

In our last issue we made brief mention of Prof. W. J. Alexander's "Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning." We now return to a subject which, we are sure, has a peculiar interest for a good many of our readers. In this city the poet and his works have of late years attracted much earnest attention. During his stay in Montreal, the Rev. Dr. Stevenson lectured on both Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Not long since the Rev. Dr. Barclay, of St. Paul's church, and the Rev. Mr. Barnes, of the Church of the Messiah, took Browning for the theme of lectures delivered in different courses during the same week. We understand, moreover, that the able author of "The Princess: A Study" has been for some time engaged on a critical examination of Browning's writings. There is also at least one fruitful Browning Society in Montreal. Whether these signs of increasing interest in a poet once so little read are of more than local significance, we cannot confidently say, but we are inclined to think that they are indications of a movement comprehensive enough to include the more thoughtful minds of our cities and large towns. If this be so, Dr. Alexander's volume may be accepted as especially timely. The chapters of which it is composed were originally lectures prepared for a class of advanced students. They contain copious extracts, with careful analyses and a critical commentary. The first chapter deals with the poet's "General Characteristics"; the second, with "Browning's Philosophy"; the fourth, with "Browning's Theory of Art." In chapter two Dr. Alexander observes that Browning's "philosophy is in the tendency . . . to fix the attention on the inner rather than on the outer life, the life of the soul rather on visible phenomena." He is thus "an idealist, something even of a transcendentalist." Nature to Browning is no vast machine, rolling inexorably on its destined path, behind which, if there be any force which we can call God, he is far removed and works on us only through secondary causes, uniform and predictable. On God manifest in law, the God of Western science and logic, Browning's poetry does not much dwell, but rather on the God of Eastern thought, the God of religion, who is not far from any one of us." At the same time Prof. Alexander deems it necessary to prevent any misconception as to Browning's openness to new discoveries and ideas. "It is not for a moment to be insinuated," he continues, "that Browning does not recognize the other aspect of Nature, does not accept the general results of science; but, unlike his age, it is not this side which attracts him most. We look in vain in Browning's poetry for an expression of the pervading scientific enthusiasm which glories in our rapid advance in the knowledge and command of material nature, and in the prospect thus unfolded of the future well-being of the race. For that we must go to Tennyson." In the chapter on Browning's "Theory of Art," Dr. Alexander bases his judgment largely on Browning's self-revelations in his prose essay on Shelley. "In Browning's conception," he concludes, "the artist is not merely one who, through his skill in reproducing nature, has the power of affording pleasure to his fellowmen. The true artist has a higher endowment and function. He is one in whom the imperfect shows of the world awaken a more adequate reminiscence, as Plato would say—premonition would, perhaps, suit Browning better

—of absolute truth and beauty. He is further gifted with the power of reproducing, more or less successfully—whether in marble or colours, or music or language—these anticipations of the divine idea, so as to stimulate the less penetrating vision of ordinary men to a more perfect perception of the absolute." Browning is, "according to his own definition, a subjective poet." But in form he is objective. "He is not lyrical; he rarely speaks in his own person; he is dramatic, he presents an objective world of men and women." The sixth chapter is devoted to Sordello, of which a careful analysis is given, book by book. In the chapter on "Christianity in Browning," the exposition of his philosophical system is continued, with special reference to its religious side. The closing chapters treat of the second and third periods, respectively, of Browning's development. Though short, these chapters are instructively suggestive. Of Browning's position among the great poets of this century, Prof. Alexander writes: "English literature, in the nineteenth century, presents an unusual array of great poets—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning. The rank which Browning will ultimately hold among these as a poet, it would be premature to attempt to fix; but one might, perhaps, venture to assert that of the seven named, Browning is the greatest man." We would gladly linger longer over Prof. Alexander's book, but what we have said and the extracts we have given will, we trust, be sufficient to convince our readers of its value as "An Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning." The publishers are Messrs. Ginn & Co., of Boston.

We have received a Subject Catalogue or Finding List of Works of Reference in the Toronto Public Library. The catalogue also contains an index of subjects and personal names, which makes it exceptionally valuable. The Toronto Public Library was opened in 1884 for public use, and is sub-divided into the reference department and the central and branch circulating libraries. It has only been during the last three years that the attempt was made to lay the foundation of a reference library, and the catalogue shows that the promoters have well succeeded. In addition to general cyclopædias, books of the calendar, reader's handbooks, quotations, proverbs, anecdotes and fables, the following departments are covered by the best and latest authorities: Natural sciences, theology, mental and moral sciences, social and political sciences, medical science, industrial arts, fine arts, language and literature, geography, travel and topography, history and biography. Canada and Newfoundland have a department of their own, which comprises some most interesting and useful contributions, while the collection of manuscripts relating to the Dominion is extremely valuable. We congratulate Mr. Bain on the judgment which he has shown in discharging a delicate and difficult task.

HUMOUROUS.

Some men are always in bad company—even when they are alone.

The sun is very grand, but the moon takes the shine from it when she comes out.

"No, sir," said a weary looking man in a train to an individual by his side, "I wouldn't marry the best woman alive! I've been a draper too long for that." What did he mean?

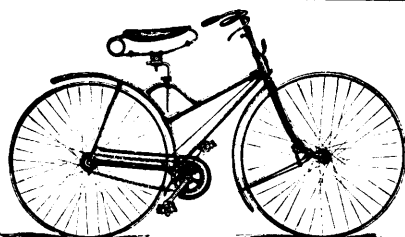
"Look at that rabbit," said little Tot, as she curiously watched the peculiar "twinkle" of the animal's features; "every time he stops to smell anything he seems to stutter with his nose."

Governess (to little Miss Ethel, who is making famous progress in mythology): "Now, Ethel, what do you know of Minerva?" Ethel: "Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom; she never married."

"Doctor," said a wealthy patient, "I want you to be thorough, and strike at once at the root of the disease." "I will," said the doctor, and brought his stick down with a smash on a decanter standing on the sideboard.

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Well, 'tis but just, that's as it seems to me, And natural that H.R.H. should be As Prince of Whales, a most accomplished spouter.



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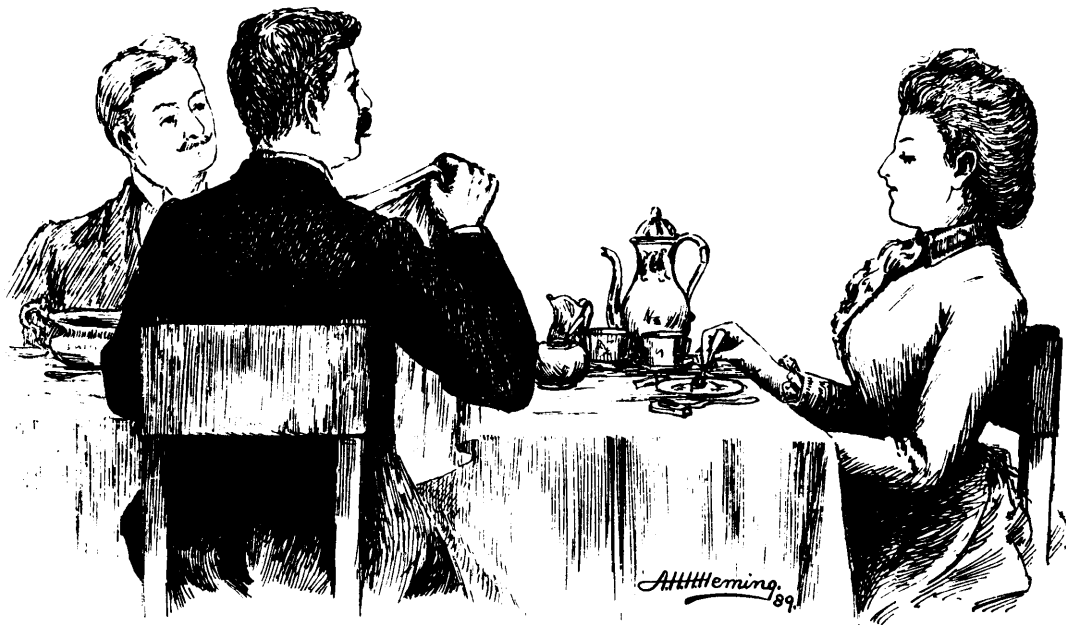
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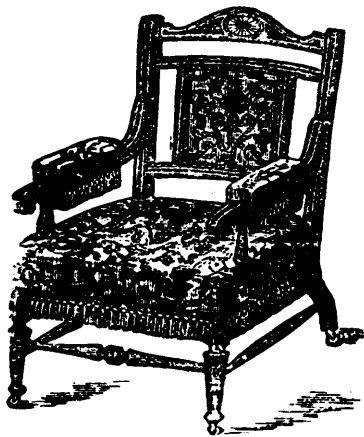
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