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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

(TRADE MARK.)

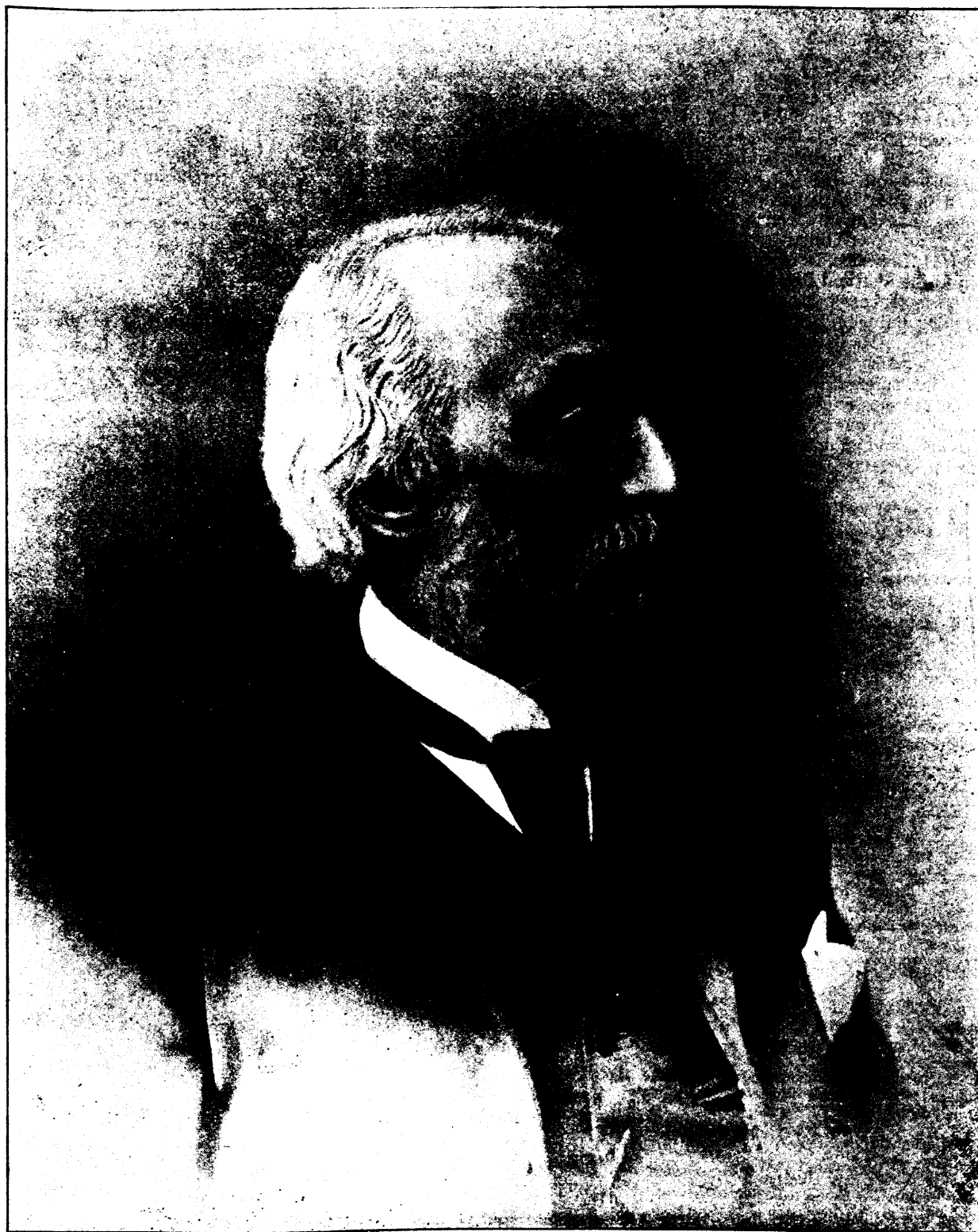
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DEBBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

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HON. EDWARD MURPHY.

Notman, photo.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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From *The Canada Gazette*, 22nd June, 1889:

"Public Notice is hereby given that under 'The Companies Act,' letters patent have been issued under the Great Seal of Canada, bearing date the 27th May, 1889, incorporating Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., Hon. George A. Drummond, Senator, Andrew Robertson, Chairman, Montreal Harbour Commissioners, Richard B. Angus, director Canadian Pacific Railway, Hugh McLennan, forwarder, Andrew Allan, shipowner, Adam Skaife, merchant, Edward W. Parker, clerk, Dame Lucy Anne Bossé, wife of George E. Desbarats, George Edward Desbarats, A.B., I.L.B., publisher, and William A. Desbarats, publisher, all of the city of Montreal and Province of Quebec; Gustavus W. Wicksteed, Queen's Counsel, and Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Civil Engineer, of the city of Ottawa and Province of Ontario, and J. H. Brownlee, Dominion Land Surveyor, of the city of Brandon and Province of Manitoba, for the purpose of carrying on the business of engraving, printing and publishing in all the branches of the said several businesses and including publication of a newspaper and other periodical publications, by the name of 'The Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company (Limited),' with a total capital stock of fifty thousand dollars divided into 500 shares of one hundred dollars.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 21st day of June, 1889.

J. A. CHAPLEAU,
Secretary of State."

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

At a meeting of the directors of this Company, held this day, at the offices of the Company, 73 St. James street, Montreal, the following officers were elected:

Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., President.
George E. Desbarats, Managing Director.
William A. Desbarats, Secretary-Treasurer.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ENGLISH PRESS.

PICTORIAL ART IN CANADA.—The *Dominion Illustrated* is a weekly paper published in Montreal and Toronto by G. E. Desbarats & Son; and, judging from a recent issue now before us, its conductors have little to learn from the old country. Eminent Canadians and notable scenes are represented by engravings showing much delicacy and ripeness of artistic skill.

Greenock Daily Telegraph.

May 25th.

As its name implies, *The Dominion Illustrated* is a Canadian paper, but none the less is it filled with matter of interest to Englishmen. Its illustrations, based on photographs taken of the actual scenes, are in themselves a more than ordinary attraction, whilst its articles, stories, reviews, &c., are well written. English ladies, too, can discover here the fashions of their sisters over the water.

Grantham Journal.

May 25th.

"THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."—We have received a copy of this Canadian pictorial weekly. It is exceedingly well got out, the illustrations—which are all engravings—being remarkable. The London office is in Bouverie street.

Leamington Times.

Saturday, May 25th.

The Dominion Illustrated is an excellent example of pictorial journalism, and is an exponent of Canadian interests and opinions. It is now issued in Montreal, Toronto, and London.

Manchester Guardian.

May 27th.



Acadia has had its celebration as well as Quebec. While the city of Champlain was gay with banners and music, and thousands of Canada's sons from all parts of the continent were gathered on the site of Cartier's historic place of sojourn by the little Lairet, the descendants of the Remnant of 1755 were rejoicing with their leaders at the silver wedding of their highest seat of learning. The College of St. Joseph, of Memramcook, N.B., is to the Acadians what Laval University is to the French-speaking population of this province. The celebration was most enthusiastic, and was attended by representatives of all the Maritime Provinces, both clerical and lay. Bishops Sweeney and Rogers being among the former, and the Hon. Mr. Landry, M.P., among the latter. The popular member for Kent replied on behalf of the alumni of the institution to the address presented to them by the actual students of the college. The Rev. Fathers Lefebvre, Cormier and McDevitt took part in the religious service in the parish church, and the Rev. Abbé Belliveau preached an eloquent sermon. St. Joseph College has, it is said, infused new life into the Acadians, with new pride in their own language and in the memories of their race.

We see by some of the Nova Scotian papers that Abbé Casgrain's revelations, based on documents unearthed in the departmental archives of France and the British Museum, touching the events that preceded the expulsion of the Acadians, have aroused considerable interest among the historical students of the Maritime Provinces. The learned abbé has drawn attention to some glaring omissions in the volume of "Selections from the Public Documents of the Province of Nova Scotia," especially in that portion of it which relates to the Acadian French. Abbé Casgrain's papers will not, we may be sure, be left unanswered.

Canada has of late been losing some of her most noteworthy public men. The grave has hardly closed over the Hon. Messrs. Ryan, Dunsmuir and Gray, when the announcement is made that the Hon. John Norquay, of Manitoba, has been suddenly carried off by heart disease. Mr. Norquay was no ordinary man. His rise to a position of honour was typical of the growth of his native province, to which he was so fondly attached. The deceased statesman was born in St. Andrew's Manitoba, on the 8th May, 1841. Mr. Norquay was not only a native of Manitoba, but had also a strain of Indian blood in his veins. Mr. Norquay first came to the front after the Riel troubles of 1869-70. He was made Minister of Public Works in the first ministry after the settlement of the troubles in 1871. In the Manitoba Assembly he sat for High Bluff from 1870 to 1874. He resigned with his colleagues in 1874, but became Provincial Secretary in the following year, in the Davies administration, and resumed the office of Public Works in 1876. Two years later he became Premier, being the head of what was known as the Norquay-Royal administration, in which he held the portfolio of Treasurer. Mr. Royal, differing with his leader on a question of public policy, resigned. This administration held power until the Red River Valley question upset his govern-

ment, and the present Premier, Mr. Greenway, came into power.

The late Frederick McKenzie will be remembered as the friend of those creatures that are far too often friendless. Many years of his life and a good share of his private means were devoted to the relief of the poor dumb beasts, whose condition is, in so many instances, a reproach to civilized mankind. As the champion of the speechless victims of the speaking brute, he merits our kindest remembrance. Ever generous and genial, in his defence of the weak he was chivalrous. Would that we had more of the same type of knighthood?

Farewell! farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

It is satisfactory to learn that an arrangement has been concluded between England and the United States which tends to avert any collision between the authorities and seal-hunters, or between rival seal-hunters in Behring Sea. The *pro tempore* settlements are better than none at all; but it is a pity that a question of such importance, as the rights of British subjects, should be left even for a season in doubt. In this case, the claims which gave rise to the controversy are simply preposterous, and ought not to have been entertained for even an hour. In Newfoundland, the French shore problem is still a source of trouble to our fellow-colonists. Then, again, there is the Alaska boundary—a heritage from our *temps de malaise* with Russia. As to our endless Atlantic Fisheries *imbroglio*, to touch it would be *infandum renovare dolorem*.

The wildest of all projects, since filibustering came into fashion, is the scheme of a Franco-Irish Republic, which is to supersede the Dominion. That it should have been conceived in Chicago, still reeking with Cronin's blood, is enough to show that no reputable Irish-Americans have art or part in it. The proposal is that Ontario, whose objections are foreseen, should be handed over to the United States. The Province of Quebec is expected to "go halvers" with the conquerors. The Maritime Provinces, Manitoba, the North-West and British Columbia, are apparently to be left to their own devices. We fear the plan of a Franco-Irish combination would succeed but poorly, even if the French element could be induced to consent to it, which it is not likely to do. The alternative scheme is to purchase Lower California from Mexico. The story reads like a *canard*.

Now that Quebec has raised a monument to its Breton pioneer, it is worthy of mention that the British consul at Brest has just published a report on the condition of the peasant proprietors of Brittany. He gives them credit for great natural aptitude for agriculture, but points out several disadvantages under which they labour. The farmers lack means to furnish themselves with proper implements, or to bear the expense of draining. On the whole, he concludes that the peasant proprietary system in Brittany has hardly been a success. The women do much of the drudgery, and the harassed, worried expression which seems to be characteristic of the people, does not argue either prosperity or contentment. Possibly the picture is overdrawn; but, if it comes near the truth at all, the descendant of the Bretons

who came to Canada in the 17th century have no reason to regret the choice of their forefathers. Why should not some of these modern Bretons follow the example and seek new homes around Lake St. John or Lake Nominique?

The beet root industry can hardly be said to be popular with our *habitants*, notwithstanding the authoritative recommendation which it has received and the good results attained by some of our farmers. The people of British Columbia, according to the *Vancouver World*, are disposed to look hopefully upon that branch of culture. Much dependence will be naturally placed on the verdict of Mr. Skaife, who has made a careful study of the whole subject in Germany, and is now conducting experiments on a large scale in Berthier. That verdict will, of course, be prompted by the results of the present trial. It is urged that, on previous occasions, the culture of the sugar beet in this province had not fair play, and that the whole harm was done by rash, unskilful and careless cultivation. It is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Skaife's expectations will be fulfilled. There seems to be no good reason why the industry should not prosper in suitable localities in this province as well as in Northern Germany, where it has long been a staple. In British Columbia a test is also being made, and there is every prospect that beet-growing will form hereafter one of the regular industries of that fine province.

IMMIGRATION.

Before long we shall be awaiting with interest the returns of the next decennial census. At what rate have we been increasing? How has the increase been distributed over the Dominion. To what causes has it been due? Where it has been due to immigration, what has been its character? What countries have most contributed to it? Have the new comers been, for the most part, healthy, industrious and moral? Have they, in the main, been calculated to add to the national strength, wealth and reputation? These are questions which we shall be glad to see satisfactorily answered.

Those who read the very full reports issued yearly by the department which has charge of immigration will be prepared for some, at least, of the statistics which the census will lay before the public. There is, indeed, no phase of our development from year to year more interesting or important than the growth of our population by accessions from different parts of the world. Under the old regime the course of colonization was from the first clearly defined. New France was the genuine daughter of old France. For a century and a half a strict watch was maintained on the gates of the colony, both by sea and by land, lest any undesirable persons should obtain admission. The consequence was a homogeneity without parallel in any other part of North America. When the country was handed over to the Crown of England, a change began to take place. Even before the cession of the interior, German settlements had been organized in Nova Scotia, and, after the capitulation of Montreal had completed the transfer, European nationalities, hitherto excluded—continental as well as insular—were allowed a footing on the soil. Till after the peace of 1815, however, the accessions were mainly from the States to the south of us—the Loyalists of the Revolution predominating. To trace our growth since the War of 1812-15—a memorable epoch for Canada in more ways than one—would

be a serviceable but somewhat difficult task, as it is only within recent years that due care has been taken to classify the incomers according to origin. Since Confederation our immigration statistics are full and trustworthy. The movement of inter-provincial migration since 1867, and the extent to which persons of different races have inter-married—on these points, which have been carefully studied in some of the States—we are still greatly in the dark.

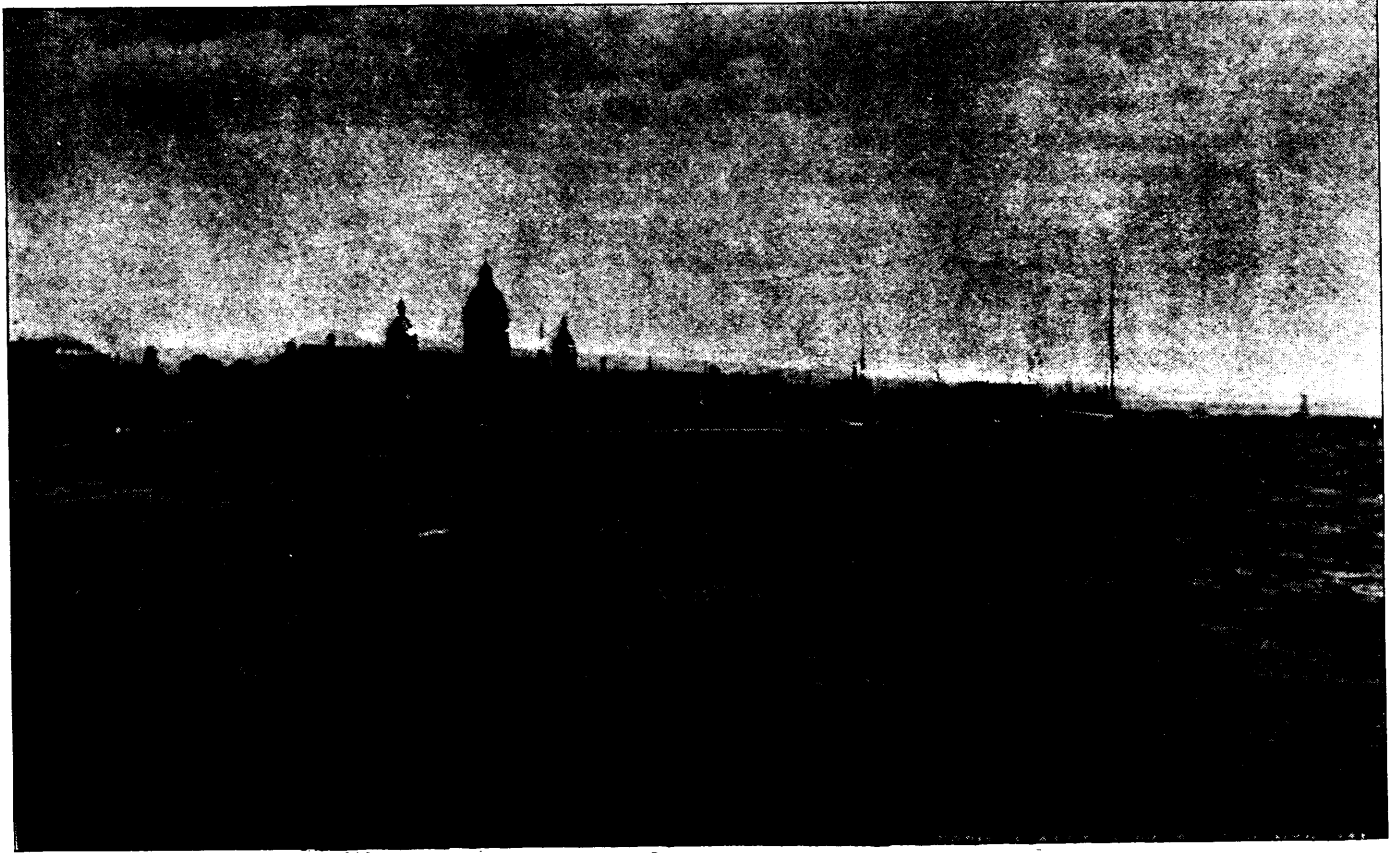
Still it is something to know from what sources our nationality is being built up, and we have ample information—which will be of greater value years hence than it is to-day—as to the Menonite, Icelandic, Scandinavian, Hungarian, and other settlements in Manitoba and the North-West. In the first or second generation after their arrival, it is generally possible to identify members of these nationalities by their names, but the temptation to anglify them, especially when (as they sometimes do) they resemble English types of family nomenclature, is very strong, and where their females are married to men of British race, any trace of their origin is lost. The proportion of some of these foreign elements in our North-West population is much larger than many of our readers are probably aware of. For instance, it seems hardly credible that in fifteen years Canada has attracted one-tenth of the entire population of Iceland. The settlement in our North-West of these hardy, thrifty, intelligent and moral people, speaking a tongue which is the *ursprache*, or fountain-speech of the Teutonic languages, including the Saxon side of our own English—is one of the most interesting phenomena in our history. To Icelanders has been—not without reason—ascribed the earliest discovery of this continent from the Atlantic, and scholars like Mr. Leland have hazarded the theory that possibly they left the mark of their presence on the Indians of the Abenakis family. The Scandinavian settlers are also interesting from the association of the Northmen with the growth of both the French-speaking and English-speaking sections of our nationality. Of Germans the North-West has also a share, though their central stronghold is Ontario, and their number in the Dominion is larger than the population of more than one of our provinces.

The main thing, however, is that our later immigrants—not only of the races mentioned—but of the more familiar stocks of the United Kingdom, have, in general, been of the type best suited for colonization. Exceptions there have been, it is true, where mistaken benevolence pushed to excess the system of assisted passages. Not that poverty is in itself an objection. Far from it. Sound hearts, and stalwart frames, and honest ambition, soon recover from the disease of empty pockets. It was of just such candidates for independence that the committee of the Montreal St. Andrew's Society said in their last report that they were a credit to the country they had left and a valuable acquisition to Canada. But as a clergyman, who has had some experience of emigration, says, in another report, there is no room in Canada for idle loafers. Happily, it is possible to benefit our kinsmen across the ocean, while at the same time guarding our own interests, and what interest is more worthy of protection than the prestige of our Canadian citizenship? And we have just been reminded that the rumours of Mormon invasion are becoming more alarming. We have taken steps to keep out embezzlers and boodlers, and surely we do not want that other iniquity.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

The utterances of Sir Charles Tupper, in connection with the Imperial Federation movement in England, have naturally aroused discussion in the French-Canadian press. As our readers know, the scheme has never commended itself to our fellow-citizens of French origin, some of whom have taken a strong stand against it. Indeed, with the exception of a comparatively small proportion of the population, there is no clearly expressed desire on the part of the Canadian people, whether British or French, to enter into the new relations, or to incur the responsibilities, which Imperial Federation might impose. As to what those relations and responsibilities might be we are as yet in the dark. Neither in England nor in Canada has any definite and authoritative programme been drawn up and submitted to the Old Country and Colonies by the Federationist leaders. The late Right Hon. Mr. Forster, who was the first president of the League, avoided any formulation of the details which would be *de rigueur* if the principle were accepted. Lord Rosebery has still more strongly opposed any attempt to bind the League by the enunciation of a *modus operandi*. His Lordship seems to think that the main object to be sought, for the present at least, is the inculcation of the idea of Imperial Unity, of loyalty to the tie that binds all England's possessions together, and of resistance to any counter movement, openly or implicitly aiming at disintegration. In February last Mr. Sandford Fleming, in an address delivered at a League meeting in Ottawa, undertook to remove misconceptions as to the purpose contemplated by himself and his colleagues, and his words were most assuring on the point that all details should be left open questions. The aims of the League (as far, at any rate, as its Canadian branch was concerned) were, he said, to promote the discussion of means to maintain the integrity of the Empire; to further the interchange and development of the resources of the several portions of the Empire; and to resist measures tending to disintegration. These were its only aims; and that there might be no ground for alarm in the minds of Canadians as to the possible effects of Federation (should it be brought about) on their present position of independence, it was added that, in the opinion of Canadian Leaguers, any scheme would prove abortive which failed to make the maintenance of our actual political rights one of its indispensable features.

This last proviso ought to clear the League of any suspicion of cherishing aims which might be subversive of the constitution, political organization and perfect freedom from outside control, that we have for years enjoyed. We cannot but regard it as a mistake that anything should have been said or done which might give the impression of a foregone conclusion, however harmless in itself, the proposal or series of proposals might be. If there is to be a convention, well and good. It is for the different parts of the Empire to appoint their delegates to it. What takes place there, when the whole vast Empire meets in a kind of deliberative club, may tend to solve the question of Imperial integrity in a manner generally satisfactory. But to put forward cut-and-dried schemes in advance of the convention can, it seems to us, only arouse prejudice. It is now nearly twenty years since Imperial Federation was first discussed in an English magazine, and ever since it has been more or less a live question. It has helped to bring



TORONTO HARBOUR, FROM THE WATERWORKS.

Soule, of Guelph, photo.



TOWN OF SITKA, CAPITAL OF ALASKA.

From a sketch by Miss Merritt



TOWN OF JUNEAU, ALASKA, AT SUNSET.

From a sketch by Miss Merritt.



MUIR GLACIER, IN THE 59th LAT., ALASKA.

From a sketch by Miss Merritt.

British subjects, separated by thousands of leagues of sea and land, to look upon each other more kindly, and has deepened the interest and pride of Britons in the Empire, as a grander fact than the United Kingdom. Is that great work of ages to part and fall to pieces for lack of timely forethought and adjustment? Or is it to be made strong and enduring by moral cohesion and the spirit of oneness diffused through all parts of the framework? The vast majority of England's sons abroad would return a negative to the former, an affirmative to the latter question, and the Imperial Federation movement shows the earnestness of the feeling for unity. But sentiment is counter-poised by self-interest, and a false step might change the tenor of the movement very materially.

FATHER DAMIEN.

DIED APRIL 10, 1889.

Has the world lost love and faith;
Is religion effete and dead?
Has the loving Christ of Nazareth
Not one in his steps to tread?
Are the saints, who walk in white,
But myths of a bygone age?
Has chivalry nought of its deeds to write
On this nineteenth century's page?
In the struggle for wealth and place
In a world gone mad with greed,
One man has looked on the Master's face
And learned and loved His creed.

Where the Hawaiian islands lift
Their peaks in the golden light,
And palm trees shadow each fertile rift
Above the coast-line white—
With this beauty the poison of death is blent;
Here men, through its ghastly leaven,
Are herded like beasts in shambles pent,
Deserted by earth and heaven.
Like festers, hideous with loathsome taint,
They darken the fair, sweet scene;
No surcease found to the wailing plaint
Of the leper's cry, "Unclean."
No Christ like the Christ on Capernaum's hill
To bring to the tortured soul
The tender answer of love: "I will.
Be clean—I have made thee whole!"

One whose heart was filled with the loving wine
That gladdens the Master's feast,
In its tender pity, almost divine,—
A brave young Belgian priest,
Went out from the sweetness of love and life
To this loathsome lepers' den,
Where sin and sorrow in deadly strife
Made brutes of living men.
Only the Cross on his valiant breast,
In its strength to suffer and die—
The isles of Hawaii have told the rest
On the scroll of Eternity:
How his ceaseless pity fell like dew
On the blackened soil of sin,
And Christ, through His servant, in mercy drew
The weary outcasts in.

How the blinded eyes received their sight;
Of the broken hearts made whole;—
He was the window through which the light
Shone into each darkened soul.
He lifted them up from the sin and shame
Of life's darkest and worst despair,
Until God was no longer an idle name,
But a Father revealed in prayer.
Flint stones and thorns on his way of pain,
Eyes blinded by homesick tears;
The famine of heart and the fevered brain,
Through an exile of sixteen years.
Yet the chivalrous soul its devoir wrought
For the men he had come to save,
As day by day he was slowly brought
To a leper's lonely grave.
The world looked on as this hero-soul
Passed out from beyond its ken—
A martyr, attaining the well-earned goal—
A man who had died for men.
And the coward soul shrank back in shame,
And the faithless took heart of grace
At the light on Father Damien's name
Reflected from God's own grace.
One unselfish heart in this hard, gross age,
One white-souled saint, whose faith
Has touched with glory earth's sordid page,
And hallowed both life and death.

Halifax, May, 1889.

M. J. K. L.



HON. SENATOR MURPHY.—We present our readers to-day with a fine likeness of the Hon. Edward Murphy, who has been elevated to the Senate as representative for the division of Victoria in succession to the late Hon. Thos. Ryan. The subject of this sketch was born in the County Carlow, Ireland, on the 26th July, 1818. Mr. Murphy's family were, for over a century, extensive mill owners and corn merchants in the County Carlow. Mr. Murphy claims lineage from Donald Mor, a chieftain of considerable power and territory in the County Wexford, dating back to the days of Henry VIII, his mother being a descendant of an old distinguished Irish family. He is also related to the Kavanaghs, Byrnes, Fitzgeralds, Butlers and other families of position in the east and south of Ireland. Mr. Murphy was twice married, first, in 1848, to Miss McBride, of Dublin, Ireland, and secondly, in 1863, to Miss Power, second daughter of the late Hon. William Power, Judge of the Superior Court of Quebec, and Susanne de Gaspé, his wife (daughter of the late Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, Seigneur of St. Jean Port Joli), and has five children living, issue of both marriages. In offering this short summary of the honourable gentleman's life, we cannot do better than quote the very handsome remarks of the Montreal correspondent of the *Empire*, Toronto, who said:—"The announcement from so high an authority as the Prime Minister of Canada himself that Mr. Edward Murphy would soon be called upon to occupy a seat in the Senate of the Dominion, brings with it not only the assurance that the present leader of the Federal Administration is determined to maintain the intellectual status of that body, but it also causes the greatest satisfaction in the city and district of Montreal. Although the respected and accomplished Irishman, who will so worthily represent the Victoria division in the upper branch of the Canadian Parliament, is not a native of this city, he, above all others of his race, has been so closely identified with the commercial, financial, intellectual and religious growth of the community, that Mr. Murphy, for a half century at least, has been justly considered one of Montreal's foremost sons and a prince amongst men. The man upon whom his old personal friend and leader has conferred this new mark of esteem and confidence possesses, to an extraordinary degree, the good will, the respect and even the affection of all classes of the community. Mr. Murphy has never, from his earliest manhood, sought to hide his firmly-grounded opinions respecting the various political, religious and social questions which were being discussed around him, yet he has at all times made his convictions known, his influence felt, and his generosity of heart manifest in so worthy a manner that, when at last an honourable reward comes to him for long years of service to Crown and country, there is in all Canada to-day no pen to write or voice to utter a single word other than in qualified praise. To give a perfect review of the new Senator's business career would be to rewrite the history of the city of Montreal, so closely has he been connected with her every interest, and it may also be said that an extended reference to the political services which he has rendered, not only to old Canada but to the new Dominion, would entail an exhaustive analysis of our country's political life. In business his word has been, through panic and prosperity, as good as his bond, and in politics he has been a sincere and steadfast supporter of the Liberal-Conservative party. Mr. Murphy, while being a devout adherent of the Church of his fathers, has never allowed his generous impulses to rest exclusively within the pale of his own denomination, and consequently he has been recognized by all communes, races and creeds as a true-hearted, faithful Christian gentleman. His devotion to the cause of that little isle beyond the ocean—the land of his birth—has been never known to fail, and a representative Irishman, in every sense of the word, will sit for Victoria in the Canadian Senate. The Senator, with his parents, came to Montreal in 1824, where he has since resided. His commercial education fitted him for the eminent position which he has taken in our world of commerce and finance. From being a salesman in the extensive hardware firm of Frothingham & Workman he became, in 1859, a partner in the concern, and is to-day one of the leading spirits of that great establishment. Mr. Murphy's connection with the St. Patrick's Society of this city dates back a great number of years, and the influence for good which he has exercised over his co-religionists and compatriots can never be too highly appreciated. The temperance people of Montreal and the Dominion have likewise possessed in Edward Murphy a man worthy of that great cause, and although his views on the question have always been moderate, yet his greatest desire has invariably been to promote the sobriety and general welfare of the people." In 1862 he revisited the Old World and the scenes of his childhood. During this absence he was made a director of the City and District Savings' Bank of Montreal. This position he filled till 1877, when he was elected to the presidency, an office to which he has been annually re-elected and holds at the present time. Mr. Murphy's careful superintendance as president, together with good management of the affairs of the bank by the board of directors and the manager, has given stability to the institution, and gained for it the entire confidence of the public, and a part of whose surplus profits,

averaging \$10,800 annually, are so acceptably divided among our various charitable asylums and hospitals, irrespective of nationality or creeds. A post of honour, entailing arduous duties as well, was conferred on Mr. Murphy ten years ago—that of Harbour Commissioner, which he still fills. Mr. Murphy is also a member of the Board of Trade, and is on the board of arbitration of that body. Over thirty-five years ago he was mainly instrumental in inaugurating the early closing movement on Saturday afternoons for the benefit of clerks. He was one of the first appointed Catholic School Commissioners of this city under the new regime. His generous founding of the Edward Murphy Prize of the annual value of \$100, in perpetuity for the "encouragement of commercial education in Montreal," open to all competitors, has done much to stimulate our youths to a higher excellence in commercial pursuits. He has for many years been a life governor of the Montreal General Hospital as well as of the Notre Dame Hospital—two worthy benevolent institutions; also, life governor of the Montreal branch of Laval University. The Senator has found time to cultivate his taste for scientific pursuits. His public lectures, always delivered for the benefit of charitable objects, on the "Microscope" and on "Astronomy" have invariably met with a hearty reception by the public. His well known interest in archæology have led him to take an active part in the following kindred associations: As one of the vice-presidents of the Natural History Society of Montreal, a member of the Société Historique de Montréal, and vice-president of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society. With what general satisfaction the appointment of Mr. Murphy is regarded, not only by men of his own race and creed, but by the people of Montreal generally, may be gathered from the following editorial comment of the Montreal *Daily Witness*, the well known Presbyterian and Liberal journal, in its issue of the 30th May, with which we close this article. It says: "The appointment of Mr. Edward Murphy to the Senate is creditable to Sir John A. Macdonald and will be of advantage to Canada and to the city of Montreal. Mr. Murphy is esteemed by all people in Montreal as a man of ability and integrity, as one whose kindness of heart, sympathy with distress and need, and whose abhorrence of evil has made him a factor for good in this community. His life has been that of a noble Christian gentleman, without fear and without reproach."

VIEW OF TORONTO HARBOUR.—We present our readers, in the present number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, with a view which many of them will at once recognize. The most conspicuous features in it are the esplanade, which skirts the water front of Ontario's capital, and the Union Station, towering above the surrounding buildings. The water is well taken, the action of the waves being well brought out.

SITKA, JUNEAU, AND THE MUIR GLACIER, ALASKA.—For particulars regarding these interesting views the reader is referred to Miss Merritt's account of her visit to Alaska in another part of this number.

SAWBACK RANGE, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—The engraving here presented gives a view of a spectacle which, once seen, is not likely to be forgotten. In our school-days we had all the word "Sierra" carefully explained to us, as representing the impression which certain of their native mountain-chains suggested to the Spaniards. They called to mind (roughly, it may be, but still inevitably) the serrated edge of a cutting or sawing instrument. Our picture shows very clearly the natural appearance which prompted the comparison and the name. In reality, the sharp lines of the summits of these parallel ranges look more like the chipped flints of savages, than the regularly indented saw of civilized industry. There it is, however, and it is a wonderful scene of wild nature, in all its awe-inspiring majesty.

SHADOW LAKE, HEAD OF COAL CREEK, IN THE ROCKIES.—The phenomenon which suggested the name of the scene depicted in this engraving is not uncommon in the Rocky Mountains. In several points bodies of water at great elevations vividly reflect the surrounding mountains. In the instance, which the artist has here chosen for reproduction, it is especially marked, so as to make the name peculiarly appropriate.

SCENES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.—The letterpress relating to the engravings of Mrs. Arthur Spragge's sketches of British Columbian scenery and life in the present issue will be found in No. 53 of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED (July 6), page 7.

THE UNWELCOME KISS, BY DUFFENBACH.—The scene depicted by the artist is its own interpreter. The little lady who is the object of the young cavalier's attention makes no pretence of pleasure at his apparently rather forced gallantry. The go-between is the one who evidently most enjoys the situation, and she gives promise of developing, in due time, into a match-maker of the first water. The figures, attitudes and expressions are in excellent keeping with the motive. There is much to admire also in the environment, which savours of Holland in its architecture and other characteristics.

"Is Our World Better or Worse than it Was?" This question the Rev. Harvey Jones endeavours to answer in the June *Time*.

The address of the secretary of the Browning Society is W. B. Slater, Esq., 39 Wolseley Road, Crouch-end, London, England.

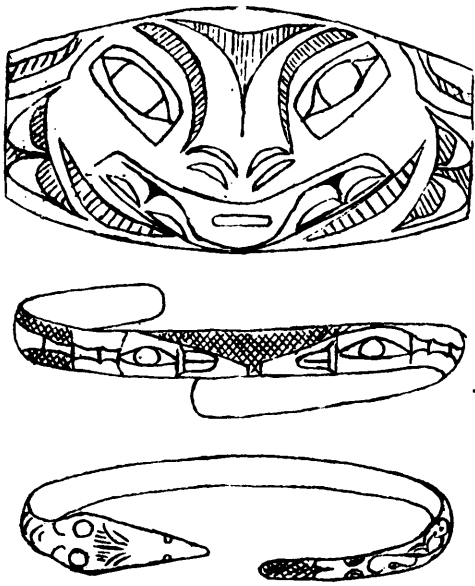
ALASKA.

A trip up the Pacific Coast to Alaska makes a pleasant terminus to a run across Canada by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The round trip takes from 16 to 18 days, and life on the waveless arms of the ocean through the numerous archipelagoes is crowded with interest.

Sitka is the capital of the Territory. It is a pretty little Indian village, with a Greek Church, built by the Russians some years ago, and one of the most beautiful island-studded harbours in the world, over which hangs a perfect cross, formed by the perpetual snow clinging to the mountain summit.

Juneau, however, is the chief settlement, and is the headquarters of the mining business. Opposite on Douglas Island is the Treadwell Gold Mine, where there is the largest quartz mill in the United States. It has 240 stamps, and has turned out about \$70,000 a month, free gold. Back of Juneau there are more indications of gold, and the gold fever rages all along that coast.

The natives all belong to a single great tribe, called the Thinket. They might be called the artistic savages of the world. In front of their log houses they erect "totem poles," which are merely logs on end deeply carved with the heraldic designs of their different families, and have nothing to do with their religion. Every utensil they have is sculptured with some diabolical but well executed design, and the pretty silver bracelets they make out of American dollars are much coveted by tourists.



INDIAN SILVER BRACELETS FROM ALASKA.

The wonderland of the north is reached at Glacier Bay, into which flow a great number of these frozen rivers of ice. The largest is the Muir Glacier, which surpasses anything nearer than the polar zones themselves. The front of the glacier is 2 miles in length, and from 300 to 500 feet high, while it moves forward on an average of 40 feet a day. Professor Wright, of Oberlin, Ohio, says that during the month of August its progressive movement daily is 70 feet at the centre and 10 feet at the margin. The clear waters of the bay, reflecting the Alpine scenery of the shores, are constantly ruffled by the breaking of the icebergs from the front, with a noise like the firing of artillery, and a force that sends the waves across its whole breadth.

Salmon abound in the rivers in such quantities that the numerous "salmon stories" told on the return of travellers are scarcely credited. There are a great many canneries all the way up the coast, even as far north as Chilcat, which is the farthest point at which the steamer touches, and where, during the whole night, a faint light lingers in the sky.

E. L. MERRITT.

The formation of his character is not, as it ought to be, the chief concern with every man. Many wish merely to find a sort of recipe for comfort, directions for acquiring riches, for whatever good they aim at.

THE BURNS CULT.

Burns, it seems, is still a name to conjure with in Scotland, and, indeed, among Scotsmen everywhere. As surely as the 25th of January comes round, enthusiastic votaries of haggis and whiskey and "Auld Lang Syne" meet together around the social altar, to perform the appointed rites in honour of the saint of the day. Probably the ceremonies begin with the well known Burns grace, spoken, if possible, by a clergyman:

Some hae meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

The dinner consists, for the most part, of Scottish dishes, set forth in the menu-card with appropriate quotations from Burns and other Scottish writers. There are, of course, "cookie leekie," "Sheep's head and trotters," "haggis," "great chieftain of the pudding race," not forgetting the corrective dram, "how-towdies," "marrow-bones," "roast bubblyjocks," and other dainties familiar to the readers of Burns and Scott. The worshippers consume these with a relish born of the occasion, and of faith in their tutelary deity. The service, it must be said, not infrequently involves a measure of martyrdom. Good digestion does not always wait on appetite when it seeks satisfaction in haggis washed down with whiskey, and followed with marrow-bones and the other delicacies that have been mentioned. The evening's recreations do not invariably stand the test of the morning's reflections. Nevertheless, the consumption is accompanied with a great show of gusto, which is probably to some extent real. A variation was this year noticeable in the Glasgow menu-card, which can scarcely be considered an improvement. The several dishes were analyzed and defined. Thus, haggis was explained, with doubtful accuracy, and in more questionable Scotch, to be "sheep's pluck, ait meal and ingans bilt in a clout." Glasgow might surely do better than that.

If we may judge by the newspaper reports, there is no falling-off in the extent of the Burns cult. The *Scotsman* contained over five columns of reports of Burns dinners, concerts and club meetings held in more than fifty towns and villages in Scotland, and there were London and Belfast besides. The meetings seem to have been well attended and enthusiastic. There was, however, a noticeable falling-off in the quality of the guests and in the status of the prominent speakers. There is a great change from the time when the late Lord Ardmillan filled the chair at Edinburgh with grace and dignity. Not only Lords of Sessions and members of the professional classes generally, but more particularly literary men, are conspicuous by their absence. It seems to be difficult to get a really worthy representative to reply to the toast of the literature of Scotland. Greenock was exceptionally fortunate in securing the services of ex-Professor Blackie and Sheriff Nicholson, and Edinburgh did very well in having as its spokesman "John Strathesk," the author of some provincial classics. But where were David Masson, and John Skelton, and John Veitch, and John Nichol, and Andrew Lang, and Donald MacLeod, and, above all, where was A. K. H. B.? The speeches on these occasions follow a stereotyped course. They consist chiefly of copious quotations from Burns's poems and songs, strung together with a thread of complimentary criticism. To change the simile, a sparkling stream of poetical extracts ripples through a flat meadow of comment. The Edinburgh orator of the occasion had no fewer than fifty quotations in his speech, ranging from one line to twenty-five. It seems to make no difference that the quotations have been made scores of times before, in the same connection, and at similar meetings. Heavy contributions are levied on "Tam o' Shanter," on "The address to the unco' guid," on "Auld Lang Syne," on "Scots wha hae," on "The Cotter's Saturday night," on "A man's a man's for a' that," and on a score or two of other well known lyrics. The speaker would make an unpardonable mistake if he did not quote, with special reference to the bard's own character, "Oh, gently scan your brither man," and "Wad some power the giftie gie us,"

and "The best laid schemes of mice and men," and "The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip." The more familiar the quotation, the greater the applause with which it is received. Lord Neaves had a well known recipe for the construction of a modern novel. The Burns orators might adopt a similar prescription for the manufacture of their speeches. It would be to take a page or two from Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," to add their own reflections with a modicum of apologies for Burns's shortcomings. For, of course, something must be said on the latter subject; and in that connection Prior's couplet comes in handy:

Be to his virtues very kind,
Be to his faults a little blind,

and the apologists of Burns are generally very eloquent in both directions.

One might innocently suppose that the best way to do honour to Burns, and to show his power and enduring influence, would be to produce some evidence that the spirit of Burns is still living to animate and inform his successors. But, in good sooth, the poetry produced on these occasions is very poor stuff, painfully stilted and vapid. Very rarely, if ever, is a line produced at these banquets that is worth remembering, or a verse that deserves to live. There can be no doubt that the men who make themselves prominent on these occasions, and all who participate in them, are sincere admirers of Burns; but it is difficult to avoid the feeling that there is a good deal of self-glorification in the demonstrations. It is also a pity, for the sake of Burns's reputation, that the rites celebrated in his honour partake so entirely of a convivial character, and that so much prominence is given to the "barley bree," devotion to which was the source of all the troubles and miseries of his unhappy life. —*Times' Edinburgh Correspondent.*

CAMEL'S HAIR AND WHERE IT COMES FROM.

Camel's hair has been employed in eastern countries during many centuries for the production of durable, though somewhat coarse tissues; but its introduction into European manufactures is of comparatively recent date. The colour of the hair varies considerably according to the climate of the country and the breed of the animal, and ranges from a dark brown to pure white, the latter, however, being very scarce and fetching comparatively high prices. The hair is not obtained by clipping, but is combed off the camel when it is changing its coat, and presents anything but an attractive appearance in its natural state. It is brought from the interior on the backs of camels in small bales to the Arabian and Syrian ports and to Egypt, whence it is mostly forwarded to Bradford, which is the most important market in Europe for this article. Camel's hair affords two kinds of material, namely, the hair properly so called, which is often used in its natural state in the list of cloth, and the short down or noils employed in the north of England, France and other countries for manufacturing *nouveautés* and fancy materials for ladies' dresses. Great difficulty was experienced in utilizing camel's hair as long as the fashions favoured felted and fine materials, but since cheviot goods have become the vogue it has been employed successfully in several countries. —*North British Mail.*

QUESTION.

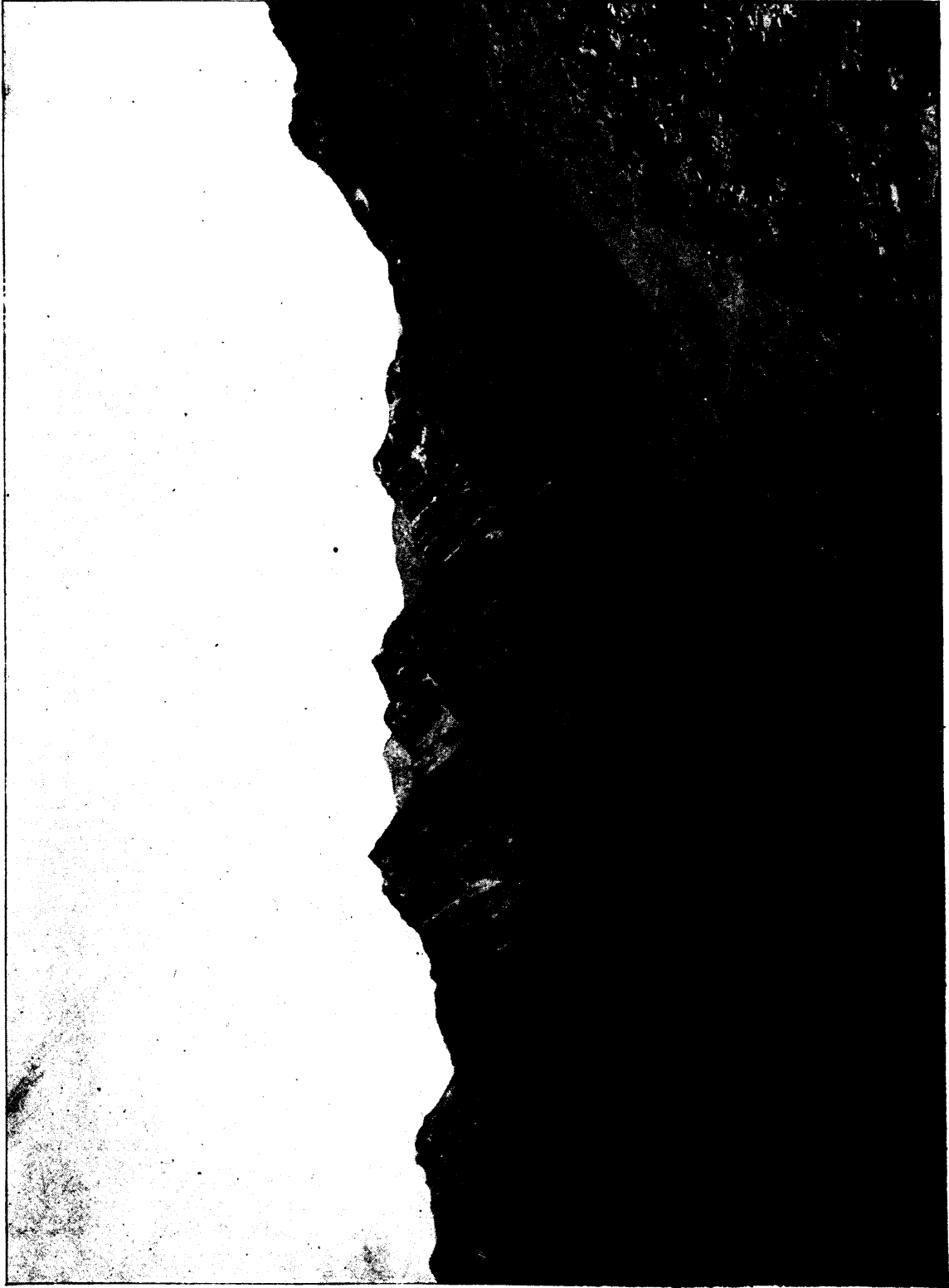
"Joys have three stages. Hoping, Having and Had. The hands of Hope are empty, and the heart of Having is sad; For the joy we take, in the taking dies, and the joy we had is its ghost. Now which is best—the joy to come, or the joy we have clapsed and lost?"

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

ANSWER.

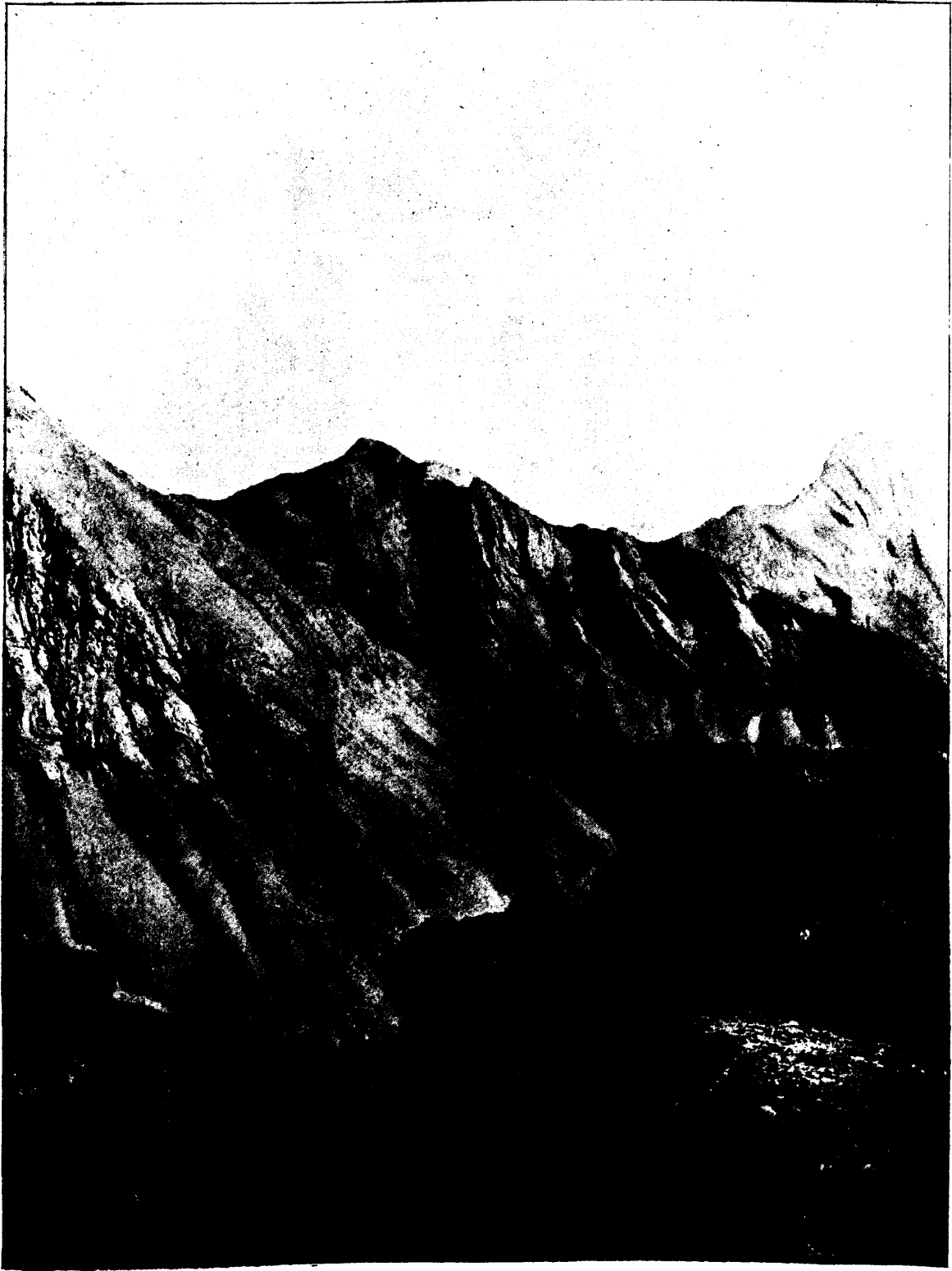
"That Hope is sweeter than memory, we all by experience know; What thought do we give to the argosies that landed a year ago? Our hearts are not with the ship in port, but we gaze across the foam And watch with eagerly longing eyes for the vessel that's coming home."

—Anon.



THE SAWBACK RANGE, CANADIAN ROCKIES.

From a photo., kindly loaned by H. N. Topley.



SHADOW LAKE, HEAD OF COAL CREEK, CANADIAN ROCKIES.

Notman, photo.

L'ANGE DE DIEU.

Autumn in the Province of Quebec, 1648. The crops half garnered for the winter, and the Mohawks from beyond the Great Lakes devastating the land.

The village of L'Ange de Dieu, lying far away from all kindred settlements, lay peculiarly exposed to the attacks of these savage hordes; and when, after weeks of blockade and ruthless ambush, the enemy seemed suddenly to have withdrawn from the neighbourhood, the settlers made the best possible use of the interim of peace, harvesting what crops the Indians had spared, and constructing a strongly-built block-house, large enough to contain the entire population, in the centre of the village square.

The waning sunlight gleams brightly on the stubble fields, and softens, with a tender glory, the rough outlines of the log cabins that form an irregular circle around the central building.

A little group of farmers, home from the long day's labour in the fields, linger chatting to each other by the block-house, their soft *patois* sounding musically through the twilight, and on the threshold of the various cabins, the quick click of their needles keeping time to the conversation, gossip their wives and sweethearts, looking picturesque and beautiful in quaint Normandy costumes, surmounted by brilliant kerchiefs, bound turban-wise around the head.

To home and kindred turns the talk; to France the Beautiful, across the sea, and to those who, dearer than love of country and ties of kinship, have led their loving hearts from old provincial homes across the stormy ocean to lonely hearths and the western wilds.

Ah, L'Ange de Dieu! outpost of the old world's faith and honour! May the Angels of God indeed hover over you with sheltering wings, for peril lurks behind every shrub and tree, where the roaring redman points his flinted arrow, or grasps the glittering tomahawk to render sudden death!

From the shadowy edge of the forest that walls in the oval clearing bursts a small band of men, shouting lustily and firing their muskets in the air as a sign of their peaceful intentions. Only a young lieutenant and a score of soldiers sent by the French commander to assist the farmers in defending the frontier, armed with pikes and muskets, that, clumsy as they were, did deadly execution among the skin-clad Indians.

But neither shout nor powder is needed to gain them a welcome to the village. Are they not soldiers of France, with mayhap in their ranks some old-time friend or relation, with whom to exchange remembrances? All alike drop the occupations of the moment. The priest hurries from his little chapel, the group at the block-house suddenly dissolves, and, with women and children, crowd around the strangers; while the canine population comes out *en masse* to add to the uproar.

In the meantime, the young officer, singling out the *curé*, demands the latest news of the enemy.

"Ah, monsieur," says the *curé* sadly, "things are bad as bad can be; we are under arms while cutting the corn, and at night we have to watch in turn. Some of our cattle have been stolen, and there's not even enough food to last through the winter for the remainder; and a week ago poor Bossière, with his wife and family, was massacred. His cabin was built at some distance from the others, and, when news of the invasion came, he refused to move into the village; and when the Indians attacked us one morning at daybreak, we had all we could do in defending our own homes and defeating them without giving him any assistance. In the fight we heard one cry, no more; and, in the morning, the charred remains of the cabin, with the mutilated body of a child, were all we found. Since then the Indians have retired."

Lowly and quietly as the old priest spoke, his breast heaved and his eyes flashed with passion as he thought how soon the same fate might overtake the rest of his flock.

"The fiends!" cried the lieutenant. "Are they in force?"

"Several hundreds," answered the *curé*; "but, thank God, even if they return, your arrival puts us at ease."

Night closed in. The men were billeted around the village, Lieutenant D'Aubenev sharing the Jesuit's cottage. Though the forest was reported clear, a sentinel was posted at each end of the square.

Time went by and the village remained undisturbed, though tales of murder and rapine were frequently brought in from the neighbouring settlements; so a careful watch was always kept.

The farmers, freed from night-watching and the bearing of arms during the day, laboured heartily at their various pursuits: some finished harvesting and prepared the ground for the spring sowing; while others were employed in raising a strong palisade around the block-house, as an additional means of defense, and sufficiently large to accommodate their cattle if they were besieged for any length of time. The outpost was an important one, and, consequently, was better guarded than the French settlements in general were at this date.

One morning, as the men were separating to their daily tasks, a voyageur from one of the neighbouring clearings rushed up. How he escaped death seemed a miracle. Twelve miles of virgin forest to traverse, streams to cross, and chief of all, the difficulty of evading the enemy, who seldom wandered far from L'Ange de Dieu.

The man's tale was soon told. Surprised at night, the villagers managed to throw themselves into the chapel, the only building capable of defence, before the enemy fell upon them, firing the houses and murdering and scalping all who were cut off; and when at last, after an hour's hard fighting, they were repulsed and driven off, hardly half of the little band of settlers were left to rejoice. Aid was imperative to restore the place to a defensible condition, so he had volunteered to seek it from the well-manned outpost.

This assistance could not be refused, and fifteen soldiers and peasants were despatched to the ruined village. This left them only forty men and youths who were able to bear arms in defence of the station.

Once more the shades of night close lovingly around the settlement. No moon illuminates the sky; but one by one the stars twinkle through the frosty atmosphere, as if the eyes of its own guardian angels were keeping watch and ward.

No sound but the steady tramp, tramp of the two sentinels as they pace their beats. The muskets ready primed in their hands; alert and watchful for their own and their comrades' lives. Silence reigns in all the log-built cabins after the labour and turmoil of the day. Only in the Jesuit's cottage a restless heart is beating, where the young lieutenant tosses sleeplessly upon his couch, thinking of Southern France; of the long wide-reaching vineyards, and the moss-grown chateau with its thousand memories of youth and boyish pleasure, not yet dimmed or blurred by passing years; and nearer and dearer than all these fleeting fancies comes the vision of a dark-haired maid, whose jetty eyes were full of tears when he had said farewell. And treasured on his breast he bears a faded rose, a gift that marks a glowing day of early June, when he and Christine plighted love and troth. And now the same bright eyes, filled with the pure, unquestioning love, which then they did not dare proclaim, seem to look down upon him from the sky of the new-settled world, amid the glittering stars, "the forget-me-nots of the angels." And so the hours flit on, and he, too, slumbers.

Twice the sentinels are changed. The last men rise drowsy from their interrupted repose. The night air is cold, and the stalwart arms relax the muskets little by little, until the weapons lie inert against the nearest cabins.

But what are those dark forms that advance so slowly from the forest's edge? On they come, two or three hundred in number, so quietly that the sentries do not hear them until they are within a few yards of the outermost cottage.

But now one turns and sees the dark forms rushing ever faster; as, seeing their surprise is a failure,

they cast concealment aside and dash towards the sentries, peeling out their savage war-whoop through the air.

A wild, despairing cry, followed by a musket shot, and the men are aroused; but not before the foe is in their midst. Men, women and children hurriedly spring from their couches and pour out into the square, the men gathering around the latter in a wavering circle, holding whatever weapons came first to hand, as they slowly urge their way to the block-house. Around them press the swarming Indians. The cabins nearest the point of attack are fired, and the inmates butchered as they rush from the doors. The flames light up the village with a flickering glow, and make as weird a battle-scene as ever man has triumphed in. Above the surging, undulating mass of combatants, their swarthy features silhouetted by the ruddy flames, looms the star-lit darkness, and shrouding them in on every side the gloomier shadows of the forest. Already the first loud whoops of onset are yielding place to cries of death and carnage. The faces of the peasants and soldiers are rigid and determined, as, with pike and clubbed musket, or even with a simple bowie-knife, they ward off the Indians. The women for the most part are calm and collected, many aiding the men with household utensils, picked up in the moment of flight, or guarding their children from harm.

To and fro, backwards and forwards, sways the struggling mass. And now the fight rages more fiercely and bitterly as they reach the block-house. The men manning it throw the gates of the palisade open, and in they rush—man, woman and child—with the red knife and tomahawk pressing closely on their rear, and then the gates are closed, and the foe recoils a moment before the hail of musket balls, the volley ringing out clear and sonorous above the tumult.

And wounded friends lying as they had fallen among the bleeding bodies of the slain, meet death with calm composure as they know some loved one of their heart has gained the protection of the palisade.

Young and old lie scattered on the ground. Here a child of ten lies dead with a shattered skull, no look of pain or terror marring the beauty of her features, struck down as she left the sheltering cabin. On farther dies a youthful wife, clasping her baby in her nerveless arms, nor stills its weeping. Ah! nevermore shall wife and child await the coming of the father by the cottage door, when sunset seals the day of labour! Fast by her feet, locked in the close embrace of death, soldier and savage, inveterate enemies, pant out their life together, and extended by their side a rugged Breton turns his pallid face to heaven.

Sleep placidly, sons and daughters of Mars! on nightmare of the torture stake or dagger need appal your dreaming; rather may visions of happier times, while yet the red man was not in your thoughts, beguile you in the waiting!

And there beneath another swarthy corpse, the face of the young officer, untouched by the death wound, shows firm and clear-cut in the flickering light, the bright blood slowly soaking through his uniform, where a bowie knife had pierced his guard in the *melee*. He murmurs a smothered name, and half turns on his side. Is it only a sigh or Christine?

"To the death, sir," he had answered the French commandant, when ordered to hold the settlement. Well, death had come. What then? A soldier's death is the same in an unnamed skirmish, as it is on the grand field of battle; to die in the moment of victory or falter and drop in defeat!

But a soldier's death holds more than the mere loss of honour and fame. Far away in La Belle France a dark girl dreams of her handsome lover, and recalls the farewell meeting in the arbour; nor dreams that the red rose of love and remembrance is dyed a brighter crimson than ever it was in the days of its beauty and fragrance.

And what knew old France of this dim battle in the forest? Only this, in official returns—"Killed, in defense of their station, Lieutenant D'Aubenev, twelve men." Of the weird combat in the starlight, hemmed in by murmuring tree-tops; of the surprise, the struggle, and the victory; of the

heroism of soldier and peasant, fighting side by side against heavy odds, in the cause of love and honour; of the bravery of women, towering up steadfastly in the hour of disaster and peril, guarding their children from carnage; naught was known across the sea.

But in country villages the children gather at nightfall around some hoary-headed peasant and listen to his legends of the early times, of how their fathers strove and conquered in the wilderness, and settled their faith and their homes, from the Gulf to the Lakes.

Ah! L'Ange de Dieu, well may your guardian angels spread their sheltering wings above you, and their starry eyes sparkle with love and protection, as they gaze upon you, keeping watch and ward through the hours of night!

BORES.

Nothing tends to mar the pleasures of social intercourse more than the prevalence of the tactless and inconsiderate class of conversationalists known as bores. As the farmers say, "the woods are full of 'em." Few indeed are the assemblages, however, exclusive where the bore does not manage to spoil much of the profit and satisfaction of the occasion by his persistent endeavours, if not exactly to monopolize the talk, to take at all events a leading share in it. Usually he—or she—is a fussy, conceited person whose brain is not large enough to hold more than one idea at a time. Supposing every body is or ought to be interested mainly in his concerns or his particular hobby, he makes no scruple of breaking into the most interesting conversation by telling of some utterly trivial occurrence which happened to him, or asking your opinion of this or that matter entirely foreign to the subject in hand. Let him but once get his head upon his favourite topic, whether it be the authorship of Shakespeare's plays or French domination, and he will prose away by the hour—giving vent to the merest commonplaces which have been better said a hundred times before, with an air of supreme self-consequence. The bore has no regard for the feelings of others—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he is so wrapped up in conceit and a sense of his own importance that the possibility that anyone should prefer listening to anyone else or discussing some other subject never occurs to him. It is very easy for any enthusiastic and heedless person engrossed by a fad, no matter of what nature, to degenerate into a bore. Devotion to a cause, if sincere and unselfish, will excuse a great deal and it is hardly just to judge an enthusiast strictly by conventional rules. Nevertheless people ought to beware of this tendency and shun inflicting themselves and their theories upon hearers whom courtesy alone restrains from telling them that they are making a nuisance of themselves.—*Saturday Night.*

HOW TO KEEP CIDER SWEET.

A citizen of Kentucky, who has a very extensive and excellent apple orchard and who is a large producer of cider, recently determined upon making a new experiment. Last year he dug a cistern, the interior of which he carefully cemented and made water-proof, then by means of a pipe from the cider mill he continued the manufacture of cider until the cistern was full. He claims to have solved the problem of keeping cider sweet all the year round. Whenever he wanted cider he drew it from the cistern with a pump, in the same manner as he would a pail of rain-water, filling the barrels with it as they were ordered by customers. The cider is said to be not only of extraordinary flavour, but kept much better in this way than it would in barrels. This is the first experiment of the kind that has ever come to the knowledge of the *Criterion*, but as its success is vouched for by a well-known Kentucky paper, it must be true.—*Grocers' Criterion.*

A great many men employ the first of their years to make their last miserable. Spare when young, and spend when old.

God gives peace not as the world giveth. Many forget this truth, and when all is favourable without, think they have the peace of God.



A FEW HINTS ABOUT CHICKENS.—"Blood will tell," and to hope for the best results we must choose from no plebeian stock, but look among those of patrician birth, whose pedigree will bear inspection. It is claimed, on good authority, that the cross of blood between the Leghorn and Plymouth Rock, or Leghorn and Brahma, supplies the choicest meal for the table.

Experience clearly proves that chicken is a favourite and healthy fowl for the well man, and our best medical authority places it on the list of meats permissible for the person suffering from various diseases.

Careful housekeepers, who raise their own poultry, give them no food for twenty-four hours before killing and dressing for their own table. Remember this, and in selecting for your table, buy none where the intestines have not been removed, or the crop emptied; otherwise the flavour of the chicken will be impaired.

In choosing for any purpose but broiling and frying, choose those that are full grown, but not old. When young the points are neither stiff nor flabby; the skin is thin and tender and may be easily broken, and the breastbone will yield to pressure. Poultry should be kept a few hours after killing before cooking, but always pick and draw as soon as possible.

If the fowl is brought to you alive, then it becomes necessary to understand how to remove the feathers. If plucked while warm, the feathers will come out quite easily, but the better method is to scald the fowl by pouring over it, from the mouth of a tea-kettle, boiling water. Hold the fowl over a pail while this is done, wet every portion, and pick immediately; free it from all pin feathers, and singe over a bright blaze; cut off the legs at the first joint, then draw the fowl by making an incision in the body, between the breastbone and the tail. In removing the entrails, great care must be taken not to break the gall-bag, for if any of the contents be spilled it will make any portion of the meat it touches bitter beyond repair; remove the crop from the neck, split open the gizzard and peel out the lining, and free the heart and liver from the waste portions; wash outside and in, and cut from the back of the tail the oil sack.

If a chicken should not be perfectly sweet inside, which sometimes happens, when bought dressed from the market, put a teaspoonful of soda in the first water in which it is to be washed, rinsing it thoroughly out afterwards that it may leave no taste of soda in the meat.

To cut up a chicken for any purpose, make with a sharp knife an incision in the skin around the leg, press slightly away from the body, which will unjoint the member, and separate with a clean, sharp cut; treat the wings in the same manner, and then sever leg and wing from the other side of the body. Leave no unsightly, ragged edges to betray your lack of skill. Cut the membrane down between the breast and tail to the backbone, and separate just below the ribs; find the joint in the neck by moving it back and forth until it is unjointed, then cut close to the body; cut the wish bone in a slanting direction from the breastbone down toward the neck. Find the joint in the shoulder blade and separate; divide the breast from the back by cutting through the cartilage connecting the ribs; the breast should be left whole, except for broiling or frying. Remove all fat from the fowl that can be done with ease, and substitute butter in its preparation; where slices of salt pork can be used it lessens the amount of butter needed. The fat taken from the fowl can be tried out and added to the meat drippings used for the many purposes of the kitchen, but never put it with the lard used for pastry, for the chicken flavour will readily be detected.

In serving broiled or roast fowl be sure that your platter is large enough to save the carver the an-

noyance of having his slices fall on your cloth. There should be a generous allowance of room for the meat to lie in order around the carved towl without hanging over the edge of the dish. Before announcing the dinner be sure and see that the thin blade of the carving knife is bright and sharp; the fork should be strong, with long tines and a guard. The work may be done either standing or sitting, the main point being to do it neatly, without scattering crumbs or gravy, and to slice and divide the meat in such a manner that each may be served equally well. The wings and breast meat are considered the choicest portions, and where there are ladies at the table, it is courtesy to help them of this portion. Ease may be acquired in carving if one will study the anatomy of an uncooked fowl in the kitchen department by dissecting one for a fricassee, according to the direction just given. Learn to hold the knife and fork easily, as strength is not required so much as knowledge of fowl anatomy. It is best to make your first efforts in the presence of the family circle alone.

ROAST CHICKEN.—Choose one fully grown; after cleaning properly, rub outside and in with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Prepare a dressing made of dry bread crumbs, seasoned with salt, pepper and butter and a little summer savory or thyme, moistened with milk. (Dry bread is to be preferred to fresh). Fill the bodies with this, sew them up, tie the wings close to the body, and cross the legs over the tail and tie close; fill the crops and tie the skin of the necks close; roast in a moderately hot oven two hours, or according to size and age; baste at first with butter and water, until there is enough of their own gravy. Cook the giblets tender in water, chop them fine, and add to the gravy made after the chicken is taken up by thickening with flour moistened with water to prevent lumps.

FRICASSEED CHICKEN.—A fowl may be of quite an uncertain age for this purpose; given time enough it will become tender, and is better than a young fowl, as the meat is richer; cook it slowly, for fast boiling hardens the meat; cut up the fowl according to the directions, and put into a pot and cover with cold water; just before boiling a scum will rise to the top; skim this off and boil tender; it may be necessary to add a little boiling water for the gravy. Season with salt and pepper and thicken with flour well mixed with butter; this is nice if three or four slices of salt pork are put in with the boiling chicken; break into a large platter (never cut them) some hot baking-powder biscuit; arrange the chicken in the centre and pour gravy over the whole.

CHICKEN AND HAM.—Prepare and stuff a young fowl; cut thick slices of cold boiled ham large enough to envelope the chicken, tie the ham securely around it with a string, and put it into a dripping pan with a little water, and bake slowly an hour and a half or until tender. Baste it frequently while baking, cover them at first to hold the steam. When tender untie the ham, and lay around the chicken, on a hot platter. Thicken the gravy with flour and stir in a little chopped parsley, boil up and pour over the chicken, or serve in a gravy boat if preferred.

CHICKEN PASTE FOR SANDWICHES.—To four cupfuls of finely chopped chicken, add a teacupful of finely chopped ham, season to taste with salt, pepper, mustard and tomato catsup, add enough of the liquor in which the chicken has boiled to mix the meat into a paste, spread between slices of buttered bread.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—Mince cold chicken as fine as possible, season with salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of butter. Add three well-beaten eggs, and a teacupful of the liquor in which it was boiled. Mix thoroughly, shape into cakes, dip in beaten egg, then into cracker crumbs, roll lightly, and drop into boiling lard. Fry a light brown and serve hot.

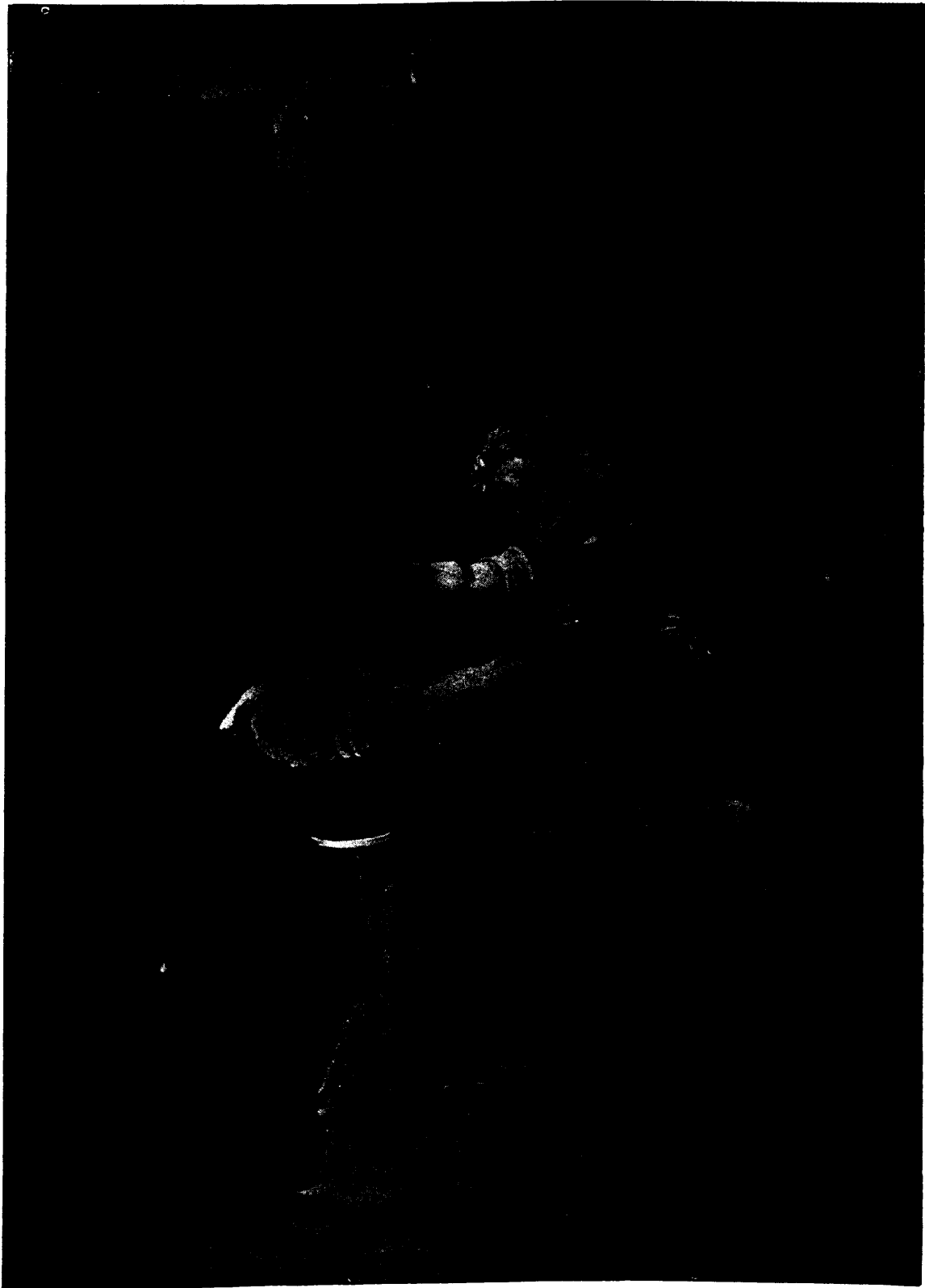
CHICKEN SOUP.—An old fowl is used best in a broth or soup. Give it time enough and boil slowly, season with salt, pepper, and a few sprigs of celery top. Serve hot. The chicken can be made very palatable by frying in salt pork drippings or butter, after it is taken from the broth.



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Series VI.

By Mrs. Arthur Sprague.

1. Lake Pasilqua. 2. Kootenay Indians with Chief Isidor. 3. Sheep Creek. 4. Six Mile Camp.



THE UNWELCOME KISS.

By Duffenback.

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



WHAT TO DO WITH THE CHILDREN AT THE TABLE.

Out of a dozen inquiries as to whether children should be allowed at the table, eight "certainlys," three "yeses—after a certain age, say four years— and one "not until a child is capable of using its knife and fork properly," were received. Care was taken to ask the question of women who have large families and are leaders in society and whose children are not only cultured, but have done well unto themselves. It is a subject that every mother is interested in and one on which there is necessarily a diversity of opinion, for the management of children must vary according to the age, health and disposition of the child. Some are ruled by kindness, some by strictness, and others need only careful management or tact to lead them.

It is impossible for any but the mother to make rules, all articles on the subject can only give advice in the form of suggestions, and we therefore hope that the following will prove of use to mothers and all those who have charge of children.

A very good rule to adopt in regard to bringing children to the table is to allow them to be brought in when dessert is served. This can be made a real pleasure, not only to the children, but to the parents. Of course the little ones have had their dinner earlier, and the little taste of sweetmeats given by the mother's permission can do no harm, and can be made a reward. We are referring, of course, to babies or young children say under five years.

I believe as eight of the twelve mothers do, in children being brought to the table, for it is necessary that they should begin as early as possible to learn table manners; and nowhere can they be taught so well as at the family table.

In some households a side-table is provided for the children, with the governess or head nurse to superintend, and if the mother does not feel equal to the task of overseeing her children at meals, this is a very excellent plan to adopt, only she should see that the person in charge is well qualified for the duty.

Before going further I wish very much to tell you of a beautiful house in New York, where everything is kept in perfect order—except the children—and dinner or any meal in that house is an ordeal which few people care to go through twice. There are two children, a boy and a girl, and a few of the things they do and should not be allowed to do are as follows: In the first place the waitress is never sure of where they are going to sit. Their proper places, the girl beside her mother and the boy by his father, are of course neatly laid, but as like as not the girl will want to sit beside her father, or the guest if there is one, and immediately there arises a squabble as to what seat she will take, and after five minutes loud talking, scolding and perhaps crying, it is settled, then the waitress must change the plates, napkins and so on. No attention is paid by them to the blessing, and the moment it is ended both begin to tell what they want. Of course they are helped first and after being helped they invariably change their mind and want something different. When the bread is passed they finger every slice or roll to get the softest piece, and after they have got it break it into a thousand bits. They are allowed to help themselves to the preserves and sauces and butter, and by the time the dessert reaches the table they have eaten—or wasted—enough to satisfy a grown man or woman. Then most likely there will be a hot discussion as to how much "puddin'" or pie they want, and it will in all probability end in one of them being carried out of the room screaming, while the other is sure to be rewarded for not crying.

What can parents expect in the future for these children? and can they blame them for anything they do in after life that is unmanly or unwomanly? I think not. I have not drawn from imagination, but from actual life; and it is not such a very unusual case either, as many can testify.

On the other hand there is such a thing as being too strict. There will be many among my readers who can remember the plate of cold porridge that was set by from breakfast and must be eaten before anything else at lunch, and the hard crusts saved from one meal to another. Such a practice seems barbarous. After children cannot eat the food provided, let a mother try it on herself and see how it affects her stomach. If the food must be given a second time to the little one, put it in a different cup or plate and heat it if it will make it more palatable.

And then, why should a child be made to eat what it does not like, just because the father, mother or nurse is careless in helping it? If John likes the leg and Mollie the wing, why should John have the wing and Mollie the leg? Children have their preferences, and as far as it is right they should be regarded. At the same time no child should be fed entirely upon the white meat of the turkey, or given all the cream in the pitcher simply because he wishes it.

Then again, how often their food is tasteless for want of salt, or too much salted; the milk just turned, or the bread hard. But it is not of the children's food that we are writing but of how they shall eat it and in what manner it shall be served to them.

The first thing is to establish a seat at the table for the child that shall be his or her place. A high chair is necessary for a child under four, and what a precious piece of furniture this chair is to every mother. It is also an excellent plan and will save a deal of trouble if the nurse can be spared from other duties to take care and wait upon the children at table.

Now comes a difficult time in a child's training; it must be taught to treat its nurse respectfully, and the nurse must also speak kindly and be respectful to her little charge. It was in this particular that the old coloured mammies of the South were so invaluable. They never allowed the children under their care to be rude either to themselves or any one else.

There is a very pretty custom, sometimes met with here and which is universal in England and if once adopted is sure to always exist, that is that all children over four years old shall not take their seats until their father, and especially the mother, is seated. I saw a veritable Little Lord Fauntleroy the other day take his mother by the hand when dinner was announced and lead her to her seat, draw out her chair and see her comfortably seated before taking his own. It was all so natural and charming I could not help contrasting this bit of courtesy with that of the two children of our New York friend.

If children are taught from the very first to take their seats quietly, wait patiently for their food, answer promptly and speak when spoken to they will not only be a credit to you but their presence will be anything but a trouble. If the child has an accident try to treat it as such, not as a piece of willful mischief, as we are too apt to. The plaintive little cry, "I didn't mean to," is oftener true than otherwise.

Never make fun of a child for the use of its knife or fork, but try patiently and perseveringly to correct its mistakes, and from the very first when you say *no* let it be *no*. Of course there are delicate, nervous children who must be indulged in many ways not to be thought of with a strong and healthy child, but even then there is a limit not only for the child's sake but the mother's and nurse's.

In many families the oldest child is required to ask the blessing. This does not seem quite right. Should the father be absent, however, and there is a son, then it is a grateful duty for the boy to be able to do it. A child's training can never begin too early, nor can it be too carefully schooled in all that is graceful. Civility has always had luck as an ally. "My mother taught me," how often, how very often we hear that phrase when one wishes to explain something worthy of remembrance.

Here are a few good old rules that can be safely followed:

- Give the child a seat that shall be strictly its own.
- Teach it to take its seat quietly;
- To use its napkin properly;
- To wait patiently to be served;
- To answer promptly;
- To say thank you;

If asked to leave the table for a forgotten article or for any purpose to do so at once;

Never to interrupt and never to contradict;

Never to make remarks about the food, such as "I saw that turkey killed and how it did bleed," as I once heard a little boy remark at a Thanksgiving dinner.

Teach the child to keep his plate in order;

Not to handle the bread or to drop food on the cloth and floor;

To always say "Excuse me, please," to the mother when at home, and to the lady or hostess when visiting, if leaving the table before the rest of the party;

To fold its napkin and to put back its chair or push it close to the table before leaving;

And after leaving the table not to return.

I know children who observe every one of these rules, and are in no way priggish, but are simply well-behaved, delightful companions, and they owe it all to their mother's careful training from babyhood.—*Good-Housekeeping*.

COTTON IMITATION CHAMOIS.

A cotton fabric which has been patented in England, is thus described by the *Canadian Journal of Fabrics*: "it has the appearance and soft feel of chamois leather, and it is guaranteed will not lose its special qualities when washed. In making the cloth cotton yarns form the warps, these being dyed a fast colour, a chrome yellow tint being preferable; they are sized and dressed in the usual manner. The weft is spun soft and is used in the undyed state. The fabric is woven from these yarns, and is then passed several times through cylinder teasing or raising machines, whereby the surface is broken and a good ground nap is produced on one side or both sides thereof. The fabric is then 'soap' finished, to impart to it the desired appearance and soft, cold feel of chamois leather. It is applicable for either wet or dry cleaning purposes and also as a polishing cloth, and especially suitable for underclothing and for linings of the same, and for general use as a substitute for the chamois leather now used for these and for analogous purposes. Being, moreover, of a woven texture and absorbent, it is more healthy for use in garments than chamois leather, and does not require to be perforated. Unlike leather also, which gets stiff after washing, this improved material so produced is capable of being repeatedly washed without stiffening, and is found to retain its softness perpetually."

NO SAWDUST.

Some time ago, it was announced in the papers that a prominent citizen would make a trip to Spain this summer. Three or four days after the announcement, he received a call at his house from an oldish lady, who introduced herself as living in the city and stating that she had read the notice.

"Yes I shall visit Spain," he replied.

"These Malaga grapes come from Spain, don't they?" she asked.

"Yes'm."

"You will undoubtedly go where they grow?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, I wanted to see if you wouldn't do me a little favour. I'm very fond of Malagas, but I hate to pay two shillings a pound for 'em. I don't believe they are over ten cents a pound there; and I'll leave thirty cents with you, and have you bring me back three pounds. Please select large bunches, and don't have any sawdust on 'em."

His astonishment was so great that she had laid down the money and got away before he could speak. He rushed to the door just as she boarded a street car, and she called to him from the platform:—

"Large bunches and no sawdust. The sawdust never agrees with me."

MINISTERS who preach long sermons—in the summer—will be interested in the comments of their smallest hearers. One of them, when asked what lesson was to be learned from the story of Paul and Eutychus, replied, "Please, sir, ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons!" Another, a little four-years-old, commented thus: "Mamma, that minister preached me all to hunger!"



Mr. J. M. LeMoine, F.R.S.C., of Spencer Grange, Quebec, has put the public once more under obligations to his assiduous and fruitful pen. We have received a copy of his "Historical and Sporting Notes on Quebec and its Environs," which is especially seasonable just now. It is divided into two parts, the first of which was prepared for the use of visitors to Quebec and its vicinity. The headings of the chapters indicate the charms of nature and the points of historic interest on which Mr. LeMoine sheds the light of his gathered lore. We are taken first from Quebec to Montmorenci Falls—a delightful trip, the pleasures of which are manifold enhanced by Mr. LeMoine's instructive companionship. Our next journey is to Cap Rouge, and we return by the Ste. Foye Road, after seeing some of the most picturesque scenery and some of the loveliest villas and manor houses—each of which has its memories and associations—in this ancient province. The author next invites us to Indian Lorette, about which he has much to say that is well worth listening to. It is noteworthy that the term "Ononthio" for "Governor," first employed by the Hurons during the rule of Mr. Montmagny, of whose name it is a translation, is still in vogue among the remnants of that once great nation, and was used not long since in an address to one of our Lieutenant-Governors. "Chateau Bigot: Its History and Romance," closes the first division of the book, and is not the least fascinating of these recitals.

The second part of the volume is even more valuable than the first, as it covers new ground—ground that is also historic, though it is the resort of the hunter and angler rather than of the antiquarian. It carries us, under the same courteous guidance, along the route of the Lake St. John Railway. St. Ambroise, Lake St. Joseph, Bourg Louis, St. Raymond, the Batiscan River, Lake Edward, and other places in this paradise of the sportsman—with which our readers are not altogether unfamiliar—are passed in succession, our Cicirone, from his well-stocked mind, imparting all needful knowledge *en route*. In the course of our journey we traverse "The Land of the Winanish," so copiously illustrated by the pen and pencil of Messrs. Yale and Creighton, and are initiated into the haunts and habits of that mysterious denizen of our inland waters. The rest of the book is devoted to the geography, zoology, botany and traditions of a region which is fast becoming one of the most frequented and famous of our summer resorts. Its great natural features—and its geology is one of the romances of science—the monarchs of its forests, its larger game, the tenants of its streams,—rock and soil and sky, fin and fur and feather—are all depicted for us in Mr. LeMoine's delightful and instructive pages. Nor are illustrations wanting—the value of the guide book being increased by views of Chateau-Bigot, Montmorency and Oniatouchouan Falls and Spencer Grange, the author's charming and hospitable home. The publishers are Messrs. L. J. Demers and Brother, Quebec.

Our respected fellow-citizen, ex-Mayor Beaugrand, has brought out a handsome volume, the "Lettres de Voyage," which he wrote to *La Patrie* during his recent tour through Southern Europe and Northern Africa. His route took in the western shores of the Mediterranean, including Sicily and Malta—the range of Roman power and interest at about B.C. 200. His first letter was posted at Le Havre on the 28th of Oct., 1888, his closing communication is dated Paris, May 4, 1889. During the interval he had visited most of the important places in France, Italy, Sicily, Malta, Tunis, Algiers and Spain. Though his primary object was not observation and study, but rest and recreation, he managed, like the hero of the *Odyssey*, to see the cities of many nations and become acquainted with their institutions and manners. This book is, indeed, striking evidence of the wondrous change that has been wrought by steam, as a locomotive agent, in the relations between widely-severed communities, and their possibilities of holding intercourse with each other. The "grand tour" can now be accomplished with an ease, a comfort, and at a cost which, if anticipated a few generations ago, might have seemed to sober people like the dream of a Verne or a Haggard. Now even fair damsels make a girle round the world with as little fear as that which stirred the breast of Moore's perambulating heroine. Not inappropriately does Mr. Beaugrand begin his record with a description of the great company—*La Compagnie Générale Trans-Atlantique*—on one of whose vessels—*La Bourgoyne*—he crossed to Europe. That company owns no less than 64 vessels—from 9,000 to 175 tons burden, and from 12,000 to 300 horse power—plying between all points on the shores of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. At Paris every one was thinking of the Exposition, the preparations for which were being eagerly pushed forward. He found friends everywhere. To be a Canadian was to have friends in Paris in France. At Montpellier, M. Beaugrand was hospitably received by the father-in-law of M. Beulla, of this city. At St. Hypolite-du-Fort he spent some days with Lieut. Chartrand, who has many friends in Canada who are proud of his success. Nîmes, with its Roman remains; Montpellier, less ancient, but not devoid of traditions; Nice, with its memories of Greek adventure; Turin, sometime capital of Italy; Genoa, which bore

Columbus; Milan—Navara, Magenta, with their sanguinary renown—and so on to Venice. To the glories of the Queen of the Adriatic M. Beaugrand devotes a chapter. Florence, Rome, Naples—with a glance at the unearthly wonders of Pompeii—Messina, Malta (Valetta), Tunis, are successively reached. It is at this last point that we find the beginning of what is most interesting in the book. The letters from the 20th to the 27th (both inclusive) deal with scenes out of the trodden path even of Madeira travel. M. Beaugrand's observations and impressions in Tunis and its neighbourhood make the freshest and brightest pages in these souvenirs. Of the 125,000 people of the Bey's capital, 75,000 are Moslem, 25,000 Jews and 25,000 Europeans. The French have taken full advantage of the protectorate to establish their prestige there. Before the Khroumis trouble, the Italians had the preponderance. Sorely against their will they have had to yield to their enterprising rivals. Italian is still, however, largely spoken. A considerable portion of the population is made up of Kabyles—some examples of which type we gave in a recent engraving. The Arabs of superior race are taller and more finely featured. The Turks have lost prestige. At a reception of the Resident, Mr. Beaugrand was presented to two sons of the Bey. All the notabilities of the place were present. Of the neighbouring ruins of Carthage an interesting account is given. Mr. Beaugrand also passed near the ancient Hippo (Bona to-day), once the See of St. Augustine. Cardinal Lavignerie has built a fine hospice there. Algiers suggests pirates, and we are told how, after a long run of comparative impunity, the Bey's savage power quailed at last before the arms of France—the last good turn of the restored Bourbon dynasty—Lord Exmouth (or his government) having a few years before missed the opportunity of curbing it in the only effective way. From Oran to Carthage, and other storied cities of Moorish and Christian Spain—Leville, Grenada, Cordova, Toledo, Madrid, Burgos—and thence across the Bidassoa to Hendaya, Bordeaux, and so northwards to Paris and home! We commend these "Lettres de Voyage" to our readers. They are bright, chatty, unpretentious, but not the less do they abound in manifold information. The book was printed at the office of *La Patrie*.

We have already had occasion to mention a valuable addition to the library of Canadian history, compiled with commendable care, by Mr. Alexander Jodoin, advocate, and Mr. J. L. Vincent, of the Revenue Department. It is entitled "Histoire de Longueuil et de la Famille de Longueuil," and is illustrated by engravings and diagrams. A volume of nearly 700 pages, this record of "a local habitation and a name," is extremely creditable to the patriotic and painstaking authors. The spirit that prompted them to undertake it is worthy of all praise. In the preface the authors proudly refer to the growing desire to learn whatever can be known concerning our historic past. To this end it is necessary not only to examine the public archives that bear upon great national movements, but to collect and consult parochial registers, notarial documents, family papers, and whatever other manuscripts may shed light on the course of our social development. Already a good deal has been accomplished. St. Eustache, St. Maurice, Beauport, Charlesbourg, Riviere Ouelle, St. Francois du Lac, and other parishes of historic interest, have had their annals gathered together and arranged for the historic student. Works of like aim are in preparation regarding Terrebonne, Joliette, Three Rivers, Sorel and other parts of the country. The investigation in this way of the sources of local history is a task that may profitably engage the attention of our scholars and *littérateurs*, and whoever discharges it worthily may reasonably look for his reward in the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen. No person who has read in Garneau, or Ferland, or Sulte, of the exploits of the Le Moine family, can fail to appreciate the labours which have yielded such a harvest as this handsome and well-filled volume. Well does M. Benjamin Sulte utter words of encouragement to the authors and those who follow their example. "What attachment in this world," he exclaims, "in insisting on the importance of such local records, 'can excel that of the memories that bind you to the years and places that are gone! Where your fathers wrought and loved, suffered and fought, triumphed and died—there is your country and there is your heart! You become greater in your own eyes while you thus dwell on the past, and you indulge in the hope that your descendants will in turn bear you in remembrance."

The story of Longueuil begins with the history of the colony. It formed part of that fertile plain which gladdened the eyes of Jacques Cartier, as from Mount Royal he surveyed the vast expanse of the "forest primeval." Whether the portion of the landscape across the river, which he characterized as the finest land that one could see, level and admirably fitted for agriculture, was really under cultivation in 1535 is a disputed point. M. B. Sulte thinks not, though possibly it may have been so in part. However that question may be decided, the history of Longueuil, as the centre of a civilized community, did not begin till 1657, in September of which Charles LeMoine obtained from M. de Lauzon the first of the three concessions that compose the seigniory. That distinguished man, founder in Canada of the family that bears his name, was born in Dieppe in 1624, according to Mgr. Tanguay and M. Sulte; in 1626, according to Abbé Daniel. In 1641 he crossed the ocean to join his uncle, Adrien Duchesne, at Quebec. Entering the service of the Jesuits, he was sent to the Huron country, where he learned the language, and, in 1845, he was capable of assuming

the position of interpreter. From that date onward his career is easily followed. In 1654 he was married to Catherine Primot, on which occasion M. de Maisonneuve gave him a grant of land at Pointe St. Charles. Three years later, as already mentioned, M. de Lauzon made a concession of part of the future seigniory of Longueuil. His subsequent services, his captivity, the homage paid him on his return, the erection of the seigniory, and the issue of letters patent of nobility, follow in their order. The name of Longueuil, which LeMoine gave to his early concessions—a name mentioned in his letters of nobility, and for more than two centuries associated with the family, was taken, it is admitted, from a village in Normandy, not far from Dieppe, and to-day the chief-lieu of a canton in the arrondissement of that name. On this point, on the arms of M. de Longueuil, on the later concessions, on the pioneer settlers of Longueuil, on the census of 1677, 1681, and following years, on Charles LeMoine's death, his will, the inventory, and valuation of his property, his widow, his fourteen children, and his descendants to the present generation, the work before us contains a mass of welcome information. The exploits of Iberville, Bienville, Sainte-Helene, and the other sons of Charles LeMoine, are made more interesting than ever by a number of fresh details. But it is in that which concerns the later history of the family—its connection with that of Grant and the restoration of the title in recent years—that the importance of the work to the student of our history more especially consists. With the unfolding of these family records the growth of the village and town of Longueuil is made to keep pace. Its municipal development, the progress of its churches, schools, trade, commerce, its political condition, and every feature of its life as a community, are described with fullness and accuracy. Besides the engravings and plans, a copious index adds to the value of the work. It was printed by the firm of Gebhardt-Berthiaume, of Montreal.

HUMOUROUS.

ONE tax that we hope will not be removed in a revised tariff,—syntax.

"MAMMA," said a little five-year-old, as his mother was giving him a bath, "be sure and wipe me dry, so I won't rust."—*Christian Advocate*.

A LITTLE girl who had the scarlet fever was told that the disease would have to peel off. "But, if I peel off," she said, "what will hold me together?"

"Well, Patrick, what struck you most during your southern trip?" "The mule, sor!" replied Patrick, with a grin that disclosed the absence of nine molars.

CUSTOMER: "I can't wear this suit, and that's the end of it. It's all shrunk up on one side." *Rosedale*: "Vat you expect mit dem diagonal goots?"—*Puck*.

"WHO was the first man, Tommy?" asked the Sunday-school teacher, after explaining that our first parents were made from the dust of the earth. "Henry Clay, ma'am."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

MR. WINKS (looking over the paper): "Cheap, Drug & Co. are selling all sorts of patent medicines at half price." *Mrs. Winks*: "Just our luck! There isn't anything the matter with any of us."—*New York Weekly*.

"IT is more blessed to give than to receive," mused Harry, after his father had been trying to teach him a lesson in generosity, "I think it would be very nice in me to do the receiving and let others have the most blessing."

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?—*Rab*:—"Weel, Jennie, noo that ye're marriet, hoow are ye gettin' on wi' the guidman?" *Jennie*:—"O, I canna say that he interferences muckle, but then, ye see, he disna let me interfere ony wi' him."

A MINISTER in Pittsburg met the colored sexton of his church at a camp-ground one day, and inquired, "Will you be at your post in the city next Sunday?" *Sexton*: "No, sah; I have appointed my cousin to affiliate for me on that day."

Two men who had taken more than was good for them were spending an hour over a social glass. "Smith, old man," said the one to the other, grasping him by the hand, and shaking it warmly, "I've known you for the last twenty years, and we have been very good friends, but I never liked you."

A LITTLE fellow, whose fifth birthday is at hand, heard the question of a new-comer, "How old is that infant?" His reply was: "She ain't old at all. She has just begun." After he had seen the infant, he said to his mother: "Mamma, that baby had her hair cut in heaven. I suppose they thought she would not be strong enough to walk to the barber's."

H-ISLANDISH!—Scene, Cove.—Pedestrian:—"Rose-neath's an island, isn't it, Donald?" Donald:—"Teuch, no! Iss tat aal you'll knew? She's a peninsular, if you'll ken whaat tat iss?" Pedestrian:—"Well, Sir Walter Scott, the Wizard of the North, calls it an island." Donald:—"Weel, he'll need to pe more as a wuzard or a wutch to do tat, for ta ferry Tuke of Argyle himsel' canna!"

A LADY once consulted Dr. Johnson on the turpitude to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard. "Madam," said Johnson, "it all depends upon the weight of the boy. My school-fellow, David Garrick, who was always a little fellow, robbed a dozen of orchards with impunity. But the very first time I climbed a tree,—for I was always a heavy boy,—the bough broke with me; and it was called a judgment. I suppose that is why justice is represented with a pair of scales."

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