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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

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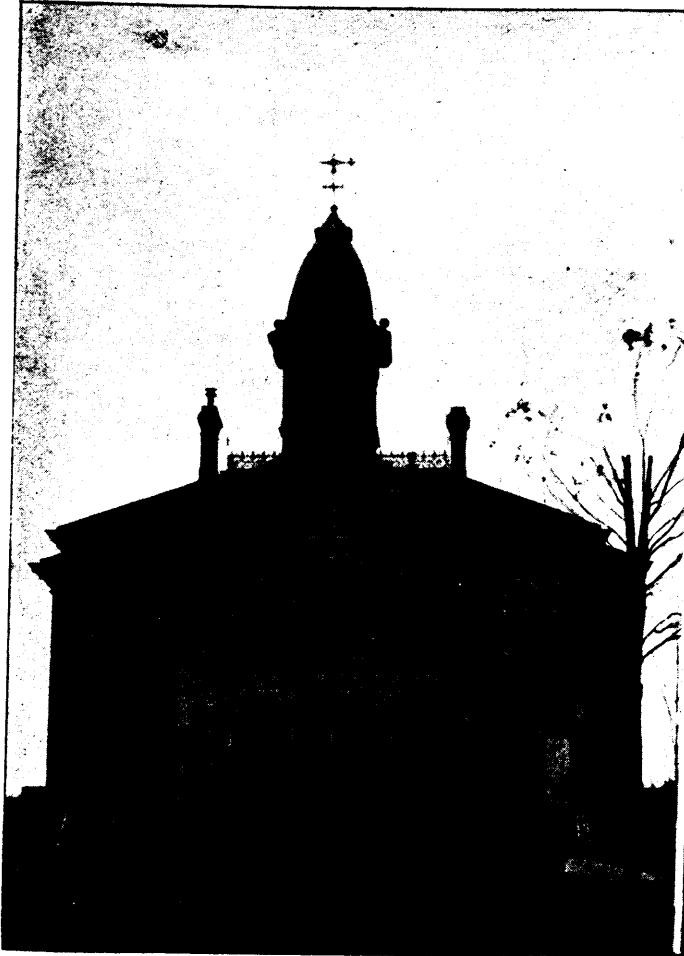
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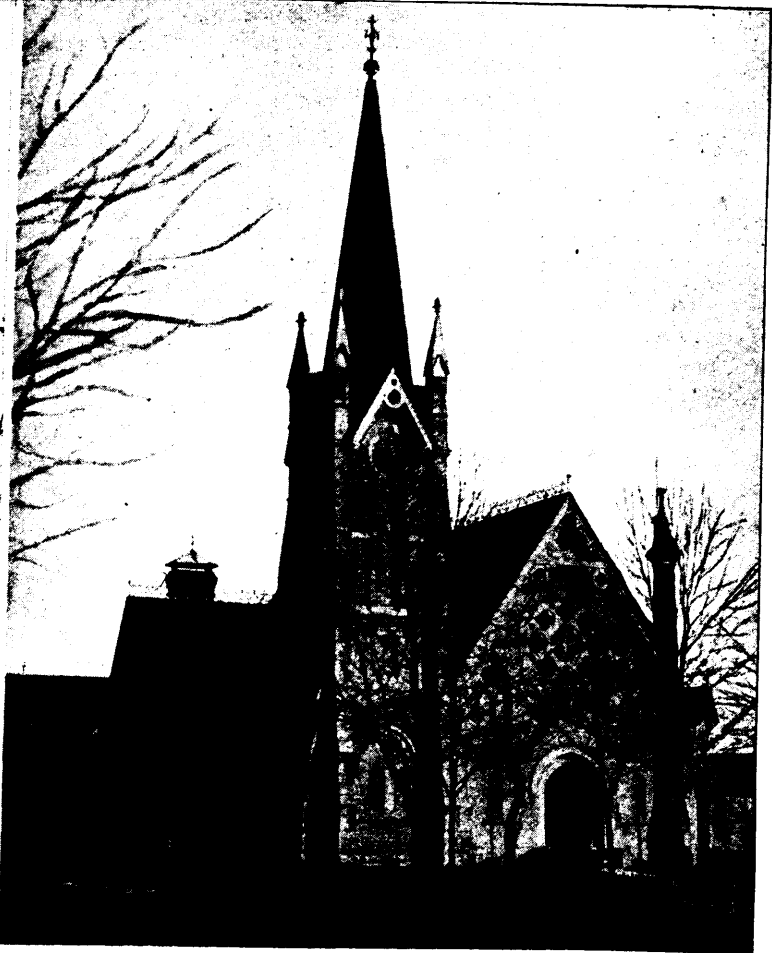
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ST. THOMAS, ONT.

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That our British Columbia fellow-citizens are determined, as far as in their power lies, to keep the Chinese from over-running their fair province is made extremely clear by a communication recently addressed to Sir John A. Macdonald by the member-elect of the New Westminster district. On behalf of the bread-winners and electors (a significant combination) of New Westminster, Mr. Thomas Cunningham, M.P., earnestly protests against any modification of the Chinese Restriction Act. He then gives the reasons for the protest. The measure is a necessary protection against a dangerous invasion of the worst form of debased Mongolian heathenism, which tends only to degrade labour and impoverish the country. In our last issue we anticipated this protest, which is always sure to follow the revival of the anti-Chinese agitation in the United States. Mr. Cunningham puts the objections to the unrestricted admission of the oriental strangers in unmistakable language. He is milder in his reference to the "worst form of Mongolian heathenism" than remonstrants across the border generally are. He admits, by implication, that there is a better side to the creed and ethics of the "heathen Chinese"—that of Confucius, for instance. A Mongolian, evidently not of the baser sort, had the face, some eighteen months ago, to answer the invitation of the late Mr. Thorn-dike Rice, and, in common with Presbyterians, Unitarians, Spiritualists, Episcopalians and other representatives of Christendom, to give a reason for the faith that was in him. "Why am I a Heathen?"—so the article was entitled, and if the author did not prove his case, he certainly showed that there was room for improvement in the ranks of his adversaries, who did not always obey the Sermon on the Mount.

The death of the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy recalls the outbreak, progress and close of one of the greatest civil wars of our own or any time. Like his great opponent, Mr. Davis wrote the story of his own career and a defence of his own policy. Like the other great Southern leaders, he was actuated by intense conviction of the justice of his cause, but, unlike some of them, he never yielded a jot of his faith in the policy of secession. He cherished the belief that posterity would judge fairly between the victorious North and the vanquished South, and that its award would be favourable to the plea of the latter. For nearly a quarter of a century he lived a life of seclusion, taking no part in public affairs, and rarely addressing the public. But when called upon to defend or explain his course as the chosen ruler of the seceding States, he always spoke or wrote as a man

who had nothing to regret and who, if the issue were to be fought over, would take once more the ground that he occupied in the years of struggle.

An English journal (the *St. James Gazette*) is somewhat hard on the deceased statesman, contrasting the enthusiasm felt, even in Europe, for Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson, with the indifference with which Mr. Davis, living and dead, has been universally regarded. This verdict recalls the harsh sentence pronounced not long since by Lord Wolseley on the ex-President's administration during the war. Mr. Davis, who indignantly denied Lord Wolseley's charges in language that reflected the vigour of his prime, was well known to a number of persons in this city—to the family of Mr. John Lovell especially. By those who enjoyed the honour of intimacy with him he was held in esteem and even regarded with affection. His children were educated in this province, and both he and the members of his household left pleasant memories in the circles which they frequented. The matronly comeliness, agreeable manners and cultured conversation of Mrs. Davis made her a general favourite.

If the civilized nations—and especially England and the United States—rejoice in Henry M. Stanley's triumphant return from the heart of the Dark Continent, Canada has reason to feel proud of her share in the glories of the expedition. Lieut. W. G. Stairs, as we pointed out not long since, served his apprenticeship to soldiering in our Royal Military College, where he graduated on the 27th of June, 1882. He obtained a commission in the Royal Engineers, and after serving creditably in various capacities was, in 1887, put in command of the detachment accompanying the Emin Bey Relief Expedition. From letters received from Lieut. Stairs by his friends in Halifax, it is evident that his lines had not been cast in pleasant places. On one occasion, only the vigour of his constitution, his previous physical training, and the strength that comes from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, could have preserved him in the land of the living. Of the natives, hundreds fell victims to starvation, disease and all sorts of hardship, and the wonder is that any even of the hardier Europeans survived the ordeal. Canada may well be proud of sons like Lieut. Stairs.

It is satisfactory to know that the financial condition of the Dominion continues fairly healthy. According to the statement recently published, the revenue for the five months of the present fiscal year, ending with November, is a million dollars in excess of what it was for the corresponding period last year, while the expenditure is more than a hundred thousand dollars less. The figures showing the revenue for last year are, \$15,973,000; and for this year, \$16,950,441; for expenditure last year, \$12,498,556; this year, \$12,607,000. The surplus for each period stands thus: 1888-89, \$3,336,000; 1889-90, \$4,551,885.

We did not (as our esteemed correspondent, "W," seems to think) venture on any comparison between the French and English races on the score of literary fruitfulness. All that we were anxious to point out was that the two great sections of our people had severally just the qualities that were complementary to each other, and fitted their possessors for harmonious and efficient co-operation. Any attempt to keep alive religious discord is earnestly deprecated, and we feel that, whatever betide, open-minded, generous-hearted men like "W," who, all their lives long, have devoted

their best gifts to the furtherance of peace and good-will between the two communities and communions will be gratefully remembered in more enlightened days to come, if they must content themselves with the reward of a good conscience in the present. As for those who for purely selfish aims lose no chance of embittering the strife between creed and creed, between race and race, we say: Sint anathema!

In the last number of *Canadiana*, the editor, Mr. W. J. White, has a note on the prophecy of Major Robert Carmichael-Smyth, with regard to a Canadian trans-continental railway. He reproduces the title-page of one of the major's pamphlets, dated 1849, and describes one of the accompanying maps to show how near the forecast came to the fulfilment. In a contemporary work on the same subject acknowledgment is made of the precedence of Major Carmichael-Smyth's pamphlets to the treatise of the authors. The book in question bears the title of "Britain Redeemed and Canada Preserved," and was written by Capt. Wilson, K.L.H., and Mr. Alfred B. Richards, barrister-at-law. It was published by Messrs. Longman, Brown, Green & Longmans, in 1850, and is a volume of over 550 pages. In the preface it is claimed that the authors were unaware of Major Carmichael-Smyth's pamphlets on the same great topic until their own scheme had been outlined.

"The discovery (we read in the preface) that the ground was already broken up at first damped, but finally inflamed their ardour. They saw in these pamphlets the heralds of their undertaking, and feeling assured that, in so great a field of operation, it mattered not who was pioneer, since the scope afforded room for the intellect and energies of all, they proceeded with the determination of following up Major Smyth's ideas with still more extended ideas and projects, fully convinced that in so doing they were only furthering the views of a gentleman who had at heart the interests and prosperity of his country." Mr. Richards was glad to find this conjecture confirmed in an interview on a wholly different subject which he had subsequently with Major Smyth. It is more than hinted, nevertheless, that although Major Carmichael-Smyth was "first before the public," Capt. Wilson, had he chosen to do so, could have adduced proofs of priority in the conception of the project. This project, as described in detail by Messrs. Wilson and Richards, was to be carried out by an organized system of working emigrants and convict labour, the whole line being apportioned into divisions of 400 miles each. The volume is of curious interest, and, apart from the railway (the *modus operandi* of which is elaborately illustrated), contains criticisms and suggestions which are not inopportune even after the lapse of forty years.

EARLY SOUTH AMERICAN EMPIRES.

The equanimity with which the downfall of the Brazilian Empire is regarded both in the Old World and the New, and even by those from whom some form of protest against its extinction might not unreasonably be looked for, is almost without precedent in history. Dom Pedro himself seems to be quite resigned to the change, and the Imperialists (if any there be) whom he left behind him evidently deem silent submission to the inevitable the safest course. Among the other monarchical powers there is clearly no disposition to interfere. Portugal, which, it might be thought,

would resent the slight to a royal house akin to its own, not only makes no remonstrance, but, according to rumour, has half a mind to follow the example. Perhaps revolution in South America is considered in the natural course of things. In the republican states a lustrum unmarked by some sudden rising has been the exception; and it is because it was the only independent monarchy on this side of the Atlantic that it was deemed worthy of special remark. But even as a monarchy, its overthrow was not without precedent. Mexico on the mainland and Hayti in insular America have had their imperial eras. Nor is it in modern times alone that empires have flourished and decayed on the soil of the New World. The earliest of the great powers built up in what is now a continent of republics dates back to a period so remote that only in ancient history probably may we look for its coevals in the eastern hemisphere. Authentic records of its rise and progress and disappearance are not extant, it is true, as are the stories of Greece and Rome, of Persia or Carthage. Nevertheless, there is strong internal evidence in favour of its existence. When Pizarro achieved his wonderful feat of arms, he found himself in contact with a people very different from the American Indians of our own annals. His enterprise was one of the boldest and most skilfully planned of the warlike undertakings of that age of adventure. Circumstances favoured him, but he did not long enjoy the fruit of his triumph.

The rule of the Incas, which was succeeded, after Pizarro's conquest, by that of the Spanish viceroys had lasted, it is believed, from (at latest) the middle of the 13th century till the advent of Pizarro. Although the Peruvians had no written records, they were not destitute of aids to the memory, and a class of men especially trained for the purpose had charge of the annals of the empire. Mr. Clements R. Markham, C.B., the latest historian of the Inca civilization, holds the opinion (based on careful local studies and long-continued research) that the empire founded by Manco Ccapac (in or about 1240) had been preceded ages before by another domination, no less imperial in its extent and power. The evidence that points to this conclusion is various. There is first, for instance, the testimony of studious men contemporary with the immediate descendants of the vanquished race, who were moved by enlightened curiosity to make enquiries concerning their origin, institutions and antecedents. Of such testimony, though a good deal that was valuable has been lost, a considerable proportion is still accessible. It was usual for the bards (as among the Celts and other nations of the Old World) to recite, in rhythmic language, the deeds of former Incas, and these were orally preserved and handed down by the learned men. In this way each generation taught the one that followed it. One of the historians who has placed these traditions at the command of modern readers was himself the son of an Inca princess, and had, therefore, an excellent opportunity of obtaining them at first hand. But recent investigators take little on trust that is not well sifted and corroborated by ample proof from various sources. It is in the architectural remains, in the domestic animals, and in the cultivated fruits and vegetables, that Mr. Markham finds independent confirmation of the native traditions. Cyclopean remains at several places are clearly alien to the genius of the Incas and must have been erected by a different race. The most

interesting of these—quite as worthy of study as anything unearthed by the Layards and Schliemanns of our day—are met on the southern shore of Lake Titicaca. Temple or palace, the weight of the gigantic stone masses used in its construction, as well as the elaborate carvings on portals and inner walls, reveal the will of an undisputed master of thousands of serfs or captives, such as were employed in the great fabrics of Egypt or Babylon. The fact that the most wondrous of these titanic structures was never completed suggests some unexpected interruption which left the hands of power empty of their sceptre and made the captor captive. How long must an empire and a proficiency in the arts, such as these remains bear witness to, have been in developing! De Candolle, in his *Origin of Cultivated Plants*, maintains that the potato was found in South America in a cultivated state, which must have taken ages to bring to pass. In its natural condition (as in Chili and elsewhere) it is a very insignificant tuber, about the size of a hazel nut. So with maize, with the cotton plant, with the edible roots called *oca* and *aracocha*. Some of these no longer exist save under cultivation—the wild sort having died out. Then as to animals, the llama and the alpaca—the one a beast of burden bearing coarse wool, the other yielding a thick fleece of silken fibre—had been domesticated and modified from the wild huanaco and vicuna ever so long before the arrival of Europeans, or even the establishment of the Inca dynasty. In addition to these indications of a gradual progress from barbarism to comparative civilization, the skill achieved in the working of the precious metals, the products of which excited the admiration as well as the cupidity of the Spaniards, evince an apprenticeship that must have taken many centuries to bear such results. Prescott computes the gold secured by the recasting of the vessels, utensils and ornaments extorted as a ransom from the worsted Inca at fifteen million dollars and a half. Yet all that treasure did not save Atahualpa's life.

The Empire of the Incas at the time of the Spanish invasion extended from the second degree of north latitude to the thirty-seventh of south latitude, thus embracing the present republics of Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru and Chili, and a vast undetermined area to the east of their actual limits. Some writers assign an earlier date than that which Mr. Markham adopts (1240) for the consolidation of the empire under the first Inca. Messrs. Rivero and Von Tschudi, for instance, make Manco-Ccapac's reign begin in the year 1021. The chronology of Garcilasso de la Vega and the other native authorities, is sadly confused, and the date is likely to remain uncertain. On one point there is agreement—that the Inca dynasty was not the first to raise the fabric of imperial power in South America. In fact the architecture alone is sufficient to prove the slow up-growth of an indigenous civilization, while some of the stupendous remains of the earlier monarchs indicate a despotism with a virtually unbounded supply of servile labour. Men of æsthetic tastes have often reproached America with its meagre past and the absence of those sermons in stone that are due, not to the patience or the wrath of nature, but to the skill, the pride or the fears of mankind. How unfounded the reproach is not only South and Central, but even North America, bear witness by countless relics of a wondrously diverse past. Between the founding of America's earliest empire

and the quiet but enforced abdication of her latest Emperor there intervened a period of manifold change, which the most erudite scholars and savants of Europe do not deem unworthy of all the learning and research of which they are capable.

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.

III.

THE BARLEY TRADE.

As we stated in our issue of July 6, in no respect has the industrial development of the Dominion in recent years been more marked than in the enormous expansion of the grain and flour trade. As many of our readers have but a faint idea of the immense quantities of grain that are handled in our country and the superiority of the methods of preparing it for the market compared with those formerly in vogue, we present to them on another page views of three large elevators on the line of the Canadian Pacific between Toronto and Peterborough. These elevators were built and are owned by the enterprising firm of J. B. McKay & Co., of Toronto. The first and largest at Burketon is a grand building over 100 feet high, of a capacity of about 100,000 bushels. It is, like the others, completely covered with metallic shingles, which, while rendering them fireproof, at the same time add very materially to their appearance. The second at Myrtle, nine miles west of Burketon, would hold about 80,000, and the third at Green River, seventeen miles further west, about 25,000 bushels. They are located in the finest barley section of Canada, where the farmers so concentrate their time and energies as to maintain their prestige for growing the best samples that Ontario produces to-day.

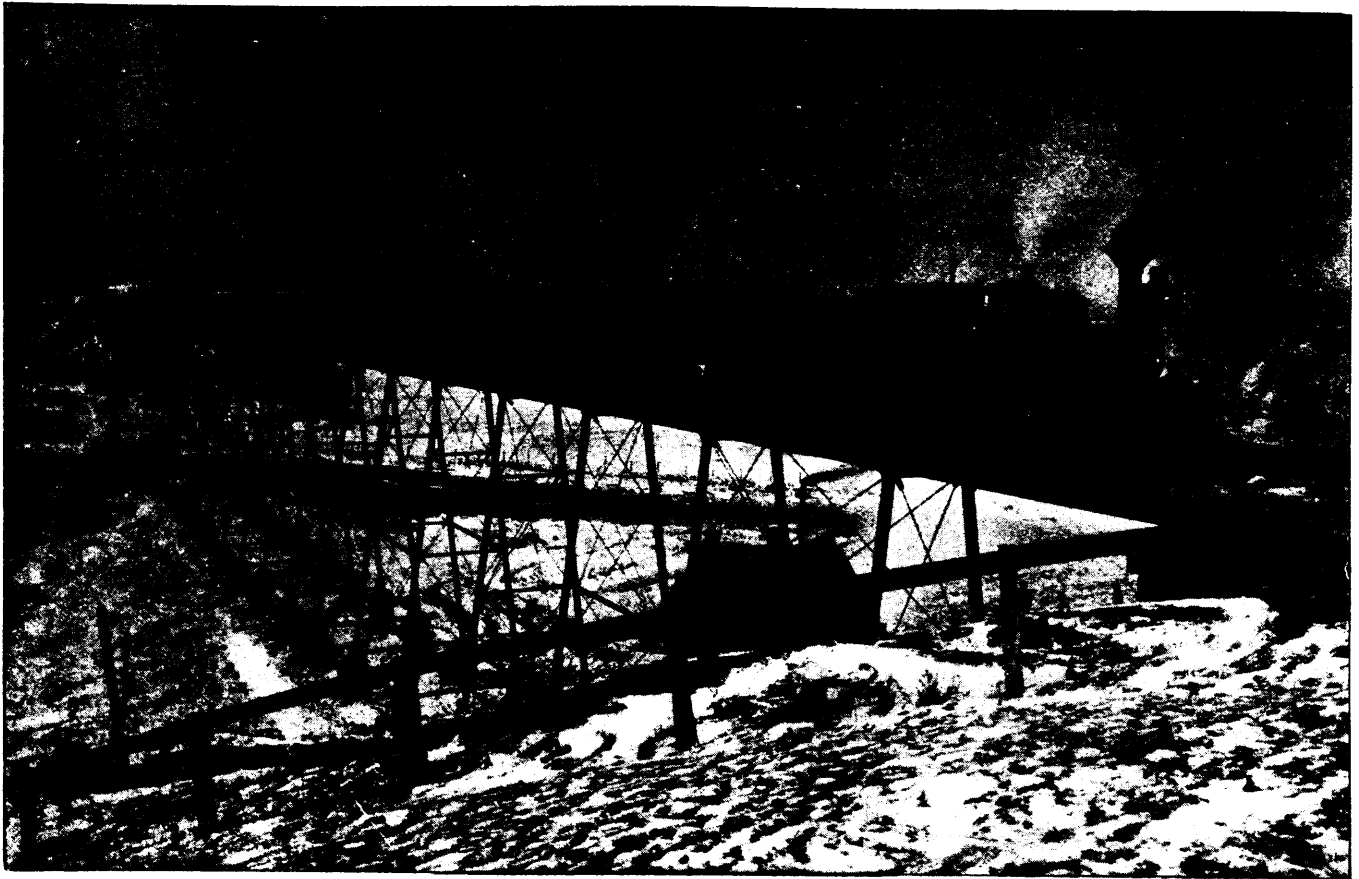
These elevators are equipped with all the latest and most improved machinery for the expeditious handling and cleaning of barley, and are unequalled by any in the province. We also noticed with much interest the manner in which the power is transmitted from the engine to the top of the elevator at Burketon. The firm have adopted the Dodge system of rope transmission, and in this case convey some forty horse power with a series of Manilla ropes and groove pulleys. The same company's wood split belt pulleys are also adopted throughout.

When Messrs. J. B. McKay & Co. commenced business about ten years ago, there were no proper means of getting barley into an attractive and uniform condition, such as the malting trade of the United States was seeking. Recognizing this great want, they built their elevators especially to accommodate the A. Laidlaw & Co.'s Barley Cleaner (Toronto). These machines, of which J. B. McKay & Co. operate four of the largest size, (being, indeed, the only firm that employs so many), treat the barley by a method totally different from any others. By this process the "ands" are entirely broken off without the slightest detriment to the berry, from which at the same time all foreign grains, thistle heads, etc., are separated. The result is to give the barley a fine appearance and to eliminate all small grains, thereby saving the malster in skimmings. And the great success that has attended this firm's efforts shows that the malting trade appreciates their enterprise. In the great barley markets on the other side of the border their grain is especially sought after. Besides operating the above three points, they control all the other important stations between Toronto and Peterborough, from which barley is shipped to their elevators and there prepared for the market. They have the advantage of drawing their supplies from one section, a feature of great importance to malsters, as uniformity of growth in malting is thus obtained.

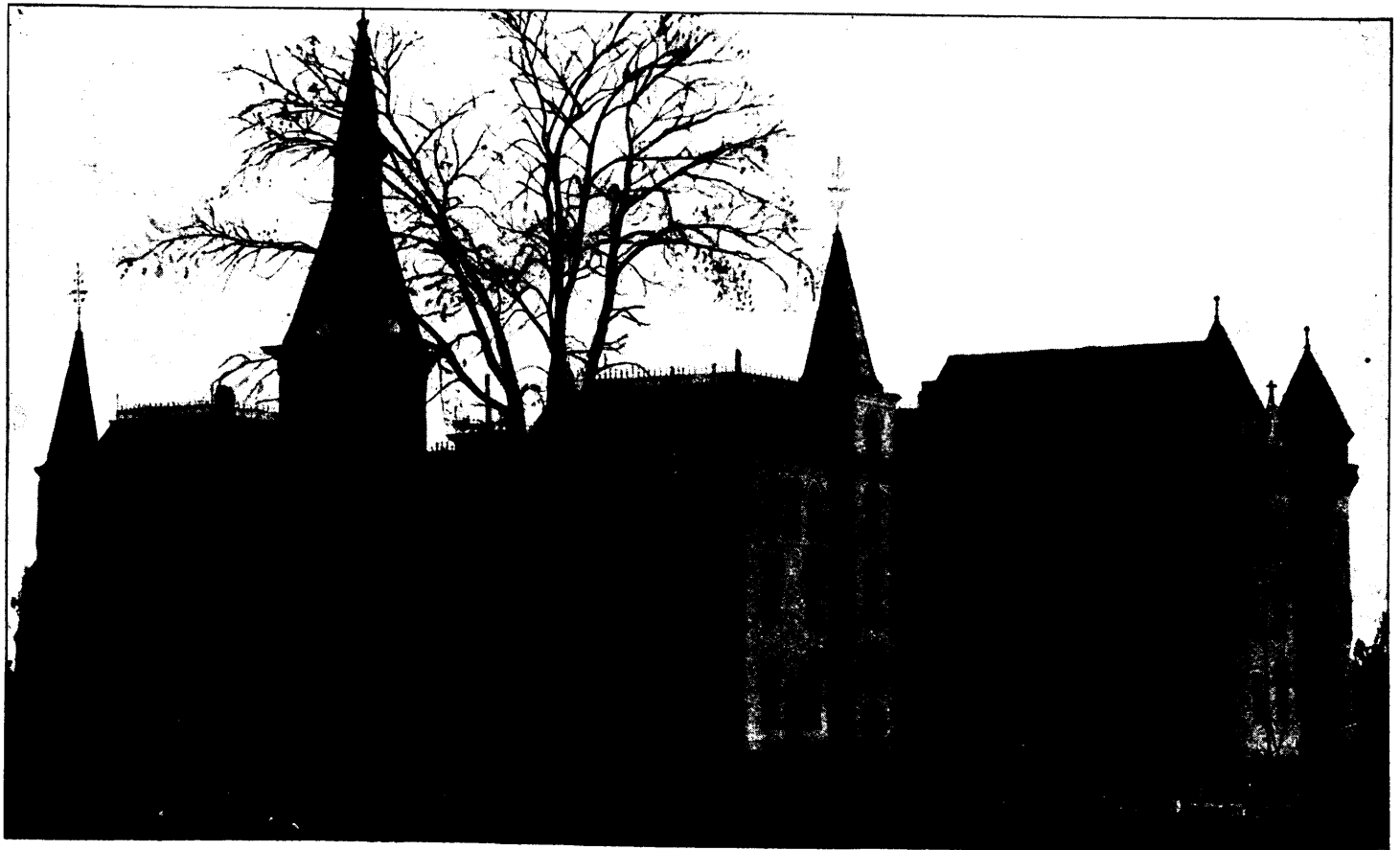
The excellence of their barleys has been proven by the fact that the Bergner & Engel Brewing Co., of Philadelphia, obtained the Grand Prize at the Paris Exposition this year—the beer exhibited by them being made entirely from J. B. McKay & Co.'s barley, of which they last year shipped the above firm over 100,000 bushels.

ST. THOMAS, ONT.

From photographs by Scott & Hopkins.

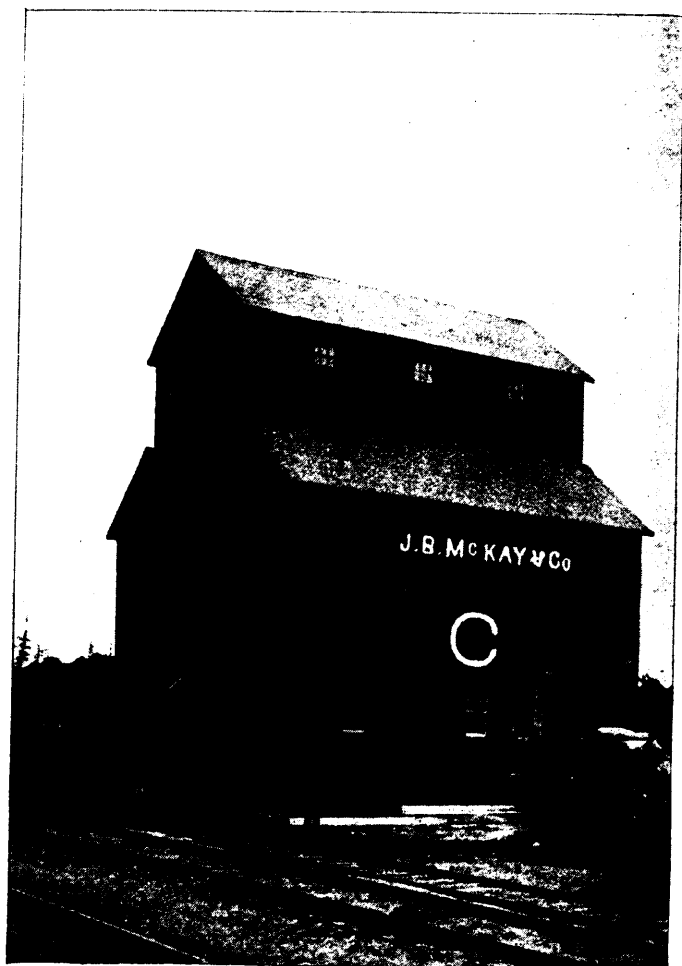
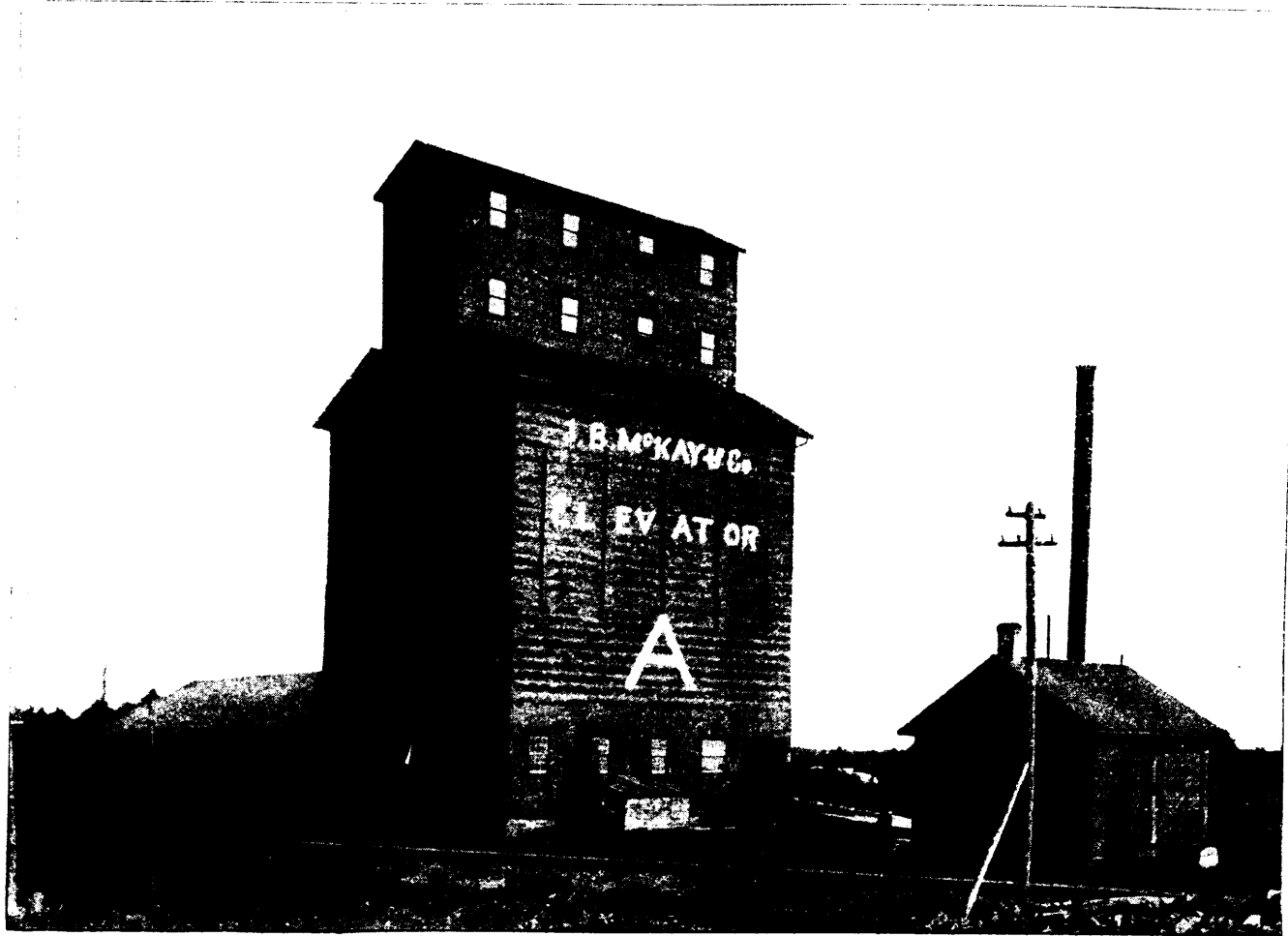


THE LOOP LINE BRIDGE.



ALMA COLLEGE.

OUR CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.



MESSRS. J. B. MCKAY & CO.'S GRAIN ELEVATORS.

A. The Elevator at Burketon, Ont. B. The Elevator at Myrtle. C. The Elevator at Green River.



ST. THOMAS, ONT.—This is one of our younger cities whose growth has been due to the rapidity with which the railway movement has covered the country with a net-work of intercommunication. It has derived advantages from a variety of routes converging in it as a common centre. The Southern first, then the Credit Valley, and lastly the Loop Line, all helped to build up the place and add to its prestige. The car-shops of St. Thomas are famous, and it has one of the handsomest stations in the Dominion. For scenery, St. Thomas and its neighbourhood compare favourably with any of our great centres of population and industry. It is a question, however, whether in the struggle for subsistence scenery has much to do with colonization. A fine view but nothing to eat would not pay. In Canada scenery and soil and situation so often combine to make the chosen home of thousands at once pleasant to the eye and good for food that many of our productive hives of various toil buzz and hum in the midst of attractions where old Greek gods might have dwelt. But not even saints had anything to do with the making of St. Thomas. The name is supererogatory. It was not a saint but a soldier—a St. Martin, in his way, perhaps—who left St. Thomas his name. St. Thomas, indeed, is in the heart of the Talbot country, as *Picturesque Canada* informs us, and as Mr. Smith has made known with elaboration of statistics. A fine prospect which comprises much of the city is obtainable from Kettle Creek Bridge, itself not unworthy of study. You can almost make out some of the more important architectural features. But it is better to draw nearer. There is the Collegiate Institute, for instance, which is said to be one of the best institutions of its kind in Ontario, as well as the imposing Gothic pile of Alma College. Religion thrives here as well as education. The Church of England people have their Trinity and other churches, and the Presbyterians their Knox Church. Altogether there is ample scope in St. Thomas both for the sightseer and the student of our progress, and we are sure our readers will enjoy these glimpses of its beauty and of the thrift and taste of its people.

KETTLE CREEK RAVINE.—This engraving gives one of the numerous very fine views to be had in the immediate vicinity of St. Thomas. It shows a good stretch of back-water, above the old Turvill Mills, looking north towards the M.C.R. bridge. This view was very difficult to obtain, the conditions being so exacting that three distinct attempts were made before our photographers succeeded. The stream quietly finds its way until, at Point Stanley, eight miles distant, it enters the lake between very high bluffs.

LOOP LINE BRIDGE.—This single-track iron bridge spans Kettle Creek Gully to the north of St. Thomas, and on the Glencoe branch of the old G.W.R., but now merged into the G.T.R. system. This Loop Line was originally designed in 1874 to head-off the then unbuild Canada Southern, but failed, so that St. Thomas became the possessor of two lines, east and west, where only one had been expected. It is now utilized more particularly for the transportation of through freight. The London and Point Stanley road crosses just east of the bridge, and one station serves for both roads.

ALMA COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS.—Although young in years, Alma has already acquired a reputation and a success that are by no means local. Chartered by act of the Ontario Legislature, it has from the very first been conducted under the broadest views possible, in proof of which its Board of Management and Faculty of Instruction have been largely representative of all the evangelical Churches. This growing institution, at present intended for the higher education of women only, started out in 1881 with an attendance of but 40 pupils, and prospered so rapidly that during the present year a new building, 30 x 40, five stories in height, has been added, at a cost of \$20,000, under the name of "McLachlin Hall," in honour of one of its most active promoters. One of the secrets of Alma's almost phenomenal success, with a present attendance of almost 200, is that the institution is not run for a profit, but furnishes a literary, scientific, musical, artistic, or commercial education at cost.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—The recent extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Montreal eastward to St. John, N.B., completes the span of that great route from ocean to ocean. It is the only line in America which crosses the continent on its own metals, and it opens a new gateway to the East for our possessions on the Atlantic seaboard. The length of the railway from St. John to Vancouver, B.C., is a little over 3,500 miles, and the journey is made in seven days. The commercial capital of New Brunswick, thus brought prominently before the public, has of late added to its territory by a union with the adjacent city of Portland, and the population since the consolidation is about 45,000. This makes St. John the fourth city in size in Canada, the larger ones being Montreal, Toronto and Quebec. The harbour is the only one north of Baltimore which has never been frozen over, and this fact, together with the advantage of being nearer to Europe than most competing ports, gives ground for a strong claim that it shall be made the winter port of the Dominion. Three great railway systems centre in the city. These are the New Brunswick, which gives

connection with the leading points in the United States, as well as with the River St. Lawrence below Quebec, the Intercolonial (Government road), which traverses Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, ending at Quebec, and the Canadian Pacific, which extends to British Columbia. By the last-named, the former distance from St. John to Montreal, by way of Quebec, 752 miles, requiring 31 hours for the journey, is shortened to 481 miles, and the direct run is made in from 15 to 18 hours. This will have a very important effect on the trade of the two cities. It will be remembered that nearly the entire business portion of St. John was destroyed by fire in 1877, the area laid waste being about 250 acres and the loss about £6,000,000 stg. The burnt district has since been rebuilt with most substantial structures, and the city is now as prosperous as at any time in its history. The leading manufacture of the place is lumber, of which the exports last year were valued at nearly £600,000 stg. Shipbuilding, which was formerly carried on very extensively, has declined of late years; but its place is more than supplied by new and important industries, including the cotton factory, which employs 500 hands; the car works, with 300 hands; rolling mills, foundries, and manufactories of various kinds. The union of the cities and the connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway were considered events of sufficient importance to justify a ten days' summer carnival and electric exhibition, which took place in July last, and included parades, aquatic tournaments and out-door displays of various kinds, views of which appeared in this journal. The exhibition showed all the uses to which electricity can be put as a motive, mechanical and illuminating power, as well as its application to business, domestic and scientific purposes. The festivities, it may be recalled, attracted large numbers of visitors from all parts of Canada and the United States. The result is that St. John (the new St. John, which includes Portland) is now a familiar spot to many persons resident all over this continent. The celebration of last summer marks, therefore, the beginning of a new era in its history, and it may be confidently hoped, a fresh starting-point in its prosperity. Its annals carry us back to the early years of romantic adventure when Acadie was deemed a grand field for the aspirations and enterprise of the gallant sons of *La Belle France*. The pages of its varied story take lustre from the exploits of DeMonts, the rivalry of La Tour and Chamisay, the border wars between New France and New England, and the long struggle which ended only when Great Britain became undisputed mistress of the land. Then for St. John another chapter began which had "The Loyalists" for its heading. The settlers who found refuge there at the close of the Revolution were veritable "Pilgrim Fathers." The fortitude and fidelity that sustained them in their battle for what they believed to be the right, stood them in good stead in the early years of the little town. After its incorporation and the organization of civic government it thrived apace, and its progress, though occasionally interrupted by unforeseen disaster, was, on the whole, steady till the terrible fire of nearly thirteen years ago laid it in the ashes of desolation. In spite of that grave drawback, it soon recovered its old activity and hopefulness, and when its hundred years of life were completed, could look with complacency on the status to which it had attained. Meanwhile Portland Heights had been growing from a suburban retreat into a thriving city of some 15,000 souls. Why not unite? This question had been proposed years ago, but obstacles intervened or sufficient ardour was lacking to bring the union to pass. Still the interest of the sister towns became more and more closely interwoven, till at last the question was modified into "*Quis separabit?*" Who will keep them apart now? They are one for ever. And besides their commercial and industrial advantages, no fairer towns ever joined their fortunes together. The scenery of St. John is not surpassed, perhaps, in Canada. Not long since we gave views of Lily Lake and other scenes in its neighbourhood. We now present our readers with some of its more noted public buildings, evidence of the thrift and taste of its people.

MOUNT ELPHANTIS, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.—This is one of the giant guardians of Lake Memphremagog, and, in some respects, one of the most interesting of those ancient sentinels. The scenery, in which it is a prominent feature, is among the most charming in North America, and has attracted tourists and artists from all parts of the continent. Our engraving is a companion picture to several illustrations of the same lovely lake and its surroundings which we published some months ago, with a graphic description by Mrs. Clark Murray.

THE ART CRITICS.—Happy critics that are above criticism. They are sure to be honest at any rate, and, perhaps, their judgment may be as sound and true as that of older pretenders. The artist's children, it may be, for they are evidently at home and have taken possession impregnably. "Every painter," says a great critic, "ought to paint what he himself loves." If our conjecture be correct, Mr. Overman has made his choice wisely, and it is one which all, expert and inexpert, can approve. As to execution, it is not unsuccessful. The boys are very real boys, but not commonplace. There is character in each little figure and face and plenty of promise. It is not the first time they have examined that portfolio. They have their own ideas of art for all we know, and one of its purposes is surely to amuse and edify good little boys.

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults. . . . And thus it appeareth how seldom we weigh our neighbour in the same balance with ourselves.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

MADGE.

A CANADIAN HOYDEN.

Langwood field, with the long grass almost hiding the great rocks strewn through it was the delight of all the children in the quaint old Canadian village of Barrtown, so called because years before a crusty old English officer, Col. Barr, disappointed by want of appreciation in the War Office "across the sea," had chosen to settle there. His mansion was built on one of the points of land jutting out into the river, and was one of the curiosities of the place, composed as it was of almost round stones or boulders. Col. Barr, after a troublous lifetime, trying to subdue Canadian forests into English lawns and flower-gardens, and the rugged nature of the people around him into civilization, died at last, leaving his name to the surrounding hamlet of Barrtown. The field of which we speak lay to the south and was shut in from the village street by a high fence. Here the children of the neighbourhood held high carnival, playing "duck on the rock" and other games. In one corner of the field was a little low house where Joe Langwood took daguerreotypes and tin-types (photographs were then unknown), and many wondering childish eyes often watched his efforts to make a graceful picture of some of the country lads and lasses, whose favourite attitude was standing side by side and hand in hand. Joe knew how to please them, by touching up with gilt the watch chain or finger ring, or the places where they ought to be; and the delight of some of the raftsmen who often passed through the village on their way to the "shanties," was to have little dots of gold painted on their pictures to represent ear-rings.

The room or "gallery," as it was called, had an effect on the imagination quite as intense as the cycloramas now so prevalent in our large cities. All around the four walls was a painting on canvas, representing scenes in country life, the farm-house, with rows of trees bordering the avenue leading down to the gate, which opened on to the main road, the school-house with children flocking in, more trees, and a wonderful cascade falling from nowhere in particular and escaping under the floor, as the children thought.

Joe was a character. Nothing in the world pleased him better than an argument, no matter what the subject—"the prospect of an Atlantic cable," etc.—and his "profession" often suffered while he was across the street at the corner village store settling some affair of the nation. His wife was a dear old soul. Sometimes worried beyond all measure with her husband's "shiftlessness" and the trials of making both ends meet in feeding and clothing her large family; but mostly rising above her troubles, singing in a quavering voice or reciting poetry as she went about her work, or sat in the corner of the living-room at her favourite occupation—patching. I can see her yet, seated in her low rocking chair, with the sun streaming in through the many-paned window, touching up the silvery hair, slightly disarranged by the glasses pushed up on her forehead, when a patch became more troublesome than usual, or, what did not often happen, a friend dropped in.

One summer day she was sitting all alone at work when she heard the sound of low sobbing. Listening intently, and finding that it came from the direction of the field, her motherly heart made her feet hasten, fearing that some of her brood were in trouble. Up the slight incline, through the long grass, guided by the sound, she went, until she came to a large rock. Hidden behind it she found a girl about twelve years of age, with swollen features and eyes red with crying.

In the little old stone church to which she went on Sundays the minister (one of the old school, who seemed to think his doctrine more enforced the more he stamped and banged) had said something one day about the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." To-day it was a "weary land" to Madge Scarth, the wildest girl in the village, and she had come to her favourite hiding-place to sob out her troubles. In a rage, an old Irishman had told her that "she looked just like an Injun." Madge's idea of Indians was prompted by those whom she had seen going about from door to door

selling bead-work—not very prepossessing surely, their faces noticeable from an absence of soap and water. Her feelings, therefore, were deeply hurt. Mother Langwood took the wild, untamed creature to her heart; smoothed the straggling straight hair, which, indeed, looked as if Indian blood coursed through her veins, pinned up the torn dress and smoothed out the hated white pinafore, which had been rolled up into a ball, and coaxed Madge to come into the house. There she was soon deep in the mystery of deciding whether a pink patch would look well on a yellow square. Madge was called a romp and was shunned by the well-dressed little girls, but was the darling of the little Mulrooneys and O'Hagans, of the Irish settlement of Canal labourers. Misunderstood in her home, Mother Langwood's was one of the resting-places in her life, where the better part of her nature was brought out, and her love for poetry and music fostered, and where she was delighted to help in any way the happy-go-lucky housekeeping.

Her ruffled feelings being smoothed, and her peace of mind restored, a great clattering and stamping were heard at the door in the rear of the house, and the Langwood children scampered in from one of their expeditions. They had been down to the river bank, where they had been gathering refuse mill-wood, or "scantling," out of the water, which at that time was allowed to float down the stream from the saw-mills up at the falls until captured by lucky ones. Many, especially in the lower part of the village, depended upon this means of getting a supply of wood for the winter, piling it up on the bank to dry, each pile being sacred from disturbance. There were the piles of Mrs. Balance, the little old applewoman, and Mike Doolan, the one-legged shoemaker, and that of the Langwood children, or as the warm-hearted Irish called them, "the picter man's childer." Madge's delight was to help them, and eagerly she listened as they recounted their exploits. After a grand council of war, Madge and the Langwoods decided to go fishing. Armed with rods and lines they all set out, and not having much success, catching only a few "barbottes," or catfish, they decided to stop at "Mooney's" on the way. Granny Mooney's shanty was a long one-storey frame house, or rather hut, with an addition at one end, in which Brown Bess, the cow, munched and chewed. "Granny," a type of the old Irish-woman rarely to be seen nowadays, was a great friend of Madge Scarth's and her wild band. She would invite them into the house and regale them with stories of the Irish Rebellion and buttermilk. "When me grandmother was going to Coolater Fair, me dears, and the light was taken from her eyes with the sun shining on the guns and soords"—thus the story invariably began.

To the oft-repeated tale the children were listening intently, when a great clamour and quacking were heard in the yard. Rushing to the door they beheld a sight. To every fishing rod which had been carelessly left standing against the house with line and hook dragging the ground, was attached a greedy duck, who had swallowed bait and hook at a gulp. Around and around they spun until, with the assistance of one of the boatmen, they were despatched, and the Mooney family was regaled with extraordinary luxury of roast duck for a week. Madge and her tribe went sorrowfully home, and with the assistance of the combined pocket-money, Granny's loss was made up to her. Sobered by the duck episode, Madge and her followers were quiet for a time; but soon got into more mischief. The village, rough as it was, boasted of a music hall. The sloping roof was in two sections, with a row of windows between. Here, by creeping along a ledge and holding on to the window sash, a good view of the rude stage might be obtained from the outside. On this ledge Madge and her band one summer evening took up a position, watching a strolling company play "La Sonnambula." Their sympathies were all with *Amina*, and they breathlessly hung on every note, as well as on the window-sills, when "Down out of this every one of you!" was roared in the stentorian voice of the village constable, and a grand scatteration began. With the speed of a deer the quick-footed fled from the roof, but an awful splash

was heard, and Sally Hurd, the slowest and fattest, was landed in the midst of a puncheon of water standing at the corner of the building. Hardly keeping down his risibilities beneath his dignity, the good-natured constable helped her out and sent her home in a sorry plight—a sad and sappy maiden.

Madge was not always a leader in mischief. Many a poor woman in the Irish settlement, with wailing infant in arms, blessed her with Irish brogue for many a luxury brought into her cabin when the children were down with the "ship fever," and many a bunch of the wild columbine, for which the steep sides of Barr's Hill were celebrated, found its way to the poor sick immigrants.

Time, with relentless hand, has made many changes. Madge is a woman now, fighting the battle of life with old-time energy. Barrtown is the great city, and over the site of Langwood's field pass the hurrying feet of thousands. But the memory of happy days and good deeds done will remain for ever in grateful hearts.

MARY SCOTT,
"Yarrow."

Ottawa, 1889.

THE MAGYARS.

They dislike the Germans, but they detest the Slavs, and a strange stroke of destiny has now subjected to their rule those very Croatians who, under Jellachich, trampled upon them in 1849. Fierce, self-asserting, domineering, the vigorous and energetic Magyar race has arrogated to itself an influence altogether disproportionate to its numbers and its wealth; scarcely counting 6,000,000 souls, it controls a mixed population of over 10,000,000 in its own half of the monarchy, and speaks with the voice of authority in the other half, while it practically directs the fiscal and foreign policy of a vast empire. It still retains the dash and ferocity of its Asiatic ancestors, the wild Mongolian horsemen, who drank human blood and the milk of mares, and were still pagans at the beginning of the eleventh century. There is something at once terrible and fascinating in the history of this interesting people—their furious raid into Central Europe, their long and desperate conflict with the Turks, their chivalrous defence of Maria Theresa, their determined struggle for national independence. Hungary is the land of tragedies—where cities and vast plains are inundated, and the wood-built villages burn to ashes during the high winds; where one hears of overwhelming snowstorms and ravages of wolves and terrible droughts and famines and hunger-typus. Aristocratic traditions still prevail, and a nobleman thinks nothing of flogging a peasant whom he finds straying in his park or directing his gamekeeper to set man-traps for poachers. A friend of mine who lately rented some shooting from a Hungarian nobleman was informed by the gamekeeper of the latter how he had treated a poacher whom he once found in his master's preserves with some wires in his hand. He twisted the wire into a noose, with which he hung the man to a tree, and waited till his victim's face became black before letting him down; this process he repeated three or four times, until he considered the punishment adequate. He was much surprised at my friend not enjoying the recital, and a little disgusted at his failing to perceive the appropriateness of punishing the man with his own wire. It is sad to see the wretched peasants, who are requisitioned as beaters, paraded before a *battue* on a bitterly-cold winter morning, and again paraded in the evening, while their clothing is searched by the gamekeeper before they are given their scanty pay and allowed to return to the villages, sometimes many miles distant, from which they have been summoned. The peasants in Northern Hungary are almost entirely of Slovak race, and the fact does not tend to make them more contented with their lot. With all its faults the Magyar nobility is the most interesting, the most cultivated, and the most chivalrous aristocratic caste in Europe, and any one who has seen these handsome descendants of Arpad assembled in their national costume to meet their King at carnival time in Pesth cannot have failed to be struck with their fine bearing and the remarkable stamp of character on their features.—*The Fortnightly Review*.

THANKSGIVING.

Creation's Lord! To all thy creatures good!
Of gifts, the Giver! From whose liberal hand
Shower countless blessings on this wide-spread land
To garner richest stores, and daily food!—
Whose potent arm doth keep from sword and flood
A people, tried, and worthy proved to stand
Where others falter,—at Thy just command—
To Thee, low-bowed, this growing nationhood!

Father of mercies! Guide our feet aright!
Save us from faction, low-pursuit, offence—
From every blot which stains a nation's page!—
Bestow a fuller sense, that not our might,
But Thou and Thy all-ruling Providence
Hath gotten us this glorious heritage!

Maccan, N.S.

H. H. PITTMAN.



The Emperor Wilhelm has ordered an interesting historical painting, just finished, to be sent up to the Berlin Academy. It is called "The First and Last Review of Kaiser Frederick," and commemorates the last public ceremonial in which the late emperor took part.

Complaint is made of the wholesale destruction of Egyptian antiquities in consequence of the permission given to Greek and Arab treasure seekers to dig on condition that they show everything found to the Boulak museum. As a matter of fact the museum does not see everything they find.

The trustees of the British Museum have just purchased a Roman silver service, composed of about twelve pieces. It was found in 1883 in France. The execution is said to be of the third century, and with it was purchased a small bronze relief, about six inches high, representing Bacchus and Ariadne, and found in the Island of Kalki, near Rhodes.

A remarkable fan has just been purchased by the Princess de Ligne at Brussels. It was painted by Watteau for Louis XIV., who presented it to the Duchess of Burgundy, and it remained in the possession of the royal family until the Revolution, when it was stolen and conveyed to Germany, and nothing more was heard of it until the other day, when it appeared among a collection which was offered for sale at Brussels.

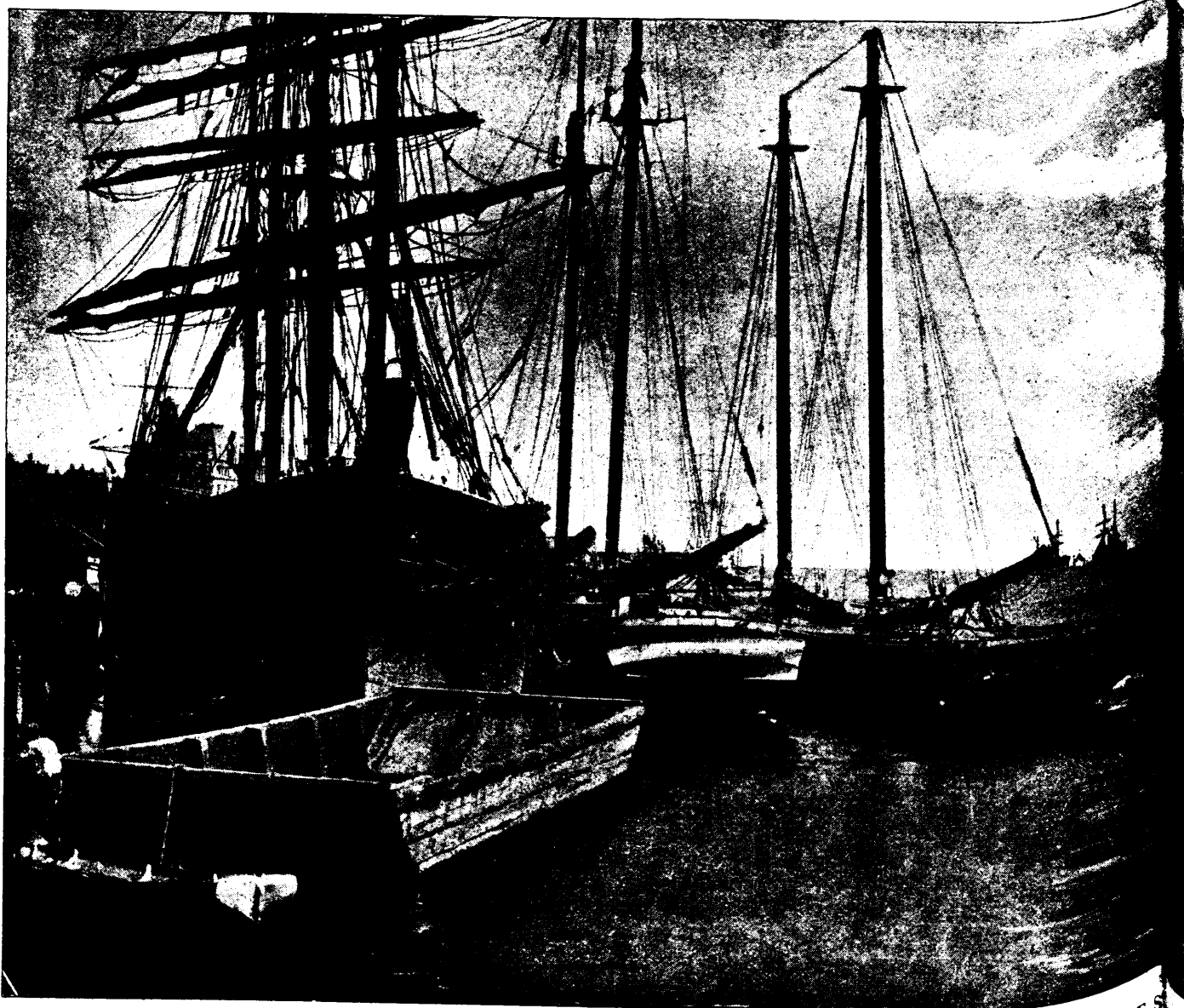
The "Soft Porcelain of Sevres," which Madame de Pompadour called the "Porcelaine de France," the secret of whose production is lost, was a remarkable material of plastic and imitative art between 1750 and 1790. T. W. Bouton, 706 and 1152 Broadway, is publishing a work which contains copies of all extant examples of this pottery. The author is M. Garnier. The work is to appear in ten parts, at \$5 a part. Part one is now ready.

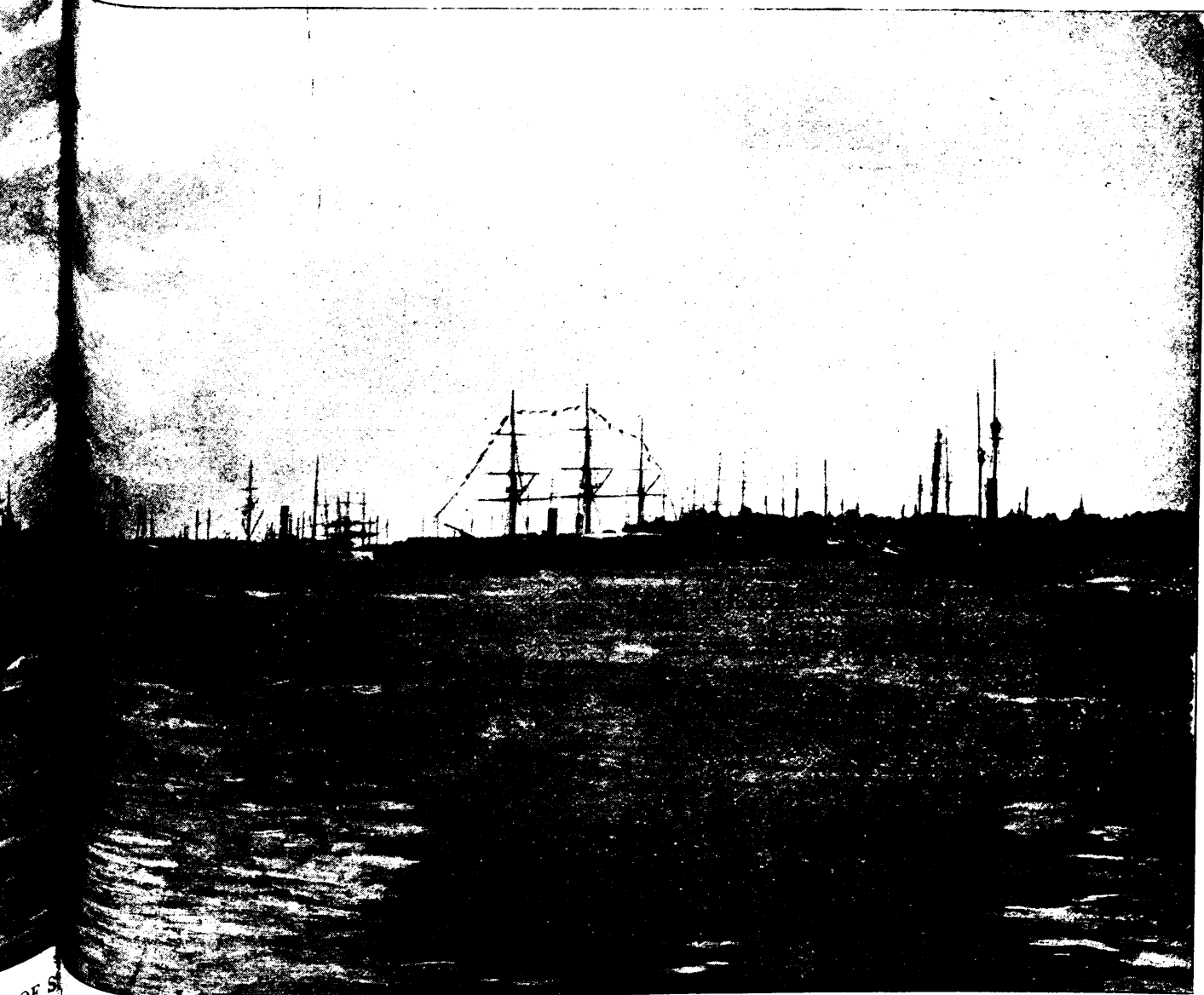
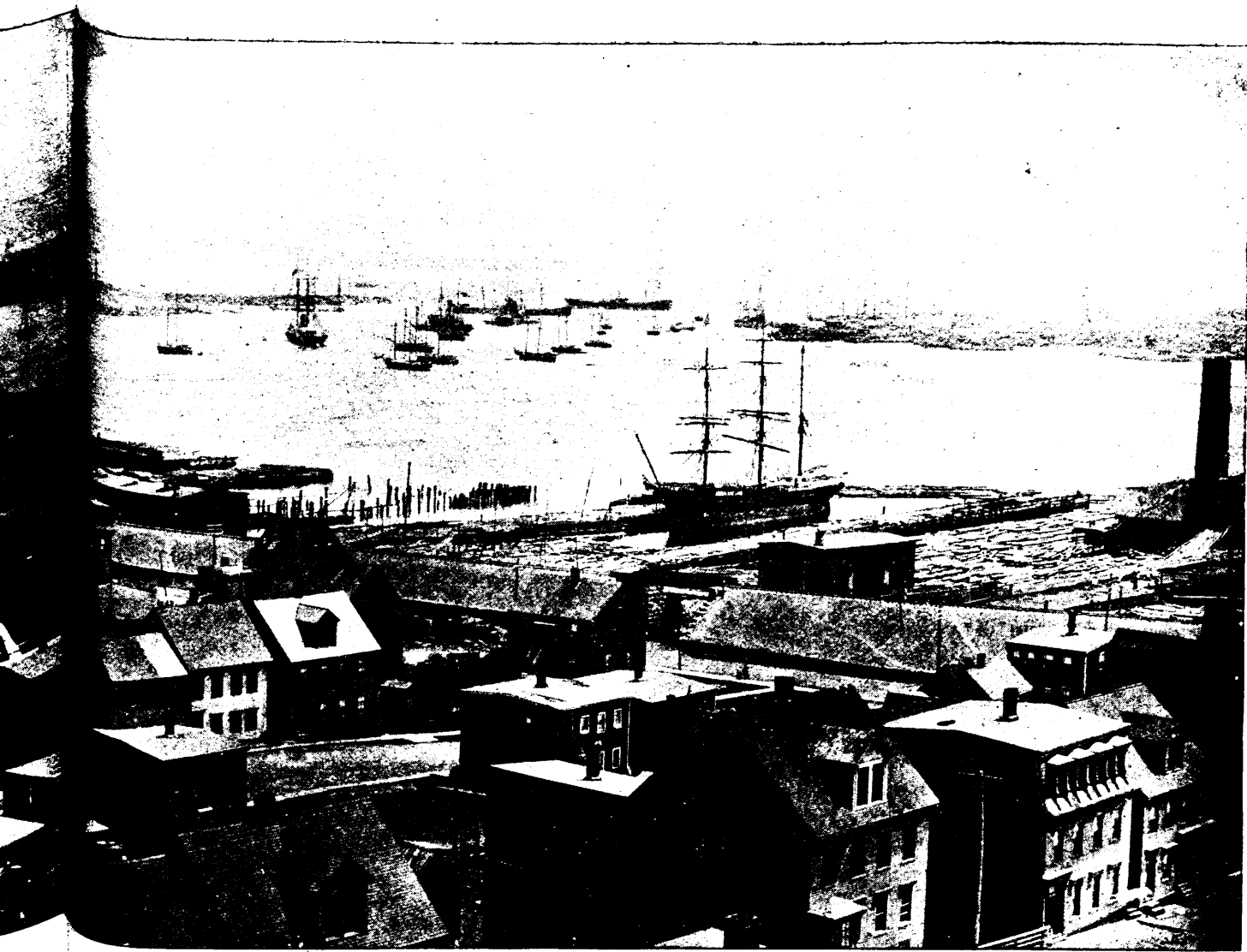
Toronto, like Montreal, owes its art gallery to a private citizen. The new premises, which adjoin and form part of the Academy of Music, have been formally opened with a grand collection of paintings, claimed to be the best ever seen in Canada. At least six of them have been hung in the Paris Salon; one by a Russian artist received the gold medal at St. Petersburg; one hundred and eight are lent by the New York Society for the Promotion of Art; one sent by Buffalo artists and the chef d'œuvre of the gallery will be "The Departure of Emigrants from the Havre," valued at \$20,000, by Dawart, gold medalist of the Paris Salon.

Mr. Watts, R.A. has resolved to bequeath the choicer pictures in his collection to the nation. The list is an extraordinary monument of industrious genius. There are no less than twenty-six portraits, including those of Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Martineau, Lecky, John Stewart Mill, Swinburne, Garibaldi, Rossetti, Motley, Matthew Arnold, Sir Henry Taylor, Lord Lytton, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Salisbury, Lord Lawrence, Lord Sherbrooke, Lord Dufferin, Cardinal Manning, Sir J. P. Grant, Calderon, the Duke of Argyll, and Mr. Gladstone. There are also eleven other pictures which have had prominent places in years past on the walls of the Royal Academy.

The workmen engaged in demolishing the old Barony Church, Glasgow, recently came upon a clear glass bottle which had been placed in the memorial stone when the edifice was erected. The cork is of glass, and is so inserted that it will require to be taken out by a specialist if the bottle is to be preserved. From an outward examination it would appear that the bottle contains only two articles—a parchment manuscript with the names of the city Magistrates, and stating "that the church was erected by the heritors for the Barony parishioners"; and a copy of the *Glasgow Courier* of date June 25th, 1799 (No. 1224), with a 3½d. Government tax stamp on one of the corners.

Two more busts of distinguished Scotsmen have just been placed in the Wallace Monument, on Abbey Craik, near Stirling. The first is a bust of Adam Smith, which has been presented by Dr. Gunning. The sculptor is Mr. D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A., who has modelled the face from the Tassie medallion, which is understood to be the most authentic portrait of the great political economist in existence. This shows him wearing a wig of the period, and shirt with lace ruffle, the latter being turned to due account in the composition of the bust. The strong Scottish face with open brow, arched eyebrows, somewhat heavy nose and expressive mouth, has been firmly handled, and the accessories are simple and free in their treatment. The other bust is that of Tannahill, the poet, which has been presented by Mr. Robert Miller, Glasgow. It is by the same Scottish Academician. The face, taken from the most authentic sources, greatly resembles that of Mr. Stevenson's full-length statue at Paisley, where the gifted genius was born. It is exceedingly interesting to know that the likeness has been generally acknowledged by members of the family to be excellent in all respects. The face is gentle and refined in expression, and to these qualities of the poet's nature, the artist has given due prominence in modelling the bust, which is a very happy work. The old-fashioned broad-collared coat and a lace ruffle give an agreeable picturesqueness to the drapery.





R OF S
HN, N.B. From photographs by J. S. Climo.

IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF 'THIRTY-SEVEN.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1889, by Sarah Anne Curzon, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

"Young man," said Mackenzie, "we shall be glad to hear on what business you have visited our headquarters, for I suppose that you are aware that you are in the presence of the chiefs of the Liberation party of this down-trodden province."

"I was not aware of it until now, though I suspected it from the moment I was brought in," replied Harry. "My motives in coming among you were private; I desired to see my brother, William Hewit, who, I am sorry to understand, has been weak enough to be duped into joining in your unholy undertaking. But I have also to demand by what right you stop a peaceful subject travelling on the Queen's highway."

"Peaceful, indeed!" exclaimed Howis, who had joined the group while Harry was speaking, "your reputation is well known here, for all present have heard of the mysterious disappearance of Frank Arnley."

"And have heard it, no doubt," replied Harry, "from one who could inform them very correctly as to the whereabouts of the missing man."

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Howis.

"I mean, sir," replied Harry, turning upon Howis a stern and penetrating glance, "that you and your friends are responsible for the disappearance of Mr. Arnley."

"It would be well for you to curb your tongue, sir," retorted Howis, "or it may get you into trouble."

"Is it that I may be insulted by your men that you have brought me hither?" said Harry, turning to Mackenzie.

Mackenzie cast a reproachful glance upon Howis, and replied to Harry:

"You mistake, young man, if you think you were brought here to be insulted; on the contrary, we wish you to do as your excellent brother has done, and join us in our patriotic opposition to the encroachments of the men in power and the haughty pretensions of the tyrant Head. It is a noble and worthy endeavour that ought to touch the feeling of every young man of spirit and intelligence, such a one as I hear you are."

"I think you mistake your man, sir," replied Harry, with much hauteur. "My family has suffered and bled for the cause of loyalty, and I am ready to do the same if need be. But to become a traitor is beyond my ability; I have no talents for plots against the government."

"I hope you do not call the imbecile cabal that now disgraces our legislative halls a government," said Mackenzie scornfully. "A Republic is the only true form of government for a nationality of the life and vigour that distinguishes Canada, and under such a one a young man of your ability may not only wipe out whatever unfortunate blemishes fortune may have scored against him, but may rise to eminence in the state."

"You waste your oratory on me, sir," replied Harry with warmth; "I still think too much of my reputation and principles to join a party whose object it is to upset the form of government my fathers shed their blood to uphold. To whom, sir, does Canada owe it that she is a nationality of such life and vigour as to tempt the marauder and the traitor? Is it not to England, to the motherland, whose blood and money have been poured out like water for her safety? No, sir! I would sooner swing from the top of the highest pine than desert the cause of my Queen and country. As for you and your supporters I pity as well as condemn you; you are wasting your energies, your talents and your opportunities; you are rushing on certain destruction; you are twisting halters to hang yourselves; you are preparing misery and disgrace for your helpless families; you are bringing discredit on the province from which it will not recover for years; you are premature, you want the child to walk before it can creep. When Canada does become a nation, as it will some day, it will not be by means of rebellion and bloodshed, but by earnest and loyal deeds, patient and wise development,

and an unselfish and far-seeing policy such as you do not seem capable of formulating or approving."

"We cannot sit here and listen to you all night, young man," said one of the leaders; "you would make a good stump orator, and no doubt Bond Head would reward your services in that direction with his accustomed liberality in Crown Land deeds."

The conspirators raised a laugh at this sally, and Mackenzie signalled to the man who had conducted Harry thither to take him away.

For a moment after the door closed on Harry silence reigned in the council.

"A bold chick that for one that's scarcely fledged," remarked one of the chiefs at length. "I wonder how much Sir Francis gives him for talking."

"He need not offer Harry Hewit any reward in a matter of loyalty and principle," responded Lount, "I know the family well. His grandfather was a U. E. L. of the clearest cut, and his father followed suit. All I wonder at is that our friend Howis, here, succeeded in gaining over one of those brothers: it is quite an achievement, and had he succeeded in keeping this young fellow also quietly out of the way for a few days. I should say he had earned his commission."

A long and unsatisfactory argument now ensued among the insurgent leaders; Mackenzie was for an immediate advance upon the city before news of the rising could reach Sir Francis Head. In this he was opposed by Lount and other leading men of the faction, who contended that it was folly to advance with the small number of followers then assembled, and insisted on waiting another day, as their adherents were continually coming in from the surrounding counties. The discussion was carried on until late in the night when Mackenzie, whose policy was the wiser, on the ground of the suddenness of the blow, was forced to yield to the wish of his associates, and thus much mischief was prevented, for had they advanced that night upon Toronto, they had certainly the odds of success in their favour. But their wisdom was turned into foolishness, and the country saved from those scenes of dire confusion and bloodshed, which cause the heart to sicken and hope to fail, for though there were such scenes resulting they were on comparatively a small scale, and in a few instances only compared with what would have taken place had the primary plans alone of the insurgents been carried out.

CHAPTER XVI.

HARRY'S ESCAPE.

For a long time after he was reconducted to his room, Harry listened anxiously for a cessation of the bustle and noise in and about the house, in order that he might essay his escape by the means that were open to him. It was two o'clock in the morning before all was quiet within and without, and in the interval he had been untroubled by any intruder, even the guard at his door had apparently forsaken him. His horse and saddle-bags were in the hands of his captors, so that he had not been able to avail himself of the little refreshment every good traveller provides himself with, none had been brought him and he felt hungry, for the appetite of youth is seldom affected by anything short of hopeless disaster. Promising himself a good breakfast as a compromise with his present hunger, he proceeded with his plans. Raising the window cautiously, he climbed out upon the top of the outbuilding. His next effort was to reach the ground. He was creeping carefully along, when a slight vertigo caused him so make a mis-step which sent him rolling towards the eaves with noise enough to wake the seven sleepers. In an instant he was over the edge, but struck fortunately upon a small quantity of fodder placed on a sleigh for the benefit of three or four cows, which, driven from their more legitimate yard by the horses of the insurgents, were quietly ruminating on their change of quarters, when Harry's unceremonious descent among them drove away all ideas but that of instant retreat.

Springing to his feet, Harry heard a shout from the loft above, and a door open in the fore part of the house. Away he dashed, making for the cover

of the woods, and increasing his speed as he heard the shouts of his pursuers.

"Let me get forty rods of a start," he cried to himself, "and I defy the lot, horse and man."

As he ran he heard the clattering of horses' hoofs upon the road and the halloos of their riders mingled with not a few imprecations against himself. A few minutes, however, brought him into safe shelter, and he was able to slacken his pace and reflect on his further course.

He saw that any hope of finding William among the insurgents was futile, and the next best thing he could do was to find his way with all speed to the city, warn the Governor of what was going forward and offer his services; if possible to be urged as a propitiation for his misguided brother when the worst came to the worst, as Harry was now more sure than ever that it would.

But to reach the city at that time of night was by no means an easy affair, the road being, as he knew, guarded by the insurgent patrol for a long distance. Approaching voices warned him to change his quarters.

"I wish I had my deer-hound along, he would soon ferret out any loyalist," said a voice Harry recognized as that of Howis.

He plunged deeper into the bush, where the intense darkness shielded him from observation, so that the look-out party passed within a few feet without discovering him. A few yards further a halt was called, and the men were told off to their stations. Harry saw that the object was to establish a line of sentries so as to prevent any one going to or from Montgomery's tavern without being discovered. Congratulating himself upon having made his escape in the nick of time, Harry made off, and for fully two hours contrived to find employment in getting clear of the woods, in which endeavour he came several times to his starting point, and was only saved from discovery by the sentries by his extreme caution.

When daylight broke he found himself about two miles from Montgomery's, but in another direction from that which he wished to follow. Directing his steps citywards, he carefully avoided the road, keeping to the fields and bush, and it was late in the forenoon before he reached Toronto. Anxious as he was to give the alarm to the Government, he was obliged first to procure his breakfast, as he had tasted nothing since the previous noon. Entering a public house he called for breakfast immediately, and in the meantime retired to arrange his toilet. As he passed the window of the dining-room he saw Stratiss walking up the street. His first impulse was to denounce the man and have him arrested, but on second thoughts he paused, for he might escape and hurry on the approach of Mackenzie and his men. Hastily swallowing his meal he sought Frank Arnley's uncle, who was a man of good standing in the county, and held in consideration by the Government.

He found the old gentleman ready to start for home. He had just buried his sister and was returning in haste to search for his nephew.

Mr. Arnley received Harry warmly and overwhelmed him with questions. Drawing him aside, Harry related his business as briefly as possible, and requested Mr. Arnley to accompany him to Government House.

At first Mr. Arnley was incredulous. It could not be, he thought, that a man of Mackenzie's talents contemplated an armed resistance. Facts, as related by Harry, at length undeceived him, and he agreed that His Excellency must be informed of the state of affairs at once.

They soon arrived at the Governor's house, and a message that a courier from the country had important news to communicate procured them an immediate interview. Sir Francis Bond Head, though suffering severely with an attack of sick headache, rose from his bed at once to receive them. The news that Harry related moved him deeply.

"Can it be possible," he cried, "that men of sense and discretion are so infatuated as to look for success in an undertaking like this? What a responsibility rests upon the ringleaders! But they must not find us unprepared; I can yet carry a musket myself, as they shall know if need be."

As to you, young gentleman," he continued, addressing himself to Harry, "we owe you a great debt; you must not let us forget it."

"May it please Your Excellency," replied Harry, "I have but done my duty, and seek no reward save that of serving my country, but if I can engage Your Excellency's clemency on behalf of my misguided brother who has been duped into joining the insurgents, you will confer a benefit on my unhappy mother and myself that I can never repay."

The Governor's brow darkened and his look grew stern.

"I promise nothing on such a behalf but my sympathy. It would be better for your brother to fly than to trust to clemency under such circumstances. I shall be glad to have your company, gentlemen, to the City Hall."

The party, greatly increased by aides-de-camp and others, now hastened to the City Hall, where the Governor proceeded at once to issue arms, give the alarm to the citizens, and take all those measures necessary to the occasion.

Whatever faults the Governor may have had, a want of prompt courage was not among them; he has even been accused of fool-hardiness on this occasion, having, as has been averred, sent away nearly all the regular troops in garrison. This was not, however, so. Sir John Colborne, commander-in-chief of the forces, had sent for the men, for it must not be forgotten that the lower province, too, was in a state of uproar and rebellion at this time, and Sir Francis Head judged that the loyal Canadian militia was a sufficient stand-by on any emergency that might arise in Upper Canada.

The events of the next few days are matters of history—the murder of Captain Moodie—the escape of the gallant Powell—the arrival of Col. McNab and the Men of Gore, and the general rising of the militia throughout the province in support of the Government.

On the seventh of December an attack on Montgomery's tavern was decided upon. The insurgents still lay there gathering forces from those distant parts of the back country where they had been able to promulgate their ideas most successfully.

Harry Hewit held a commission in the attacking party, and helped in the dislodgement and rout that followed. Among the last to leave the tavern was his brother. He saw him take the road leading north, mounted upon his good grey mare, Jessie. Hastening to the Governor, Harry begged to be allowed to follow, which Sir Francis granted, not omitting to thank Harry again for his services, but limiting his leave of absence, and ordering him to report at Government House at its expiration.

(To be continued.)

NAMES OF PLANTS.

The number of countries which have contributed their quota to the nomenclature of English plants is legion. Beginning with France we have the *dent de lion*—lion's tooth—whence we derive our dandelion. The flower-de-luce, again, which Mr. Dyer thinks was a name applied to the iris, comes to us through the French *fleur de Louis*—tradition asserting that this plant was worn as a device by King Louis VII. of France. Buckwheat is derived from the Dutch word *bockweit*, and adder's tongue from a word in the same language, *adderstong*. In like manner the name tulip is traceable to the word *thoulyban* in the Persian language—signifying a turban. So, too, our English word lilac is nothing more than an Anglicized form of another word in the Persian tongue, viz., *lilag*. A large number of plants owe their names to those by whom they were first discovered and introduced into other climes. The fuchsia stands indebted for its name to Leonard Fuchs, an eminent German botanist, and dahlia was so named in honour of a Swedish botanist named Dahl. A long list of plant names might be formed which bear what may be termed animal and bird prefixes—as, for example, horse beans, horse chesnuts, dog violets, and dog roses; cats' faces, a name applied to the plant known to botanical students as the *viola tricolor*; cats' eyes, *veronica chamaedrys*; cats' tails, and catkins. The goose-grass is known to the country people in Northamptonshire as pig tail, and in Yorkshire a name given to the fruit of the *Crataegus oxyacantha* is bull-horns. Many plant names have been suggested by the feathered race, particularly goose tongue, cuckoo buds (mentioned by Shakespeare), cuckoo flowers, stork's bill, and crane's bill. One of the popular names of the arum is "parson in the pulpit," and a Devonshire term for the sweet *scabrisis* is "mournful widow." The campion is not unfrequently called "plum pudding," and in the neighbourhood of Torquay it is not unusual to hear fir cones spoken of as "oysters."—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.



CHERRYFIELD, NOV. 22, 1889.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Your merry-making Pastor has been feeling his way through a labyrinth of tears; but he stands at the cave's mouth in the sunshine. It is bright on the farther side. The experiences of two weeks and more past, which never did he dream of, have impressed your friend with the truth of the Laureate's affirmation,—

"We know not anything."

A most marvellous November breathes and blooms around us like another May. I look across the gleaming Narraguagus, and see the

"Good, gigantic smile o' the brown old earth
This Autumn evening! How he sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth."

The russet is greening tenderly along the banks and in the hollows, and the river is unspeakable in its peace and radiance. Just between me and the gray-mossed bole of that Acacia the midges are wearing a web of joyous tranquillity. How quick out of the warm moist bosom of earth her transient children spring! I contrast November as it is to-day with November as Hood saw it in the fog of London, or as he saw it, who sang,—

"November's chill blows loud wi' angry sough
The shortening winter day is near a close."

I suppose it is rather late in the day to be reading "Looking Backward," now that the "fad" is getting exhausted; but I have only just now completed it. It is a book of curious interest, and cleverly, though somewhat monotonously, written, and not with genius (I still contend for that word), as one can perceive, for instance, who reads a book by Stevenson, as I am doing, by way of contrast. But Bellamy's argument is in the main so reasonable, that one (who has no real estate, and never desired a "corner") can but wish it may not be hereafter catalogued with the Utopias, Arcadias, and

"Lost Atlantis of our youth."

Your correspondent has read a good deal of the poetry of sleep, but never felt the force and beauty thereof, until denied so much of it, of late. Long time ago one said:

"As I lay in my bed slepe full unmete
Was unto me,"

and I think I understand him now. And when I have witnessed the distressing effect of insomnia, when eyes beloved were straining into the darkness to get a glimpse of the soft, dream-sweet angel coming, when I have seen one precious in my sight early accepting what imperfect slumber morphia and choral furnish, and then afterwards the blessed, peaceful closing of unsullied lids to that luxury of sleep which is nature's anodyne and refreshment—her salve of healing, I gave my Amen! after the invocation,—

"Come blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health."

My dear Squire tells me that Hernewood has been afire. O my! that those forest nooks that richen our imagination since he sent us his picture of the fairy scene, should be in any part denuded, or blackened by the flames that so nearly devoured his home!

I find now and then a bit of adverse criticism on England's poetical lion—Browning. Some excellent judges can ill abide the amorphisms and obscurities of his more pretentious poems. Well, every one to his liking. If one may not affect "Sordello" and "The Ring and The Book," (and the liking for these works may doubtless be with the many an affectation), yet he may none the less delight in such perennial poetic glories as "Evelyn Hope" and "Hervé Riel"; for it seems to me that, all reductions made and exceptions taken, there is still a clear residuum, more precious than can be found anywhere outside of Tennyson, and of more healthy vigour than can elsewhere be found in the

whole body of modern verse. What can be finer than his lines on the thrush, beginning—

"O to be in England,
Now that Spring-time's there!"

Or his reference to that illustrious wife, his heart's idol:

"O lyric love! half angel and half bird
And all a wonder, and a wild desire!"

Or would you read a truly noble poem, turn to his "Prospice," and exult in its soaring close:

"Then a joy,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou love of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

I am not sure but Gilbert Haven was nearly right when he said: "Whoever wishes to study poetry should read Browning."

The sonnet inclosed is the greeting of a friend,—a pleasant strain to which one could well listen after the passing of the tempest. What beside you find it would be immodest in me to commend.

PASTOR FELIX.

To ———.

I am with thee, though in this distant mart:
I joy with thee, that she thou hold'st so dear
Now lies so easy that the heavy fear
No longer with its burden bows thy heart.
I thank our God, whose servitor thou art,
That thou no longer through the bitter tear
In dark foreboding seest thy home appear
As in the shadow which no light can part.
Oh, my dear friend! thy vigils have been long,
And thou hast need of quiet and repose;
Now may'st thou sleep, and thus thy strength regain!
Rest thee awhile! and then in thy sweet song,
Which, as a brook in leafy summer, flows,
Make unto her thy bosom still more plain!

Lowell, Mass.

RALPH H. SHAW.

FINALE.

Thou comest, Death!

One saith, "Be not afraid!"

What! . . . though glared eye and wildly-panting breath
Lie where thy wing is spread?

Yes! souls are breaking free,

Soon, soon to soar full high,

Where Hope fails not, nor Faith, and Charity

Can never die.

Pass we alone?

And art thou grimpest foe

Of all things mortal, this sad earth upon?

"Nay; thou shalt go

Led by familiar hand;

And He, thou callest Lord,

Is my Lord also; Death may not withstand

Th' Eternal Word."

Thine aid be mine,—

For I shall triumph, now:

Show thy bright face, O messenger divine!

Unveil thy lofty brow!

Look! shadow-angel! lo!

A breaking light I see!—

One icy kiss of thine, then grant it so

I shall be free.

"The sweets I yield,

Of riper joys are given,"

Saith the fair shade: "The scents of many a field,

My garments hold, in Heaven:

Thee will I, wanderer, bring

To that divine abode

Where thou shalt look on Him who is thy King.

And see thy God."

What songs are these!—

Do chanting Seraphim,

With shapes that dazzle me, my senses seize?

Lo! now the world is dim!

Angel! I faint! Thy hand!

"'Tis here!" a soft voice saith . . .

Oh, light! Oh, bliss! O unveiled mystery!

. . . Lead on! . . . friend . . . Death!

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

One who is never busy can never enjoy rest; for it implies a relief from precious labour; and, if our whole time were spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work.

A man is his own best kingdom. But self-control, this truest and greatest monarchy, rarely comes by inheritance. Every one of us must conquer himself; and we may do so if we take conscience for our guide and general.—*Sir John Lubbock*.

OLD AGE. Old age has its privileges. It is a blessed thing to grow old and be respected and honoured and humoured. The very old and the very young are the light and the hope of the world. The dignity and wisdom of age and the innocence of childhood are the best features of life.



MOUNT ELEPHANTIS AND ISLANDS ON LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, P.Q.

Wm. Notman & Son, photo.



THE ART CRITICS.



As Christmas approaches the dreams of all good housekeepers are disturbed with visions of plum-pudding, mince pies and the many dainties of the time which they take such pride in preparing. The following recipes are recommended as old reliable ones:—

AN OLD ENGLISH PLUM-PUDDING.—One pound currants, one pound raisins, one pound suet, three-quarters pound bread crumbs, one quarter pound flour, half-dozen eggs, one teaspoonful salt, one pint milk, one-half pound sugar, lemon, citron, and orange peel, one-half nutmeg. Beat the eggs and spice well together, mix the milk with them by degrees, then the rest of the ingredients, and add a glass of brandy if desired.

AN OLD AND EXCELLENT RECIPE FOR MINCE MEAT.—Take two pounds beef boiled, picked from skin and minced, two pounds suet chopped fine, six pounds currants, eight large apples chopped fine, a two-penny loaf grated, one ounce nutmeg, one-half ounce cloves, allspice, pepper and salt, one-half pound sugar. Grate the peel of an orange and lemon. Pour over the whole a pint of brandy.

RICH PLUM CAKE.—Beat one pound butter to a cream and add one pound brown sugar, beat ten minutes longer, then add eight eggs, two at a time, beating them as they are put in, until the whole is very smooth; stir in one-quarter pound flour, a little at a time till it is well mixed; season with nutmeg and add one pound currants the last thing, together with citron and orange peel cut in thin slices. Bake two hours.

FRUIT CAKE.—Beat a pound of butter to a cream, add ten large or twelve small eggs, beat in one at a time, one pound of sugar and spices, two pounds currants, one pound raisins, one pound flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, and last citron, lemon and orange peel, with sliced almonds, also a glass of brandy if desired. Beat it a long time.

ICE CREAM CAKE.—One cupful of sugar, one and a half cupfuls of flour, one-half of a cupful of corn starch, the whites of four eggs beaten stiff, one half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of milk, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in layers and spread with boiled icing.

COCOANUT CANDY.—One and $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, butter half the size of an egg. Boil without stirring till a bit of it hardens dropped in cold water. Then stir in the mixture into a buttered tin. Set in a cool place, and when sufficiently hardened, cut in small squares.

ICE CREAM CANDY.—Two cups sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup vinegar, butter half the size of an egg, 2 teaspoonfuls vanilla. Boil, without stirring or shaking, till it hardens, dropped from a spoon in water. Then take from the fire, pour into a buttered dish, and cool. Then pull as molasses candy, draw out into long sticks and cut in small pieces.

CHOCOLATE MACAROONS.—Melt three ounces of Baker's chocolate, slowly work it to a thick paste with one pound of pulverized sugar and three whites of eggs. Roll the mixture down to the thickness of about one quarter of an inch; cut it in small round pieces with a paste cutter, either plain or scalloped; butter a pan slightly and dust it with flour and sugar, half of each; place the pieces of paste or mixture in and bake in a good steady oven.

FIG CAKE. Fig cake furnishes a delicious variety in layer cakes. For the cake, use a cupful and a half of sugar, half a cup of butter, the whites of four eggs, a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, one cupful of milk and two and a half cupfuls of flour. To make the filling for the cake cut a dozen figs into small pieces, just cover them with water, let them come to a boil and then remove at once from the stove. The well beaten whites of four eggs should be ready; stir the figs and a cupful of sugar into these. Heat well and spread between the layers.

CHOCOLATE SHERBET.—One and $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 1 cup milk, butter half the size of an egg. Boil in a granite kettle or bright tin dish, eight to fifteen minutes, or until it hardens as a spoonful is dropped in cold water. Then take to an open door or window and beat vigorously until it crackles. Pour into a buttered tin to cool, and cut in squares.

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.—Those who have put off making their presents till now will find the following simple articles of use, as they are quickly and easily made. The mothers are the easiest to cater for at this season of puzzled shoppers. There are so many dainty articles which they will welcome—silver, china, articles of cut glass, or choice napery for the table, a Japanese umbrella stand, a work basket prettily fitted up, a linen scarf for the sideboard embroidered or finished with "drawn work," crocheted slippers, dainty aprons, stationery, pocket books, card cases, the long pearl-handed boot-buttoners, etc.

A novelty in bags is one made of bright red silk ribbon and rings. It will need seven-eighths of a yard of three-inch ribbon, eleven dozen of small brass rings, and one spool of knitting silk. Tie one end of the silk to a ring, then crochet over the ring; it will look, when done, like a heavy button-hole edge. Cover all the rings in this way.

Make a strip of the rings by sewing the edges where they join firmly together, four rings wide and twenty-eight rings deep; on one edge of this sew the broad ribbon, then double the length half way, and sew together the outside edges (this makes a bag half ribbon and half rings); put an extra row of rings around the top, letting it run across the ribbon; face the ribbons about two inches from the top for a shining, run a ribbon through this and the rings, for drawing up the bag, or you can use a cord and tassel.

CHAMOIS SOFA PILLOW.—A good chamois skin may be had for seventy-five cents. The pattern of one was outlined with gilt, and the figures filled in with old rose, dull blue, and olive green. The pillow was finished with a heavy cord.

A linen scarf or square centre-piece, outlined with some conventional design, in wash silks, and filled in with French darning, is used as a decoration for the dining table. Linen, or a fine quality of butcher's linen, is used. The edges may be hem-stitched or fringed. Forty-two inch material, by dividing in half, will make two. Make it a perfect square, or proportion it to the length of your table, leaving an equal space all around. The leaves of the design are more effective if outlined with rope silk, and then filled in with French darning in wash silk.

SLEEP SLIPPERS.—Simple as is the pattern, it has been carefully planned, and will be found to make a neatly fitting and comfortable shoe. A skein of Germantown wool, in white or some delicate or bright colour, and a little Shetland wool or knitting silk for the ankle edge, are the materials required. With a bone crochet needle make a chain of eight stitches. Work, in short crochet, all around this chain, making two stitches in the fourth chain, so that there are fifteen in the row. Work three rows around this little oval, widening at each end and at the middle where the first widening was made. After these rows, widen only at the middle until twenty or twenty-two rows are completed. Now work back and forth, omitting eleven stitches—five on each side of the middle stitch. These sixteen rows are crocheted alternately on the back and the front loops of the work, so that the stitch may resemble the rest of the shoe. Crochet together at the heel, and begin the ankle. This is quite plain, six rows in short crochet, missing a stitch at the corners where the eleven stitches were left. This narrowing shapes a slender ankle. Then work one row of double crochet, for a cord or ribbon to be run in. This row is not narrowed, neither are the two plain rows of short crochet which follow it. Now with the Shetland wool or the silk make a row of scallops thus: one short crochet, miss one, five double crochet, miss one, one short crochet. Repeat. If silk is used, be careful to fasten it strongly and leave an inch of the silk run in at the wrong side of the work. A crocheted cord, or, still prettier, a narrow white ribbon run in around the ankle and tied in dainty bows, finishes the pretty gift.

A really pretty home-made shade may be made of strings of coloured beads thickly sewn on a narrow ribbon for a heading, and used as a cover for a porcelain shade.

Drapery scarfs for pedestals, easels, or for corners or other pieces of furniture are made of soft repped silks, with a cluster of flowers done on one end in tapestry stitches; the design comes traced in crewels in canvas basted in the silk for the worker to cross.

New folding photograph cases, that look like a bit of Dresden china, are of white linen, with the several dainty flower designs of that porcelain painted about it, even the Dresden mark of crossed sconces being done quite low in the glass that covers the picture. These are quite small to hold a carte de visite, or else large enough for a cabinet picture, and their folded fronts are lined with celadon, rose or blue, in tint Dresden colouring.

Drapery scarfs of China silk are edged with a deep antique lace, crocheted in Florence knitting silk the shade of the drapery.

Pretty and useful shopping bags are made of black or brown cloth, with black or bronze appliqué leather figures for decoration.

Folding workbags have a standing frame of whitewood, that folds compactly, and in this is suspended a large bag of flowered silk, challi or cretonne, with inner pockets for small articles.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, December, 1889.

MY DEAR KATE,—If I have missed the mail this week do not blame me, but my slow-going English watch, which apparently cannot keep up with the rate of New York life. Yesterday morning we started to keep a one o'clock appointment in Staten Island. When we arrived at the ferry we were told that the ferry had just gone. After waiting a few moments, I asked the ticket agent when the next ferry would go. "At three o'clock," said the man. "Three o'clock," I exclaimed; "three long hours to wait. Oh, dear!" "No, Miss, only twenty-five minutes." I gazed at him in astonishment, wondering which of us was crazy, he or I. Speculating as to the Ferry Company's reasons for employing a harmless lunatic, I returned to give our party the pleasing information that we were too late for our appointment, when one of them rushed up to tell me that my watch was just two hours and a half slow. Well, my dear, after expressing my opinion about that timepiece, we took the next car to Tiffany's to get that thing regulated. And there we spent the whole afternoon—at Tiffany's, I mean—not in the car.

I promised last week to tell about the bronzes and statuary, and so I went straight to the second floor, where they are displayed. In the front room is a beautiful piece of statuary by Thaxter, called "Love's First Dream." A lovely young girl stands dreaming, with closed eyes; her arms are crossed behind her head, and resting against her right shoulder leans a Cupid, bending forward with a tender, arch look, to gaze into her face. The girl's lower limbs are entangled in a net, almost hidden with flowers. Her dreamy, happy face, and the delicacy of the flowers and netting, are something exquisite beyond description. Near the pedestal is a crayon portrait of the sculptor, Thaxter, a young man of twenty-four, with a mournful expression on his handsome, boyish face. Underneath is written: "Died at Florence, 1881, aged twenty-four." Does not that make you feel sad, Kate? To die so young and so gifted, the brilliant promise of his manhood unfulfilled. I could obtain no information about him; his work had ceased; he was dead; that was all. Yet his productions sold before they were finished. Ah, well, such is life. "Love's Dream" is valued at \$2,400. Another very pretty little bust from the same chisel is "Pouting." A little round, dimpled face, the little brows drawn down in a frown, and the sweet little lower lip thrust up in a pout. Altogether a very fascinating, naughty little face. At the opposite side of the room is a piece of statuary called "Blind Love." I do not know by whom. A Cupid flying, poises on a young girl's raised arm, and, placing both hands over her eyes, completely blinds her, while she tries vainly to snatch away his hands. The Cupid mischievously enjoys her perplexity. It is pretty and graceful, and though I admire both, I prefer "Love's First Dream." Quite different in style from "Pouting" is another bust by Thaxter, "Meg Merrilies." A horrible witch like face, the lips drawn back from the toothless gums, in ghastly length, and straggling locks of wiry looking hair half hides her scrawny neck. Ugh! It gives one nightmare just to recall. Near "Meg Merrilies" are two or three pieces by Stanley Conner. One is an "Undine," in the act of raising the veil from her face. The features, plainly seen through the filmy covering, are soft and pure. At the right is "Dream of Infancy" by the same sculptor. Two pretty doves hold a sheet between them, in which nestles, sleeping, a sweet little boy baby, his rounded cheek supported on his dimpled hand, a tender smile is on his parted lips. A third by Conner is called "Simplicity," and is a young girl's head with a poke bonnet tied down with bronze ribbons. I did not care for this, the bronze ribbons spoiled it. However, that is a matter of taste, I suppose.

The Russian bronzes have a place to themselves. They excel all other bronzes in beauty of detail. One of the largest is the "Elopement." Three spirited horses are drawing a "troika" at a gallop, and the driver has risen to his feet to urge them to yet greater speed. In the back is seated a man in furs, whose arm is thrown round a girl, who clings to him with both hands, and whom he seems to be reassuring. The girl wears no furs and is little protected against the cold, evidently an unexpected meeting has led to a hasty resolve. The swift motion is wonderfully realistic, the horses being particularly good. The next one is "Cossack Foragers," by Lanceray. Three Cossacks on horseback are watering their horses; the horse in the middle has just heard a strange sound, his head is raised with an intent and almost human expression of intelligence. Certainly the Russians excel in the representation of horses. A lovely French bronze of "Orpheus and Eurydice," at the moment that Orpheus, having won her back from Pluto, turns to clasp her in his arms, when she vanishes forever. Orpheus half kneels with outstretched, longing arms, which almost touch her, but Eurydice is being drawn back by an irresistible invisible power. You remember the pretty story, Kate? Eurydice, the beloved wife of Orpheus, dies, and he goes to Pluto's kingdom, the abode of departed spirits, to implore her restoration. Pluto finally consents to permit her to follow Orpheus to earth, on condition that he never looks behind him till beyond his kingdom. They have almost reached the boundary, when Orpheus, forgetful for the moment, in loving impatience turns to look once more on the beloved face. But, alas! alas! the condition is broken and she disappears forever.

A new sort of curious China work is called *pâte-sur-pâte*, that is, one layer of paste laid with a brush upon another. The process is entirely new and extremely difficult, only one person in the world doing it successfully, a Frenchman called Sallon. The price, to my unsophisticated mind, seemed awful, \$1,200 for a little piece 8 by 14 inches in size! The ground was a dark olive green, with raised white figures of men and women. Some of the prettiest glass is "Cameo." It is made in layers of different colours and then cut, just like the real cameo. The figures' heads and busts are in the same style.

On Thursday we saw Booth and Modjeska in "Hamlet," Madam Modjeska as *Ophelia*. I never saw anything more heart-breaking than *Ophelia's* madness. I think I am pretty hard-hearted, but the tears streamed from my eyes. Her mirth was even more pitiful than her grief. "Hamlet," if well played, is too painful to see often, though I can never sympathize with the *Prince's* cruel treatment of *Ophelia*. Booth is magnificent. The awful scenes that drive a noble mind mad for revenge made my blood run cold. I was very much struck with one piece of clever suggestive acting. In the last act, after *Laertes* is fatally wounded, as the *King* enters, *Hamlet* rushes towards him with drawn sword. The *King*, endeavouring to escape, mounts the throne. The *Prince* kills him, but feeling the

effect of *Laertes'* poisoned blade, throws himself on the throne and dies on its steps. Booth seats himself on the throne as if half accidentally and half as claiming it for his rightful place. The rest of the company is good, though the Broadway Theatre is so large that it is difficult to hear. The drop curtain and hangings of this theatre are of asbestos, and so are fireproof. They are all of a very pretty fawn colour, shaded.

I must tell of a most uncomfortable little adventure we had. Mother has the pleasure of knowing Mme. Modjeska personally, and Madame very kindly asked us to come round after the performance. When we came out by the stage door we lost our bearings. We intended taking the elevated railway on Sixth Avenue, and we walked further and further and further, wondering that the distance had grown so strangely long, when all of a sudden we came to an immense gas tank. My dear, my heart jumped into my mouth. I knew we never had passed that. Here was a pretty state of things, *lost in New York at ten o'clock at night*. We dared not turn directly back. The place was fearfully lonely looking, and we had just passed a group of villainous looking men, at least, so they seemed to my excited imagination. However, it was evident we were going in the wrong direction, so crossing the road we turned and went back. After a few blocks we came to a lamp with 9th Avenue painted on it. I shall never, never forget my feeling of relief. I never felt so thankful in my life. We were twelve blocks from the station—ten miles in all from home; but we did not know where we were. The relief was so great I could have jumped for joy. Do you see the little advertisement I have enclosed? I cut it from last Sunday's *World*. Is not that an original idea?

PERSONAL.—A middle-aged gentleman, of unexceptionable character and social standing, will, for a trifling consideration, escort ladies to places of amusement, etc. Address, for one week, I. W. S., 189 World Office.

If I was about as much afraid of this strange man as any other strange man, I *might*, only *might*, be tempted to employ him. What do you think, Katie dear? Perhaps my ideas are slow; but, between ourselves, I would not like it.

On Friday we paid the Historical Society another flying visit. We began at the lowest gallery this time, and, coming up the first flight of stairs, were confronted by a row of the most extraordinary looking paintings—portraits of fourteen Incas of Peru, and they are at least five hundred years old. Each Inca displays an emblem, sometimes a sun, sometimes a star, or a leaf of some sort. The crowns, suns, stars and jewellery are all gilded. Most of the faces are very effeminate, indeed at first I mistook some of them for women. The complexion, so far as I could judge, was very like that of our own Indians. A beautiful painting, "St. Paul," by Domenichino, has for foreground a lovely deep blue sky. St. Paul with outstretched arms is upborne by two youthful angels. St. Paul, a man of about 33 or 34, has a powerful, earnest face. The angel on the right gazes up into his face with a rapt look on his beautiful boyish face. The other angel looks down to earth, seeming fearful lest St. Paul be dashed against something. The face of the first angel resembles a good deal one of Raphael's well-known cherubs. Upstairs is Paul Veronese's "Christ at Emmaus." Our Lord is breaking the bread. One of the disciples has turned to look at Him with startling gaze, while the others look on with amazement and fear. Christ's aspect is most touching. He bears the marks of one who has gone through the "Valley of the Shadow of Death." His whole appearance denotes past suffering,—the fire of agony, though conquered at last, has left its scars. Down in the left hand foreground a little girl plays all unwitting of the strange scene enacted so near her. The child's heedless merriment throws into sharper contrast the deep emotion and awe of the disciples. Opposite this picture another group of Teniers (the younger) paintings of boor life—sometimes it is a fete, sometimes a tavern, but in all there are verve and motion. Whether it be the dance on the village green or the movement in the street, in all the action is equally well depicted. But, my dear, the faces are so ugly. If poor Teniers saw only those ugly people during his lifetime, I wonder the unfortunate man did not go melancholy mad. In all the collection of his pictures I could not find one good-looking face.

In the evening we went to hear the Juch Opera Company at the Harlem Opera House. The opera was "Carmen." Melle. Juch's *Carmen* is entirely different from Minnie Hauck's. Though I admire Melle. Hauck more, I think Melle. Juch's is more true to Bizet's idea. Minnie Hauck's *Carmen* is a heedless, reckless gypsy girl, shallow and fickle-hearted, but not deliberately bad. Melle. Juch's *Carmen* is thoroughly bad. The very moment she comes upon the stage one feels she is unholy, fascinating, bold, beautiful and brilliant, yet a thing of evil. The siren that allures men to dishonour and the grave by unhallowed charms, but one is not surprised that all men yield to her spells. Melle. Juch's voice is fresh and rich, and her rendering of "O this Love" was beautiful, and *Carmen's* veiled hint to each man that he was the favoured one remarkably well suggested. Mr. Stoddart's *Escamillo the Toreador*, was very good. All the company possessed good voices. *Don Jose* is more of a baritone than a tenor. His voice and acting are equally good. Some of the acting was rather mechanical, noticeably *Michela's* and *Escamillo's*. Melle. Juch's costume in the last scene was positively dazzling. A pale mauve underdress, with an overdress of gilt tricotine, and a long white lace veil. The tricotine flashed and glittered with every movement.

The stage of the Opera House is illuminated with incandescent loop lights, and I must say I think the effect very disagreeable and garish. All the paint and "get up" of

the actors is visible from any part of the house. The armour and weapons look "tinny," and perplexing shadows are cast all over the stage, and altogether I think it anything but an improvement.

I am going to tell you about one pretty hat I saw in one of the boxes. It was a small Gainsborough shape, covered with old rose velvet, and a lovely shaded plume laid round the crown, while another drooped over the turned-up side, and near it a bow of pale old rose. The inside was lined with a darker shade of old rose.

On Saturday we went to the Madison Square Theatre to see Walter Eddinger in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." He is a clever little fellow and does his part remarkably well. The company was fair, but the scenery poor. *Beris's* wife (Miss Lytton) was very good, especially in the last scene. In the evening we saw Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in their new play "Ben-my-chree," which means girl of my heart. The time is the 18th century, and the scene is laid in the Isle of Man. This island is a strange little place, with a parliament of its own called the House of Keys. The women vote, the cats have no tails, and the coat of arms is three legs bent at the knee, so that in whatever way it is thrown it falls kneeling in acknowledgement of England's supremacy. The motto is: "Quocunque jeceris stabit." The dress and customs are very peculiar. The incidental music is of very ancient origin, and has a weird, wailing sound. The play and its settings are unusual and picturesque. Church and State rule with almost equal authority; but the ecclesiastical sometimes transcends the temporal power. It can temper but not set aside the decrees of the secular court. The three ruling powers there are the Governor, sent from England; the Bishop and the Deemster. The functions of the last I cannot exactly explain. But the Government seems to be divided as follows: The Bishop holds all spiritual sway, the Deemster all temporal, the Governor a sort of figure-head over them all. He and the Deemster sit together in judgment.

In "Ben-my-chree" the Deemster and the Bishop are brothers. The family of *Thorheld My Crea* consists of *Mona* (Miss Eastlake) and *Ewan*, her brother. *Dan* (Wilson Barrett) is the Bishop's son. He is a wild, reckless, hot-tempered fellow, looked upon and avoided as incorrigible by all save *Mona*, his cousin, whom he loves, and by whom he is beloved. The Deemster forbids *Mona* to hold any communication with *Dan*. *Davy* (George Barrett), *Dan's* faithful servant, comes to tell *Mona* that *Dan*, stung by his uncle's taunts, is drinking at the "Three Legs," and begs her to send him a message, asking him to come to her, which she does. The Governor, who loves *Mona* himself, overhears the conversation and sends *Ewan* a mysterious message, hoping that he may interrupt the lovers. *Mona* sees the Deemster returning, and dreading a meeting between her father and her lover, implores him to withdraw into the house, and directs him to go through the upper hall to her room, and when he hears the Deemster enter, to jump from her window. *Dan* jumps from his cousin's window and lands almost in front of *Ewan*, who is horror-stricken. In vain *Dan* attempts explanation. His uncle, hearing loud voices, comes to ask the reason, when the Governor, who was concealed in the garden, steps forward and says he saw a man leap from *Mona's* window. Furious, the Deemster turns to *Mona*, when *Ewan* says: "Father, it was I!" and saves his sister's name. The next scene is the Tynwald or Corn Festival. The *Corn Queen* is dressed in a suit of straw, there is a pretty chorus and dance and the Bishop blesses the harvest. All depart except *Ewan* and *Mona*, who thanks *Ewan* for his service the night before; but *Ewan* thinks evil of her and will not listen. *Mona* leaves and *Ewan* and *Dan* meet. A quarrel begins and *Dan* declares his innocence, and declines *Ewan's* challenge to fight with knives then and there, till his cousin exclaims: "Then, by God, I'll kill you." They close and *Dan* kills *Ewan*. Overcome by remorse and grief he hides the body. When the dead man is found, *Dan*, to save an innocent man accused of the murder, gives himself up and declares his guilt. Sentence of death is passed by the Deemster and the Governor, but the Bishop reminds them that *Dan*, as his spiritual subject, is under his jurisdiction. He ascends the judgment seat, but has power only to commute the sentence and to communicate the prisoner. No one shall give him fire, food, or drink, shall look upon him or communicate with him; and, if he break this decree, the punishment is death. The Governor is rejected by *Mona*, but warns her that if she persists in her refusal, he will declare publicly that he saw *Dan* jump from her window, and that that was the cause of the quarrel between *Dan* and *Ewan*, who also believed her guilty. By an old Manx law a woman, whose fair fame is impugned, can go before the altar with the man and her accuser and take the oath of purgation, declaring her innocence, and, if her slanderer cannot support his charges, he is severely punished. The Bishop begs *Mona* to take this oath. She agrees, but prepares for flight, for *Dan*, according to the decree, has disappeared from all human haunts, and even were he there, if he spoke, the sentence is death. *Davy*, the faithful servant, knowing *Mona* is in trouble, risks all to find *Dan*, who appears on the scene as *Mona* takes the oath, and sacrificing life for her dear sake, reveals himself, and, kneeling beside her, takes the oath too, thus restoring her good name. The world has been too hard for *Mona*, and turning, she dies broken-hearted in *Dan's* arms. The Governor's accusation has proved false and he is led away to prison, and *Dan* must die, for he has broken the decree. *Dan* is a character that in less able hands than Mr. Wilson Barrett's might

easily become repulsive, but Mr. Barrett's powerful acting would redeem almost any character, though it seems to me a mistake to allow *Dan* to come into his sweetheart's presence intoxicated. It made a disagreeable impression upon me. However, this is the author's fault, not the actor. Miss Eastlake is a very sweet and sympathetic actress, with a world of pathos in her gentle voice, though she was very hoarse the night we heard her. George Barrett gives promise of being as fine an actor as his elder brother.

And now I must tell you about the fashions. Carrick capes and Directoire mantlettes are all the rage. The Carrick capes are made of cloth and the edges "pricked." The Directoire mantlette is a very deep cape, reaching to the waist. The yoke is V shaped, and accordion pleating forms the cape. An imported one they showed me at O'Neils' was dark olive green. Both yoke and accordion had a border of gold thread in Greek pattern. Accordion and knife pleating are very much alike; but accordion is not sewn flat, but hangs open. It is done by machine, and the allowance is a yard of plain to a quarter of a yard of accordion. Most of the cloaks have double sleeves. Some very long, like angel sleeves, you know; others shorter, falling only ten or twelve inches below the elbow.

All New York went crazy over the Kendals, and since their engagement everything is Kendal. Mrs. Kendal has invented several very clever little things, which sell under the name of "Ladnek," which is "Kendal" backward. The latest and one of the cleverest is a fan and toilet case combined. It is of black gauze and has silver sticks. The decoration is a black velvet Venetian mask with two eye-holes, through which one can see and not be seen. The outer stick turns back, revealing a tiny mirror. The other outside stick has a place for a few pins, hair pins, little glove-hook and scissors. At the bottom of the fan is a little silver box for a powder puff. Black and scarlet—scarlet, my dear, not red—is a very favourite combination. I see quite a number of theatre bonnets of scarlet crepe de Chine and black velvet, and the inevitable passermerie, generally of black jet. It is effective, but audacious. Some of the large shops here have toilet, reading rooms and restaurants attached. Everything to make shopping easier, and it is so tiring under the best circumstances. I do wish they would adopt this idea in Canada.

And now, dear Kate, I must close for the present, your sincere cousin,
HELEN E. GREGORY.

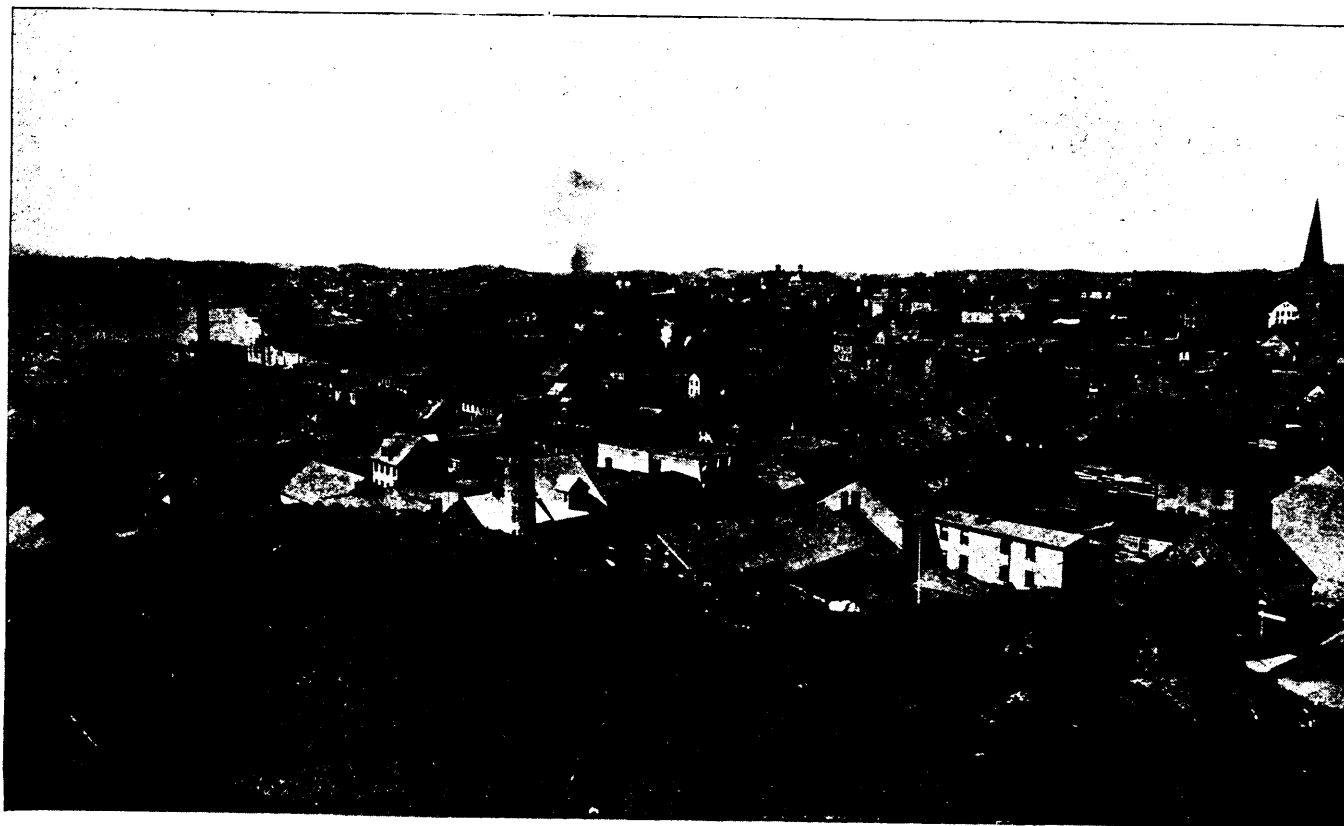
MUSIC AND THE STAGE.

TORONTO ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—On Saturday last Miss Marie Wainwright brought to a close a most successful engagement. Her production is in every detail thoroughly first-class, and the finest representation of "Twelfth Night" we have ever had in Toronto. Her support was only fairly good, with the exception of *Sir Toby*, which character was played in a most efficient manner and in a way that reminded many of their conceptions of what that part should be. Monday of the present week saw the opening of a most successful engagement of the latest Madison Square Theatre success, "Captain Swift." This play is one of exceptional merit, and is the virgin effort of the author, Mr. H. Chambers. The rôle of *Captain Swift* is played by Mr. Arthur Forrest, and he makes the most of it. For a clever actor the part is a good one, and Mr. Forrest is a most clever and finished one. In the second and last act he is particularly strong, and his effective performance was well received, and special mention should be made of the scene between *Mrs. Scabrook* (played by Miss Rose Eyttinge), his mother, and himself, in which she acknowledges him to be her son (cast off and forgotten in childhood) and pleads forgiveness. Mr. Forrest did some strong acting in this passage, and his quick forgiveness, accorded in such a generous way, was a manly and natural conception of human sympathy and filial love. Miss Eyttinge is a most feeling actress and received great applause. The company is a strong one and evenly balanced, and we do not wonder that crowded houses greet this fine drama on each occasion of its production.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Mlle. Rhea played to good houses in "Josephine" for the first three nights of the present week. This piece is somewhat heavy and sad throughout, but serves to bring out some strong and sympathetic acting on the part of the popular star, Mlle. Rhea. The Bostonians, an opera troupe of high standing, appear in a repertoire of "Pygmalion and Galatea," "Mignon," "The Musketeers" and "Don Quixote," for three nights, commencing Thursday. They come to Toronto well spoken of.

JACOB'S & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE.—Shook & Collier's drama hold the boards at this house, and is greeted by crowded houses on each night. The play is a strong one, well put on and well played.
G. E. M.

A CANADIAN SINGER ABROAD.—Mrs. Agnes Thomson's appearance in Boston in a song recital before an audience of critics, professors and students of that centre of culture, has excited great interest. She was pronounced on all sides to be nothing less than a wonderful songstress. The recital was given at the New England Conservatory by special invitation from the faculty, and only Patti, Gerster, Sunbrich, Albani, and such like artists, have been previously thus honoured. Mrs. Thomson's success will be a delight to all Canadians, and especially to her native province, Ontario.



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Stoeger, photo.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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FARE AND ONE THIRD, from 20th to 25th December, 1889, good to return until 6th January, 1890, inclusive.

NEW YEAR'S.

SINGLE FARE, 31st December, 1889 and 1st January, 1890, good to return until 2nd January, 1890, inclusive.

FARE AND ONE THIRD, from 27th December, 1889 to first January, 1890, good to return until 6th January, 1890, inclusive.

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.
2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year: 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.
3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres; also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situated at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS, Deputy Minister of the Interior. Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.