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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 9.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 1st SEPTEMBER, 1888.

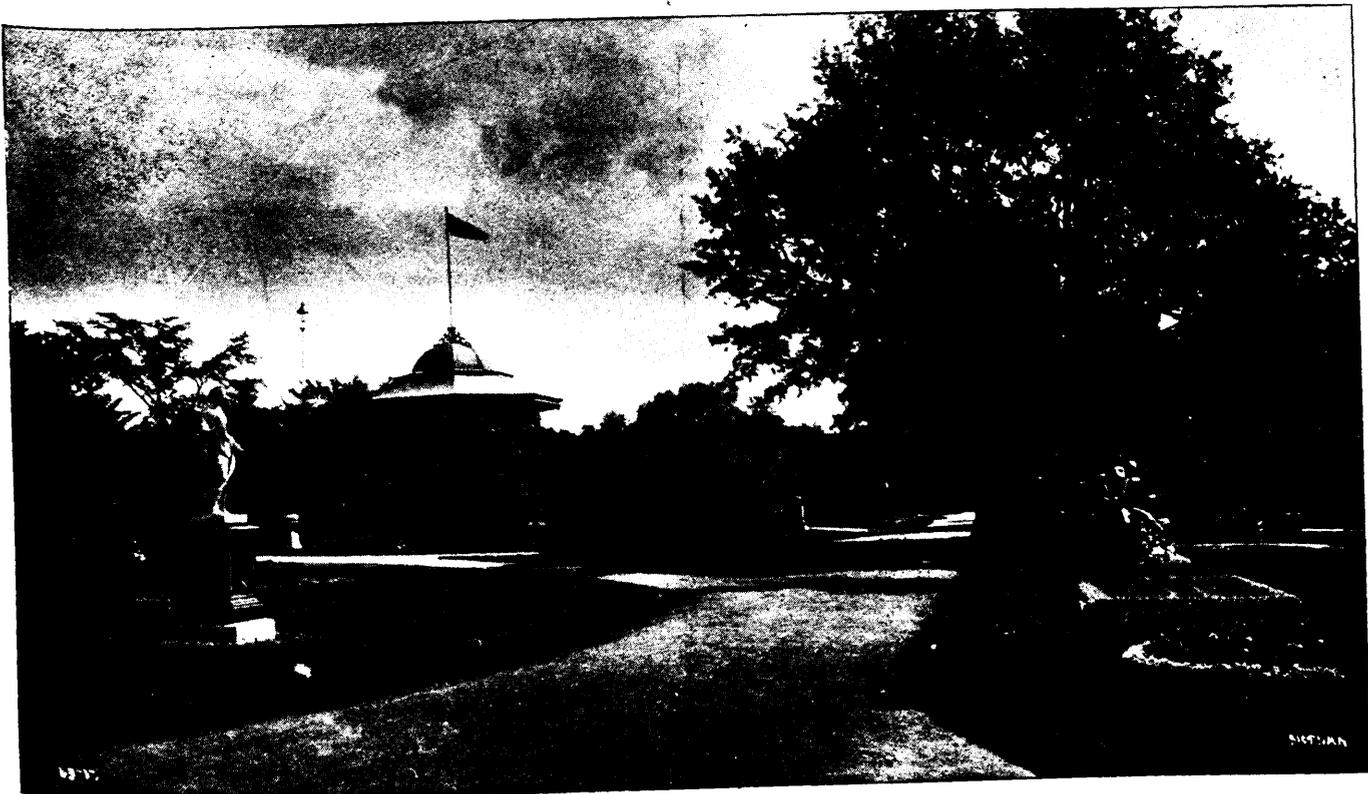
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RT. REV. DR. COURTNEY,  
BISHOP OF HALIFAX.



HON. A. G. JONES,  
OF HALIFAX.



VIEW IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS, HALIFAX.

From a photograph by Notman

# The Dominion Illustrated.

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AND 127 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO.

1st SEPTEMBER, 1888.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is published simultaneously in MONTREAL and in TORONTO. MESSRS. ALEX. S. MACRAE & SON are in charge of the Toronto office, 127 Wellington street west where they will continue to receive subscriptions and advertisements, and attend to our interests in Western Ontario.

We solicit sketches, drawings and photographs from all parts of Canada. We want to illustrate every part of the Dominion; but must have the coöperation of those who have the material at hand.

Subscribers wanted everywhere at \$4.00 a year, or \$1.00 for three months, payable in advance. Special terms to clubs, and a handsome commission to canvassers. For further particulars apply to the Montreal or Toronto office.

Correspondents sending manuscripts which they wish returned, if not accepted, are requested to enclose stamps for return postage.

Our Toronto friends are informed that we are engraving a fine group of the Council of the Toronto Board of Trade; also, a large composition photograph, giving portraits of all the members of the Ontario Legislature, Cabinet Ministers and Lieutenant-Governors since Confederation.

We are also preparing views of the recent type-writing contest held in Toronto; engravings of St. James' Cathedral, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, and other places of interest in the Queen City, to be published in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, together with the above-mentioned groups, during the forthcoming exhibition.



Canadians stare, as if unbelieving, and Americans shrug their shoulders, with a sneer of lip, when told that the territorial size of the Dominion of Canada is greater than that of the United States. Yet here are the figures: The Australian colonies have an area of 3,075,000 square miles; the total area of the British Empire is 9,001,986 square miles. The United States of America, including Alaska, have an area of 3,603,844 square miles. The area of Canada, exclusive of Newfoundland, is 3,610,257.

Comparisons are always invidious, and it is not in accordance with good taste to make them, either with nations or with individuals; but, in view of the Americanizing tendencies of certain leading papers in the several provinces, it is well to state, with all the earnestness of truth, that, in no single phase of social or private life, have we anything to learn of our neighbours. A Chicago paper handles the point without mincing: "In twelve months more murders and murderous assaults are committed in the saloons on South State and South Clark streets, in this city, on the first day of the week, than are committed in the whole of Canada in 365 days."

A dry goods man, who keeps track, from year to year, of the punctuality and degree of help given by his 1,600 employed hands, says that the best women are more faithful than the best men,

but that the mean record of the men is much above that of the women. In certain branches of work and trade women are better fitted than men, but when the sum total is cast, the conclusion is viewed with regret that the artificial needs of modern life should force women to toil outside of their own roof-tree.

This is specially true of factories where men and women work side by side, and very young women are thrown into contact with men, from morning till evening, and even after the hours of toil. The evidence given before the Royal Labour Commission, now in the hands of the printers, will open the eyes of honest people. Though the subject was handled gently, and rather by insinuation than otherwise, enough was told to prove the thousand pities that there is such a mingling of the younger sexes.

Man is not essentially carnivorous, and yet he will eat meat whenever he can get it. To say nothing of the Scotsman, bred on oatmeal; the Frenchman and German, who have meat on Sundays only; the Italian and Spaniard, who live on fruit and olives—look at our own Blackfoot runner. He lived, in the bison days, almost wholly on stringed meat and maize. He could stand more hardship than any whiteman, and was known to tramp 300 miles, over the worse trails, in four days, breaking down the horses that had started with him.

If it is the best show of wisdom to hearken unto the words of the wise, we may well weigh what the General Manager of the Bank of Montreal has to say on the present business and money situation. He holds that what we want is a period of rest and freedom from anxiety as to any great or revolutionary fiscal changes, so that we may have the opportunity of consolidating and building up the many and diverse industries which have sprung up within the past ten years.

There is a standing objection to reformatories—be they called gaols, schools or refuges—in that they are penal, and the working classes are all dead against them because they put penal work in competition with their own. It is different with the industrial schools which have been established in several parts—here at Montreal; at Mimico, in Ontario; at Halifax, and even in the younger provinces. There the lads are taught a trade, whereby they may later earn an honest livelihood and set up a comfortable home.

The paltry and selfish way in which the majority of *two* in the United States Senate, backed by the leading papers of their party, have managed the whole debate and the final vote on the Fisheries Treaty, has brought several of our Canadian papers to change their tone in regard to this question, which they came, at length, to view as a national one. The *Globe* led with its wonted strength in this defence of the rights of Canada, and other journals have followed in its wake. It is a good mark that betokens the living force of Canadian patriotism.

If proof were wanted of the need of a field for literary and artistic production, such as is furnished by the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, it would be found in the columns of fantasy, entitled "Vaux de Vire," which appear in the present issue. The letter press is by one of the leading literary men of the Dominion, John Hunter Duvar, of Prince Edward Island, and it is from his own clever drawings that our artist has made the

sketches which embellish the text. As an intellectual and æsthetic treat, we take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the contribution.

Hardly less interesting, and confirming the same train of thought, is the poem addressed to Wilfrid Chateaucclair, author of the "Young Seigneur," by Mr. John Reade, published in this number. The editor welcomes his time-honoured friend the more readily, as it gives him the chance of showing his readers a sample of the perfect sonnet—the breadth of grasp, the loftiness of thought, and the thorough music of rhyme and metre, which, notwithstanding the rise of a number of clever writers within the past decade, leave the author of "The Prophecy of Merlin" still *facile princeps* among Canadian poets.

## THE WEALTH OF OUR FRUIT.

The season is far enough on to enable us to make an estimate of the fruit crop throughout the Dominion. Time was, and not so very long ago, when this source of food, industry and revenue was of poor account, but of late years an extraordinary impulse has been given to it, and it is safe to say that, outside of distinctly tropical fruit, Canada is quite able to supply itself with the luscious offspring of tree, bush and vine. Fruit grows in every part of the country, but there are several favoured regions, with reputations unsurpassed even by the treasures of the Rochester Valley, the gardens of Maryland, or the laden slopes of California. Our Niagara district, with the neighbouring stretches on the Erie shore, have been aptly described as the Paradise of Ontario, with a richness and variety of fruit, even the smallest, which betoken some of the most fertile soil and some of the finest climate in the world. The valley of Annapolis and Grandpré, in Nova Scotia—the classic land of Evangeline—are equally renowned, especially for their toothsome apples, while the Island of Prince Edward and the County of Prince Edward, clustered around Picton, on the Bay of Quinte, are aglow with the hues and fragrant with the smells of the daintiest flowers and fruits. Despite its name for cold weather, the old Province of Quebec quite holds its own in these same products, as the great exhibitions in this city invariably show. The Côte Beaupré is one long range of orchards, swinging over the St. Lawrence; the Eastern Townships—rightly called the Garden of the Province—the Argenteuil Valley and the Island of Montreal, are all prolific of fruit exactly adapted to the peculiar conditions of the climate. Canada has the finest table apple in the world, and it is not generally known that the Island of Montreal, and, notably, the Royal Mountain behind it, yields the best of these—the Fameuses—giving rise to the theory that there is the original *habitat* of this great fruit. Cherries and plums are grown in plenty and with science, bearing a special flavour that recalls their ancient importation from France. All the varieties of berries are also to be found—with the exception of the black-berry—which cannot be had in Canada, of the sweet, melting taste of the Southern or Middle States, from Pennsylvania to Missouri. The special Canadian berry is the blueberry, the Saguenay variety of which cannot be excelled in any market. With regard to Canadian grapes, not grown under glass, but beneath our elevated blue skies, the improvement within the past fifteen years is something approaching the marvellous.

Richer, riper, softer fruit cannot be found anywhere for table purposes, and as for making into wine there can be no doubt that the day will soon come when the wholesome blood of Canadian vines will give zest to the meal and prove a grateful tonic to the drooping system. The further consideration of profit is not to be lost to sight, because fruit is much more an article of food among the poor than the most of us are aware of, and there is no natural production of the earth that is more in demand, coming, as it does, within the taste of all, without ever palling.

### THE PRESIDENT'S LEFT WHEEL.

We are loathe to put a literal interpretation on the behaviour of the President of the United States, and set it down as a coarse political "dodge" to revenge himself on the Republican Senate that balked him of the glory of the Fisheries Treaty. But after waiting, a couple of days, for the opinions of the leading American and English papers, we find no other course open to us. We have never looked upon Mr. Cleveland as a great man, and not even as a great President, but we always thought him an honourable man, above all political trickery, and the embodiment of whatever is best in American common sense and fair play. His recent message, however, is more than enough to tear this trust into shreds, and, while there is a bare possibility that events may be shaped of themselves so as to render this instrument comparatively harmless, the mind of the President will remain none the less a reproach and a warning.

There are two or three things that call for comment in this precious document. In the first place it is such a glaring piece of stultification that one wonders a cool and collected man like Mr. Cleveland could be guilty of it. Since the signing of the Treaty, in February last, the President has had occasion, in partial messages to Congress and other public utterances, to speak of the Canadian claims in terms of an appreciative and diplomatic courtesy, admitting that we had better ground to stand on than was known to Americans before the sittings of the High Commission, and that we had generally enforced our claims with becoming moderation. Now he suddenly turns on the left wheel, and, in terms of lofty insinuation, charges that his people are tired of our interpretation of the Treaty of 1818, which has been pressed with needless harshness, forcing upon the Americans the policy of retaliation if we venture to insist on even the code of the *modus vivendi*. And this last is the bitterest joke of them all. Only a few days ago, after the final vote of rejection in the Senate, Secretary Bayard vouchsafed the information that the *modus vivendi* need not necessarily be dropped till its full term had expired, while President Cleveland, with one stroke of his pen, cancels all chances of a compromise.

The second point to be observed is the cool, insolent way in which Canada is being toyed with by these American politicians. First we had the vulgar abuse and inane threats of the venerable majority in the Senate, and now it is the turn of the Administration hangers-on to keep up the game of perfidious hostility. Of course, Canada will not be unduly heated. We can afford to look on for awhile, and see how far a great people can go in pursuance of paltry partisan ends. We shall be treated to a still more amusing sight, for, if the new policy is carried out, it will be found to

act like a boomerang, hurting the American carrying trade far more than the Canadian. Nay, it will consolidate our lines of travel and traffic which are strong enough financially to stand even American boycotting. If the President and the two political parties of the United States imagine they can hoodwink or frighten the Canadian people, they will soon find out their mistake.

### THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

In my first article I briefly stated the origin of the "Monroe Doctrine." In this I shall sift it on its merits, at once laying down the proposition that, as an universal principle or lasting system, it is untenable. As a special principle of policy, however, it is justifiable, which I shall prove in the first part of my paper. The other will be shown in the second part.

#### I.

The cession of Louisiana is a case in point. The threat it held out is clear to any well-read man, after the lapse of five and seventy years. The American people were only recruiting from the Revolutionary drain on all their resources. The country was growing westward. The valleys of the Ohio and the Cumberland were being filled up. Kentucky was swiftly settled. The Western Reserve was already giving tokens of what it is today. All the tributaries of the Mississippi were swelling with a rising trade. It was needful to push this progress and remove every obstacle that might threaten it. Mr. Jefferson judged that the occupation of New Orleans and of the whole right bank of the Mississippi, as high as St. Louis, by French settlers, would prove baneful to the west. No such fears were entertained of the Spaniards, who were feeble and unenterprising. In addition, the Indians were withdrawing toward the setting sun. Many of these, mindful of the Canadian days, were friendly to the French and hostile to the "Yangeese." An alliance of these two elements might have crushed that whole western settlement. Indeed, with New Orleans, the western key to the ocean, in the hands of a bold military power like France, an alliance with the Western and Lake Indians effected, and the Atlantic ports blockaded, no one can tell what might have happened to the young Republic. And in proof that Mr. Jefferson was not wrong in his forecast, that scheme was precisely the one adopted by the British in the war of 1814-15. From the day that the great Tecumseh sallied forth from his tent, in the valley of the Miamis, travelling north to Lake Michigan, and south as far as the Alabama Creeks, to group all the Indians into one vast confederacy against the United States, it became an object with the English to secure him as their ally. They succeeded in this after the battle of Tippecanoe, in 1812. Thenceforward their plan was to bombard Boston, New York, Baltimore, Washington, Charleston, and seize New Orleans, ascend the Mississippi and, joining their savage auxiliaries, hem the Americans in a fiery belt from Quebec to the Delta. What General Jackson averted, in 1815, by his cotton bales, below New Orleans, that did President Jefferson forestall, in 1803, by his diplomacy.

The case of the Spanish-American provinces is equally clear. In 1822-25 the Holy Alliance undertook to meddle in the affairs of Spain and her American colonies. In this *bund* were the three despotisms of Russia, Prussia and Austria. England, with characteristic pluck and foresight, engaged the United States to join her in resisting this aggression, in so far as Spanish America was concerned. President Monroe met Mr. Canning half way. It was a memorable time. The shout of freedom was ringing from the tops of the Andes to the banks of La Plata. South America was shattering her bonds. Mexico had broken her yoke. Old Spain was reaping the accursed fruit sown by her Pizzaros and her Cortez. She was powerless to beat back her colonies into submission, and it is believed that the Holy Alliance offered her their help to do it. To prevent the Western hemisphere from

being overshadowed by this despotic influence, it is no wonder that the action of the American Cabinet was prompt. The Sage of Monticello was consulted by his disciples, and, on his unequivocal reply, Mr. Monroe issued the message, from which I cited in my first article. Henceforth the Monroe Doctrine became an integral portion of the Democratic creed.

The Monroe Doctrine, in these cases, was a special principle, made lawful by circumstances, and, as such, worthy of approval. In all similar cases, and under equivalent circumstances, it is unquestionable that the doctrine is right, and the American people should maintain it.

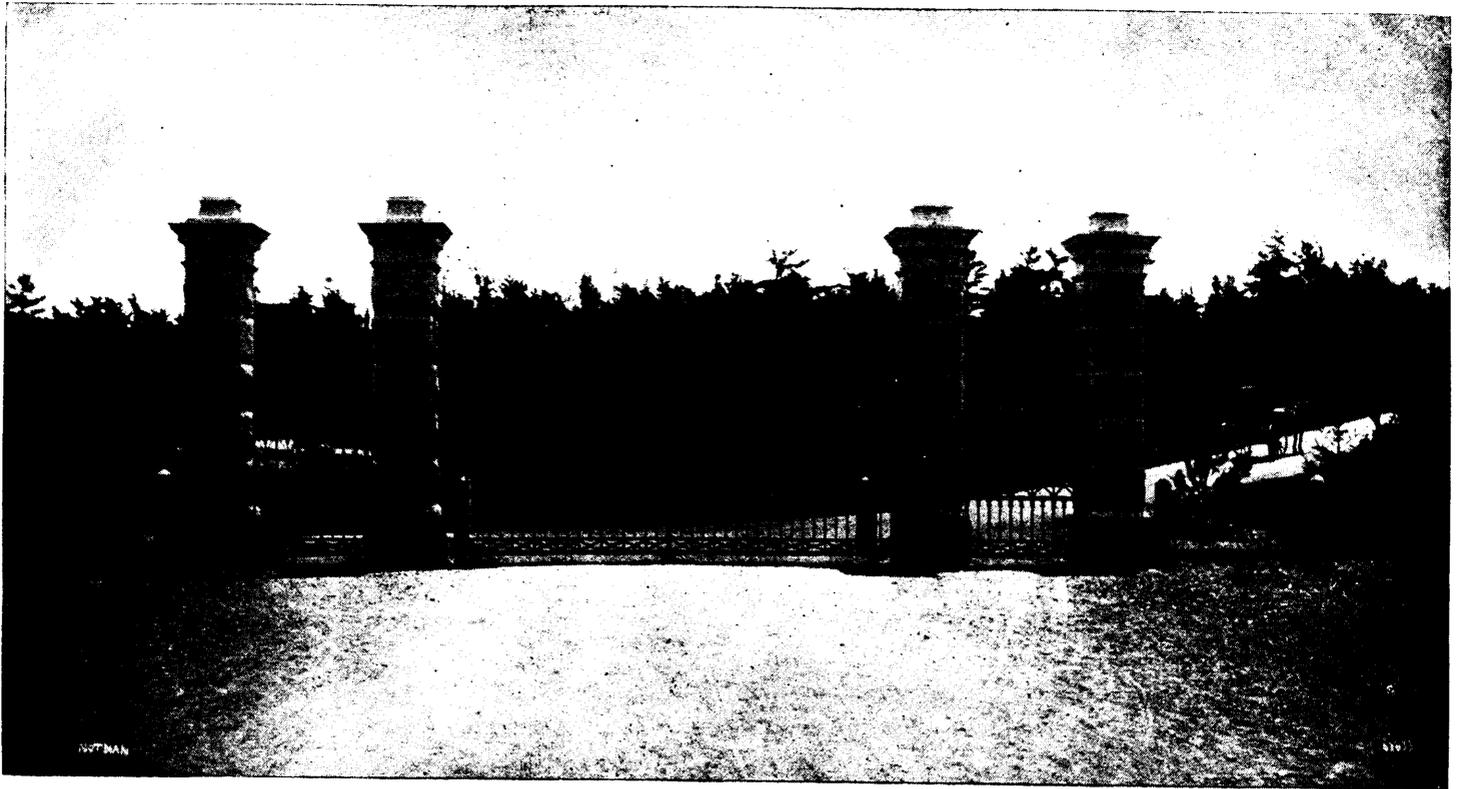
JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

### LA SALLE AND THE GRIFFON.

Coasting along the northern shore of Lake Erie, with favouring winds, Cavalier de La Salle reached the mouth of the Detroit River on the 10th of August. Here, awaiting the arrival of the Griffon, they found the Chevalier Tonty, and the others, to the number of twenty, whom La Salle had previously sent forward with others to rendezvous at the mouth of the river. Taking these on board, the Griffon continued her course through the river, sailing on the 11th between *Grosse* and *Bois Black* islands. On the feast of St. Claire, August 12th, they entered and crossed the lake, on which they conferred the name of that saint. Detained in the St. Claire River for several days by head winds, they entered Lake Huron on the 23rd of August. On the 26th, encountering a furious storm, they were compelled to send down their topmasts, lash fast their yards, and drift at the mercy of the winds and waves. Some idea of the violence of this storm may be gathered from what Father Hennepin relates. He says: "We had been accustomed, during the entire voyage, to fall on our knees morning and evening, to say our prayers and sing some hymns of the Church. But the storm was now so violent that we could not remain on deck. In this extremity each one performed his devotions as well as he could."

On the evening of the 27th, rounding Pointe St. Ignace, they cast anchor in the placid waters of the Bay of Michilimakinac. To their great joy they found here a settlement composed of Hurons, Ottawas and Frenchmen. Here, too, they found the Jesuit mission church and minor chapels for the Hurons and Ottawas. Remaining here about two weeks, they resumed their voyage on the 12th of September, and after a prosperous run of about forty leagues, they landed on an island, since known as Washington Island, situated at the entrance of Green Bay. Here they found a part of the detachment of fur traders which had been sent forward the year before. These latter had already secured large quantities of furs to the amount of 12,000 pounds. Embarrassed by debts, incurred presumably in furtherance of his enterprise, and anxious to appease and satisfy his creditors, La Salle promptly freighted the Griffon with the furs thus obtained and despatched her back again to the Niagara, the vessel and cargo together being valued at 60,000 francs. Thus laden, on the 18th of September, the Griffon set sail on her return voyage, and here all positive knowledge of the Griffon ends. Her subsequent fate is shrouded in mystery. The accepted theory in regard to her was, and is, that being driven ashore in a gale, her crew were slaughtered and her cargo plundered by the savages.

Plausible stories were extant, some forty years ago, of the finding, at a very early period of this century, of an anchor; of large quantities of wrought iron, which evidently had been removed from some vessel, and of two pieces of ordnance, bearing French inscriptions, all being much worn with rust and age, deeply embedded in the soil, and overgrown with forest trees, varying in thickness from six to twelve inches. These were found on the Ingersoll farm, in the neighbouring town of Hamburg, a short distance below the mouth of the Eighteen-mile creek, and hence many persons have concluded that it was here that the Griffon was lost.



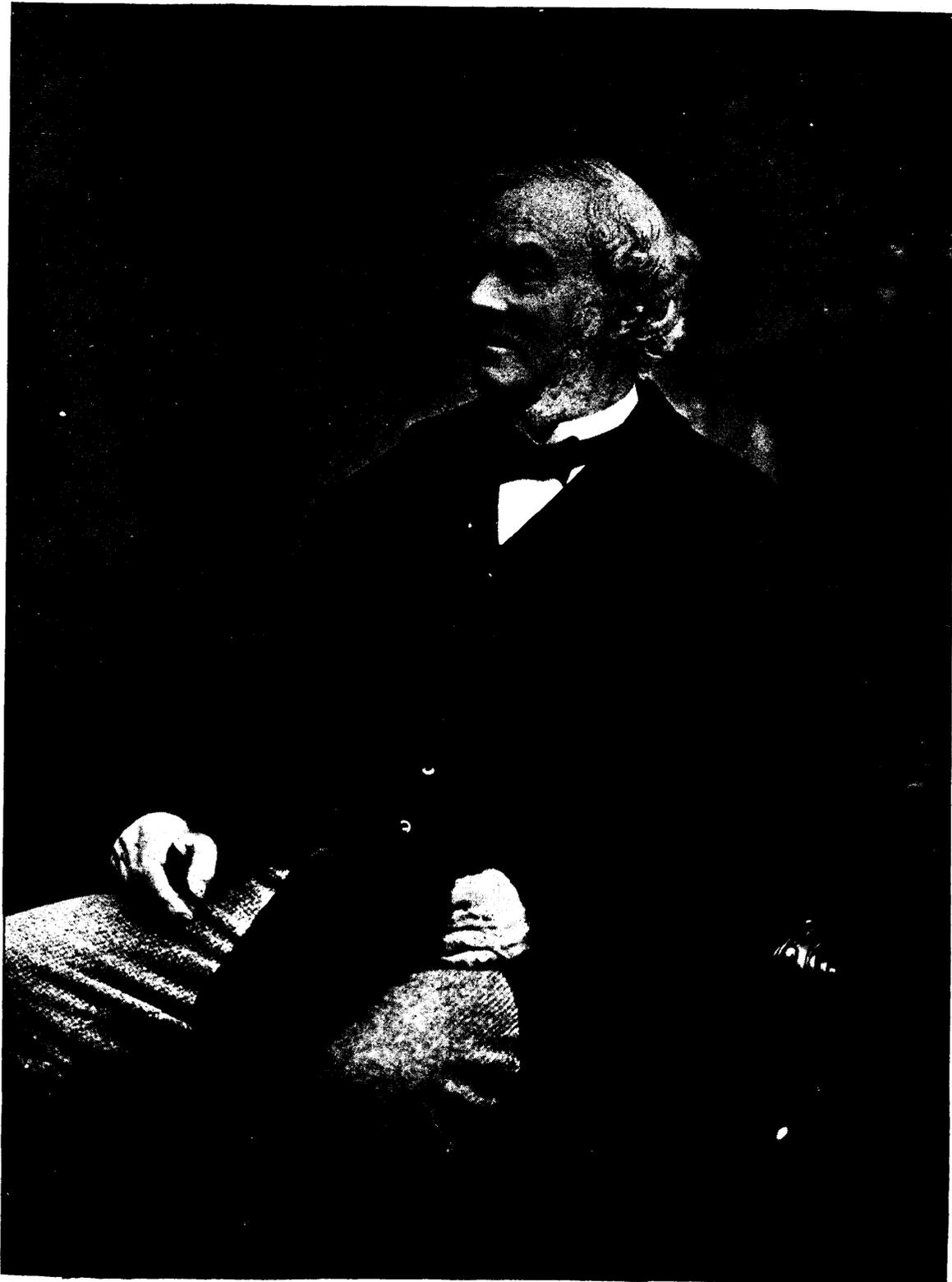
ENTRANCE TO POINT PLEASANT PARK, HALIFAX.

From a photograph by Notman.



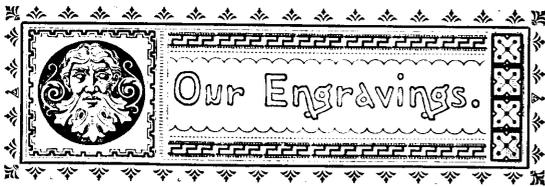
VIEW FROM ICE CAVE, GREAT GLACIER, SELKIRKS.

From a photograph by Notman.



W. H. GRIFFIN, ESQ., EX-DEPUTY POSTMASTER GENERAL.

From a photograph by Topley.



**RT. REV. DR. COURTNEY.**—The new Bishop of Halifax is an Englishman by birth and was educated at the University of Glasgow. He was ordained deacon in 1864; priest, in 1865, and made curate of Hadlow, Kent, in 1864. He became perpetual curate of Charles Chapel, Plymouth, in 1865, and there remained till 1870. From 1870-1876 he was incumbent of St. Jude's, Glasgow, and then associate rector of St. Thomas', city and diocese of New York, 1876. He was then transferred to St. Paul's, Boston, which he exchanges for the mitre and crozier at Halifax. Bishop Courtney is robust and healthy, about 50 years of age. Intellectually he is able, of naturally fine powers, highly cultivated, a preacher and an orator. He is a moderate high churchman, an enthusiastic lover of and believer in the Anglican church, and cherishes an ornate and reasonable ritual.

**HON. A. G. JONES.**—His paternal ancestor, Josiah Jones, emigrated from England to Boston as early as 1665; his grandfather, Stephen Jones, a graduate of Harvard College, was an officer in the King's American Dragoons, and at the close of the American Revolutionary war settled in Nova Scotia, where he died in 1830. He is the son of the late Guy C. Jones, Esq., who held the office of Registrar of Deeds, County Digby. He was born at Weymouth, N.S., September, 1825, and educated there and at Yarmouth Academy. He is the principal of the firm of A. G. Jones & Co., West Indian merchants; Governor of the Protestant Orphans' Home, and of Dalhousie College; President of the Nova Scotia Marine Insurance Co., and a Director of the Acadia Fire Insurance Co. He was Lieut.-Colonel commanding the 1st Halifax Brigade Garrison Artillery for some years. He sat in the Commons for Halifax from 1867 to 1872, when defeated. He was reelected in 1874, but resigned January, 1878, in consequence of an alleged breach of the Independence of Parliament Act. He was sworn of the Privy Council and held the office of Minister of Militia in the Mackenzie Administration from January, 1878, to September, 1878. He was an unsuccessful candidate in 1878 and 1882, but elected in 1887.

**HALIFAX PUBLIC GARDENS.**—These beautiful gardens front the Spring Garden Road. They are handsomely laid out, and form one of the greatest summer attractions of the city. At the western extremity a lawn tennis ground is laid out, and a lovely pond is surrounded by shrubbery and flowers and peopled with water-fowl. There are frequent concerts there, when the gardens are illuminated with the electric light.

**ENTRANCE TO POINT PLEASANT PARK.**—This is a favourite resort of the Halifax people, one of the entrances to which is through a pair of gates of handsome design. The park is Imperial property, but is leased to the city at a nominal rent of a shilling. Once a year all roads leading into it are closed for four and twenty hours to maintain the ownership. There are fine views of the harbour, the main and the Northwest Arms from different points.

**THE ICE CAVE.**—This is a singular view of nature, full of gloom and loneliness. The ice cave is at the extreme left of the picture, and, from its invisible mouth, the first sight on the left of the spectator is a huge cliff of ice, bearing the profile of a forbidding human face. The snow-clad mountain in the background, tipped with white light, is Ross Peak.

**WILLIAM HENRY GRIFFIN,** late Deputy Postmaster-General of Canada, was born on the 7th August, 1812, and has therefore just entered upon the 77th year of his life. He entered what was then the Imperial Post Office Service in Quebec, when nineteen years of age. He was for a short time (from 1833 to 1835) Postmaster of Quebec, and in 1835 was appointed Post Office Surveyor (or Inspector, as the office is now called,) for Canada east of Kingston, a position which he filled so satisfactorily that when, in April, 1851, the Imperial authorities handed over the control of the Post Office to the Provincial Government, Mr. Griffin was made Secretary of the Department, and on 12th June, 1857, was appointed Deputy Postmaster-General (an office then newly created by the Civil Service Act of Mr. Spence) of Canada, at that time embracing only the old provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. On Confederation Mr. Griffin's services were by no means confined to the department over which he so ably presided. He was for many years a member of the Board of Audit, and when the Government found it necessary at Confederation to reorganize the Civil Service, Mr. Griffin was one of the commissioners to carry out the object. In 1875 a new postal convention was concluded with the United States, and Mr. Griffin was sent to Washington to arrange with the United States Post Office the terms of the convention. At the time of his retirement, Mr. Griffin was the dean of the civil service, the next in seniority being Dr. Taché, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, who has since retired. Mr. Griffin may well be termed the father of the Canadian Post Office; he introduced and successfully carried out all the improvements in the Canadian Post Office during the last half century. The registration system, the money order system, the establishment of post office savings banks, the parcel post with

Great Britain, have all been brought to their present efficient state under his fostering hand. The late Deputy Postmaster-General had a wonderful capacity for hard work; in his earlier years he underwent much hardship and endured bitter cold and fatigue in his frequent and long journeys through a country sparsely settled and capable of affording but poor accommodation to the traveller; and in latter years he was one of the first to reach his office in the morning and usually the last to leave it. If a civil servant ever deserved well of his country, Mr. Griffin may justly claim to be that servant, and it is to be regretted that the Government have not seen their way to recommend him for some honorary distinction on his retirement. The Companions of the Order of St. Michael and St. George could find no worthier member than the late Deputy Postmaster-General, who carries with him the warm regard of those who have the good fortune to be his friends and associates.

**CASCADE MOUNTAIN.**—The railway station at Banff is in the midst of impressive mountains. The huge mass northward is Cascade Mountain (9,875 feet); eastward is Mount Inglismaldie, and the heights of the Fairholme sub-range, behind which lies Devil's Head Lake. To the left of Cascade Mountain, and just north of the track, rises the wooded ridge of Squaw Mountain, beneath which lie the Vermillion lakes, seen just after leaving the station.

**THE MARRIAGE OF ROMEO AND JULIET** is from a painting by Becker. The romance connected with this immortal couple has challenged the best efforts of the ablest artists, from time immemorial, to do the same justice to them on canvas which Shakespeare has, in another way, done them in the play. We suppose there are hundreds—perhaps we might say thousands—of pictures of this loving couple cut into "little stars" (as Juliet would have quoted), all over the world, few of which have become objects of public or private taste similar to the painting engraved herein. Happiness and devotion are wonderfully depicted in the midst of their despair and woe, while the countenance of Friar Lawrence too plainly intimates the honeymoon of woe awaiting this untoward union. There are several Beckers, painters of more or less eminence, but Carl surpasses them all. He was born in Berlin, in 1820, and is perhaps as much esteemed on this side of the Atlantic as any other European artist.

**BATHING AT THE LIDO.**—Here are some of the finest baths in Europe, to which tourists are carried from Venice by a line of steamers. There, as in all the baths of the Adriatic, the manly sex is strictly separated, in the "sad sea waves," from the fair and gentle portion of creation. The baths are, however, only part of the amusements of the Lido, all sorts of games and the music of military bands filling up the time.

**THE MONCALDO BATTERIES.**—According to a decree of the French artillery authorities, ironclad batteries, as unable to withstand the projectiles of the new field pieces, are replaced by moveable batteries, mounted on rolling carriages and joined by portable railways. The object of the system is to shift these mobile pieces in and out of range, and to the flank of stationary batteries, thus harassing the enemy, with a minimum of exposure.

**THE HIGH ALTAR OF THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER,** at Moscow, is engraved from a photograph by M. Rashevsky. The Church of Christ, the Redeemer, in Moscow, was erected in memory of the great and, for Russia, significant war of 1812, and the miraculous rescue of the country from its swarm of invaders. This beautiful building, situated on the left side of the River Moscow, was built strictly in accordance with the regulations of the Greek Catholic Church, and under the supervision of the highest church authorities. The high altar consists of white marble, ornamented with different kinds of marble and bronze.

**THE SKEENA RIVER.**—Only a week ago, on the 22nd July, says a correspondent of the *Canadian Militia Gazette*, from which the account is abridged, H. M. S. Caroline packed C Battery ashore at the mouth of the Skeena, right in the virgin forest. Luckily this is the fine month in these parts, so every officer and man set boldly to work, and in the course of a few days a large piece of ground was cleared and numerous log houses had sprung up, carefully stuffed with moss and covered with tarpaulins. The equipment of the Battery is somewhat novel, being entirely on the miner principle, affording, in fact, the only possibility of working in such a country. The Provincial Government, seeing the necessity of a serviceable outfit, provided canvas clothing for all ranks, and then the reduction of weight was arranged by doing away with entire valises, belts and all. Each man's squad bag was rolled in coat and blanket, and the whole wrapped in his waterproof sheet, with the bed straps so fixed as to act as slings on the shoulders. The tin plates and cups fitted in each camp kettle and so the canteen was not required. Cartridge belts of canvas, carrying about 40 rounds, were worn round the waist, and thus the sword bayonet, useless for the woods, was left behind. The cleaning rods were replaced by a string. In this condition travelling through the woods became easy work, compared with a regulation marching order parade, even on the hard roads. At Port Essington, about two miles from the camp, is a village containing about 1,000 Indians, assembled from all parts to fish. Though well to do, they are most beastly in their habits, and the village is nothing more than a cess-pool for every description of filth and garbage. As usual, many of the whites about are a depraved lot. Such men are the cause of all the trouble that ever arises, as is often the case, in other places than the Skeena.

## TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

The academical year of the Toronto Conservatory of Music will open on Wednesday, 5th September next, and the directors of that institution have provided generously for the necessities of pupils, of whom 1,000 are expected to be in attendance in the course of the season. The array of teachers, including those for the piano, voice, organ, violin, orchestral and band instruments, public school music, church music and oratorio harmony, elocution and dramatic action, comprises a faculty of exceptional strength and rivaling those of the most famous schools of music in America. Mr. Edward Fisher, the musical director, has been in England during the summer holidays on important matters in connection with the Conservatory, and among others being the engagement of a noted violoncello virtuoso. The Toronto Conservatory of Music has been found, upon investigation, to possess every advantage claimed for it. Those of our readers desiring fuller information regarding the institution should send for a copy of its calendar, addressing Mr. Edward Fisher, director, Conservatory of Music, Toronto.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Martin Farquhar Tupper has just been celebrating his seventy-eighth birthday.

Mr. Rémi Tremblay is out with a new work of verse entitled *Coups d'Aile et Coups de Bec*.

Sir Daniel Wilson is enjoying a brief holiday at Camp-ton Village, among the White Mountains.

Dr. Clark Murray, of McGill, has broken into song in the last *Week*. The burden of his song is "The Voice of the Sea."

Theodore Tilton is often seen nowadays on the Champs Elysées, Paris. He much resembles Floquet, the prime minister of France.

"Barry Dane" is much on the wing, travelling for his company, but he has promised the readers of this paper something from his pen.

A late number of the *Saturday Review* contains a full and favourable account of "The Fall of New France," by Mr. Gerald E. Hart, of Montreal.

Mr. S. E. Dawson, the well-known publisher and author, is just back from a trip to Lake St. John, of which he writes a pleasant account in the *Star*.

John Hannay, author of the "History of Acadia," was lately on a visit from his new American home to his old haunts in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

"Adirondack Murray" has left Quebec for the present and gone to the more northerly parts of our western country, for the purpose of making a book projected by an American house.

A note by Mr. George Murray, M. A., from the flowering lanes of Ste. Sophie, informs the editor that he will return to town about the 1st September. And may he come renewed like the eagle.

From a private letter we learn that Mr. Charles Mair, the poet, has given up his "general store" at Prince Albert, on the Saskatchewan, and gone into the management of his landed property.

At the School Teachers' Convention, held last week in Toronto, very complimentary language was used in regard to Quebec schools, and even the propriety of a little imitation was mildly hinted.

"The Young Seigneur" is having a new push before the public, Mr. Drysdale having large notices at the chief book-sellers. The author thinks he has kept his name secret, but the key has been found.

Herbert Spencer is still in very poor health. He has been visiting Grant Allen at Dorking lately, and has been at work, though for only a short time each day, collecting material for his own biography.

Mrs. Stowe continues to receive \$1,500 a year royalties on "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She is reported to be losing health and strength rapidly, being now hardly able to walk out of doors. She is at Sag Harbour with her son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe.

The writer of the "Young Seigneur" tried to put the editor of this journal off the track. In the presentation copy he wrote his "envoy" in French, and the first conclusion certainly was that we had to do with an Ottawa civil servant, of French birth. We shall review his book in our next.

## TO WILFRID CHATEAUCLAIR.

I hail thee, patriot poet. Far above  
The mists where groping men take friends for foes,  
And hands that should give help are raised for blows,  
And rancour vile usurps the place of love,  
I see thee stand in thy full stature. Thine eyes rove  
From scene to scene of the wild throng, amused  
At monstrous folly, or at times suffused  
With pity for some hero soul that strove  
Vainly 'gainst evil. Turning then thy face  
Of generous hope to where beyond the strife  
Is peace, thou seest the glory of thy life.  
Full grown and strong, of that Canadian race,  
Daughter of God-like races, whose proud past  
Yields the ripe fruit of nationhood at last.  
Montreal.

JOHN READ.

## POINTS.

By ACUS.

In Jupiter with her four moons,  
What a place it must be for the spoons!  
What a place for diversions  
By moonlight excursions,  
In Jupiter, with her four moons.

In connection with the latest Boulanger *fiasco*, a recent despatch from Paris contains what seems to be a rather amusing paradox. After stating that Gen. Boulanger had escaped several bullets through the agility of M. Ratapan, who succeeded in turning the assailant's weapon aside, the account goes on to say that "M. Ratapan himself received a bullet in the back of the head, but the wound is not serious." What an overwhelmingly destructive implement of devastation that revolver must have been. It reminds us of the one that Mark Twain says he pleasantly fastened to his watch-chain, while he rolled up the cartridges in a postage stamp.

Excepting those slight and pretty cottages of fretwork and paint, this continent (as Matthew Arnold has gently broken to us) has not yet evolved a distinctive type of architecture. Of the various types of architecture, the Egyptian received its impulse from the cavern and the mound; the Chinese, from the tent; the Gothic from over-arching trees; the Greek, from the cabin. Hawthorne tells us that American architecture should be a refinement of the log-hut. Building, as in the case of the log-hut, arises first from the necessity of a roof to cover one's head; and then, from a subsequent leisure for enjoyment, arises ornamentation. Perhaps we have not emerged from the necessitous period sufficiently long to have yet fully entered into what may be called, in a modified sense, the luxurious period.

There has been a little controversy between an aristocratic congregation and a distinguished organist, over the question as to whether an occasional organ-recital is a desecration of the House of God. As to the merits or demerits of this particular case, I have nothing to say. But regarding the question as an abstract one, it is hard to see how any harm or desecration can emanate from so pure a message as that conveyed by musical sound. The unfortunate influence, it may be thought, proceeds not so much from the music itself as from its associations. But so far as it may be associated with words, it will be perceived that classical music is seldom so associated; and when it is, the words are usually the most sublime. Again, the cheerful sprightliness of certain passages seems to some, under the circumstances, to be indecorous. Upon a fine church-organ I once had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Frederick Archer render Weber's delightful and familiar *Invitation to a Valse*. To have moved physically at all would have disturbed me, but my soul was dancing. Just behind me I heard a voice,—“Humph! disgraceful, the idea of playing that in a church.” Do you know I very much doubt if the music of heaven will be confined exclusively to the Old Hundredth. To a soul that is brimming with gladness, how can music be too joyous?

When one of us visits the adjacent republic and mentally checks off (not without a trifle of entertainment) what he looks upon as Americanisms, it is perhaps not likely to occur to him that his friends may be wearing the shoe on the other foot and taking note of his Canadianisms. This, however, is sometimes the case. One of the most distinctive characteristics of our pronunciation is the careful attention we give to the letter R. In some parts of the United States this letter is more clearly sounded than in others; but in no part of that country does it receive the decided recognition given it here. It is sounded fairly well in the Western States; lightly glided over in the Eastern States; and in the Southern States ignored. And as we are from the Americans. On the other hand, if the Canadian is careful about his R, he is sometimes rather careless about his I. He speaks of “evil communications” and “civil law.” Again, while there is an English drawl and a Yan-

kee drawl, the Canadian has no drawl. Indeed, the abruptness of his pronunciation I have heard characterised as biting the ends of his words off. A fair American damsel, who had killed time with a number of Canadians at a summer resort, used to imitate what she said was a characteristic expression with them,—“just fancy!” And if the reader will listen very attentively to the conversation in the next drawing-room he visits he will probably find this corroborated; as I did.

One is usually considered to be up to the times, in so far as he is conversant with the current news and topics of the day. This being the case, I have sometimes been surprised to observe that to certain very intelligent persons news seems to be a matter of comparative indifference. In this connection I have noticed especially professors and clergymen, with whom some treatise or essay is hardly ever out of their hands; but in whose hands one hardly ever sees a newspaper. As to ordinary news, I suppose, its local limitations, the commonplace character of its subjects, and the evanescent nature of its interest, combine to render it of comparatively little moment to one whose eye, like Carlyle's, is fixed on the “eternities.”

## ON THE OTTAWA.

## IV.

## ON THE WAY BACK.

By twos and threes, at the landing places of each small village, our fellow-passengers have dropped off, till we arrive at Carillon, where, being barred from further progress, there is a general exodus. Here, in the fore-front of the winter traffic, the Dominion has justified the presence of the beaver on her escutcheon, and, emulating its labours, spans the river by an immense dam. A long string of empty barges, two abreast, are wending their leisurely way up stream, a puffing, panting little tug, which should be named “The Pancks,” being their cicerone. Even the gay shirts of the bargemen, hanging out to dry against the brown wood, became part of the beauty of the scene, in the happy light of such a morning as this.

On either side the banks rise steeply, thickly clothed with diversified foliage. Before us the cascade, with its smooth, glassy descent, and at its feet the seething, tossing snowdrifts of foam, dazzling in the strong sunshine. In the distance beyond, our clear northern atmosphere presents still fairer beauty, in the pale violet undulations of the Laurentian range. Purple, the colour of distant mountains; the colour in which the scenery of Palestine, with all its marvellous lore, was first presented to our childhood's eyes; the colour of the heavens, faintly suffused with rose, and touched with earth shadows. Mingled Truth and Love. The eye lingers on it with undisturbed content, and the soul feels the better prepared for that inevitable leap into the pure mysterious blue above.

When, at length, we come down to earth, the tiny emerald islets gemming the water, the long peaceful country roads, stretching in from the shore by farmhouse and cottage, lead us gently back to the life of every day. So, nature has turned us sentimental, and yet, I think, with Aurora Leigh, we are the better for it.

“’Tis scarcely that the world's more good and wise,  
Or even straighter and more consequent,  
Since yesterday at this time—yet, again,  
If but one angel spoke from Ararat,  
I should be very sorry not to hear.”

On the return much restless shuffling of feet and heavy stamping announced the embarking of a speechless, but by no means dumb, crew down below. On deck are passengers of much the same class as went up. (Talbot Robinson left the boat at Carillon, shook the dust from his foot and took the train for Grenville.) Here, by way of variety, is a Trappist father, his dark, sternly-disciplined features and comely form looking the grander and more melancholy for the seven heavy folds of his white serge garments. Chatting with the captain is an old priest in black, whose contour affords each of the many buttons on his cassock separate

and distinct prominence, just as the many points in some eminent speaker's discourse derive importance from the weight of their utterance, though they be insignificant and similar as peas in a pod. By the wheelhouse sits a student, on his return from holidays to the priests' college, his lanky figure clad in a long, brass-buttoned frock coat and girdled with a blue woollen sash. The brown sallowness of the face adorned by a long nose and wide prominent mouth, and ears that project on either side of his narrow head, like the handles of an Etruscan urn, are regarded by his mother and sister with fond pride. They seem almost grateful for a glance from the twinkling eyes beneath the hat peak. M. le Curé comes this way; he raises his flat silk hat in acknowledgment of a general salutation. As soon as he has passed well on to the boat's stern, and settles his comfortable rotundity with an air that shows such an amount of specific gravity shall not easily be moved, the student's sister flies to open a big trunk, and, on raising the lid, displays it choke full of bottles and confectionery, sufficient for a pick-me-up, and the student enjoys a fore-taste of the feast which is to gladden the dormitory and relieve the tedium of the first day or so of college discipline.

One grand triumph for missionary England—the disappearance of the jute braid. Formerly every French-Canadian matron, Medusa-like, carried a deadly coil of black snakes on her crown, but the simple twist, for which England claims credit, has recommended itself by the unusual combination of fashion with simplicity. In adopting this style, many of its exponents exhibit a large-minded superiority to straitness of means, and defy untoward circumstance by a coquettish bridling of heads, ornamented with a carefully executed knot, about the size of an electric button.

A huge May-fly has alighted on my coat-tails; a fellow-passenger twitches it off and pronounces it the father of all the shad-flies. An ugly looking beast he certainly is, about four inches long, with a thick mailed neck—a very column of strength—serrated feelers, and furnished with a pair of stout, overlapping claws, quite worth keeping. Several *habitants* cluster about to look at the insect, and one, taking pity on our futile attempts to imprison it within the narrow limits of an envelope, with many an exclamation of “Arrêtez donc! Stawp! Stawp!” as one might humour a captious pony, succeeds in poking him into durance vile. I do not care for so close a proximity as to confide it to my waistcoat pocket, so drop it into my umbrella, loosely closed. Ah, yes, my friend, I feel you. Every indignant quiver vibrates through the stick.

All the places we re-pass assume the pleasing familiar aspect of old acquaintance, and nothing is new till after we have passed the juncture of the St. Lawrence with the Ottawa. The striking difference between the colours of the two streams, running side by side, is, as always, a matter for comment, till we come to the rapids, whose swirling eddies have prepared our *voyageurs* for the navigation of the far distant Nile. As we plunge through the tumbling, boiling mass—a sea of whirlpools—you may feel the boat's timbers sway and tremble, and the frightened cattle below blend their loud cries with the roar of the water. See! There is a wreck, perched on the treacherous rocks, like a monument of warning, the ruddy waves lashing its sides and rushing through a great hole in its bottom. In places the water seems to flow with a weird sluggishness, as if gloating over some horror down below, curdling and congealing into thick ropes and curling mounds of glass, under some mysterious restraint, till, with an impetuous uncoiling, it suddenly bursts away, violently upflinging waves of unpent fury.

There is much running about from side to side on the boat, as it dips deeply from right to left, and the excitement does not cease till we reach plain sailing again and see, through the many buttresses of Victoria Bridge, the crowded wharves of the City of Montreal, under a cloud of dust and smoke.

Montreal.

K. A. C.



CASCADE MOUNTAIN, BANFF, ALBERTA.  
From a photograph by Notman.



MARRIAGE OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

From the painting by Carl Becker.  
Photograph supplied by Alex. S. Macrae & Son, Toronto, Directors for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

## VAUX DE VIRE.

The laughing lays  
That in those days  
Sang the poet Basselin.

—Longfellow.

In the most beautiful part of Normandy lies, amid the bocages and the vines, the picturesque little town of Vire, where two twin glens meet, as the angle of the letter V, and in each of which runs, leaps and sparkles a stream—in the one the Vire; in the other the Varenne. These twin valleys are the Vaux de Vire. Wooded banks shut in the vales. Orchards and vineyards climb up the slopes. Dominating the town, over the tops of feathery trees, is the one remaining tower of a castle that was once a stronghold of the English in Normandy. Along the embouchements of the twin rivers are numerous small factories of unimportant goods and fabrics, that have been operated in a small way in the same places for at least five centuries. It is not, however, for its picturesque beauties or its modest industrial products that we refer to the pretty town of Vire, but to its higher claim in literature as the holy place of French convivial song. The songs took the name of the locality and are called "Vaudevire."

The *raison d'être* of the merry Norman chants that have given Vire a name in literature was a pleasant and praiseworthy one. It was the custom, among the Normans of the bocages, to while away the time at their social gatherings with song. If the art of the improvisatore was unknown, there were rustic bards who poured forth ditties, more or less crude. What more natural than that grapes and apples, the special product of the district, should be a prominent theme of the lays, second only to the warmer subject of love. The love-plaints have died out; the drinking lays remain.

At the time when Charles VI. of France was King, about 1420-50, there dwelt a jolly miller in the town of Vire, or rather on the River Vire, near the town, where his house, as also remains said to be those of his falling mill, are to be seen to this day. Here, as the burly man of the mill, Olivier Basselin, filled his cloth and became thirsty with the flying shoddy, he carolled gay songs of his own composition, and all in praise of something to drink. They were rude, but joyous. They became the poetry of the bocage, familiar to every good fellow. Until recently all the extant songs of the Vire were attributed to Basselin, but it is now found that the greater number were written by Jean le Houx, a notary of the town, who had fair success in his profession, yet detested it. It is difficult now to say which of the songs were Basselin's, or which have been retouched by le Houx. Both men knew good wine and both were alike willing and able to attune the lyre in its praise.

In this Victorian age, when so many respectable members of the community would fain prohibit their neighbours from indulging in the social draught, it may not be approved to bring again into notice the festive lays of this brace of bacchanals. But both Olivier and le Houx were sober men, according to their lights. The latter expressly disclaims having been a sot when he wrote his songs:

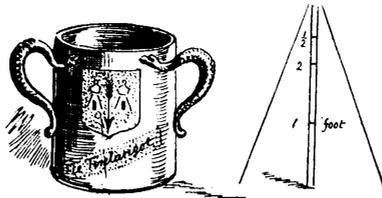
J'ay, sans estre benuer,  
F'ait pour moy ces chausons.

In absence of any authentic portrait, we supply an idea of the musical miller, with his "fair nose that had cost many pipes of white wine and claret."



Combien de riches gens  
N'ont pas si riche nez ?

Also a representation of the "tirlarigot," which figures as a catchword or chorus in some of the songs, and is supposed to have reference to an immense mythical flagon, so named from the hugeness of the drinks of the ringers of the great bell given by Bishop Rigault to the Cathedral of Rouen: "Boire-à-tire-la-Rigault—tire-la-Rigault—'tirlarigot.'"



Est vuide le pot,—  
Tirlarigot !

A lawyer of the present day, who would spend his earnings in a wineshop, singing roysterous songs, would soon find himself without clients. Not so in earlier times. Even yet, in the more bucolic districts of England, informal clubs may be found where the minor men of law and the inferior officials of the place meet nightly to quaff moderate ales and smoke long churchwarden pipes over the gossip of the day, in all respectability. Hence it was that the miller of Vire had very good company to join him in his harmless symposia, and that the notary, at a later day, did not find himself derogated by a like custom.

In a side street of Vire, in an old house, with half-tower gable and steep roof, le Houx lived and carried on a reputable legal business. It chanced that, in his earlier days, he was a smart, good-looking man, with a thin moustache, turned up at the ends, a short, peaked beard, a tremendous head of hair, combed back in rolls, large eyes, small mouth, and nose of the pattern of Francis the First's—that is to say, large and prominent. Judging from the complicated dash at the end of his signature, he must have been of high-strung, nervous temperament.



We can see him now, precisely as the clock on the *tour de horologe* struck the hour for closing his office, put on his laced coat with the lapels, his huge triangular linen collar, that reached nearly to the crown of his head, his sword, and funny little cocked hat, and take his way along the high street of Vire. Stopping at the door of a timber and *pisé* house, he raps with his cane, and out comes to him Farin Dugast, who dresses after the fashion of his friend, the notary. Together they proceed to the lodgings of Jean Porée, and the three saunter in the direction of the wineshop that was glorified as the once haunt, or "houf," of the *ci-devant* Olivier.



Tous les sept sages Gregeois  
Beuuoient bien chacun deux fois ;  
Nous en boirons doncq bien trois.

La Guessette, the maid, in her wooden shoes, receives them with effusion and introduces them to the particular bench where the burly Basselin was wont to sit. De Courval, le Pelletier, le Soucier and the rest drop in. La Guessette hastens to put "pears and chestnuts to roast on the hearth-stone," and the symposium begins.

Perhaps in taking the edge off their thirst with a glass of cool cider, as a whet to the wine, they would hilariously burst into the following song :



Choisis les potz !

DE NOUS SE RID LE FRANÇOIS.

The Frenchmen at us Normans laugh,  
But howso'er that case may be,  
Their best wine is not worth one-half  
Of the cider of Normandie.—  
Flow, flow, trickle, slide !  
It does much good to one's inside.

Your excellence, O cider brave !  
Makes me to taste thee now full fain ;  
But this I of thy bounty crave,  
Pray do not muddle quite my brain.—  
Flow, flow, trickle, slide !  
It does much good to one's inside.

I do not lose my little wits  
When in thy drink myself I souze,  
Nor break out in rude anger fits,  
Nor rage and storm about the house.—  
Flow, flow, trickle, slide !  
It does much good to one's inside.

What, then ! has all the cider gone ?  
Is not there left one little drop ?  
Well, I have been revenged upon  
My craving thirst, so I must stop.—  
Flow, flow, trickle, slide !  
Thou hast done good to my inside !

Now come in the wine-flasks, and as the good fellows seat themselves around the board, the song becomes more anaerotic :



BON VIEIL DROLLE ANACREON.

That droll old soul, Anacreon !  
To him the fame belongs  
Of having—good companion !—  
Composed good drinking songs.  
For love of him, my friend,  
Let us this tippie swill,  
And this good draught, the more to mend,  
We'll trill a trilling trill.

Yes, let us, in his memory,  
Each sing a vaudevire,—  
And so get rid of ennui—  
And I will lead you here :  
My heart can seldom laugh,  
When 'tis athirst and dry,  
'Tis martyr-suffering not to quaff  
Good wine—then wherefore die ?

When sunny are the grapes  
And ripe the vintage glows,  
To neighbours' homes we traipse  
To chat about *quelques choses* :  
Dumps into gladness change,  
Griefs into mirth sublime,  
As round the cups we range  
And have a rare good time !

Neighbour, drink fair and square—  
Pray do not fall behind ;  
Here's to thee, friend, and I drink fair  
To all thy womankind !  
And now take watch, my son,  
How much my drink's profunder,  
And when this vaudevire is done  
We'll have an all-grounder !

In their most plunging moods the jolly toppers  
keep up the cry of sobriety :

*PLUSIEURS EN SE SCANDALISANT.*

Some unco' good folks scandalise  
Our chansons of the Vaux de Vire,  
And secretly each caitiff tries  
To bring disgrace on our good cheer,  
And whisper in the public ear  
That these poor songs are meant to teach  
Debauchery and such like gear—  
They have no grounds to so impeach!

Although a vaudeville is sung,  
No guest is e'er compelled to drink ;  
If he don't feel his throat high-strung,  
Then let him pass with just a wink.  
Should water drinkers squirm and blink  
At wine when the wine-song goes round,  
Then let him have a pail or sink  
Of water pure to keep him sound.

When we in our gay drinking-songs  
Admonish fair to drain the pan,  
We understand what well belongs  
To the weak head of the other man ;  
Let each drink fairly if he can,  
If not, content we if he sips,  
On such we put no veto ban,  
Nor countermand his water dips.

The author of these table hymns  
Writes not to make men vinous mad,  
But pens lines when depression dims  
His life, and soul in gloom is clad,  
In solitude when he is sad ;  
In very truth he seeks not fame,—  
He never dreamed 'twas to be had,—  
So, sirs, don't call him drunkard's name!

In their cups, and even when the English were  
beating at the gates of Vire, the club companions  
did not forget the father of the vaux-de-vires :

*SI NOZ MALHEURS BIEN TOST NE PRENNENT FIN.*

If our misfortunes do not end full soon,  
Those sad despairs that France's welfare blot,  
I fear, O Basselin ! my precious loon,  
That even thou may'st come to be forgot.

Ah ! Basselin, what jolly times you had  
Making your gay songs of the Vaux de Vire ;  
But gone the memory of each lively lad  
Who gaily sang them in his pleasant cheer.

But, go ahead !—Olivier Basselin,  
Full glass we empty to thy memory stout ;  
And, as we find so excellent the bin,  
Turn little fingers up and drink it out !

As happens, sooner or later, to most persons  
who spend too much time in chanting vaux de-  
vire, honest Basselin fell into pecuniary difficul-  
ties. One Raoul Basselin—who may have been a  
prohibitionist relative—seized his goods and  
locked him up.

Raoul Basselin fit mettre en curatelle  
Honteusement le bonhomme Olivier,

as we learn from the Polinière manuscript. In  
le Houx's time the mills on the twin rivers had  
been destroyed in war, which gives occasion for a  
not very sorrowful elegy :

*L'OVANT EN CES VALONS VIROIS.*

Seeing these vales no longer gay,  
And all those ruined fulling mills,  
Where first were heard our drinking-trills,—  
Remembering them I sadly say :  
O vales ! where are those fulling mills  
Where first were made our drinking-trills !

The traffic of our good forbears  
Was formerly in drapperie,  
And the good miller Basselin he  
Lived with them chief among his peers :  
O vales ! etc.

Upon this river, clear as glass,  
Was full'd cloth in the fulling mills,  
And there men drank in joyous gills  
Cider worth more than hypocras.  
O vales ! etc.

Olivier wrote these drinking lays,  
The which we call the vaux-de-vire,  
And sang them with intent to cheer  
Our fathers in a thousand ways.  
O vales ! etc.

Ah, well, the good old time is past,  
An end of all things comes anon ;  
Ho, drink ! that down my throat has gone,  
Blessed be thou from first to last !  
O vales ! where are those fulling mills  
Where first were made our drinking trills !



HOUSE OF BASSELIN ON THE VIRE.

Où sont ces moulins, ô valons ?

A longing for "the good old times" is always  
with us. Even in the days of le Houx there was  
an aspiration after the earlier convivialities of the  
miller of Vire :

*LE TEMPS JADIS, ON SE SOULOIT ESBATTRE.*

In former days, the Virois' golden age  
When winter, with its ice and snow, came down,  
Around a blazing fire the neighbours sage  
In threes and fours would tell the news of town,  
And would with Virois' songs their gossip crown,  
With stingsless mirth, gay chatting at their ease ;  
Or o'er the ruddy pears and toasted cheese  
Enjoyed themselves, or if some drink was needed,  
To wake the merry ones to further please,  
They all took care that none of them exceeded.

The good old times are gone. I pray them back !  
Pelf only brings anxiety and fear,  
We need it not for happiness. Alack !  
Why should we damn ourselves for money here ?  
With restfulness and sweet contentment's cheer  
Let us use well the goods the gods provide,  
It needs not that we should good wine deride  
Nor death precipitate by water-drinking,  
Our sires have taught us to let troubles slide  
And wise is he of the same way of thinking.

Some of the gay songs are not without a touch  
of high poetic feeling :

*ROSSIGNOLET MUSICIEN.*

Sweet-throated nightingale  
When thou didn't the morn all hail !  
In the spring thou singest well ;  
But, if I were singing bird,  
By good claret softly stirred,  
I would sing a sweeter spell.

True it is that I incline  
Not to wake till hour of nine,  
Nor so very soon to sing,  
But if I had a morning sleep,  
And good wine my throat to steep,  
My song would be a better thing.

If I had some morning wine,  
My early hours I'd make like thine,  
And let my beauty-sleep go fail !  
If a mild eye-opener bid  
Me wake up and ope my lid,  
I'd wake with thee, sweet nightingale.

Both Basselin and le Houx lived in troublous  
times. There were always troublous times in  
those days. Many allusions to the surrounding  
wars and fights of the times are found in the  
songs. On more than one occasion the citizens  
were ordered to the walls or to the field. Vire  
was repeatedly taken and plundered. In these  
hard lines our gay friends were reduced to thin  
potations, which they pathetically lament. A  
stirring "call to arms" invites the Virois to bring  
their courage up to the sticking point by drinking  
all the wine they can lay hands on, and as to  
cider, to leave the casks so dry that there shall be  
never a drop for the plunderers when they sack  
the city.

Le Houx was twice married. We are not told  
what either of the wives thought of those fits of  
ennuie, that could only be dispelled by visits to  
his club. Let us hope this couplet did not apply  
to either

Ma femme au logis gronde,  
Ne cessant de crier.

The poet-notary does not seem to have been  
of an amorous turn. In one song he speaks  
somewhat vaguely of a certain Maddalene

All in a garden trellised with shade,  
Beneath a green sycamore laid,

resting by a fountain, among thyme and marjo-  
laine, but the idyl is spoiled by the fair one dis-  
covering that he was in a state of intoxication and  
ordering him off. Probably this is why he states  
in another canticle that

*Women are no good,*

Femmes ne sont plus telles  
Qu'elles estoient jadis.  
Ceux qui se passent d'elles  
Font bien, a mon aduis.

Innocent as these anacreontic lays were, they  
fell under the displeasure of the clergy, reforming  
and unreformed. Views of the gloomiest eman-  
ated from Geneva, and the insensate bigotry that  
a few years before caused Marot to leave off writ-  
ing courtly rhymes to verify David's psalms, was  
rampant. Yet the singer of Vire sang on. Later  
in life le Houx gave of his substance and made it  
right with the church. Like most poets, he came  
to regret the effusions of his youth, and has in-  
dited a sonnet wishing he had never written them.

As the poet has himself said, the good Virois  
times are over and gone. Olivier fell bravely  
fighting against the enemies of his country at  
Formigny, in 1450, where 3,700 English were  
slain. (The date formerly assigned to his death,  
1418-9, is considered inaccurate.) Le Houx  
lived out his span of threescore and ten, dying in  
1616, and is buried in the Church of Notre Dame  
at Vire, leaving for an epitaph an elegy by his  
friend de Courval, who says he had a hundred  
perfections, was an avocat like Cicero, an artist  
like Apelles, and a very learned poet ; moreover,  
that he had a mind extremely pious—glory enough  
for one man. Let all good toppers weep and yet  
be comforted, for he himself wrote an epitaph for  
himself, which moves us by its simplicity no less  
than its truth. *Après ma mort, faut sur ma  
tombe écrire :*

*"Cy gist qui a bien aymé le piot,  
C'est grand dommage aux taverniers de Vire."*

Here lies one who was very fond of wine,  
And who will be much missed by the tavern keepers of Vire.

To the scholars these genial lays of the bocages  
are known, but even the general reader might find  
pleasure in making acquaintance with the wine  
songs of the Vaux de Vire.

HUNTER DUVAR.

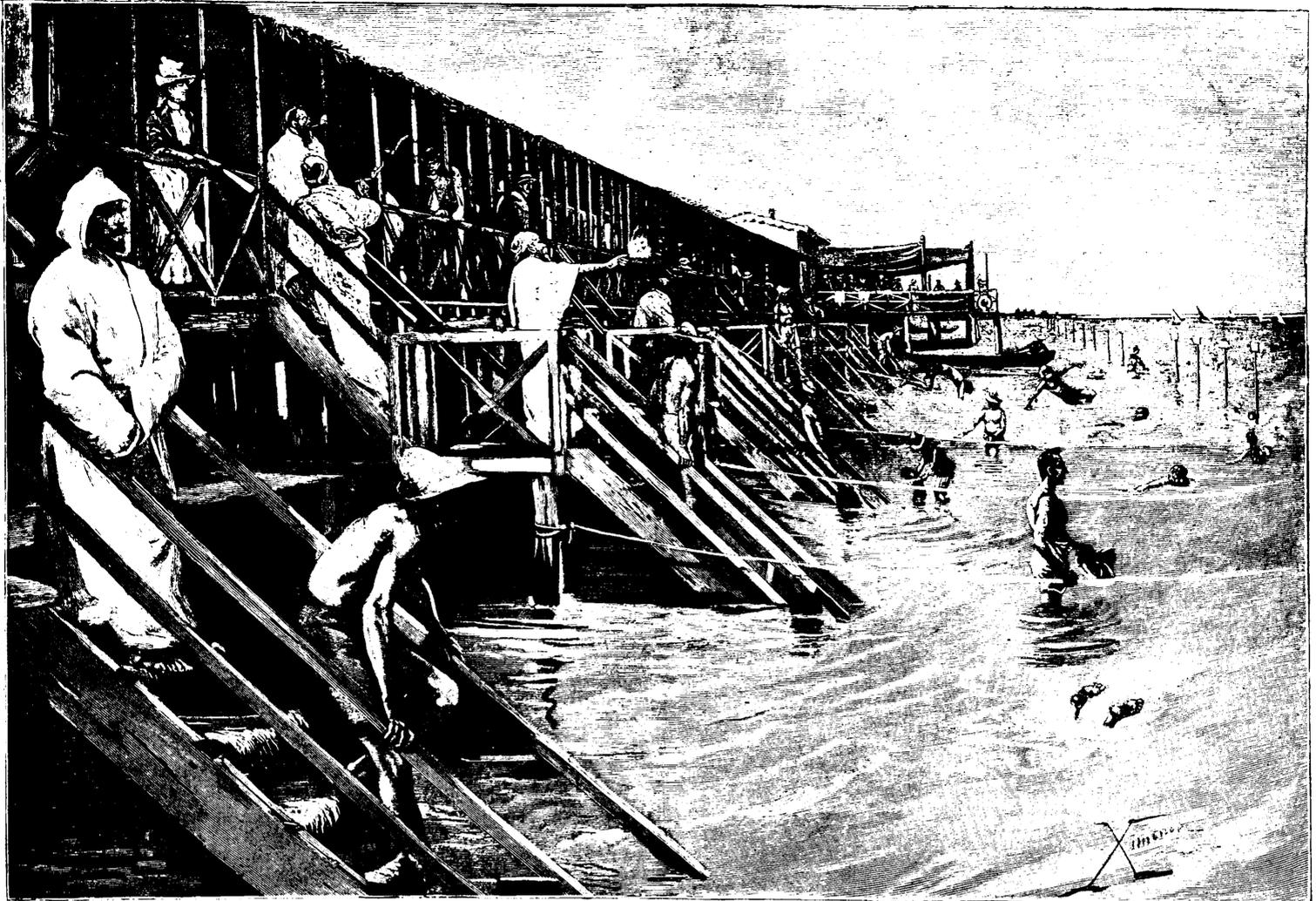
Hernewood, Alberton, P. E. I.

**JANE McRAE.**

In "Tory and Spy," published in the DOMINION  
ILLUSTRATED of the 18th inst., a version of the  
story of Jane McRae's death is given, which  
differs materially from the one which I heard  
when a child, from my grandparents, both of whom  
were U. E. loyalists. The tale, as told by them,  
is that Miss McRae was betrothed to an officer,  
who was with Gen. Burgoyne's army on its ad-  
vance towards the Hudson in 1777. The officer  
sent a party of Indians to escort her from the  
vicinity of Fort Edward to the British camp, near  
the head of Lake George. The Indians, not hav-  
ing returned at the time expected, he sent another  
party to look for them. The second party of In-  
dians met the first, with Miss McRae, not far from  
Fort Edward. A quarrel arose between the two  
parties, each of whom claimed the right to take  
charge of the young lady and get the reward  
promised for bringing her safely to the camp.  
The dispute ran high and was settled by one of  
the chiefs tomahawking her and taking her scalp  
to her lover.

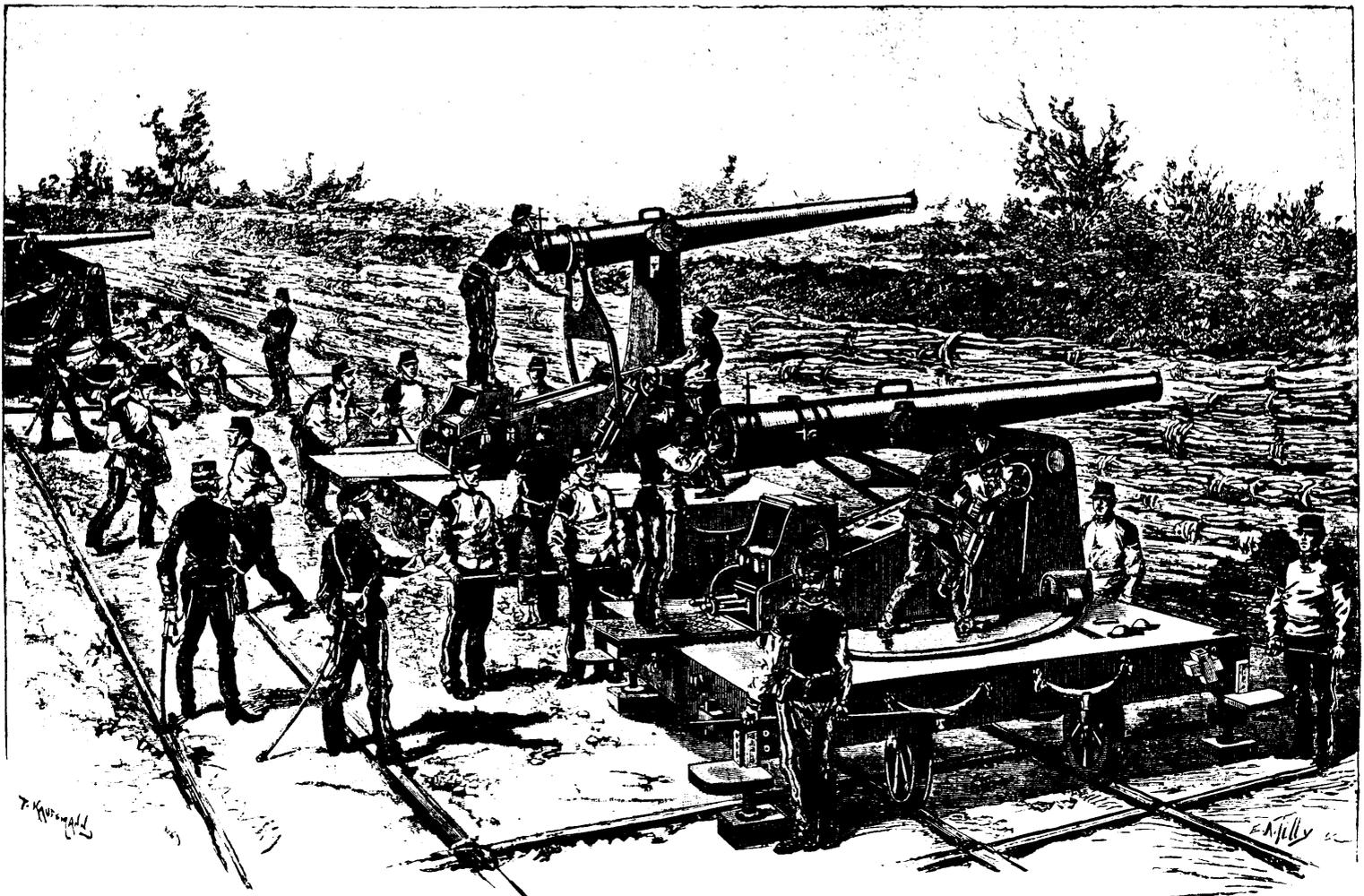
Sabine, in his "Biography of the American  
Loyalists," pp. 448-405, gives the name as  
*McCrae*. He states that she was the daughter of  
the Rev. James McCrae, of New Jersey ; that she  
was engaged to be married to David Jones, a cap-  
tain in the British service, and that her cruel death,  
in 1777, by the Indians whom he sent to convey  
her to the British camp, is universally known and  
lamented.

August 22nd, 1888.



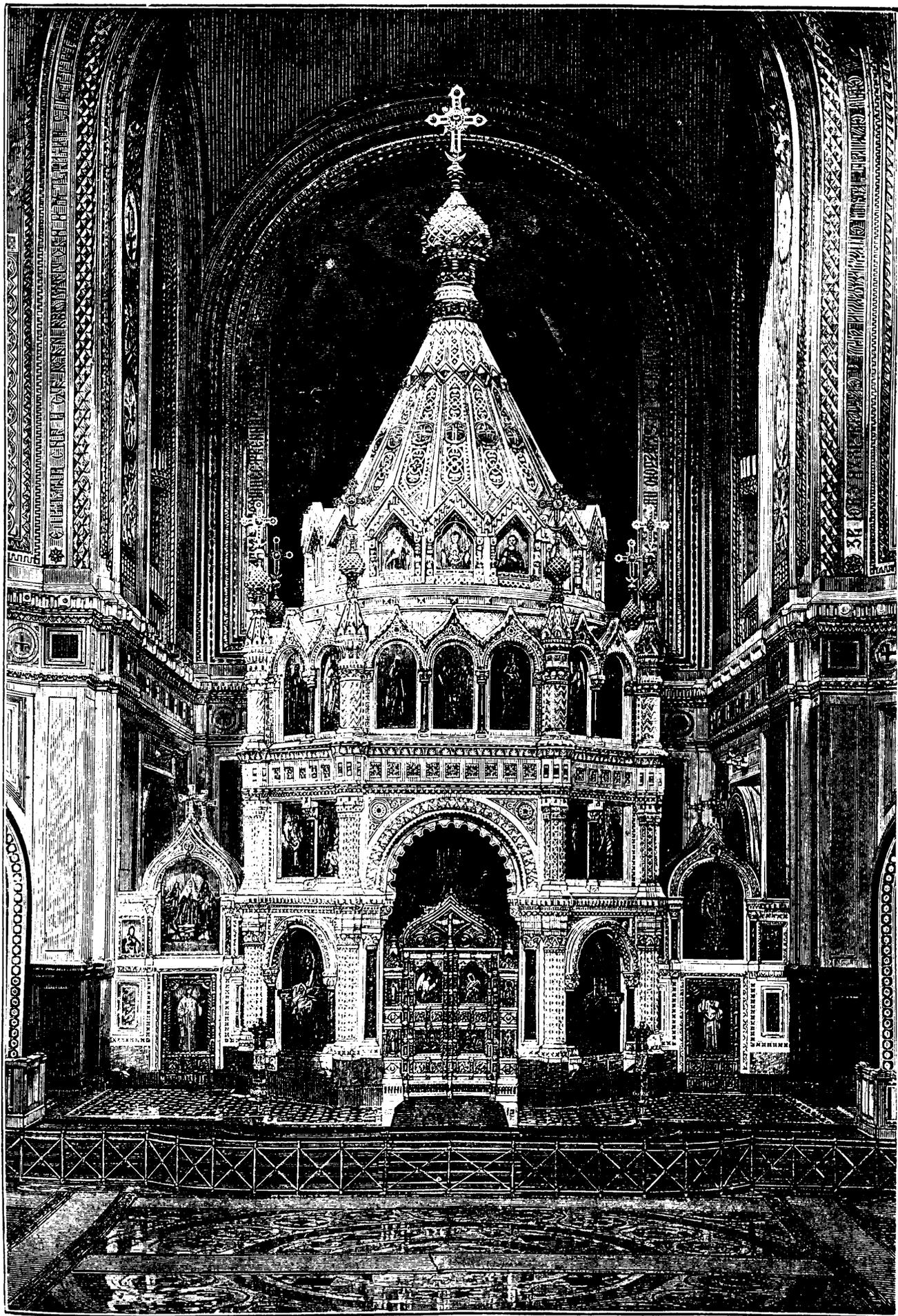
VENICE.—BATHING AT THE LIDO.

From *L'Illustrazione*, Milan.



PARIS.—NEW MOVEABLE BATTERIES FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE FORTS.

From *L'Illustration*, Paris.



HIGH ALTAR OF THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, Moscow.

From *The Niva*, St. Petersburg.



The first locomotive ever built in Cape Breton has just been completed at Sydney Mines.

The value of exports from Canada for the twelve months ending June 30th was \$77,612,552.

The Newfoundland delegates, appointed to discuss the terms of Confederation, will arrive in Ottawa on September 10th.

The Hudson's Bay steamer on the Athabasca river has made a successful trial trip. This is the last link in a long chain giving steam navigation into the Arctic circle.

Six new postal cars for service between Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver are being built by the C. P. R. These are being provided with the latest improvements and will be very complete.

Negotiations have been completed by the Fruit-Growers' Association of Ontario for shipment to Montreal of about 800,000 barrels of apples. These will come from the Niagara district and the west during the autumn.

The engineer of the Northern Light has been instructed by the Marine Department to proceed to Glasgow, where the new steamer for service between Prince Edward Island and the mainland is being built, and oversee the construction of the engines.

The demand for labour is so increasing in Winnipeg that the Canadian Pacific Railway employment agent has had to send to Montreal for five hundred men last week. Five hundred Icelanders recently arrived; all found work within two days of their arrival.

The directors of the St. John, N.B., Dry Dock Company are considering the construction of a graving dock on the west side of the harbour. It is said that, with the exception of the Esquimalt dock, there is no other dock available for vessels all the year round.

Annapolis and Wolfville, in the valley of Annapolis, N.S., are preparing for water-works, following their neighbours, Bridgetown and Kentville. These Nova Scotia towns all seem to have abundant supplies of good water near by, and the cost of laying it down seems small.

The steamship Oxenholme lately had on board the largest number of sheep ever conveyed to Canada by one vessel. The consignment consisted of 850 head of Shropshire and Southdown sheep. Large purchases of the former are being made in England for Ontario and the North-West.

Twenty years ago the export of apples from Canada to Great Britain amounted to only \$44,406; in 1872 it had reached \$139,687; in 1882 it was \$372,582; in 1886, \$410,898; and last year it attained a value of \$649,182. It is satisfactory to note that the trade was a profitable one to all concerned.

The C.P.R. Company are making preparations for the handling of the surplus Manitoba grain this autumn and winter. Besides the Thunder Bay elevator of 1,250,000 bushels capacity, another elevator is in course of construction, with storage room for 1,400,000 bushels. This will be the largest on the continent. About 200,000 bushels can be handled weekly; ten miles of new sidings are being put in at Fort William.

### MILITIA NEWS.

There is no intention of increasing the number of the militia this year.

Lieut.-Colonel Holmes, D. A. G., was the commandant of the Skeena expedition.

The late Judge Coursol, M.P., was the son of Captain Michel Coursol, of the De Meuron regiment.

H.M.S. Caroline, which transported the Skeena troops to Port Essington, is the flagship of Sir William Dawson, Bart.

Major James Peters, commander of the C. Battery, of the late Skeena expedition, makes good use of his drawing pencil.

Lieut.-Col. Ouimet, Speaker of the House of Commons, will soon hand in his resignation as commander of the 65th Battalion.

It is understood that Lieut.-Col. White has consented to retain, for a short time longer, the command of the 43rd Battalion.

The late Major de Montenach, seigneur of Isle aux Cerfs, in the Richelieu, was the descendant of a De Meuron officer.

The B. C. Rifle Association held its fifteenth annual prize meeting, during the three first days of August, at the range near Victoria.

Captain McMicking, of the 44th, took second place at Wimbledon in a revolver competition, making 28 out of 36, and winning £2.

The D'Orsonnens are offshoots of the De Meurons who came to this country, on garrison duty, after Waterloo. A grandson commands the Royal Infantry School at St. Johns.

Canadian ammunition is to the fore. It is pronounced superior to English by actual test. Not more than one grain variation in the powder charge is found, while four grains are allowed in the British.

### BAY OF CHALEURS.

Considerable attention has been drawn to the Baie des Chaleurs, a district which, until quite recently, has been almost unknown. The building of the Intercolonial gave facilities for reaching the various points on the south shore of the bay, but hitherto there has been no easy mode of reaching the places situated on the northern shore. The general impression in the country has always been that large quantities of codfish and herrings were caught along the shores of the bay, and that the population of the district were entirely dependent upon the fisheries for a livelihood. It seems that the prevailing ideas respecting the eastern part of the Dominion were no more correct than those which were generally entertained some years ago about the Northwest. Instead of being a barren country and an insupportable climate, the counties of Gaspé and Bonaventure have a rich soil and a climate in every way desirable and favourable for all kinds of industries. Over one half of the population are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and many of the townships along the northern side of the Baie des Chaleurs will compare favourably with the most favoured parts of the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. The Baie des Chaleurs Railway, now in the course of construction, when completed will give railway facilities to the whole of this section of the country, as it will extend from Metapedia, on the River Restigouche, to Gaspé, at the extreme end of the province of Quebec, the distance being about 180 miles. Of this forty miles are at present completed, and twenty more will be finished this autumn. The line is in some respects a difficult one to build; as it crosses a large number of rivers, which necessitates a number of costly bridges. The federal and local Governments, realizing the importance of the line and the great advantages to be gained by opening up this large district, have given liberal assistance toward the construction of the road. The Hon. T. Robitaille, late lieutenant-governor of the province, is the president of the railway company, and it is receiving generous support from many influential quarters. Mr. Robitaille has been untiring in his efforts for the last 20 years to obtain railway facilities in this section of the country, and deserves a great deal of credit for the persistence with which he has persevered in his attempts in spite of many obstacles which have been placed in his way. Apart from the benefits which the people of the locality will derive from the railway, the whole of the Dominion is interested in the early completion of the line, as a great saving of time will be effected by the landing of the European mails at Gaspé instead of Rimouski. The saving to be thus attained in the province of Quebec and all western points will be about 10 hours, while to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia such a change would mean a saving of double that time. Passengers will also save fully a day on the steamer by embarking at Gaspé instead of at Quebec.

The rivers of Gaspé are celebrated for their fish, and the construction of the railway will enable sportsmen to reach these rivers with speed and comfort. About 60 miles from Metapedia the line crosses the Cascapedia, the favourite fishing grounds of the different Governors-General of Canada, and which is generally thought to be the best salmon river in the Dominion. The Escuminac and Nouvelle rivers, which are also crossed by the line, are famous for their trout. The district is also plentifully supplied with game of all descriptions.

The population consists of about one-third English speaking and two-thirds French speaking inhabitants.

The scenery all along the bay is of the most charming description. There are high mountains rising in the background and beautiful bays, islands and headlands all along the coast. The climate is much more temperate than in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the protecting mountains acting as an impenetrable shield against the cold blasts of the north winds. The temperature of the water is also much higher than in the Gulf. As the name indicates, Jacques Cartier baptized the bay, in consequence of the fact that he found the waters of the bay much warmer than in the Gulf, which he had just left.

At present there is very little hotel accommoda-

tion on the north side of the bay, but a company is being organized to build a large hotel at Carleton, and others are also spoken of at different points along the coast. At Dalhousie, on the New Brunswick side, a large hotel was erected some years ago, and, as the Inch Arran hotel, it has already attained a most favourable reputation and has been overflowing with guests all this season.

### WOMEN AND ROSES.

What a delightful harmony there is between women and roses! Ever since the beginning of the world the two have been associated by poets and lovers. We are told that all roses were once white, and Herrick accounts for some being turned into red, thus:

'Tis said, as Cupid danced among the gods, he down the nectar flung,  
Which on the white rose being shed, made it for ever after red.

Since the Garden of Eden could not have been perfect without roses, it would be a pretty idea to think that this change took place at the time of the creation of Eve, for the origin of a woman's blush is associated with a damask rose. This is the beautiful origin: When Adam awoke from the deep sleep into which he had fallen, and found a woman—pure and white from the hand of God—reclining by his side, his pleasure was so great that he plucked a damask rose and crushed it on her cheek. This may be one reason why the red rose is the poet's favourite. Shelly is in love with the "depth of her glowing breast." Leigh Hunt says:

Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath,  
Took a shape in roses.

Another speaks of it as

Coy, with a crimson blush.

And Moore, in one of his melodies, sings:

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower,  
Had two blush roses, of birth divine;  
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,  
But bathed the other with mantling wine.

Soon did the buds, that drank of the floods  
Distilled by the rainbow, decline and fade;  
While those which the tide of ruby had dyed  
All blushed into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!

Was there ever a lover who never sent roses to his lady-love with some pretty compliment, comparing them with the tint of her lips or cheek? If so, he is not worthy of the name.

The emblem of the House of York was a white rose, and that of Lancaster a red rose. There is a pretty story that the Duke of Clarence, a Yorkist, became enamoured of the Lady Eliza Beauchamp, a Lancastrian, and sent her a white rose, and with it a right princely and poetical compliment, which was versified in the following manner:

If this pale rose offend your sight,  
It in your bosom wear;  
'Twill blush to find itself less white  
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lips it spy—  
To kiss it should'st thou deign—  
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,  
And Yorkist turn again.

Neither is the rosebud ignored by the poets. It is to the rose what a young girl is to womanhood, in the perfection of its charms. Burns made use of it as the emblem of a favourite young lady in a poetical address to "dear little Jessie," whose father was a master in the Edinburgh High School. He says:

Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay, blooming in the early  
May,  
Never may'st thou, lovely flower, chilly shrink at sleety  
shower,  
May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem, richly deck thy native  
stem.

Tennyson calls Maud a

Queen of the rosebud garden of girls.

And again he says:

A rosebud, set with little wilful thorns,  
And sweet as English air could make her, she.

Even the thorns do not detract from the beauty and perfume of the rose; neither do little imperfections mar a woman's beauty or character, for

He is all fault that has no fault at all.

None pluck the rose who do not sharpest thorns discover;  
And rarely love is found but keenly wounds the lover.

And none, despite the rose's thorns, could bear to lose it.  
Ah! Love may wound the eager heart, but still we choose it.

Windsor, N.S.

HATTIE McLELLAN.



## Personal.

Rev. Abbé Lacombe, O. M. I., is seriously indisposed at Calgary.

Sir Wm. and Lady Hoste, England, are travelling in Canada.

Lord Stanley has left Quebec on a trip to the Lake St. John district.

Mr. Seth Green, the well-known fish-culturist, died at his home in Rochester last week.

Sir Edgar Vincent, financial adviser to the Khedive of Egypt, is on a voyage to this country.

The Queen Dowager and Regent of Spain has just celebrated her thirtieth birthday anniversary.

Sir William Dawson was recently injured by a slight accident at Little Metis. He is recovering rapidly.

James R. DeWolfe, a well known Liverpool merchant and shipowner, is dead. He was 65 years of age, and born in Kentville, N.S.

Mr. O. R. Jacobi, the well-known Montreal artist, recently celebrated his golden wedding at Ardoch, Dakota, where several of his family reside.

President Cleveland said to a friend the other day that one-half of his time is "taken up in listening to applications for office, while the other is consumed in listening to lies."

Mr. J. W. Nobles, of Penobscus, lately received a postal card from his brother-in-law, Mr. A. B. Foster, of the finance department, Ottawa, containing 1,614 words plainly written and easily read.

Mr. Meloche, artist, of Montreal, has just secured a contract from the Rev. Mr. Aubry, P.P., of St. John's, P.Q., amounting to \$8,000, for the interior decoration of the church of that beautiful town on the Richelieu.

Mr. Philippe Hébert, now in Paris, has completed the plaster model of the bust of Sir George Cartier, which will be placed on the tomb in Côte des Neiges Cemetery. The resemblance is perfect, the features full of the force and life characteristic of Sir George. Mr. Hébert has also completed a medallion of Mademoiselle Josephine Cartier, eldest daughter of Sir George, who died recently at Cannes, and which will be placed upon her monument. Mr. Hébert has also made a sketch full of vigour and poetry of a group of Indians designed for the Parliament House, Ottawa.

## QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

## IX. (Concluded.)

## THE TRIOLET.

The first group of Triolets have pleased so much, that we are induced to give a few more. We shall make no comments, but simply name the authors and the titles. One of the best hands, W. E. Henley, tries to wrestle with the Triolet:—

Easy is the Triolet,  
If you really learn to make it!  
Once a neat refrain you get,  
As you see, I pay my debt  
With another rhyme. Deuce take it,  
Easy is the Triolet,  
If you really learn to make it!

The following contains a double-barrelled compliment—to two Lucilles. It is from the pen of Walter Learned:—

Out from the leaves of my "Lucille"  
Falls a faded violet.  
Sweet and faint as its fragrance, steal  
Out from the leaves of my "Lucille"  
Tender memories, and I feel  
A sense of longing and regret.  
Out from the leaves of my "Lucille"  
Falls a faded violet.

This serenade is by George Macdonald:—

Why is the moon  
Awake when thou sleepest?  
To the nightingale's tune  
Why is the moon  
Making a noon  
When night is the deepest?  
Why is the moon  
Awake when thou sleepest?

This "Leçon de Chant," by Theodore de Banville, is much thought of by the French guild:—

Moi je regardai ce cou-là,  
Maintenant chantez, me dit Paule.  
Avec des mines d'Attila  
Moi, je regardais ce cou-là.  
Puis, un peu de temps s'écoula....  
Moi, je regardais ce cou-là;  
Maintenant chantez, me dit Paule.

The reader may not agree that "Rejected" is a naughty Triolet, and will therefore read it with pleasure, as taken from the *Century*:—

You've spoken of love,  
And I've answered with laughter;  
You've kissed—my kid glove.  
You've spoken of love.  
Why! powers above,  
Is there more to come after?  
You've spoken of love  
And I've answered with laughter.

Her lips were so near  
That—what else could I do?  
You'll be angry, I fear,  
Her lips were so near.  
Well, I can't make it clear  
Or explain it to you.  
Her lips were so near  
That—what else could I do?

We shall close, as this is still the season of outings and excursions, with J. Ashby Sterry's "Tiny Trip":—

## THE BILL OF LADING.

She was cargo and crew,  
She was boatswain and skipper,  
She was passenger, too,  
Of the *Nutshell* canoe;  
And the eyes were so blue  
Of this sweet, tiny tripper!  
She was cargo and crew,  
She was boatswain and skipper.

## THE PILOT.

How I bawled "Ship, ahoy!"  
Hard by Madmenham Ferry!  
And she answered with joy,  
She moved like a convoy,  
And would love to employ  
A bold pilot so merry.  
How I bawled "Ship, ahoy!"  
Hard by Madmenham Ferry.

## THE VOYAGE.

'Neath the trees gold and red,  
In that bright autumn weather,  
When our white sails were spread,  
O'er the waters we sped—  
What was it she said?  
When we drifted together!  
'Neath the trees gold and red,  
In that bright autumn weather!

## THE HAVEN.

Ah! the moments flew past,  
But our trip too soon ended!  
When we reached land at last,  
And our craft was made fast,  
It was six or half-past—  
And Mama looked offended!  
Ah! the moments flew fast,  
But our trip too soon ended.



Denman Thompson gave each member of his company a diamond when he closed his season. Den is half a Canadian, having lived in Toronto and Montreal.

The wedding between Joseph Anderson, Mary Anderson's brother, and Gertrude, the youngest daughter of Lawrence Barrett, is settled. Barrett is a Hamilton boy.

William Chappell is dead. He withdrew from business early to devote himself to musical and antiquarian studies. He was largely instrumental in making popular old English music.

The Toronto Opera House has undergone a thorough renovating and the management has left nothing undone that would add to the beauty of the house or the comfort of its patrons.

Joseph Jefferson has gone to Skiff lake, New Brunswick, where he anticipates great sport with the land-locked salmon. He owns an island in the lake, upon which he has erected a summer residence.

Rossini received \$12,000 for "The Barber of Seville." It was, however, one of his quickly written works, the whole opera being written in about thirteen days. The composition of "William Tell" occupied him five months.

The tenor Masini sang recently to the harem at Constantinople the aria from the "Huguenots." As he finished he was astonished to hear a voice from behind the screen sing, in a marvellously finished style in Italian, the song of "Valentina," which in the opera follows the tenor aria. Masini discovered that the singer was the daughter of a high official of the Turkish Court, who had studied in Rome with the intention of going on the operatic stage; but upon her return to Constantinople had been forced, much against her will, to enter the harem of the Sultan.



## Humorous.

When is a newspaper sharpest? When it's filed.

Why do "birds in their little nest agree?" They would fall out if they did not agree.

What are the most unsocial things in the world? Mile stones. No two are ever seen together.

Why are your eyes like friends separated by distant climes? Because they correspond but never meet.

A new song has for a title, "My Mother's Hand." We can imagine that there is a good deal of feeling in it.

The son of a Detroit railroad man was punished at school. He told his father he was suffering from a misplaced switch.

Sir John Lubbock, of England, has studied the habits of ants for twenty-two years to discover that their average life is only thirty-five days. If this be true, it will hardly pay the sluggard to call upon her.

The husband at the beach doth groan  
And drop the silent tear,  
When he sees the family skeleton  
In a bathing dress appear.

Mrs. Isaacstein (to husband at Coney Island)—Vot you sthay in dot water so long for, Jacob?

Mr. Isaacstein (teeth chattering and blue with cold)—Dot b-bath vas t-t-venty-five c-cents mit no l-limit. I sthay in so l-long as I c-c-could, so hellup me!

"Father has such a happy disposition, Mr. Sampson," she said, as the front gate slammed and the old man came up the walk. "Do you hear him whistling?"

"Yes," responded Mr. Sampson, nervously, "and the chances are that he will arouse the dog."

A correspondent tells the following: "I have a brother—a wee chap—who sometimes says things very odd. One day, as he was disposing of some bread and milk, he turned around to his mother and said: 'O mother, I'm full of glory! There was a sunbeam on my spoon, and I swallowed it.'"

Physician—"Oh, you'll pull through, you have a strong constitution. There is no occasion for you to be alarmed. The medicine which I have just given you will get up your circulation and—" Newspaper Proprietor (flightily)—"The circulation is all right. It is the want of advertising that is worrying me."

"Well, Charlie, what are you staring at?" asked an unwary guest of a blue-eyed cherub in white duck trousers who was gazing intently at her back hair.

"Nothin' much. Only mamma said you were double-faced, and I was tryin' to see the other one." Charlie's remains were taken out on a shovel.

Uncle Rastus (to lawyer)—Kind I get er man 'rested fo' callin' me a bald-headed old thief, Mistah Blank?

Lawyer—Certainly, Uncle Rastus, no man has any right to call you such a name.

Uncle Rastus—Dat's what I thought, sah. When er man gits to be as ole as I am, tain't his fault dat he's bald-headed.

"Now, George," said his rich uncle, "you know that you are my heir, and if you will only behave yourself at college, do what is right, study hard and graduate with honour, I feel that I shall die happy."

"Dear uncle," responded George, with emotion, "words cannot express my gratitude to you nor the earnestness with which I shall go to work."

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

There lived a man whom much I wished to see.

Our ways were Sundered, so we did not meet.

He drew me to him by a charm more sweet

Than which tempts to the flow'r the honey-bee:

It was the gift of a rare minstrelsy,

That hallowed him and made his song-retreat

A literary shrine, where pilgrim feet

Will visit to embalm his memory.

His speech was simple, thus the more admired,

His characters in home-spun garb he drest;

His soulful songs with human passions fired,

His thoughts are living, now his mind's at rest.

As does the lark, his spirit soared to sing,

To nearer Heaven our aspirations bring.

Toronto. WILL T. JAMES.

Dr. Richardson, the eminent London physician, says that the death-rate is the smallest in European cities where Sunday is a day of rest, and the largest where the day is given up to drinking, amusements and rioting.

The inspector of butcheries at Paris has just published a report on the sale of horse flesh in the French capital. It appears the consumption of this meat, in a more or less concealed form, has increased to an extraordinary extent.



VIEW FROM THE MAJOR'S LOG CABIN ON THE SKEENA.  
From a sketch by Major Peters.

## THE Canadian Pacific Railway

has provided its usual extensive list of tourist tickets to the various summer resorts of Canada and New England, which may be obtained at its different agencies at very reasonable rates.

Among the most desirable localities covered by these tickets may be mentioned Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore, and San Francisco. The sleeping and dining cars of the company's transcontinental trains are proverbial for their comfort and luxury, and now that the hotels at Banff, Field, Glacier, Fraser Cañon and Vancouver are all completed and open for guests, every want of the traveller is carefully provided for.

Tourist tickets to the above mentioned points are good for six months and permit stop over at pleasure.

From Montreal the rates are :

- To Banff and return. - \$90 00
- To Vancouver, Victoria, Tacoma, Seattle, or Portland and return, 125 00
- To San Francisco and return, - - - 140 00

From other stations the rates are proportionately low.

Descriptive books may be obtained of Company's agents, or by addressing the Passenger Traffic Manager at Montreal.

## Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

### Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island; the construction of locks, &c. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, &c.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October, next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$20,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, &c.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department, however, does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.

By order, A. P. BRADLEY,  
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, }  
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888. }

## St. Lawrence Canals.

### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on Tuesday, the 25th day of September next, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal. And for the deepening and enlargement of the summit level of the each of the three interior lock stations on the Cornwall Canal between the Town of Cornwall and Maple Grove; the deepening and widening of the channel-way of the canal; construction of bridges, etc.

A map of each of the localities together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after Tuesday, the 11th day of September next, at this office for all the works, and for the respective works at the following mentioned places:—

For the works at Galops, at the Lock-keeper's House, Galops. For deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickenson's Landing; and for the new locks, etc., at lock-stations Nos. 18, 19 and 20, at the Town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places mentioned.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$6,000 must accompany the tender for the Galops Canal Works, and a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$2,000 for each section of the works on the summit level of the Cornwall Canal; and for each of the lock sections on the Cornwall Canal a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$4,000.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. P. BRADLEY,  
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

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## Grand Trunk Railway.

Improved Train Service to the Sea-Bathing Resorts of the Lower St. Lawrence.

Solid trains, consisting of Parlor and first-class Coaches, etc., now run through daily (excepting Sunday) as under, between

**Montreal and St. Flavie, calling at Riviere du Loup, Cacouna, Etc.**

8.15 p.m. Arrive	Montreal	Leave 8.00 a.m.
6.50 p.m. "	St. Hyacinthe	" 9.10 a.m.
5.12 p.m. "	Richmond	" 10.45 a.m.
2.15 p.m. Leave	Point Levi	Arrive 2.00 p.m.
9.15 a.m. "	Riviere du Loup	" 6.45 p.m.
8.54 a.m. "	Cacouna	" 7.03 p.m.
6.00 a.m. "	St. Flavie	" 10.30 p.m.

Making connections at Montreal with trains to and from the West and South and at Richmond with trains to and from the East. For excursion tickets and full information, apply to Ticket Agents.

JOSEPH HICKSON,  
General Manager.

Montreal, June 8th, 1888.

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Absolutely free from Alcohol.

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Tuition, \$5 and upwards per term. Both class and private instruction. Pupils are charged only from date of entrance. Board and room provided. **FREE ADVANTAGES:** Elementary harmony and violin instruction, lectures, concerts, etc. Calendar mailed on application.

FALL TERM BEGINS WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th. There being private schools bearing names somewhat similar, it is particularly requested that letters for the Conservatory be addressed to

EDWARD FISHER, Director,  
701 Yonge Street and Wilton Ave. TORONTO

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