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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

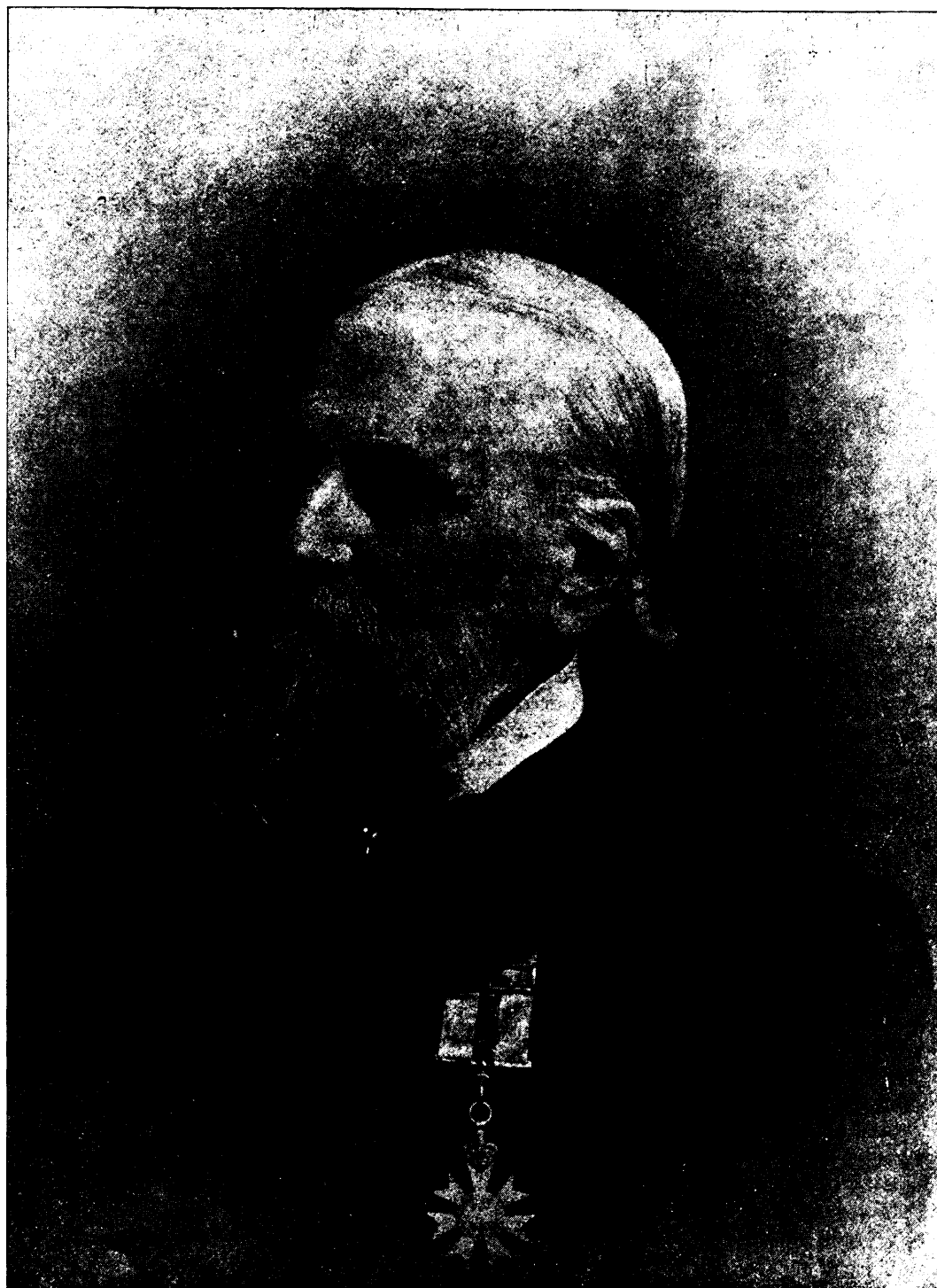
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

VOL. IV.—No. 97.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 10th MAY, 1890.

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10th MAY, 1890.



The destruction by fire of the Asile Saint-Jean de Dieu, generally known as the Longue Pointe Asylum, with the accompanying loss of life, is one of the saddest calamities of which this city and province have had experience. As yet the number of victims is uncertain, but it is believed that more than fifty have perished—all females. There were some 1600 insane inmates, the majority being women. It is to be deplored that some of the Sisters, in their efforts to save the more headstrong patients of the women's wards, sacrificed their own lives. Universal sympathy has been felt for the superioress, Sister Thérèse (who was ill and confined to bed when the disaster occurred), and with her devoted company. The fire (of which the origin is still unknown) was first noticed shortly before noon on the 6th inst., and by four o'clock the whole vast block was in ruins. The firemen did their duty nobly and well, but in vain; and the ladies of the institution made almost superhuman efforts to save life and property. The entire insurance amounts to about \$300,000. The asylum was founded in 1873 and on the 16th of July, 1875, was formally opened. The Sisters of Providence spent \$1,132,232 in the work, \$700,000 being for construction. There were besides the central edifice, six storeys high, four smaller buildings, which were connected by wings, the total frontage being 630 feet. We hope to give a view and full description in our next number.

The *Western World* for February gives the first instalment of a number of answers received by Mr. Thomas Bennett, Government Immigration Agent, to inquiries respecting the experiences of settlers. These letters constitute the most acceptable of all evidence as to the fitness of the country for immigration. The more casual visitor may be deceived by appearances or he may depend too much on hearsay. But the man who has passed successfully through years of trial, who has neither been improvident in good nor discouraged by bad years, but has toiled steadily on to the sure goal of ultimate competence, is a witness whose testimony—every word of it—is valuable. Some of the farmers who tell the story of their careers in some of these letters brought \$200, some \$100, some still less, but they all came resolved to succeed, if success were possible. One, who with his sons is today worth \$25,000, had not enough to pay for his yoke of oxen. But he knew that there was treasure in the soil and he laboured diligently till he found it. This farmer says that he could write volumes of the advantages of Manitoba for new settlers.

Another pronounces it just the country for a poor man to get a start in. A third, an English tradesman, cannot imagine any other country where he could have got on so well, and another, who has lived both in Manitoba and the Territories, only regrets that he did not move westward sooner.

The Halifax Board of Trade held a special meeting in order to hear the Newfoundland delegates. Sir James Winter, who is at the head of the delegation to England, fully explained the situation in the Island and the injustice of the new *modus vivendi*. His colleagues spoke with equal earnestness against the French claims and England's virtual recognition of them. The Board of Trade expressed the utmost sympathy with the people of Newfoundland, and assured the delegates that in Canada their cause was certain to receive hearty support. Formal resolutions to that effect were framed by the executive committee, so that the delegates to England will be able to cite the Canadian sentiment in their favour. The delegates to Canada declined to touch the question of Newfoundland entering the Confederation, holding, it is said, different views on that subject. According to the latest intelligence the agitation in the Island in the new arrangement is unabated. The Government policy of allowing the French to enter Newfoundland ports for bait has also caused grave dissatisfaction in influential quarters. The Commercial Society of St. Johns has passed a series of resolutions emphatically condemning the modification of the Bait Act.

While we in Canada have been holding our centennials and bi-centennials, and looking forward to still more comprehensive vistas of retrospection, our colonial brethren in New Zealand have been holding their jubilee fêtes. Nor can we wonder at the enthusiasm with which they look back over their fifty years of provincial existence. Rarely in colonial history has a community shown in so brief a time such a record of progress and prosperity. To our esteemed contributor, "G. W. W.," we are indebted for an account of the jubilee fêtes, taken from the *New Zealand Herald*. The 29th of January was the day fixed for the inauguration, a committee, of which Mr. Devore was chairman, having made all the arrangements with energy, judgment and taste. Auckland wore its gala costume, and the entire population, and visitors from near and far—a multitude of holiday-makers such as had never been seen in that city before—entered fully into the spirit of the occasion. Additional lustre was given to the festivities by the presence of His Excellency the Earl of Onslow, Governor of New Zealand; Admiral Lord Charles Scott, in command of the Australian squadron; His Excellency the Earl of Carrington, Governor of New South Wales; Sir John Thurston, Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, and several other personages of distinction. The naval squadron was represented by H.M.S. Orlando (flagship), H.M.S. Opal and H.M.S. Lizard. The weather on the opening day and during the whole week of the celebration was delightful, and everything passed off most satisfactorily. Races, regattas, excursions, reviews, athletic displays, banquets, with speeches both in English and Maori, were among the features of the celebration.

Elsewhere we reproduce a portion of a patriotic poem by Mr. Alex. M. Ferguson, on New Zealand's Jubilee. "G.W.W.," who kindly sends it to us, obtained it from a relative, the widow of Major

Green, whose father was well known to some of our older readers. There are bonds of this nature, more than perhaps many dream of, between New Zealand and the other South Pacific colonies and the Dominion of Canada. Some years ago Dr. Hocken, of Dunedin, passing through this city on his way round the world, made inquiries at his hotel concerning any surviving friends of the late Judge Chapman. Few recalled the name, for it was at that time nearly fifty (it is now getting on to sixty) years since Mr. Chapman had said adieu to Canada. His memory had not vanished, however, and with a little research it was discovered that he had played a prominent part on the popular side in the controversies of the pre-Union period. His name and speeches and doings, are they not written in the pages of Christie and Garneau? His son is now a prominent barrister in Dunedin. We hope the time is not distant when the relations between our far southern fellow-citizens of the Empire and ourselves will not be confined to such scattered instances, but will be close and constant and profitable to both them and us.

## INDUSTRIAL ART IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

If all that has been written on the subject of technical education during the last fifty years were collected and printed in book form, it would constitute a library of many thousand volumes. In the main, this mass of literature would admit of a twofold classification. On the one hand, there would be works of a theoretical character, setting forth the value of manual training as an aid to the cultivation of the intellect; on the other, we should have the record of results attained. The advocates of this reform in educational methods who appealed to the world by their pens were slow in making an impression on the public mind. It was not till a few daring innovators determined to submit their theories to the test of experiment that prejudice began to give way and the technical school to obtain deserved recognition. The earlier attempts were humble enough, but the teachers were earnest men who had a firm belief in their system. They knew that if it were allowed fair play, the intelligent public would be sure to acknowledge its utility. Nor were they disappointed. The extent to which it has been adopted, both in the old world and the new, and the rapidity with which it has found favour with all friends of progress, testify abundantly to its merit and guarantee still greater triumphs. Education for labour through labour—that is the watchword and principle of its champions. Skill can only be acquired by practice, and to have qualified workmen in every branch of industry, the authorities of a country or a city must give its young men opportunities of learning.

It is not necessary now and here to trace the gradual stages of this movement from its inception or to enumerate the various influences to which it was due. Suffice it to say that, although isolated efforts in this direction had been made before that date, it was not till about thirty years ago that careful training in the industrial arts began to secure the sanction of educational authorities and governments. It has been chiefly within that limit of time that the most important legislation on the subject has been passed on both sides of the Atlantic. The great exhibitions, by stimulating the different competing nationalities to higher

artistic excellence, contributed not a little to the result. The quarter of a century that intervened between the opening of the Crystal Palace in London and the Centennial celebration in the United States was a seed-time of considerable activity. Even before the world's workers gathered at Philadelphia to compare the products of their thought and skill, the first fruits of the harvest had been reaped. In the admirable "Special Report," compiled by Dr. Hodgins, in 1876, for the Ontario Educational Department, there is an interesting chapter devoted to the survey of industrial schools. That survey takes a wide range, for it comprises the farthest east and the farthest west. Building, wood-carving, weaving, lace-making, watch-making, metallurgy, blacksmithing, brass-working, stone-cutting, painting, glass-making, ornamental and model drawing, moulding and other arts and industries had then begun to be taught in the technical schools. Some of these were confined to three or four branches, others were more comprehensive, and others again were confined to systematic instruction in the higher departments of technology. These last were virtually normal schools for the training of foremen and superintendents. In some of the courses, the pupil had to master a wide range of theoretical and practical knowledge. For instance, a pupil must gain acquaintance with 85 different tools in wood-turnery; with 80 tools in model joinery; with 60 in forging, and 130 in metal turnery, and must also learn to repair his own tools. And this is merely preliminary—the first step in a three year's course.

The year 1876 is also a significant date in the history of industrial education in this province. The Council of Arts and Manufactures had, in the previous year, appointed a deputation, composed of the chairman, Mr. A. Lévêque, the Rev. O. Audet, Mr. L. J. Boivin, and the secretary, Mr. S. C. Stevenson, to visit the chief art schools of Boston and New York, and in 1876 their report was published. It was at the same time that the Montreal and other schools, some of the work of which we have the pleasure of reproducing in this number, were founded, with Messrs. Lorenz and Hébert as principal instructors, and Mr. Stevenson as director-in-chief. Not the least important of the results which followed the publication of the report was the introduction into the schools of the Council of the system, therein recommended, that of Prof. Walter Smith. Mr. Smith had his training in England, and was for some years art master at South Kensington, and the State of Massachusetts considered itself fortunate in securing his services as director of art education. His plan of teaching was adopted, not only in Massachusetts, but through the rest of New England, as well as in the Middle, Southern and Western States. In the winter of 1882 he delivered a series of lectures in this city under the auspices of the Council of Arts and Manufactures, and his presence in Canada was taken advantage of for the inauguration of industrial art classes in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces. Subsequently his system obtained a footing in Manitoba and still later in British Columbia.

During the last twelve years the schools under the supervision of the Council have very considerably enlarged their original scope. How fruitful their development has been during the intervening period was made clear to the apprehension of the public in the exhibition of last year to which reference has already been made in our columns.

Those who, like ourselves, availed themselves of the opportunity of examining the work of the pupils in every branch of industrial art must acknowledge that the movement inaugurated by the Council in the fall of 1875 has been in many ways productive of good. We cannot more worthily indicate the character of the results achieved by instruction at these schools than by quoting the language of Mr. S. E. Dawson in his presidential address at the termination of his term of office.

"There is on the table before you," said Mr. Dawson, "a complete statement of all the classes which have been carried on during the past year in the city of Montreal. You will find in it how fully the Montreal committee have carried out the views of the Council upon practical technical training. The resolution passed at our August meeting seems to me to mark a turning point in the history of the Council. In the city of Montreal practical classes had long been carried on, but by that resolution practical technical instruction was made obligatory on all schools receiving aid from the Council, and thus it has been introduced throughout the province.

"You have now on the table before you work in metal, in wood, in plaster, and in other materials, made by pupils of the Council in Huntingdon, in St. Jerome, in Farnham, in Sorel, in Sillery, as well as from Montreal. You have lithographs, wood carving, scagliola work,\* plaster casts, models in clay, mural decorative designs in oil colours, plumbing work, machine work in iron, patterns for boot and shoe manufacturers, as well as mechanical, freehand and architectural drawings, all executed by pupils trained in our schools.

"I must confess to a feeling of wonder at the slight notice the work of the Council has received from the press and public of Montreal. Every now and then I see a letter in some daily paper portentously announcing as new discoveries principles upon which this Council has been working for years. I have seen communications supported by editors, otherwise well informed, advocating the introduction of technical training, while for years back these gentlemen might, by turning aside a few blocks from their daily business round, have seen in the Montreal school 570 pupils, working at such practical work as you have before you every week night during the winter. We have had in our schools throughout the province 1,346 pupils during the year just closed. We have schools in Montreal, Quebec, Levis, Sorel, New Liverpool, Huntingdon, Sherbrooke, Farnham, St. Jerome, St. Hyacinthe and Sillery. We have during this last year compelled the introduction of practical work in every one of them and yet, in the face of all this, people will write in the newspapers, and announce the matter of practical training of youth as a new discovery originating in distant lands, which they are desirous of bringing under the notice of the people of this province.

"That the work of this Board has been fruitful of good results is every day evident to those who care to inquire. I lay before you now some letters from working men, testifying to the benefit our teaching has been to them, and from professors in technical schools in England and elsewhere, who

\*Scagliola (from *scaglia*, a shell, a scale, a chip of stone or marble) is a composition, in imitation of marble, used for enriching columns or the inner walls of buildings. It is composed of gypsum or sulphate of lime, reduced to a fine powder and waded into a paste. While still soft, this paste is studded with splinters of spar, granite, marble, bits of concrete, coloured gypsum or veins of clay. Ochres, boles, etc., are used to colour the spots and patches. It is smoothed with fine iron and afterwards receives a polish.

have pronounced upon the work, concerning which so little is known in this city. It will take up too much of your time to read them now. I would suggest that they be printed.

"The Council has, as I before remarked, 1,346 pupils in the various schools throughout the province. The practical technical teaching, so long carried on in Montreal, has been this year enforced in every school; but the grant has remained the same as ten years ago, although the cost of practical classes is much greater than that of drawing classes. I think that the claims of technical education should be urged more strongly upon the Government, and that a deputation should wait on the Premier with specimens of the work done, and ask for such an increase in the grant as will enable us to extend the scope of our instruction.

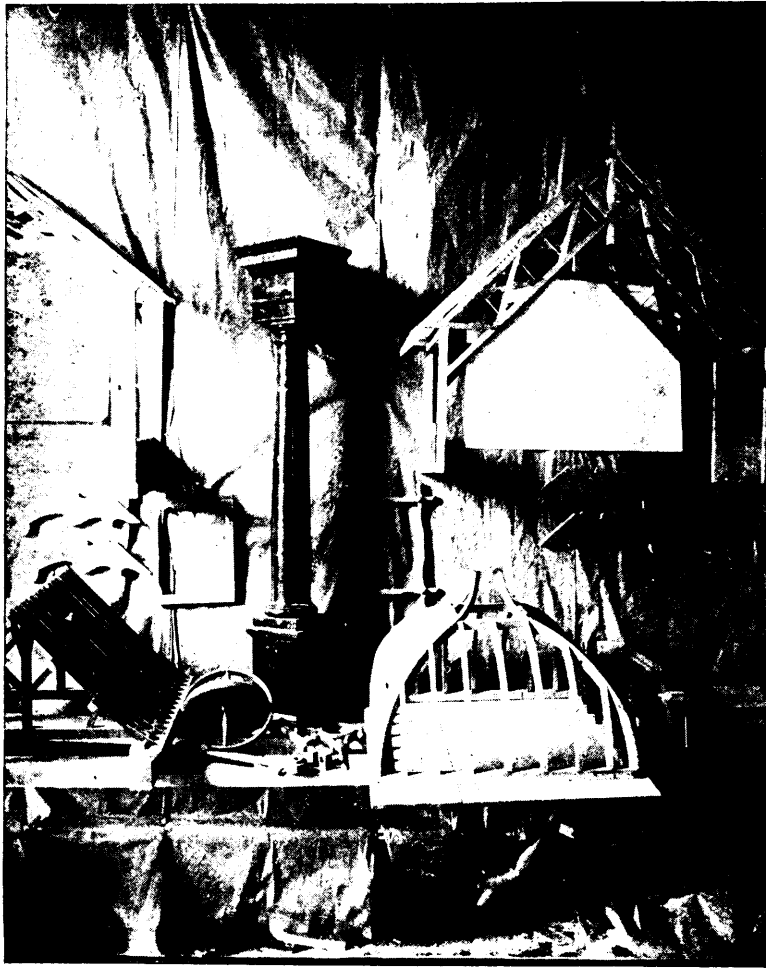
"There are several novel features in our work in Montreal, this year, to which I would specially invite attention. The class for instruction in plumbing is a most important step in advance. This is under the tuition of the Master Plumbers' Association. We have fitted up a complete plumber's shop, and during the winter 32 pupils have been instructed in practical work and in the most approved principles of sanitary science as related to plumbing. There were 78 applications, but we had room for 32 pupils only. As each pupil must have his own bench and tools, it is possible to accommodate only a limited number. Another very important new class is one for teaching pattern making for boots and shoes.

"The magnitude of the boot and shoe industry in Montreal and the large number of operatives caused a great pressure on this class. We could enroll only 35 pupils. There were numbers standing every night seeking for a vacancy."

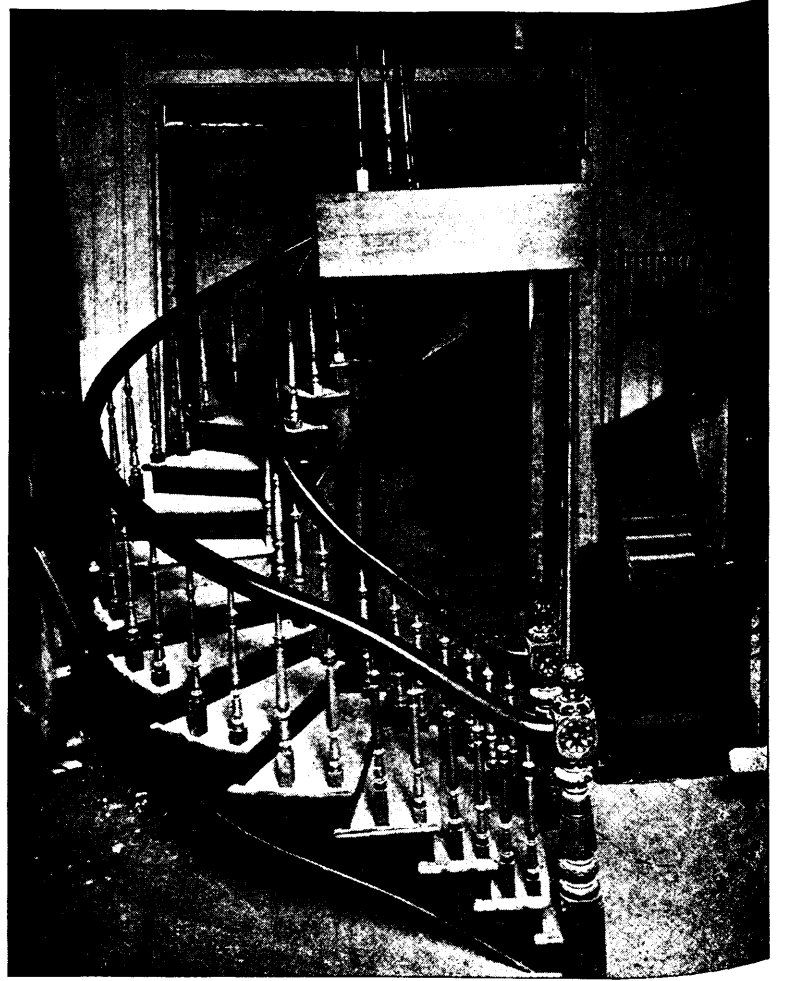
Our engravings, which confirm and illustrate Mr. Dawson's remarks, are, we believe, as creditable a showing of technical school work as any institution of the kind could be expected to produce. The aim which the Council and the teachers keep in view is that the products of the boys' skill and labour should be at once practical and exemplary. The nature, purpose and peculiarities of each exhibit are described on another page, to which we refer our readers.

In conclusion, we would say that schools of this kind are more than training institutions for artisans. They are, with their models and specimens of what is best in industrial art, both centres of information and courts of appeal on all questions coming within the range of their instruction. The benefit to a community of such a standard of taste in common things—that is, things in which all are interested—cannot easily be over estimated. "Already," says one writer on this theme, "we may observe a great change in public opinion and judgment as to what is really good. We no longer hear approval of the coarse and ugly works of art (so called) which were admired some fifty or sixty years ago." In disseminating the knowledge and taste of this new *renaissance* every pupil of the industrial school is a missionary.

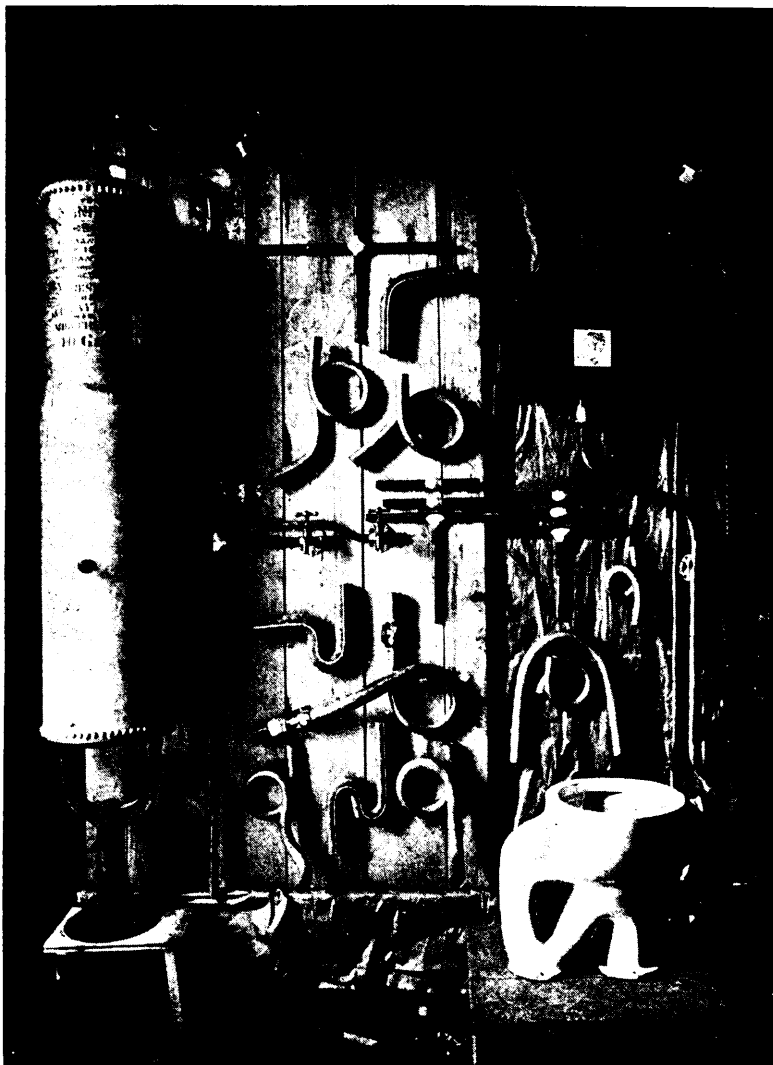
The volumes of transcripts and abstracts in the Public Record Office which have been sent from the Vatican archives and other places in Rome are now more than a hundred in number, and contain about 25,000 items from A.D. 1066 to 1700. Fetter Lane is not inaccessible, and some students of history find their way there, but it is chiefly in France and Germany that documents from the Vatican are being printed.



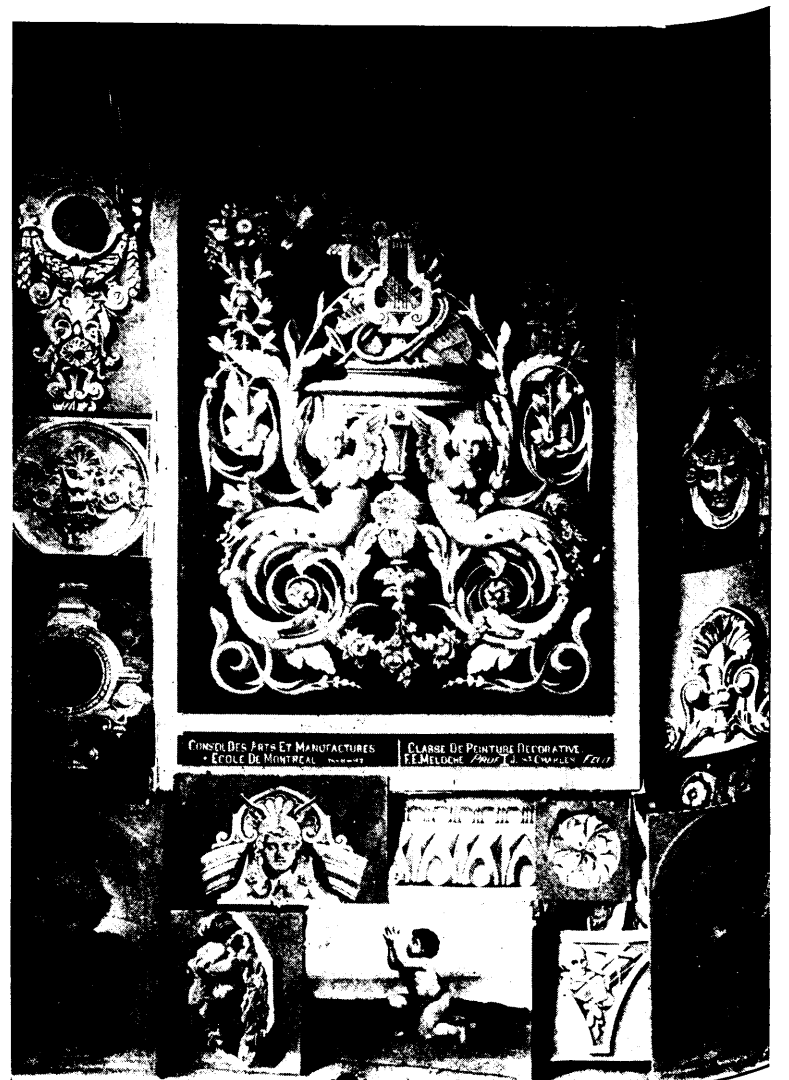
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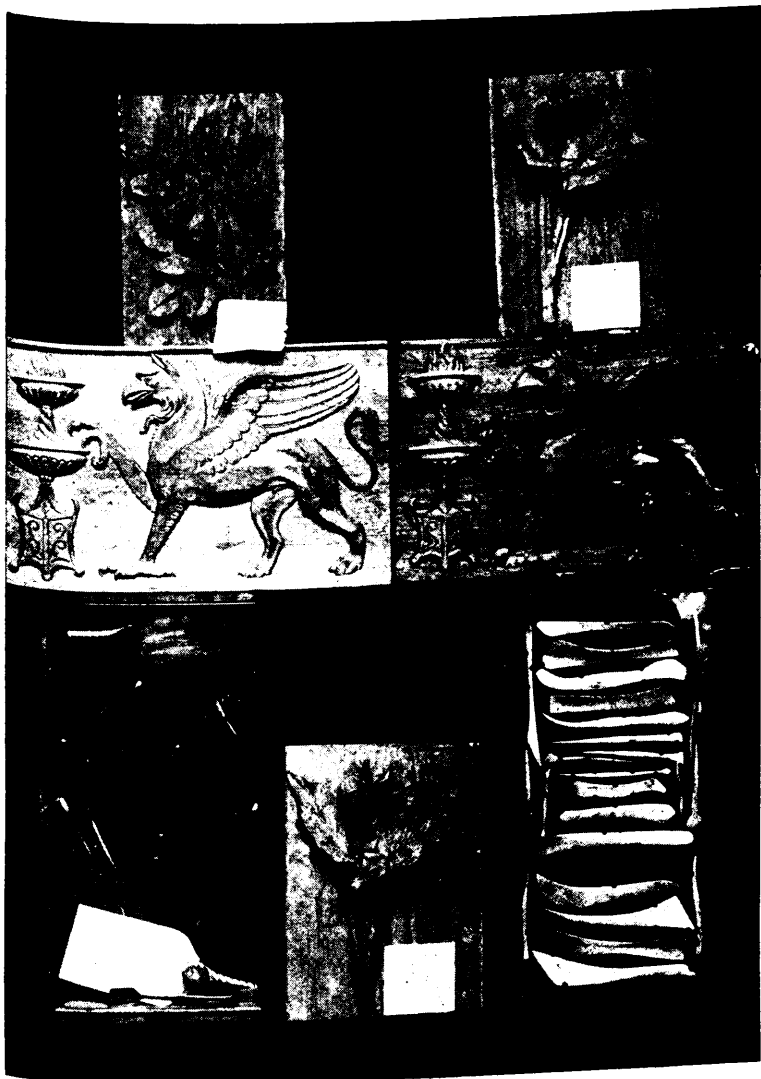


PLUMBING.

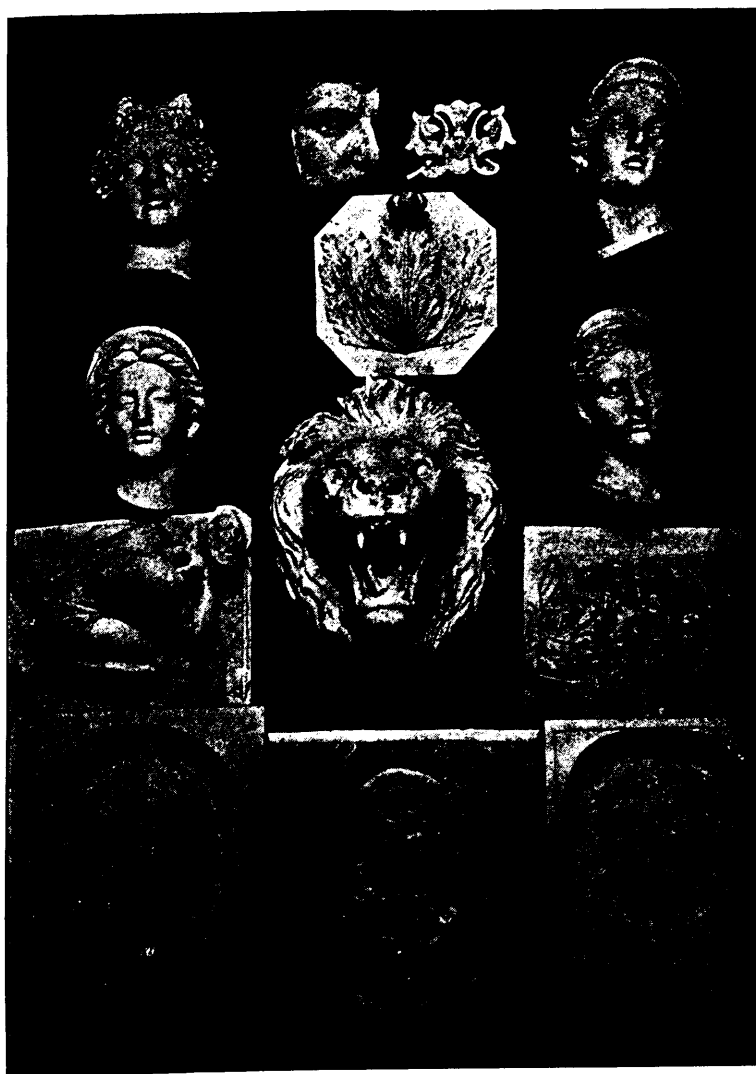


DECORATIVE PAINTING.

EXHIBIT OF WORK DONE BY THE PUPILS OF THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COUNCIL OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.



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No. 97. 10th MAY, 1890.





**ERRATUM:** In our last issue we published the portrait of Lt.-Col. A. C. P. R. Landry, ex-M.P. for Montmagny, P.Q., by mistake, as that of Judge P. A. Landry, of New Brunswick. We propose to rectify the blunder by engraving and publishing the portrait of the real Acadian Judge as soon as possible. We give in this issue a short biography of Col. Landry of Montmagny.

**LIEUT.-COL. A. C. P. R. LANDRY, J.P., M.P. FOR MONTMAGNY.**—This gentleman, whose portrait appeared in our last issue, and was by inadvertence attributed to the Hon. Judge Landry, is a native of Quebec, where he was born on the 15th of January, 1846. He is a son of the late Dr. J. E. Landry, of Quebec, by the late Caroline E. Lelievre. He was educated at the Quebec Seminary and Laval University, where he took the degree of B.A. He also passed a course of study at the Agricultural College of St. Anne. On the 6th of October, 1868, he married Wilhelmine, daughter of the late Etienne Couture, Esq., of St. Gervais. He is a member of the Council of Agriculture of the Province of Quebec, to which position he was called after obtaining the first prize and gold medal for the best treatise on agriculture. He is also president of the Montmagny Agricultural Society, vice-president of the Union Agricole Nationale of the Province of Quebec, secretary of the Montmagny Colonization Society, member of the Entomological Society of Canada, and has been president of the Quebec Conservative Association. Mr. Landry is a Knight of the Order of Gregory the Great. He has long taken an interest in military affairs, and is Lieut.-Col. of the 61st Battalion of Montmagny and L'Islet. He has contributed some works to our native literature, including a "Traité Populaire d'Agriculture Théorique et Pratique," "Les Boissons Alcooliques et leurs Falsifications," "Où est la Disgrace?" and other contributions to current controversies. Lieut.-Col. Landry was first returned to the Quebec Assembly for Montmagny at the general elections of 1875. In 1878 he was returned to the Commons for his present seat, and has since then been twice re-elected. Col. Landry has travelled extensively in Europe, and is well known in French literary circles. He is a Knight of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre.

**LIEUT.-COL. BROWN CHAMBERLIN, C.M.G. AND D.C.L., QUEEN'S PRINTER AND CONTROLLER OF STATIONERY FOR CANADA,** was born at Frelighsburg, in the Eastern Townships of the Province of Quebec, on the 26th March, 1827. Was educated in the Grammar School of his native place and by private tutors, and at St Paul school, Montreal; afterwards in McGill College and University, there receiving the degree of B.C.L. in 1850 and of D.C.L. in 1867. Was for several years an elective fellow, and member of the High School Board, as well as the first (and for several years) president of the Graduates Society. He also received the degree of M.A. *honoris causa* from Bishop's College, Lennoxville. He was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1850, and practised law at Montreal and on the Missisquoi circuit for several years. But politics and literature proving more attractive than jurisprudence, he became joint proprietor and editor (with his brother-in-law, John Lowe, Esq.) of the Montreal *Gazette* in 1853. In the stirring times of 1849-50 he became a member of the British American League and of the Union Club, numbering among its members the late Lieut.-Governor Morris and other of his college mates, together with Mr. Lowe, Mr. Montgomerie, afterward representing the Allan Line in England, Mr. P. S. Hamilton, of Halifax and others. These constantly thereafter, as occasion served, by lectures, pamphlets, articles in and communications to the newspapers, urged forward the union of the B. N. A. Provinces. In 1853 he delivered a lecture on the subject before the Mercantile Library Association, of Montreal, of which he was for a time a director. This was subsequently published as a pamphlet. Having also taken an interest in the work of the Mechanics' Institute, he was consulted by the late Chancellor Vankoughnet, then Minister of Agriculture, about the measure introduced and passed by him for the formation of Boards of Arts and Manufactures for Upper and Lower Canada respectively. Upon its organization he became secretary of that for Lower Canada, and continued in that office till 1862, when he was elected president, serving in that office for three years. While engaged in this work (in 1858) he visited Great Britain and France and reported to the Board "Upon institutions in London, Dublin, Edinburgh and Paris for the promotion of industrial education." In that and in annual reports suggestions were made which have since been acted upon and developed by his successors. Also in respect of healthy homes for mechanics and laborers. He was sent as commissioner and secretary of the Canadian commission to the London International Exhibition of 1862. In 1867 he was elected member for his native county in the first Parliament of the Dominion. He did not take a prominent part in parliamentary life, however, speaking seldom and briefly, his remarks on the assassination of McGee perhaps alone being noteworthy. He introduced a bill for the reduction of the pay of the members of the House of Commons, which was, of course, defeated and he roundly abused; and he proposed and secured the introduction of a provision in the new extradi-

tion law, ordering prisoners committed for extradition to be held over for seven days, in order to give time for a review of the case on *habeas corpus*. This was subsequently introduced into the extradition law of Great Britain passed in 1870. A sort of kidnapping of a Belgian out of Canada under the forms of judicial extradition induced his action. In the celebrated Anderson slave case, in that of the St. Albans raiders and the Lake Erie privateers he had vehemently opposed what he held to be the too great readiness of the Government to surrender persons claimed by a foreign power. All modern extradition laws and treaties embody views then urged. His one considerable effort on the stump was a speech made at Waterloo, Shefford, in opposition to Mr. Huntington's zollverein, which was a good deal praised at the time. Upon the formation of the 60th (Missisquoi) Battalion of volunteers he became, first major and then lieut.-colonel in command, and to fit himself for the work went through a course in the Military School at Montreal, then conducted by officers of the 60th Rifles (regulars.) In the early spring of 1870 his battalion was placed on active service to guard the Missisquoi frontier against an anticipated Fenian raid. He forsook his parliamentary duties and placed himself at the head of his corps, the district being under the command of Lt.-Col. Osborne Smith, D.D.A.G. For many weary, waiting weeks, through all the discomforts of the rains and breaking roads of spring the watch was continued, then for the time abandoned, and then a new rush to arms, the occupation of the position at Eccles Hill during the night of the 24th and the early morning of the 25th of May; at noon, an attack by the Fenians on the Canadian position, and the repulse of the first onset by a detachment of the 60th, assisted by a small band of sharpshooters raised among the farmers of the vicinity. Canadian reinforcements coming up, the Fenians made no second advance, but retreated during the night or dispersed. For this action he was rewarded by Her Majesty with the Companionship of St. Michael and St. George, receiving investiture of the decoration along with Lt.-Col. Smith, Lieut.-Col. Fletcher and Lt.-Col. McEachran at the hands of the Governor-General, Lord Lisgar, and Lady Lisgar. Upon his subsequent arrival in Ottawa the citizens presented him, through the Mayor, Mr. Rochester, with a beautiful sword—Lord Lisgar again presiding over the ceremony, in the Senate Chamber. In that year he married Agnes Dunbar Moodie, relict of the late Charles Fitzgibbon, of Toronto, and daughter of the late Sheriff Moodie, of Belleville, and of Susanna Moodie, *née* Strickland, author of "Roughing It in the Bush," etc., etc., and niece and namesake of Agnes Strickland, author of the "Queen's of England," etc., etc., and of another Canadian author, Mrs. Traill, of Lakefield, Ont. In conjunction with the last named, Mrs. Chamberlin has published several illustrated volumes respecting the wild flowers of Canada. In 1870 also he retired from politics, from the House of Commons and from journalism, and has since devoted himself to the quiet, unobtrusive duties of a civil servant. He was then appointed Queen's Printer, and, on the formation of the new Department of Printing and Stationery he was made its permanent head and Deputy Minister.

**DR. BURGESS, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NEW PROTESTANT INSANE HOSPITAL, MONTREAL.**—This gentleman, whose portrait will be found on another page, is already known to several Montrealers. He comes to Montreal with an excellent record. At the Hamilton asylum, where he succeeded Dr. Wallace, he inaugurated some important reforms, which won the approval of all expert alienists who visited the institution. Before leaving Hamilton he received an address from the members of the asylum staff, which did justice to his talents as a specialist and his exemplary qualities as a man. In presenting the address, Mr. Frederick Clarke spoke of Dr. Burgess's successful career in his profession, his excellent character, his courtesy and affability. In his reply Dr. Burgess said that he always tried to do his duty, and that he was proud, in the discharge of it, to have won the good will and esteem of his colleagues and fellow-workers. The *Hamilton Times*, referring to Dr. Burgess's departure from that city, said that he left many friends behind him to whom his departure would be a source of regret; but they all congratulated him on his appointment and wished him success in his new sphere of professional labour.

**ZION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, TORONTO.**—This church, of which we present a view, together with a portrait of the minister, is the modern development of one of the oldest and most respected of the religious organizations of the Dominion. Founded in 1834, the "fellowship of seventeen persons" soon became a large and powerful congregation and, eventually, the mother of many other churches. The first pastor was the Rev. W. Merfield, who was succeeded after a brief pastorate by the Rev. John Roaf, of Wolverhampton, England. Mr. Roaf was a very commanding figure in the religious and political life of his time. After seventeen years of arduous labour he resigned his charge and was succeeded by the Rev. T. S. Ellerby (1856-76), the Rev. J. G. Manly (1866-79), the Rev. Dr. Jackson (1871-77), and the Rev. H. D. Powis (1878-86.) An interregnum of some three years followed, till in May, 1889, the Rev. George Henry Sandwell, late minister of Christ Church, Southsea, England, accepted the vacant charge, and entered upon his duties with every sign of renewed life and prosperity on the part of the congregation. The present edifice is the third that has been erected by the community. The first, which was destroyed by fire, and the second, a large and handsome structure, now situated on the corner of Adelaide and Bay streets.

But it became necessary, in process of time, to follow the movement of the population; the old building was therefore sold, and the present commodious church and schools erected on College avenue, occupying perhaps one of the finest sites in the city. The church was opened for worship on the 13th of March, 1883.

**THE SCHOOLS OF THE COUNCIL OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES—SPECIMENS OF WORK DONE BY THE PUPILS.**—In our editorial columns we give a general account of the educational enterprises of the Council of Arts and Manufactures, the methods of its technical schools, and the results which they have been able to achieve. Those methods have won the sanction, and those results the admiration of persons well qualified to judge of the character of both. The Marquis of Lorne took a deep interest in the schools during his term of office as Governor-General, nor did his desire to see them succeed abate in the least, after his return to England. In courteously acknowledging the receipt from Mr. S. C. Stevenson, Secretary of the Council and Superintendent of the Schools, of a letter giving information as to their progress, Lord Lorne expressed a few years ago his gratification at the successful development which had been attained. "It was under your body," said his Lordship, "that we hatched the National Art Society, and Montreal must always be a chief centre to give impetus to the progress of art in the Dominion—a progress very essential from a merely commercial point of view. You know how to appreciate other points of view which are not immediately connected with but must always be associated with this. It is most satisfactory to see how thoroughly practical the subjects are to which you invite study through the medium of the evening classes." The feature of these schools with which the Marquis here records his satisfaction is just that feature which it has been the aim of the Council and of the Superintendent to make most characteristic of them. That success has attended the efforts so conscientiously and perseveringly put forth to that end is proved as well by the specimens to which we are about to call attention as by the after careers, both in Canada and out of it, of those who have had the advantage of training at the classes. We have seen a letter from a former pupil, who occupies a responsible and lucrative position as machinist and steamfitter in a New York establishment—a young man who receives a salary of \$125 a month—in which he attributes the first strong impulse in his successful career to the instruction which he obtained at the Council's schools. Two of his companions were alike indebted to the same agency, and, on behalf of them as well as himself, he expressed to Mr. Stevenson his gratitude for the very real benefits that they had received as pupils. Another letter from Paris is equally enthusiastic as to the advantages which a number of students at the Ecole des Beaux Arts had gained from attendance at the evening classes. And these instances could be multiplied. For us, however, who have seen with our own eyes the work of the pupils in the various departments, these testimonies simply confirm the judgment at which we had arrived from other and indisputable evidence. We shall now proceed to give, in brief detail, some account of these specimens, engravings of which may be seen on other pages of the present number.

**ARCHITECTURE.**—This class, in charge of Mr. Belanger, has some good exhibits. A short time ago a distinguished Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects complained in one of the daily journals of the lack of provision in any of our colleges for the teaching of this great art and profession. Ontario has done a good work, as we pointed out not long since, in organizing its architects into a society. But does the public know that practical lessons in architecture have been given for years in the schools of the Council of Arts and Manufactures? If not, they can see some of the results of that institution in the excellent specimens of villas, city halls, churches, portions of façades, plans of houses, etc., of which the exhibition showed examples.

**STAIR BUILDING.**—We mention this especially to draw attention to the fine specimen of a spiral staircase, wrought by one of Mr. Blouin's pupils. There is a peculiar elegance in the well finished curves of this very creditable piece of work.

**PRACTICAL HYGIENE.**—This is by no means the least important branch of technical instruction taught in the classes of the Council's schools. The skill of the plumber is necessary, not only to our comfort, but to our healthy existence. In no domain of industrial education is attention more urgently required. Mr. Hortan's class is one, therefore, in which we are all interested, and no one will deny that it has not profited by his direction. We had an opportunity of personally inspecting all the specimens in our engraving at the exhibition of last summer, and remember how surprised were some of the experts in this branch of industry at the work which the pupils had turned out. It is to be hoped that more pupils will do themselves and their teacher the justice of taking the full course, so that when they leave the school they may go forth thoroughly prepared for their duties.

**MODELLING AND WOOD CARVING.**—This engraving shows that the higher provinces of art are not neglected. Some of the pieces of work in this collection are of really remarkable merit. We see plaster medallions, one of the decollation of the Baptist, another representing Maternal Love, another showing a nymph at the bath. The wood carving is good, especially the panels with the griffins and the freezes, with their graceful ornamentation. The flowers and fruit are marked by taste and skill. In decorative work of this kind there has been a veritable renaissance in

the present generation, which has brought some touch of the beautiful within the doors of even the humble, and we cannot over-estimate the importance of a training that informs the taste and judgment while educating the hand and the eye. The pupils in this department were in charge of Mr. Arthur Vincent.

**DECORATIVE PAINTING.**—Prof. F. E. Meloche has evidently been at no small pains to instil into the minds of his pupils the love of graceful and harmonious forms. There is plenty to admire in this group of specimens—the two caryatids for instance being more than pleasing, and those pencilled allegories, Study and Music, being well worthy of praise. In the miscellaneous examples of decorative work there is an ample feast for the eye—and happily this, too, is an appetite “qui croit en mangeant.”

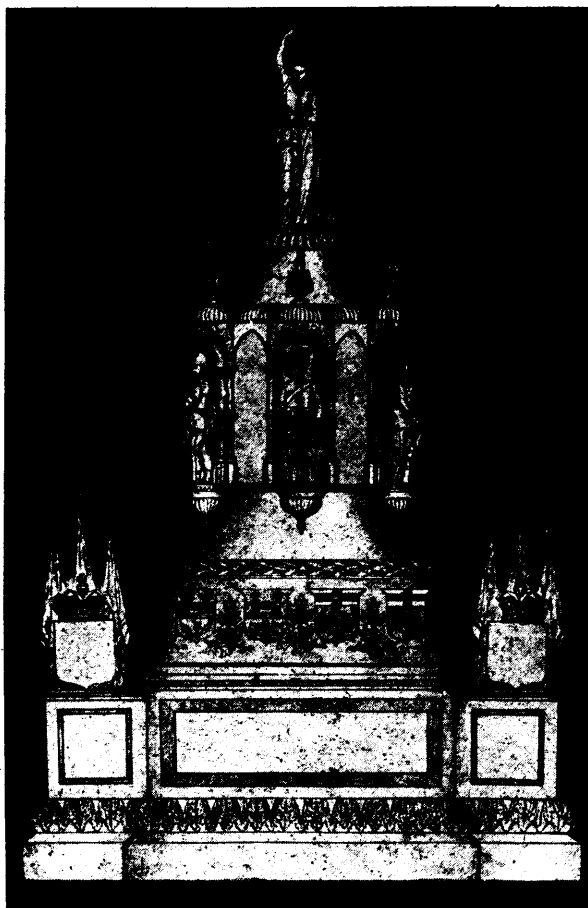
**FREE HAND DRAWING.**—This branch has been taught by M. Quentin, by Mr. Bregent, and more recently by Mr. J. C. Pinhey, A.R.C.A. It is the subject on which the Council has lavished most attention, for it was the essential topic of Mr. Walter Smith's course of lectures. The pupil who has acquired a fair use of the pencil has mastered the rudiments of many arts, possesses a key, so to speak, which gives him admission, if he persevere, into all Art's manifold mysteries and *métiers*—two words which are different forms of the same original. A *métier* is a *mystère* till it is learned, so that skilled labour seems to have something sacramental about it, as Art has been for ages the handmaid of Religion. We cordially approve of some remarks in Mr. Pinhey's report, in which he dwells on the necessity both of independence and obedience in the young artist who would make his gift really fruitful. It is possible to receive all wholesome instruction without stifling the idiosyncrasy which makes every artist what he is and none other.

**OTHER DEPARTMENTS.**—Instruction is given in last-making, in machinery, in carpentry, in metal work, in the other schools to which reference is made in our editorial columns. All these schools, scattered through the province, are centres of excellence in their respective districts, and are doing a work, of which the fruits have already begun to appear.

**RAFTING ON THE OTTAWA.**—These two engravings, illustrative of an important feature of the lumberman's life, represent scenes that are familiar to the dwellers on our great rivers. The raft is, indeed, if not the harbinger of spring, one of the surest evidences of its advent. It is one of the first sights that announce the disruption of winter's fetters. The timber, as our readers know, is first floated in single pieces down the various tributaries of the Grand River, and is then “rafted up” when the latter is reached. “The ‘rafting up’ process is an arduous and stirring piece of work, generally occupying several days and requiring great skill on the part of the foremen. The timber ‘sticks’ are bound together, according to size and length, into cribs, each one containing twenty-five pieces, and these cribs are again bound together, though in a manner easily to be unloosed, in ‘drams’ or ‘bands,’ as they are sometimes called, each dram containing about twenty-five cribs. These drams again bound together make up a raft, which is then in a shape for towing in sufficiently deep and broad waters. The timber is made up into cribs for the sake of shooting the slides, and into drams for the sake of running the rapids. Shooting the slides on cribs is capital sport. In its excitement and velocity it reminds one of tobogganning. Two men manage the crib, one at the stern, the other at the bow, who, with their immense oars, steer it fair for the mouth of the slide, and, catching the current, it glides down the steep incline with immense rapidity. So great, indeed, is its velocity, that it often completely submerges itself in the calm water below. . . . But for exciting amusement and soul-stirring adventure commend me to shooting the rapids on drams. This is the grandest sport on the river for the tourist and the hardest work for the ‘drivers.’ The rowing that has then to be done by these men is the toughest strain upon their muscles of any of their whole year's work. The oars, which are thirty feet long and about one hundred pounds in weight, are placed at the stern and bow, and the whole force of the crew—and at some rapids of special danger many extra hands are engaged—is divided between these two places. As the dram in its headlong descent approaches some dangerous spot, as a rock, or reef, or shoal, the pilot, who stands about the centre, gives a shout, or a motion of his hand when his voice cannot be heard, and then each man must bend to his oar and tug and strain as if his life hung on it. And, in fact, it practically may; for if, through any weakness in the rowing or any mistake of the pilot, the dram should deviate from its proper course and strike upon a shallow reef or projecting point, then almost certain destruction would overtake the whole concern. The furious, rushing torrent would soon break it up into single pieces, the bindings of withe, rope and chain would snap like thread, and the immense sticks be whirled about and down the rapids like straws. But, barring these accidents, running the rapids is the most stirring of all river sports; it is exhilarating in the highest degree, and gives, what is never to be despised in life, a new sensation. When the timber by crib and dram has passed through the rapids and slides and broad waters of the Ottawa, and been fairly launched upon the majestic bosom of the St. Lawrence at Lower Laprairie,

then it is made up for the last time into one large compact raft and towed without impediment or hindrance, except, perhaps, a storm on Lake St. Peter, into the booms at Quebec, and the toils, adventures and hardships of the raftsmen are over for another year.” This vivid description is taken from “Shanty, Forest and River Life in the Backwoods of Canada,” by the author of “Three Months Among the Moose,” that is, the late Rev. Joshua Fraser, formerly Chaplain to the 78th Highlanders. An account of this branch of the lumbering industry is also to be found in the pages of “They Too; or, Phases of life in Eastern Canada Fifty Years Ago,” a work published by and dedicated to Mr. John Lovell. The same subject is dealt with both by pen and pencil in the delightful pages of “Picturesque Canada.”

**THE CARSLAKE TROPHY.**—It may be remembered that Mr. George Carslake offered \$500 for competition by the various regimental rifle teams throughout Canada, to be competed for at the annual August matches of the Province of Quebec Rifle Association. Mr. Carslake contented himself with the acceptance of his generous gift, leaving to the council the task of drawing up the rules and conditions of the match. The only stipulation he made was that the teams should consist of at least ten men. The council de-



THE CARSLAKE TROPHY.

puted Lieut.-Col. Houghton, its chairman; Major Bond, chairman of the executive committee; and Major Blaiklock, the secretary, to draw up the conditions. They are as follows: A special match to be placed in the programme with \$200 for individual and team prizes. Individual prizes—Open to the active militia of Canada, the staff, and officers who have retired retaining rank, being members of the P.Q.R.A. by direct contribution or through affiliated associations. Ranges, 200, 400 and 600 yards. Number of shots, 7 at each distance. Rifles, Snider, Government pattern. Position, at 200 yards, standing; at 400 and 600 yards, any position. Team prizes—For the aggregate score of at least ten previously named officers or men of any battalion or corps in the Dominion, being affiliated with the P.Q.R.A. The new D.R.A. efficiency rules will be enforced. Mr. Carslake agreed to these conditions, and the contract for making the trophy was awarded to Messrs. Hendery & Leslie, of St. Peter street. It will weigh 160 ounces and be of sterling silver. “Young Canada” will be conspicuous surmounting the trophy, with the six branches of the service clustered around. A portion of the centre will be of ebony, with silver shields and sprigs of maple, the arms of the different provinces being engraved. The stand of flags on each side, with shield attached, will be of silver, the base also of silver, save for an ebony border around the panels, as shown in the design, the panels between the soldiers being left open. As may be seen in our engraving, this will form a handsome and appropriate trophy.

**LAUNCH OF THE SCHOONER MINNEDOSA.**—Our engraving depicts a scene that was witnessed by a multitude of eager spectators at Kingston on the 26th of last month. The launch of the Minnedosa took place in the forenoon,

two tugs being employed to assist her down the ways. After the withdrawal of the blocks she moved gracefully enough towards her watery destination till she was almost afloat, when an interruption occurred which was only explained after the services of a diver had been called into requisition. It was then ascertained that, through some misadventure, her stern had caught in the ways and smashed them, and it was not till after a considerable time that she was successfully floated. She then proceeded to Toledo in tow of the Walker in order to load grain for Kingston. The Minnedosa, which cost from \$60,000 to \$70,000, was built in the shipyard at Kingston of the Montreal Transportation Company. She is the largest vessel of her kind in Ontario, and is pronounced by experts in shipbuilding to be unsurpassed by any boat in fresh water. She is capable, it is said, of carrying 90,000 bushels of wheat at a draught of 16 feet of water. She has a length of keel of 242 feet, a length over all of 250 feet, her breadth of beam is 38 feet, and her depth of hold 17. She is built of oak, except the deck and cabin. A steel plate 18 inches by ¾ of an inch goes all round the frame at the top height from the stern at each side to the quarter timber with double butt straps. From the plate diagonal braces run down the bilge, extending a distance of 2½ feet on the floor frame.

These braces cross each other on the side of the schooner three times. The steel used for the braces is 4½ inches wide by ¾ of an inch thick and is well bolted throughout. Her frame is of clear white oak. Her planking outside from the top of the bridge to the covering board is 5 inches thick, except three streaks that are 5½ inches. Her main keelson consists of 65 sticks of oak 14 inches square, and she has six assistant keelsons 14 inches square with double floor. She is a double-decker, having two shelves on each side 36 by 7 inches thick, and double deck frames all the way through. She has 140 hanging iron knees, weighing 400 lbs. each. Altogether, this four-master is a credit to her architects and to Canada.

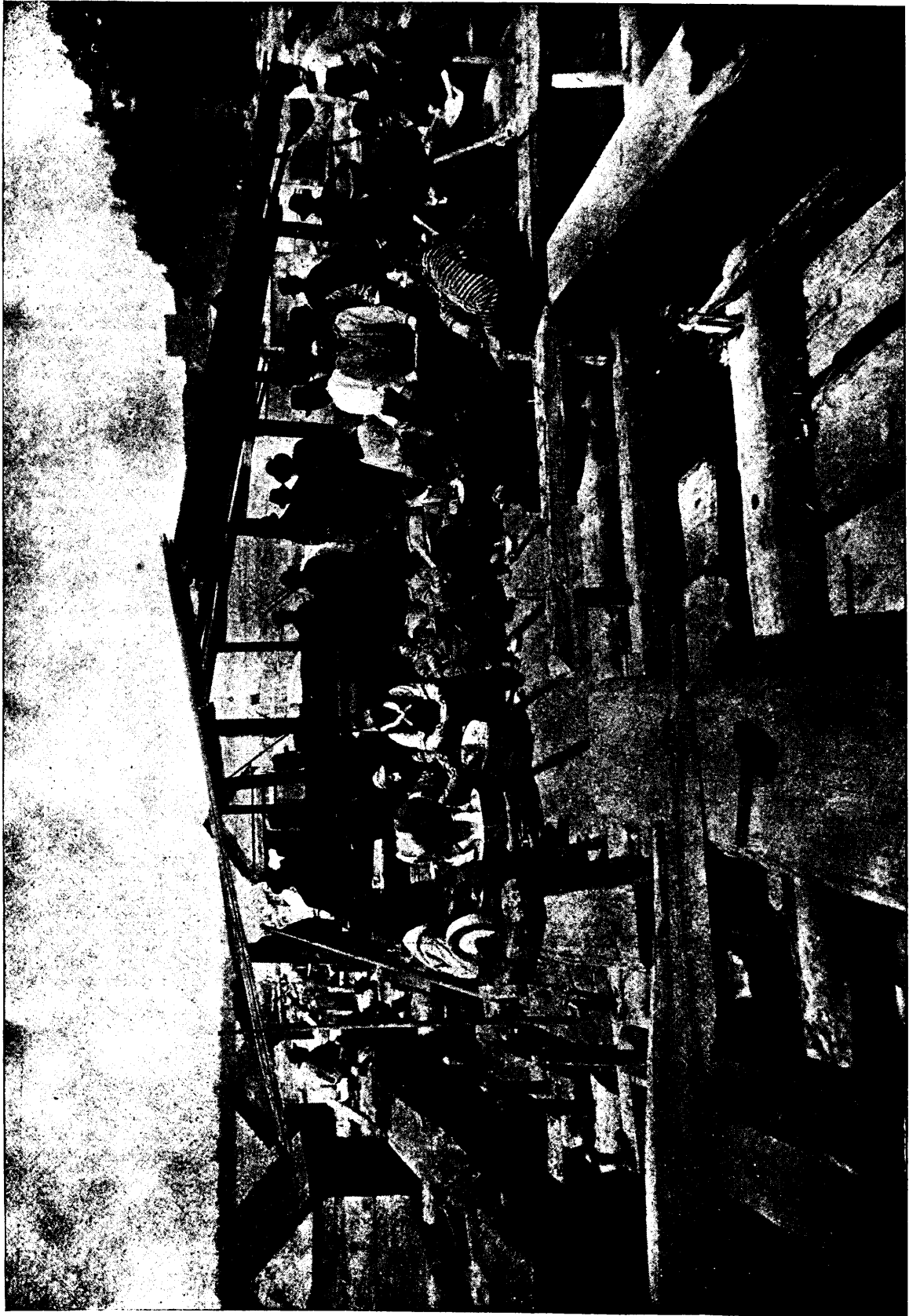
**CHIEF CROWFOOT.**—In this issue we have the pleasure of presenting our readers with a good portrait of this famous and estimable chief, whose death took place on the 27th ult. He had been ill four days, and death resulted from inflammation of the lungs. Crowfoot exerted considerable influence not only in the Blackfoot tribe, to which he belonged, but among the other Indians of the North-West, and even, to some extent, among the whites. He came of a stock of acknowledged hardihood and courage, and in his youth was one of the bravest of Blackfoot braves, and one of the wisest of Blackfoot councillors. He was endowed with a natural eloquence and, when he spoke earnestly on any subject that he had at heart, he seldom failed to convince. In civilized life, had he received an education proportionate to his native gifts, he might have attained eminence as a statesman. His private virtues were well known, he was generous and charitable and did not indulge in revengful grudges, either against Indian or white. In the troubles that preceded the breaking out of the rebellion in 1885, he acted the part of conciliator. During its continuance Crowfoot, notwithstanding the messages of the Crees, remained faithful to the Government. In solemn assembly of his nation at Blackfoot Crossing, in the presence of Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney and Father Lacombe, he gave his word that nothing might be feared on the part of the Blackfeet, that he and his would remain loyal. He kept his word.

**THE BUBASTIS STONE.**—For an accurate and interesting account of this relic of Pharaonic architecture we beg to refer our readers to the article on the subject, kindly contributed by Sir William Dawson, which will be found in another page of this issue.

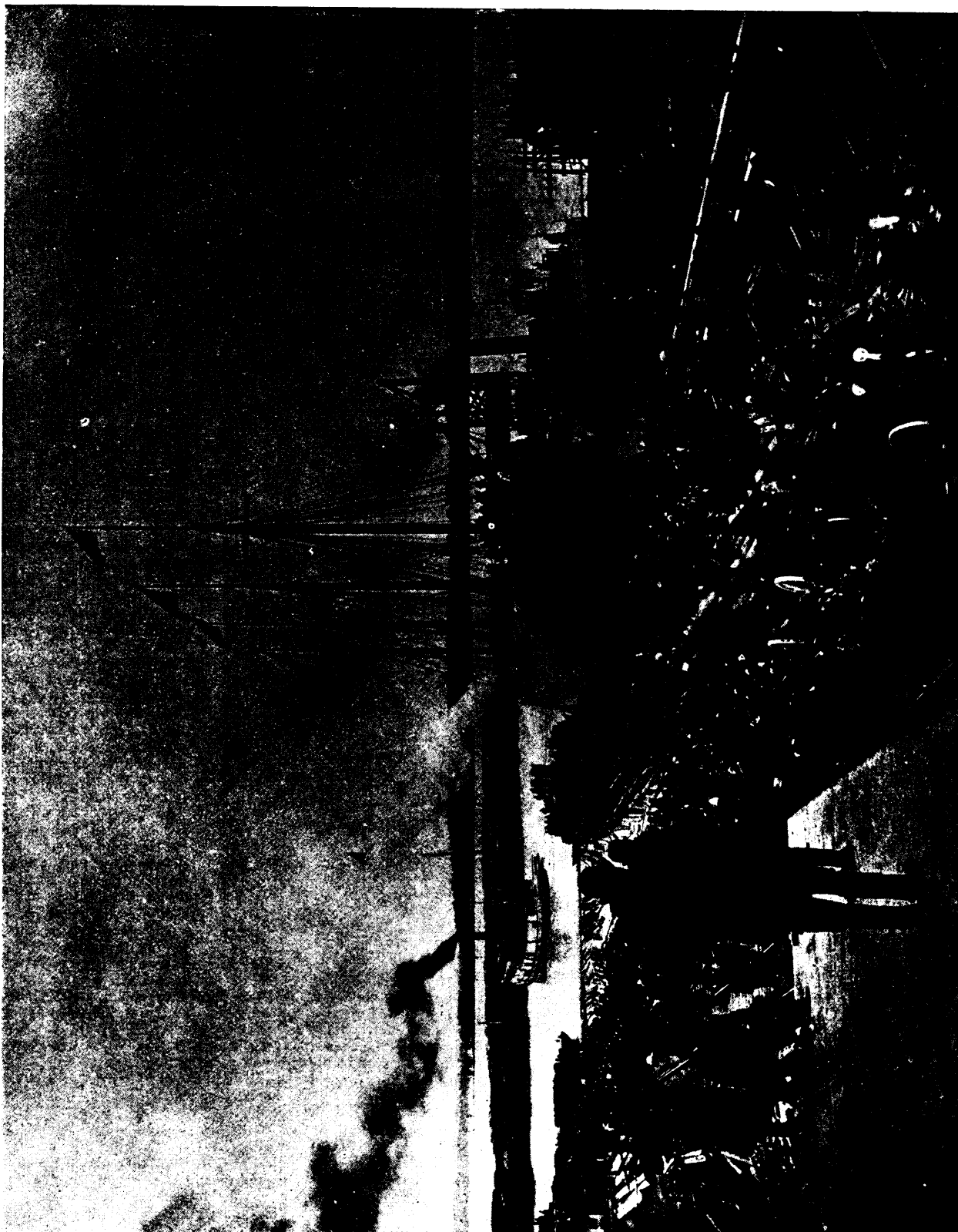
### THIS MAKES US FEEL PROUD.

Quebec has always been essentially a military city, and ever since the day when the immortal Wolfe scaled its frowning heights, its history and traditions have been intimately connected with those of the British army. It is now twenty years since the last of Her Majesty's regiments marched out of the gates of the impregnable Citadel, built by the Duke of Wellington, but the Union Jack still waves from the flagstaff of the Queen's bastion, overlooking the grandest harbour in the world, the gateway of British America; and the evening gun is still fired, and last post sounded by men in the uniform of the Royal Artillery. So with the people. The best families of the city are descendants of old army officers, many Quebec boys, educated at the Military College of Kingston, are to day serving the Queen in all quarters of the globe; and in the old Anglican Cathedral, in whose chancel the tattered colours of Her Majesty's 59th Regiment still hang, the Vestry Clerk—himself a hero of the Light Brigade of Balaklava, and bearer of thirteen wounds—shows to visitors the monuments erected to the memory of sons of Quebec who fell at Serin-gapatam and at Delhi. The English speaking settlements near the city were largely founded by military men. As an evidence of this the cemetery of the country parish of Valcartier, on the line of the Lake St. John Railway, contains the graves of nineteen Waterloo veterans. How many country parishes in England can surpass this record?—*London Canadian Gazette.*





COOK-HOUSE ON A RAFT, OTTAWA RIVER.  
(Topley, photo.)



LAUNCH OF THE "MINNEDOSA" AT KINGSTON, SATURDAY, 26th APRIL.  
(H. Henderson, photo.)

## NIPS DAIMON.

Montreal is a wonderful place—unique in fact upon this continent—contrasting the ancient with the modern as no other American city can pretend to do, and showing buildings, dresses and habits two centuries old, in picturesque juxtaposition with the extreme fashions and improvements of the present day.

The grey and black robes of the nuns rub against hoops that are greatly beyond the gauge of the city sidewalks. Portly priests or humbler *frères chrétiens* dispute the pavement with red coated soldiers and merchants. Convents jostle the counting-rooms of firms of world-wide reputation.

A church that counts its years by hundreds stands at the side of a market house, much finer than any our city can show; while near them from the barracks issue in splendid array a little army of soldiers, whose march is like the moving of waters, and their drill a wonder and a school.

It is not astonishing, therefore, that every summer brings to Montreal a host of tourists to marvel and admire, in whose train follow the inevitable travelling correspondents, who fill the columns of our newspapers with little collections of thrice told facts. We "stay-at-homes" expect annually to be informed by the different journals that the towers of the French church are higher than the monument on Bunker Hill, and that the *enfants trouvés* of the *Sœurs Grises* have clean faces, but bad bumps. The nuns themselves, it seems, are not so pretty as they might be; while the smallest children in the streets talk French with fluency—a fact which I wish you to note as an evidence of their surprising precocity.

One special point no correspondent neglects. The "Haunted House" furnishes a paragraph to the whole tribe of nomadic scribblers.

Sometimes it is stated that the builder of this ghost-ridden mansion hung himself from a beam in its cellar on discovering—what any sensible man would have expected—that his architect's estimate covered less than half of the required outlay. Again we are told that he died from the effect of a cup of "cold poison" swallowed in humble imitation of the sad example of the illustrious Dinah. I remember one correspondent who struck an original path, and declared that the devil carried him off bodily, though with what purpose or for what crime this inventive writer unfortunately omitted to specify. But, however they differ regarding the exit of the troubled spirit, all agree upon its occasional return.

Haunted the house is and deserted, the very picture of desolation, standing alone upon as fine a site as fancy can conceive, having behind it the broad green belt of lofty trees that garters the foot of the mountain, and in front a wide slope, which stretches its lawn-like expanse in regular descent from the great doorway of the mansion to within a short distance from the public street.\*

The hill affords summer-pasturage for hundreds of cows, which lounge among the fruit trees at its base, or dot its surface with their forms. But in winter it is put to a livelier use, for which it is admirably fitted by its length and height, and the evenness of the declination. To wit,—as a slide for toboggans.

"A what?" you ask. "In the name of eponymy what is a toboggan?"

Let me tell you. I must premise that the orthography of this word belongs to the important unsettled questions of the world. Authorities differ; usage affords no guide; and its etymology is lost in the dim ages of aboriginal tradition. The way I write it comes as near the sound as can be, and pleases me accordingly. But any reader who feels dissatisfied, has perfect liberty to spell it as he thinks proper.

All I know about tobogganing was learned nine years ago. Understand that. Many changes may, nay, must have come since then. The hill may offer no longer an unbroken slope. The practice itself may have grown unfashionable. But in my time everybody tobogganed, and the slide was the glory of the town.

Toboggans—to resume them—are Indian sleighs, perfect-

\*In *Hochelaga Depicta* appears the following description of the McTavish House.—"On a well chosen spot, most conspicuously situated beneath the abrupt part of the Mountain, the late Simon McTavish, Esq., erected a mansion, in a style of much elegance. This gentleman had projected great improvements in the neighbourhood of the house thus intended for his residence; and had he lived to complete them, the place would have been rendered an ornament to the island. His remains were deposited in a tomb placed at a short distance behind the house, surrounded by a shrubbery. On a rocky eminence above it, his friends have erected a monumental pillar as a tribute to his worth, and a memento of their regret. The house is a very prominent object, disclosing itself in almost every direction; the obelisk was formerly so, but is now much obscured by the growth of young trees. The inscription on the pedestal is as follows:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF SIMON MCTAVISH, ESQ.,  
WHO DIED JULY 6TH, 1804.  
AGED 54 YEARS.

This Monument is erected by his Nephews,  
William and Duncan McGillivray.  
To commemorate their high sense of his  
manly virtues—and as a grateful tribute  
For his many acts of kindness shewn to them.

ly flat, without runners, supporting themselves above the lightest snow on the same principle as the snowshoe, by offering a large surface to its resistance. They are about eight feet long, and sufficiently broad to leave a margin of a few inches on each side of the sitter. They curve upwards in front like the runner of a sleigh, light poles tied along the sides support the occupants while going over "the jumps," which are holes worn by the constant ploughing of the curved fronts in their rapid rush down the steep incline.

Indian sleighs are often very neatly painted, and almost always christened by appropriate names, such as the "Dart," the "Snow Wreath" and the "Bird on the Wing." Their bottoms by long usage grow wonderfully smooth. When the snow is a little beaten, or has a light crust, through which our New England sleds would crash in a moment, the toboggans glide along as easily as a ship passing through the water, and as swiftly as an arrow just loosened from the bow.

I spent a winter in Montreal during the height of the furore, and visited the ground many times in company with as pleasant a set of gentlemen as I have ever been privileged to know.

One of these, whom I shall call Roy—Eugene Roy—for this most excellent reason that it does not sound at all like the real name, was almost always the leader of our party to the hill. He was a young man, quite dark enough to justify the suspicion that he had Indian blood in his veins,—a strange, quiet fellow, who had very little to say to any one, who steered magnificently, and appeared to love sliding as he loved nothing else in the world.

No wonder. He owned the fastest sleigh on the field. It was a narrow toboggan, painted blue, carrying its name,



THE MCTAVISH HOUSE.  
(From a memory sketch by W. B. L.)

the "Indian Chief," in wide gold letters upon the front. Its bottom was seamed with countless cracks, and worn so thin in many places as to be almost transparent. But it flashed down the hill as no other toboggan could be coaxed to do, darting out from a flight of its most formidable rivals like a hawk sweeping past a cluster of slow-winged crows.

No hand save his own steered this sleigh, for, though Eugene was free as air with whatever else he possessed, he steadily refused to lend the "Chief," even for an occasional slide, to his most intimate friend.

He and I had some rooms in the same house. We always walked home from the hill together, and, indeed, soon became as intimate as his peculiar disposition allowed.

It is not surprising that the sliders, who spent so many evenings in the vicinity of the Haunted House, came to feel in time a thorough contempt for its terrors, and passed, as regards the existence of its ghost, in rapid progression from doubt to scepticism and positive unbelief. Many a shout from strong-lunged scoffers has rung through the rafters of that unfinished building, challenging all the spirits who dwelt therein to come forth and try their wings in a race along the hill. But I noticed that the boldness of the call invariably bore a nice proportion to the number of the party, and that, when no more than two or three sliders remained near the mansion, its reputed tenants were treated with the most respectful consideration by all, for there was something so utterly lonesome about this deserted dwelling, standing with bleak-boarded windows, white in the moonlight, the tomb of the pride of its builder, that its contemplation often chilled the boldest hearts and stayed the noisiest laughter.

We all spoke of it lightly, however, when distance had dissolved the spell; and at the suppers, which occasionally followed our return from tobogganing, the spectral occupant of the desolate mansion was a frequent toast with the lads of the hill.

One excepted, Eugene Roy, never emptied glass to that health, never smiled at the jokes, nor joined in the boasts that allusion to his ghostship had a tendency to call forth; nay, when pressed by our banter regarding his reserve, he always answered that there were things he thought it ill to jest about, and that, perhaps, we would not find the devil so black as he had been painted, a supposition involving a corollary not very complimentary to the company.

One evening some person inquired if he "dare race his 'Indian Chief' with any other toboggan in Canada?"

We all felt interested on this point, as there had been talk of bringing up a famous sleigh from Quebec and matching it against his for a medal. The supper drew towards its close when the question was asked. Roy had been drinking pretty freely. He looked up from his glass quite hastily, and replied with an oath that "the winner of the race he had run one Saturday night need fear no wood that ever skimmed snow-drift."

All at the table laughed. They had never before found Eugene influenced by his liquor. I reflected; and that evening on our homeward walk renewed the subject, which we discussed rather warmly, till at last I taxed him with knowing more about the tenant of the "Haunted House" than he appeared willing to admit.

On this he turned round upon me sharply.—"Do you believe in ghosts, in bodied or disembodied spirits?"

"Pooh!" I blew the answer out like a bullet, for I considered his question a reflection upon my good sense.

He stopped suddenly and pointed towards the building, which, from its commanding situation, was visible at a great distance.

"So you have no faith in haunted houses?"

"Haunted they may be," I laughed, "by rats or owls; at the farthest by nothing more formidable than a skulking mountain fox."

He caught my arm. "Suppose I told you that I, myself, am the ghost, the devil, the thing whose accursed presence heightens the horror of those lonely walls?"

His voice and the light in his eyes were unnatural. Shaking myself from his grasp, I jumped into the middle of the road, but came back ashamed enough when I heard his mocking laugh.

"Again as ever," Eugene cried, "you are like the rest of mankind—liars and cowards all of you in matters supernatural," he added calmly. "You scoff at ghosts. That goes without telling. 'Brave comme un lapin,' says the proverb, and you jumped from my side like a rabbit because I spoke a few wild words in a deeper tone. Well, be not afraid. No matter what *does* haunt that old house, I don't. Only take this advice from a friend. Till you get stronger nerves, never stay on the hill alone after midnight, and of all evenings of the week, choose Saturday least for solitary sliding."

Of course, after such a speech, there were no means of resisting my eager curiosity. He told me his story that night as we sat in my room together, while the flashes from the fire-light flickered about the chamber, till the shuddering darkness of the winter night overshadowed the room like a pall.

Impossible to give it in his words; needless my interrupting queries. You have it here as I remember it—*plus* the many imperfections of a bad narrator, and *minus* more of the charms derived from his quaint expressions and peculiar manner than I am at all willing you should realize.

"One Saturday night," he commenced, "about four weeks ago the tracks, you will perhaps remember, were in a terrible condition. There had been good sliding for a week on snow deep enough even to cover the big rocks at the foot, and all the world had gone mad about tobogganing.

With Friday came a dash of rain, followed by severe weather, till on Saturday the whole hill was a sheet of glare ice, so thick that our sticks could not break through it, and so smooth that our hands found little hold to steer. Few cared to go on it that Saturday afternoon. Those who did left early, for the sleighs shot down like arrows. To guide them was all but impossible. One boy went off with a broken arm; another, who had cut his ankle, was carried home on his toboggan.

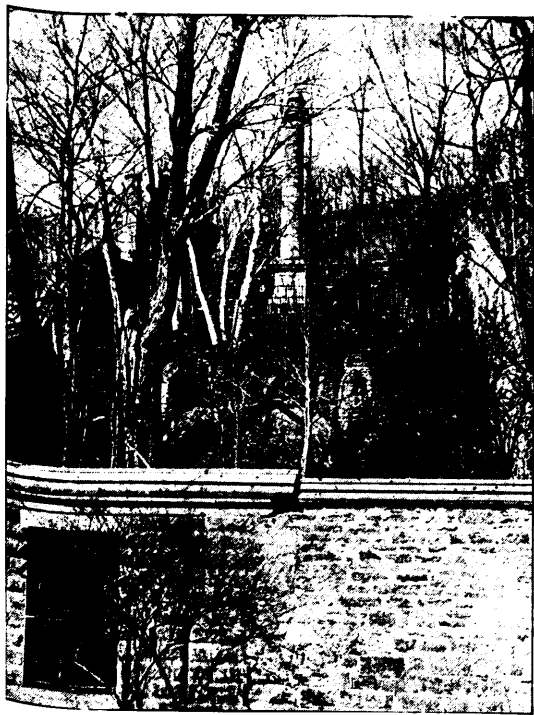
It was toward ten o'clock in the evening when the moon got up, heartily cheered by half a dozen of us who were waiting impatient at the hill. Little cared we for ice or danger. A moonlit slide at such a pace was cheaply bought at any risk. Good steerers all of us, you may be sure, and our toboggans the best in the town. George had the 'Hawk's Eye' cut down to half her original size, but with a bottom smoother than the ice itself. Mark brought a new sleigh, which he had selected out of a hundred in Lorette. Frank, too, was with us; large-hearted Frank, whose name describes his nature, as good at cricket as at steering—deservedly a favourite with girls and men; and Andrew with the 'Arrow,' and Arthur's 'Falling Star.'

We had a glorious time. The speed was greater than I

had ever before known. We did not slide; we flew!—dancing over 'the jumps' and flashing past the stone-heads, each steering as carefully as if there were a dozen ladies on board—for a mistake would have been no laughing matter. We tried all the runs, even the unusual one which, passing obliquely behind the college buildings, leads towards a bridge that crosses the little brook.

Near twelve o'clock, tired of our sport and bed-weary, we ranged our sleighs at the door of the "Haunted House" for our last slide.

It was Frank who proposed that we should try the track on the extreme right, which as yet we had not attempted,



THE MCTAVISH MONUMENT.

and George who suggested that we should go far back among the trees, shoot through the fence which separates the enclosed ground from the rough foot of the mountain, and thus sweep along the right hand track with all the advantage which our unusual start would give. By so doing, we would nearly double the length of our slide. The track on this side was entirely free from obstructions till you approached the bottom of the hill, where the difficulties increased—rocks being in great plenty and the trees inconveniently close together.

No one dissenting, we dragged our toboggans up the mountain, till we reached the ledge off which we purposed pushing, some of us, whose moccasins were travel-worn, finding it no easy task to scale the slippery ascent.

At the top all tarried a moment, spell-bound by the beauty of the night. Not a cloud soiled the sky. No breath of air rustled through the leafless branches above us. The moonlight seemed unnaturally bright, even for that latitude,—showing the towers of the French church on guard over the sleeping city below us, and beyond, blue in the distance, the crossed summit of Belleil. Behind us rose the Monument, girt by a high wall of stone.

We could see its shaft white among the tree trunks, marking where rests the builder of the house in, as many believe, his troubled and terrible spirit repose. But none of us thought of the monument or its tenant while we marshalled our toboggans along the edge of the incline—of nothing, in fact, but the track before us and the wild scamper over it that we were about to take.

"Now, then, the first to the hill," cried George.  
"Give us to the fence, Roy, if you want an even race."  
"To the house you mean," two or three called out.  
"At less than that for a start, the Chief will be up with us before we reach the head of the hill."

"Hadn't you better say half way down at once?" I answered. "You are a plucky lot to have a race with. I would not take an inch from the devil himself."

"Then stay and try with him," they shouted. And all passing off at once dashed over the ice down the hill—darting in and out among the trees, shooting the fence at different openings, and emerging in a body upon the clear field beyond.

They were so well matched that it seemed as if a blanket would have covered them, and swept out of sight round the house in a moment, cheering and daring each other on like the fine brave fellows they were.

I sat quietly, a hand down on each side, ready to shove forward, waiting till they had reached the bottom of the hill. My patience was not tried, their halloo coming through half a mile of that clear air as distinctly as if uttered two yards off, told me the track was clear for my run.

With this halloo came to my ears, from the steeples of the city, the sound of the bells ringing midnight; and I listened to distinguish the clear tones that bounded out of the belfry of St. Patrick's from the heavier clang of the Cathedral and the gentle music of the Seminary chimes.

Those twelve strokes, ringing above the sleepbound city,

were wonderfully subdued and blended by the distance into so soft a peal that I thought they sounded like the tongues of angels, proclaiming, with the advent of the Sabbath, a season of rest and tranquillity to men. 'Twas a devil's blast succeeded them—a summons flung among the shuddering trees to chill my heart with horror.

"Ariete un peu, mon ami. Est-ce que c'est la mode maintenant de toboganer tout seul?"

The tones crisped my nerves like a musket-ball. I turned and saw behind me a tall man, dressed in a blanket coat, who carried snowshoes at his back, and dragged behind him a toboggan unpainted, but so dark with age that it looked as if it had been varnished. His coat was buttoned to the throat and tied about the waist with a silk sash, not red like mine, but of a peculiar shade, resembling clotted blood. His leggings were ornamented along the seams by a fringe of long hair; a small fur cap, adorned with the usual fox's tail, partially covered the wealth of straight black locks that fell down towards his shoulders; while his feet, at which I glanced instinctively, were protected by moccasins, beautifully worked in beads and coloured hair.

No foot is handsome in a moccasin. His, as far as I could judge, seemed small for his size—*voilà tout*.

His features, though marked, were far from disagreeable. He had the nose of an eagle, the eye of a falcon, a brown complexion, and a figure so slender as to render it almost waspish. But long arms swung from his well set shoulders, and it was plain that he possessed strength, combined with activity, in an uncommon degree. He moved in fact like a tiger—noiselessly, easily. In every motion the play of his muscles seemed capable of sending him yards through the air at your throat at any moment.

"Is it the fashion now to leave a question unanswered?" he said with a sneering emphasis. The smile more than his words recalled me to myself, for pride came to the rescue of my courage—the shame of cowering thus before a stranger, odd, but not bad-looking, at all events decidedly gentlemanlike in carriage and address, who had spoken to me twice civilly enough, and remained now waiting for my replies with politeness, which must be changing very rapidly into contempt.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I was greatly surprised by seeing any person on the mountain at so late an hour."

"Not half so much as I," he cried. "It is generally lonely enough up here long before midnight."

"Do you come, then, often after twelve o'clock?" I enquired, astonished.

"Often," he answered. "Does not my sleigh look as if it had been used? This is the best time for a slide. The tracks are not covered with shouting fools, who could hardly steer clear of a haystack if one stood in the middle of the hill." He glanced at my "Indian Chief"—the glance of a connoisseur, appreciating all its merits and discovering every defect.

"That is a pretty piece of wood you have there. Hardly heavy enough in front and too wide for a night like this, though I dare say it does very well on a light snow."

"You may say so," I interrupted with some warmth. "Drift or ice-flake matters little, for on neither have I found its equal."

He drew his sleigh toward him and placed it alongside of mine, which looked three inches broader.

"My own is narrow," he continued, speaking no longer in a defiantly sarcastic tone, but low and very sadly, till his voice thrilled through me like the wail of a winter wind, "too narrow, indeed. It hurts me and I am weary of it. I would gladly change it for your painted 'Indian Chief.' Ah! me. I have seen many chiefs painted after a different fashion. The smoke of their wigwams is with yesterday's clouds and the track of their toboggans on last year's snow. Come," he added, more cheerfully, "I will make a bargain with you. Have you heart enough to race me one slide along the hill?"

"Why not?" I answered. "I will beat you if I can with all the pleasure in the world." I felt so ashamed of my late cowardice that, if he had asked me to follow him over the mountain, I believe I would not have refused, and, besides, "il faut quelque fois payer d'audace."

"Then let us start," he said. "If you are the victor, you may keep your toboggan as long as wood and deerskin hold together. But if I conquer, I warn you that I shall want your sleigh and that you *must* use mine."

"A moment," I answered. "This is a strange bargain. 'Tis heads I win, tails you lose. I am to keep the swiftest in any event,—mine if it beats yours, yours if better than my own."

"You agree then?"

"I should be a fool to refuse."

"That is not my affair. Eh bien, c'est comme. Touch there, my friend." He stretched out his hand, which I touched at first as you would handle hot coals, but more heartily when I saw the sneer starting over his face once more. How brave we are—afraid of being even-afraid.

The stranger slipped his snowshoes from his back and flung them against a tree, remarking that he would pick them up on his return.

"Are you coming up the hill again to-night?" I enquired with surprise.

"It is not night now, but morning," he answered; "the morning of the Sabbath."

"And will you slide on Sunday?" I asked.

"You should have remembered that ten minutes ago," he replied in his old sarcastic tone. "Think no more of it. Think of nothing but the stakes in the race before us. All other considerations are now *too late*."

We got off together, but parted company from the very outset, for he shoved to the left at once and steered toward a gap in the fence directly behind where a break in the wall of the Haunted House gave access to the cellars beneath—an old doorway in fact, which pilferers had plundered of its boarding and the mountain winds of its stones, till an irregular opening had been formed large enough to admit a loaded waggon.

At first, as the stranger headed in the direction of this door, I thought he had mistaken his course, or that his toboggan had become unmanageable. But the skill with which he handled it dismissed this last supposition. His sleigh bounded from knoll to knoll, obeying a touch of his finger, scraping the trees as it flew past them, and taking advantage of every bend in the ground, till it sprang straight at a hole in the fence not much wider than itself, and shot through as the thread goes through the needle when guided by a woman's hand. I never saw such steering before or since. After what followed you may believe that I hope never to look upon its like again.

I had got abreast of the fence myself by this time, running down it towards an opening further to the right. The pace was awful. My toboggan sheered along the ice so that I could hardly keep it upon the track, and I came within an inch of missing the gap altogether. When I reached the other side the stranger was just flashing into the gloom of the opening that led downwards to the cellars of the Haunted House.

I screamed, but my voice was drowned in a peal of infernal laughter and the clapping of countless hands, which rattled from every storey of that fiend-ridden building.

Straight in front of me I stared—not a side look for a million. On my head each separate hair crawled upwards, snake like, and my breath went and came pantingly, as that of a man who struggles body to body with a mortal foe. My toboggan bounded on with redoubled speed. It seemed to share my terror. 'Twas not without an effort that, as I passed the end of the mansion, I mustered courage for a Parthian glance.

What I saw will live before my eyes till they close on this earth and its terrors forever. A vision of horror ineffable—beyond belief or bearing—compared with which all I had before imagined of ghostly, soul-subduing phantoms, became mere babble of old nurses to frighten timid children.

Out of the darkness into which my companion had plunged came forth a skeleton bearing in its skinless arms a coffin of unusual size. Its knees rattled as it trode forward, staggering under the terrible burden. Nothing of life about it save its eyes—not earthly even these. Now the browless holes beneath its bony forehead looked out of two balls of fire, the same that had glared on me a moment before as I was looking up in the stranger's face. To look at them now threatened madness.



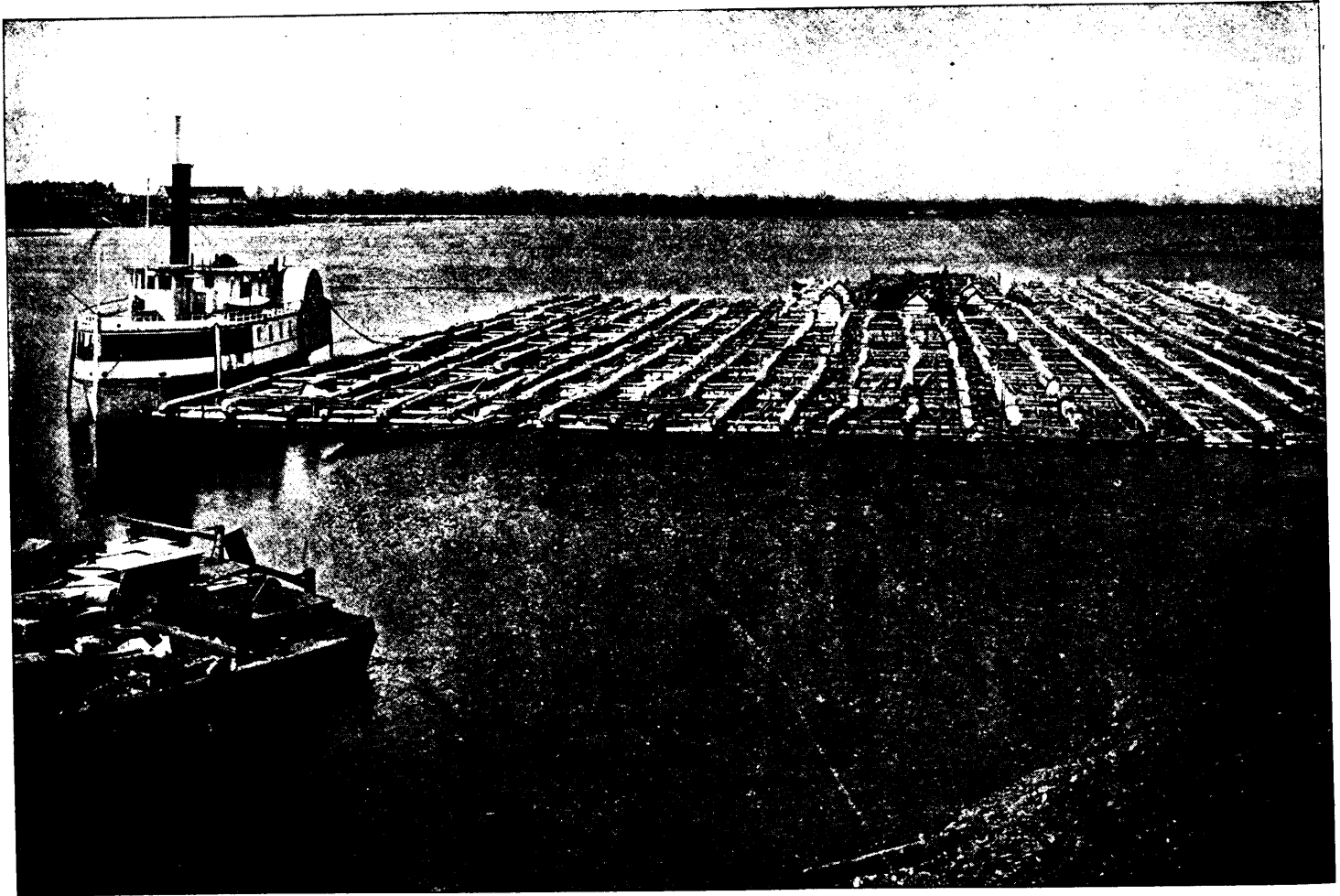
THE GHOST OF MCTAVISH HOUSE.

I felt it and shut my own, pressing my hands over them to keep out the baleful sight.

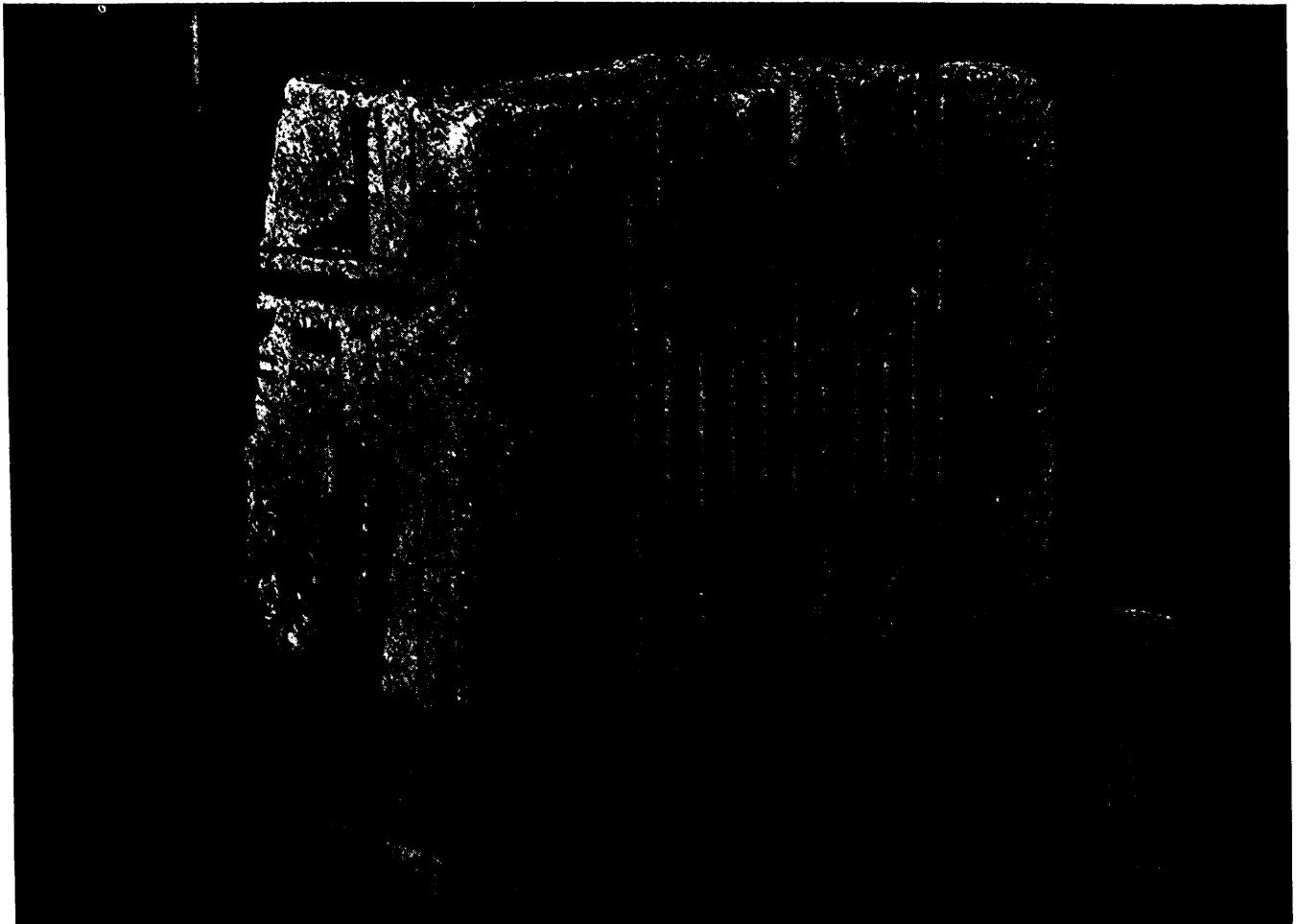
So I *saw* nothing more. But I *heard* the thud of the coffin upon the ice and the clatter of the skeleton's bones as it bounded into its sepulchral vehicle, then the grit of the frozen snow beneath the rush of that devil's toboggan!

This last sound chased irresolution. I knew what a struggle lay before me. With strength gained from despair I nerved myself to meet the danger, feeling that human skill and courage must be strained to distance my demon pursuer.

If I failed, what then? I shuddered to think of it. Now light had been flung upon the strange conditions of our race, and well I understood their meaning. No marvel that he found his toboggan too narrow. No wonder that he wearied of it and would change it for my "Indian



RAFT OF SQUARE TIMBER, OTTAWA ; VALUE, \$45,000.  
(W. J. Topley, photo.)



THE BUBASTIS STONE IN THE REDPATH MUSEUM, MCGILL UNIVERSITY, THE GIFT OF MR. H. R. IVES.  
(Cumming & Brewis, photo.)

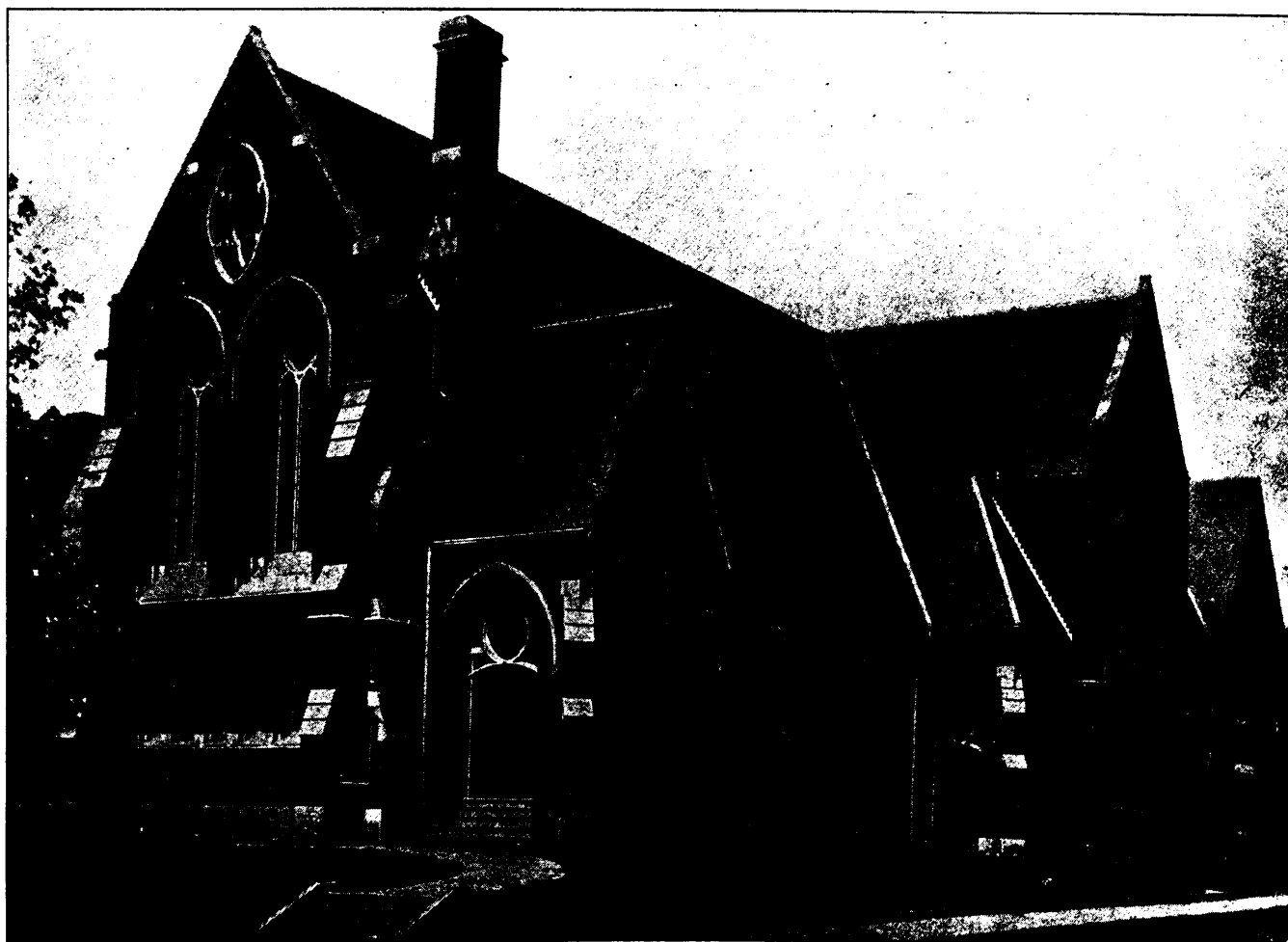




DR. BURGESS,  
SUPT. NEW PROTESTANT INSANE HOSPITAL, MONTREAL.



REV. G. H. SANDWELL,  
RECTOR OF ZION CHURCH, TORONTO.



ZION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, TORONTO.

Chief." In the coffin which thundered behind me I was to make the next skeleton. Had he not said that I *must* use it unless I conquered in this hopeless race?

Thus life and death on its issue, I bent myself to the contest, not losing an inch that all I knew of steering and the hill could give me.

I have said before that the right-hand track was singularly free from obstructions till you approach the foot of the hill. The descent was much more even than on either of the other slides, so that, at first, dexterity and practice availed but little. The utmost any one could do being to keep the sleigh headed straight toward a stump near the bottom, round which the track bent at an angle unpleasantly acute. On a line with this stump—not quite two yards to the right of it—the sharp black top of a rock peeped out above the ice-crust.

The passage between this Scylla and Charybdis was not easy to hit on such a night when a wrong touch of the finger would have sent the sleigh twenty yards from its course. But a greater danger lay beyond. Three or four yards further on, facing the centre of the passage, the trunk of a large tree, with wide-spread roots, completely barred the way in front, leaving only a narrow gap upon the left, into which the steerer had to turn so sharply and suddenly that, even at ordinary speed, this bend was considered the most difficult piece of sliding on the hill. Of course the difficulty, as well as the danger, increased proportionately with the pace. That night both reached their maximum. A toboggan striking against any obstacle with the frightful impetus with which mine was bowling down the ice would be knocked to pieces in a moment, and its rider be very fortunate if he escaped with a broken limb. But I thought little of the perils before me. It was the danger behind that engrossed my attention.

I stretched myself at full length upon the "Chief," bringing my weight to bear along its centre as evenly as possible, for the Indian sleigh never gives its best speed to the rider who sits upright. Thus, on my back looking towards the stars and listening to the grating of the ice-crust under the heavy coffin that followed me, I passed a moment of as intense agony as I think ever fell to the lot of mortal. Cold as was the night, the perspiration rolled in clammy drops down my forehead, while my teeth closed so firmly together that they ached under the pressure.

Judging as well as I could by hearing alone, I concluded that my pursuer followed, not directly in my rear, but a little on the left of my course. An instant afterwards the noise grew more distinct and my heart sank, for I felt that he was gaining on me. Then the noise changed to my right, from which I presumed that he had crossed behind me and taken an inside position, partly because the ground, being there somewhat steeper, favoured the weight of his ponderous conveyance, and partly because—if he could get alongside of my sleigh in this position—it would be easy for him to force me out of the path against the stump that guarded the left of the narrow strait toward which both were rushing.

Having now the advantage of the ground, and even, as was evident, the heels of me in an unequal race, he overhauled me very rapidly.

Nearer and nearer came the sweep of his infernal toboggan. I followed—it approached—it closed upon me. I glanced ahead—the trees were yet a hundred yards away—then around. The front of the coffin was level with the end of my toboggan. Another second. It was up with my shoulder, looking ever so black and hideous against the purity of the frozen snow. In that breath a thought came to me,—not so much a thought as an inspiration.

I carried on my watch-chain a small gold crucifix, a present from my mother the night before she died. I remembered well at that moment, what in my heedlessness I had long forgotten, that this crucifix, which had remained in our family many years, was valued as possessing more than ordinary sanctity.

It was of admirable workmanship. It had been blessed by a bishop, and, report said, worn once by the superiress of a convent, a lady of singular piety, whom, after death, for her good works the church had canonised. My mother, when confiding it to my care, made me promise that I would carry it constantly about my person—a promise kept neglectfully enough by attaching it as a charm to my chain.

One vigorous pull tore open my coat, another broke the clasp which secured the crucifix. I held it high above my head, neither expecting or daring to hope for help, but clinging to the cross with the same strong, despairing grasp which drowning men fasten upon a straw.

With that close to my right hand, I heard a clatter,\* as of boards falling in on one another, while a yell of rage—disappointment and terror indescribable—swept in the direction of the "Haunted House," where it was taken up by an infernal chorus, which seemed to send its echoes into the very heart of the mountain.

Then my sleigh rubbed with a sudden shock against some obstacle, and overturning at once, hurled me many yards along the ice-crust, spun helplessly into insensibility.

When perception returned, I found myself surrounded by friends, who, in their anxious care, had placed me upon my toboggan, and were occupied in forcing some very good brandy down a throat not usually so reluctant to receive it.

\*It is related with regard to the "Old Haunted House" that at one time a lot of "darkies" made it their abode, and, in order to remain undisturbed, frightened people away by rattling chains and making other expected noises. These sounds, heard after dark, were of course attributed by many weak-minded persons to supernatural causes. Mr. Albert Furniss and some friends drove these curly-headed shades out of the building, and they never returned in the flesh.

My face was bleeding from a cut or two, and one of my hands had been badly bruised in my scramble over the now. These, physically, were all the injuries I sustained from my race with the devil down that terrible hill. Mentally, however, mischief had been done not so easy of cure.

To this hour Saturday midnight finds a nervous coward, terrified by every noise, alarmed by every shadow, imagining through each open doorway the approach of a flame-eyed skeleton, and hearing in each creak upon the stair-case the footfall of the lonely slider who stables his toboggan in the cellars of the "Haunted House."

*Hic finit* Eugene's story, told towards its end to a listener who was buried under blankets.

"Very well?" you ask, "Now, is this true or false?"

One test of its truth I might readily have applied. Nothing easier than to go up on the hill on Saturday evening and stay there alone till twelve o'clock.

This idea did not occur to me that night. But the thought and purpose to execute it forthwith came next morning. Unfortunately it happened throughout the rest of the season that I had some pressing engagement every Saturday evening which either prevented me from going on the hill at all, or brought me off it with the crowd long before midnight. But be comforted. It is not unlikely that the hill and the house remain still intact. Should you happen to be in Montreal next winter try the experiment for yourself. I can promise you a magnificent slide. If the spectre catches you, "tant pis pour vous"

"Once a Week, May 4th, 1862." C. E. BOCKUS.

## NEW ZEALAND'S JUBILEE.

### I. (1840.)

Children of England! far from the Motherland,  
Raise we her banner yet over another land!

Long o'er our heads may it proudly wave!  
Long 'neath its folds may the loyal and brave

A guardian phalanx stand!

Oft has it led o'er the hard-fought field  
Damp with the dews of death;  
Charged through the drift when the foeman reeled  
Under the cannon's breath;

Or, laid at rest, when the people rejoice,  
In the cathedral's gloom,  
Stirred by the swelling organ's voice,  
It has wept o'er the hero's tomb.

But now, on the wings of a sun-kissed breeze,  
Here on this Austral shore,  
Wave, brave flag, o'er slumberous seas  
That know not the battle's roar,

And brood o'er the land like the spirit of Peace  
For ever and ever more!

### II. (1890.)

Once more the crimson-blossom showers  
Have fallen around the Island Bay,  
As wreathed with smiles and crowned with flowers  
The year has softly died away,

And there was England's banner set  
Fifty golden years ago,

And, while it floats in triumph yet  
And loyal bosoms beat below,

In this glad hour shall we forget  
The grateful tribute that we owe

To those stout-hearted pioneers,  
Who raised it yonder on the hill,

Upheld it thro' the troubled years,  
And kept it England's still.

### III. (HURRAH FOR NEW ZEALAND!)

Behold the work of fifty years!  
Proud of her children, Freedom cries,

Behold! a second England rears  
Her stately form to softer skies!

Tho' set in vaster seas, caressed  
By freer winds, and strangely nursed

Close to the planet's fiery breast,  
She bears the impress of the first

Daughter of England, you may trace  
The mother in her fair young face.

Nor in the outward form alone,  
But, with each parent grace imbued,

Be her high lineage ever known  
By closer still similitude.

Heir to the ancient memories  
That fire the eye and thrill the soul,

Be hers the higher hope that sees  
And strives for a diviner goal,

When Wisdom, from her sovereign seat  
Shall sway the world by gracious words;

And earth shall ring, as at her feet  
The gathered nations cast their swords,

When kindlier influences mould  
The spirit of each growing year,

Till happier eyes than ours behold  
The perfect morning drawing near.

To that bright goal, O favoured Land!  
Heaven be thy conduct day by day

And light thy feet, and lead thee by the hand  
Still forward on the upward, arduous way,

Till, in the record of the coming age,  
Thine, too, shall be the emblazoned page,

Where noble thoughts and deed of high emprise  
Win thee the name and fame which never dies.

ALEX. M. FERGUSON.



"The Life of Mrs. Carlyle," by Mrs. Alexander Ireland, will appear next fall. It is looked forward to with much interest.

The "Life of the Earl of Derby, K.G.," by Mr. T. E. Kebbel, is one of the most interesting biographical works recently issued from the English press. It is one of the "Statesmen" series.

A valuable addition to English folklore is "Yorkshire Legends, as Told by Her Ancient Chronicles, Her Poets and Journalists," by the Rev. Thos. Parkinson, F.R. Hist. S.

One of the latest issues of Mr. Walter Scott's "Camelot" series is a selection from the prose works of Thomas Davis. It contains a biographical and critical introduction by Mr. T. W. Rolleston.

"CROWDED OUT."—A review of the delightful sketches of "Seranus" has been "crowded out" of the present issue, but will appear in our next number, with notices of some other interesting publications.

A work of an unusual kind and one which economists and statesmen ought to appreciate, if it be at all worthy of its name, is the "Industrial History of England," by Mr. H. de B. Gibbons, late scholar of Wadham College, Oxford.

A series of twenty articles on certain phases of the social question to be published in *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, has been led off by Mr. Gladstone, who discusses labour both retrospectively and prospectively. His views are, on the whole, hopeful.

"Oyster Culture," by the Marquis of Lorne, with illustrations by the Princess Louise, is one of the leading contributions to the last number of *Good Words*. It describes very pleasantly and instructively a visit to the oyster nurseries of Arcachon.

Amongst the distinguished Canadian *litterati* invited to the McLachlan testimonial banquet given at the Walker House, Toronto, was Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., of this city. Dr. O'Hagan is a warm friend and admirer of the veteran Scottish Canadian poet.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

The latest of the series of "Great Writers," edited by Prof. Eric S. Robertson, is the "Life of Jane Austen," by Prof. Goldwin Smith. Though not so interesting as Dr. Smith's "Cowper" in the "Men of Letters" series, it has his characteristic merits, and is both readable and instructive.

In these days of rife and somewhat dangerous socialism, it is worth while to examine the theories of some good old writers as to the possibilities of social development. Mr. Walter Scott has brought out an edition of More's "Utopia," with an introduction by Mr. Maurice Adams. It can be had for a trifle.

L'Abbé Batiffol, of Paris has just discovered in a manuscript in the National Library the Greek original of the apocryphal "Ascensio Isaie," which was only known from the Ethiopic version edited by Professor Dilmann. The Abbé proposes to publish this Greek text in one of the *fasciculi* of his "Studia Patristica," the first of which contains the prayers of Asenith.

Mr. John Dawson has invented a new industrial term—"authorcraft." He is also determined that, if generally adopted, it will not be without significance. He complains that the author's trade is the only occupation that is practised without systematic training, and he suggests that authors should admit apprentices to their workshops. Already there is a curriculum of journalism in at least one American college. Why not a course in authorship! Mr. Dawson is, indeed, far from thinking that his craft can be taught to everyone. But the mechanism of literary work could, he believes, be learned so that a young writer might be put on his guard against certain faults of construction, style and taste.

## MR. H. M. STANLEY.

Rumours are afloat that on his return to England Mr. Stanley will become a British subject, resuming the nationality he relinquished some thirty-five years ago when he landed as an unknown and friendless boy in New York. The Queen, says a London gossip, is anxious to confer high honours upon him in token of her approval of his conduct of the Emin Relief Expedition, and it is very probable that before long he will once more return to Africa as Governor, not of the Congo State, but of the territories of the British East Africa Company. He will be accorded two receptions in England—one by the Emin Pasha Relief Committee, when the Prince of Wales will take the chair; the other by the Royal Geographical Society. The latter meeting will be held in the Albert Hall, and the demand for tickets is said to be unprecedented.

## AN INTERESTING ANTIQUARIAN SPECIMEN.

No scientific enterprise of our time has been productive of more interesting results than that known as the Egypt Exploration Fund, the headquarters of which are in England, but which has agencies elsewhere, and of which our fellow-citizen, Mr. H. R. Ives, has been appointed honorary secretary for Canada. Among its recent operations has been the unearthing of the remains of the once celebrated city and temple of Bubastis, the Pi-beseth of the Bible, now represented by some shapeless mounds in the vicinity of the important railway junction of Zagazig in Lower Egypt. Through the liberality of Mr. Ives, and the kind offices of the society in England, a portion of one of the granite slabs which lined the great festival hall of Bast, the goddess worshipped at this place, has been secured for the Peter Redpath Museum, and is represented in our illustration from a photograph. It forms an interesting example of Egyptian work of the palmy days of the Pharaoh who held the Hebrews in bondage, and of the art and religion of old Egypt.

The goddess Bast, or Pasht, was one of the most popular deities of Egypt from the earliest times till the advent of Christianity, and the city which occupied the important and central position now held by Zagazig contained her most famous temple, whence the city itself was known as Pi-Bast, the place or abode of Bast, a name which appears slightly modified in the Greek Bubastis and the Hebrew Pi-Beseth, and which remains in the name Tel Basta, or Mound of Bast, still given to the ruins.

Bast is sometimes regarded as an Egyptian Venus, but perhaps more properly she was a form of the Mother Goddess, the patroness of family affection, known to the Greeks and Romans as Artemis or Diana. She is represented in her temples by a female figure with the head of a cat, and such figures are very common in Egypt, and sculptured on walls or represented in statues or statuettes of stone and bronze. Herodotus tells us that the temple of the goddess at Bubastis was one of the most beautiful and magnificent in the ancient world, and that crowds of devotees thronged from all parts of Egypt to its annual festivals, which were characterized by the utmost joy and hilarity, and probably by no little licence, especially in the later times.

The cat was the sacred animal of Bast, and thus the Egyptians not only regarded tabby with that affection which she still enjoys as a member of the domestic circle, but with a certain religious veneration as the emblem of the cat-headed goddess; and when the favourite cat died she was embalmed with as much care as if she had been a child, and deposited in the tombs provided for such sacred animals. Great numbers of these mummied cats exist in Egypt, and it is said that from one repository a shipload has been sent to England to be used as manure, regardless of the feelings of their long defunct owners.

The stone secured by Mr. Ives, though it weighs about a ton and is about three feet wide by two and a half high and one and a half thick, is only a fragment of one of the great blocks which lined the halls of the Egyptian temple. It is of red granite, and seems to have belonged to the side of a door or the corner of a projection. It is sculptured on two sides, on one of which it shows merely ornaments and portions of emblematic figures.\* On the other it has the headdress below and feet above of two rows of figures of divinities, with a portion of the shield or "cartouche" of Rameses II., which would appear to assign it to the period of the Hebrew bondage, at which time it is known that considerable additions were made to the temple, which was near to the city of Rameses in Goshen and to the part of Egypt chiefly inhabited by the Israelites. We may thus suppose, if we care to indulge in conjecture, that the Hebrew slaves were actually employed in quarrying this stone or in

transporting it to its place, or possibly even in carving the deeply cut figures which cover it. Work on fortresses or "store cities," rather than on temples, is that specially referred to in the Bible narrative of the Egyptian bondage; but if the Hebrews were employed on the numerous temple buildings which we know were erected by their oppressor, this must have been an additional grievance and humiliation, as obliging them to work for idolatries which they detested. Whether or not we imagine such historical connections, the stone is a good example of the massive style of the old Egyptian architecture and of the excellent work of these ancient builders, and the public of Montreal is much indebted to Mr. Ives for his kind agency in securing such a specimen for this city.

The stone has been placed on a suitable pedestal in the hall of the museum, where it will be open to the inspection of all who desire to see it; and it is hoped that it may tend to induce a large number of our citizens to subscribe to this fund, which has done so much not only to illustrate Egyptian history but that of the earlier books of the Bible. Subscribers are entitled to the publications of the society, which already include volumes on the sites of Pithom, Zoan, Tahpanes, and other places mentioned in the Hebrew Scriptures, as well as on the old Greek settlement at Naukratis. Interesting specimens from several of these places are already in the Peter Redpath Museum.

## NORWAY HOUSE.

In view of the memories and reflections awakened in the minds of many of our readers by our recent engraving of this historic post, the following article will, we are sure, be read with interest:

Norway House! How many of your readers will have to think a moment before they can remember where it is, and yet it is one of the historic spots of Canada. Though but a Hudson's Bay post, it was the Chicago of the greater Canada, the immense domain now rapidly being peopled, and lying west of the Great Lakes—Manitoba and the North-West Territories. This was the distributing point for Red River district, Swan River district, English River district, Cumberland district, Saskatchewan River district, Athabasca River district, Norway House district, Lac la Pluie district. Here the brigades of boats met once a year and camped on the green in the foreground of the picture, each brigade vying with the other in its pomp and glory. The dance went on day and night until the word was given, when the boats were turned northward towards Hudson Bay, and the shores of the beautiful Nelson river echoed back the chansons of the light-hearted crews as they sailed across Playgreen Lake and entered on the long journey to meet the boat from England at York Factory.

Here were held the councils of the great company, and never again in the great North-West, with all its great future before it, will there be a more gallant, honourable or talented congregation of men than assembled year after year at the call of the Governor to meet him in council at Norway House.

Returning from York Factory, the cargoes were made up, and with song and adieu the light-hearted voyageurs left—some for the far McKenzie, some for the east by English River, some south to Fort Garry, some to the Swan River, touching the Prairies of the West—all eager for the return next year.

The chief factor in charge at present is Horace Belanger, J. P. for Kewaydin, and a half brother of the late Letellier de St. Just. Mr. Belanger is the beau ideal of a Canadian Frenchman, whole-souled and loveable—a heart in him as big as his body, a perfect host, and always the door on the latch to a stranger, as is the custom of the gentlemen of "the company," but at the same time a keen trader, and always placing the company first. In the garden is a sundial, placed there by Sir John Franklin, and sacredly kept by the company. It seems that Sir John wintered at the "Pas" on the Saskatchewan; there he made a dial and marked it. Then he sent to England and had two more made there with his initials on, and the latitude and longitude also engraved on the lead. These he sent to Cumberland House and Norway House, respectively, and there they remain.

The garden at Norway House is of English pattern—rows of currant bushes on each side of the walks, the border of the walks shives and ribbon grass—and to see the immense quantities of ripe currants, the shives in flower, the lettuce, beets, carrots and other garden produce, as I saw them last July, one would never think you were out of the world and in a country called "Arctic." I know of no finer outing in America than a trip on Capt. Robinson's or Capt. Johnassen's boats around Lake Winnipeg, visiting the grand rapids of the Saskatchewan, the most beautiful rapids in America; the lovely Bercus River, in itself a dream of beauty; or the Thousand Islands and the beauty of the great and lesser Playgreen Lakes; the noble Nelson, the drain of the country from the Missouri and Mississippi to the Hudson Bay, and the old historical fort, Norway House, once the seat of government of one of the world's

"honourable" companies, and the gateway through which came the finest settlers the North-West ever will receive—the Selkirk settlers. In time to come, in the no longer lone land, to be able to trace your descent to those pioneers will be as great a patent of nobility as it is in England to trace to one who came over with the Conqueror. By the beautiful river the old fort stands, a slowly disappearing monument of an age but just passing, in the attic of whose main building is stored a ton or so of valuable historical papers at the mercy of a stray match, and no one to collect and preserve the records. Will the Norway House of the present pass away as have the brigades passed—into history, or rather into oblivion—or will some society gather what can be gathered of the past, and let the coming generations know the poetry, the romance, the grandeur and the courage of the pioneers of the greater Canada—the pavers of the way for the busy thousands flocking to replace the Redman and the buffalo?

R. LA TOUCHE TUPPER.

## ALBANI IN ITALIAN OPERA.

A fresh triumph awaited the great Canadian cantatrice in the cradle of her genius on Monday and Wednesday evenings. When it was announced that she was to appear in Italian opera at the Academy of Music, our musical world naturally looked forward with eager expectancy to a treat so rare, and all the seats available were quickly disposed of. The opera of her *debut* in this new rôle to a Montreal audience was Verdi's "La Traviata," which, though not a favourite with some lovers of music, has the merit of being familiar to many, besides being, in its passion and peculiar melody, well adapted to the great singer. No expense had been spared by the Academy management to have the environment in unison with the renown of the company and its central attraction. Since the advent to Montreal of Madame Ristori, some twenty-three years ago, no such success had been achieved on our stage. The orchestra showed thorough mastery of its duties and everything went smoothly—Signor Sapio maintaining his reputation for leadership. The Canadian lady was in excellent voice, and her interpretation of the part of *Violetta* was admirable. Without particularizing, we may say that even the most critical of the audience were wrought to enthusiasm as they listened to her notes in the numbers of the famous opera. The "Home, Sweet Home," with which Madame Albani gratified her compatriots after its conclusion, was such as to excuse, if anything can excuse, the flattering imposition of an encore. To English music-lovers Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" is generally welcome, as much for the subject and its origin as for the wild sweetness of the music. As *Lucia*, Madame Albani eclipsed her revelation of Monday. The enthusiasm was still more intense, the only disappointed ones being those who had failed to secure tickets in time and had to go away unsatisfied.

## MARY STUART'S CONTRACT OF MARRIAGE.

Among the noteworthy contents of the library of an English book-collector, recently sold in London, was the manuscript of Mary Stuart's contract of marriage with François II. signed by Aubespine, Bourdin (Secretary of State), and another. It contains nine pages folio and is summarized as follows:—

"Contract de mariage de François II., fils de Henri II., et de Catherine de Medicis, avec Marie Stuart, fille de Jacques V., roi d'Ecosse, et de Marie de Lorraine, Paris, 19 Avril, 1558. Marie Stuart est assistée de son aïeule Antoinette de Bourbon, duchesse douairière de Guise, de l'archevêque de Glasgow, de l'évêque des Orcades, de George comte de Rothes, de Gilbert comte de Casselles, du sire de Fleming, de Lord Seyton, etc. Le préambule résume l'histoire d'Ecosse sous la régence de Marie de Lorraine; la guerre de la France contre l'Angleterre de 1547 à 1550 y est rappelée. Marie de Lorraine, reconnaissante des services rendus à l'Ecosse par Henri II., ratifie le contrat de mariage passé à Edinbourg, le 7 Juillet, 1548, le douaire de Marie Stuart sera de 60,000l. et assigné pour moitié sur la Touraine et le Poitou. Et a été accordé que en cas que ladite royne d'Ecosse survive mon dit seigneur, elle pourra demourer en France ou retourner en son royaume avec ses serviteurs et officiers à son choix et option, et se marier comme elle verra bon estre par l'avis de ses estatz et si emportera ses deniers, vaisselle, bagues, joyaux, habillemens, meubles, précieux. Si elle à un fils, il sera à la fois roi de France et d'Ecosse; s'il lui naît une fille, elle sera reine d'Ecosse et ne pourra prendre mai qu'avec le consentement du roi de France; les témoins étaient Charles, duc d'Orléans (Charles IX.), Marguerite duchesse de Berry, puis de Savoie, le roi de Navarre, le card. de Lorraine, etc."

## A HARE CAUGHT BY A LIMPET.

A correspondent of the *Standard* states that a limpet once captured a hare. This feat was accomplished at a point of the northern coast of Scotland on a dry warm day in summer. The limpet's shell was a little removed from the face of the lower portion of the rock, when a hare approached, and, observing the moist flesh of the mollusc, endeavoured to moisten its tongue by contact with the watery-looking morsel. Instantly the limpet closed on to the rock, pinning the hare fast by its tongue. A man at a short distance observed the whole incident, and, running forward, seized the hare, killed it, and took it home to his family.

\*In so far as can be made out from their remains, these figures seem to have been a sitting divinity and a hand-plough, meaning "beloved of Ra," the sun-god, on the upper part, and below a reed and a bee, the emblems of Upper and Lower Egypt. Between them is a band of vertical bars, a favourite ornament with the Egyptians.

**HUMOUROUS.**

**A HINT TO WEDDING TOURISTS.**—Young Wife (on her honeymoon): When we get to the hotel we must be careful not to let the folks see that we are newly-married, mustn't we, Hermann? Husband: Quite right, lovey—here carry my stick and umbrella.

"SUSIE," said Willie to his sister, "what are 'Blackfeet Indians?'" "What are what?" "Blackfeet Indians." "I don't know, I'm sure," said Susie, "what the expression can mean, unless those wicked traders have been selling the poor Indians some of the hosiery that is warranted not to fade."

"BEFORE we take up the collection this morning," remarked the good pastor, as he looked mildly over the congregation "I wish to say that we have in the church treasury two quarts of nickels that appear to have been punched through and afterward plugged with lead. These coins, I am informed, will not buy stamps, groceries or fuel, and conductors on street cars refuse to take them. The choir will please sing Oh, Land of Rest, for Thee I sigh."

**OLD MRS. SMILEY:** Next time I get took down sick, my dear, I wish ye wouldn't have that there young sprig of a doctor come to attend me. I don't go much on young doctors, no how." **Mr. Smiley:** Well, Maria, who would you like to have me call? **Mrs. Smiley:** I've kinder took a notion to the doctor around the corner. I dunno much about him, but I see he's got a sign out "Veterinary surgeon," and I think he must be a man of experience."



THE LATE INDIAN CHIEF, "CROWFOOT."

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**  
**SUBURBAN SERVICE**  
BETWEEN  
**Montreal and Vaudreuil.**

Commencing May 1st, 1890.

Trains will LEAVE Montreal, Windsor Street Station, as follows:—  
FOR VAUDREUIL and ST. ANNE'S—9.20 a.m., \*12.30 p.m., \*6.15 p.m. and 8.45 p.m., daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

**ON SATURDAYS.**

9.20 a.m., \*1.30 p.m., \*6.15 p.m., 8.45 p.m. and \*11.20 p.m.

Trains will ARRIVE Windsor Street Station:—  
7.45 a.m., \*8.50 a.m., \*2.25 p.m. and 7.55 p.m., daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

**ON SATURDAYS.**

7.45 a.m., \*8.50 a.m., \*6.03 p.m., 7.55 p.m. and \*11.05 p.m.

Commencing May 12th,

**WINCHESTER LOCAL**  
will leave Windsor Street Station at 5.15 p.m. on week days, stopping at all intermediate stations to Winchester.

Returning, commencing May 13th, arrive Windsor Street Station at 9.45 a.m.

Commutation and season tickets issued at very low rates.

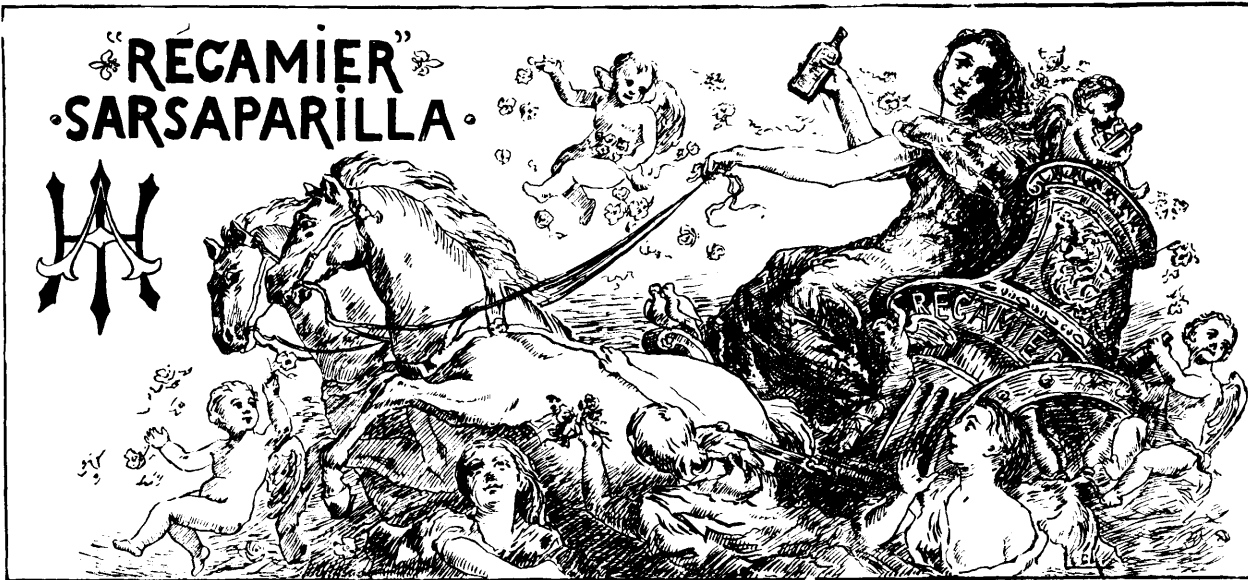
Time tables and further information may be obtained at

**TICKET OFFICES:**

No. 266 St. James Street, Montreal,  
And at Stations.

Trains marked (\*) stop at intermediate stations; other trains stop at Montreal Junc., St. Anne's and Vaudreuil only.

**RECAMIER SARSAPARILLA.**



The safety of human life depends upon a proper observance of all natural laws, and the use in cases of sickness of only such medicines as are known to be of greatest value. In this unusual Spring season, after a Winter remarkable for the sickness which prevailed, a Blood Purifier and Tonic is needed to expel from the life current every trace of impure matter, and to stimulate, strengthen and build up the system and prepare it for the warmer weather of Summer. To accomplish this

**Recamier Sarsaparilla**

should be freely used, as a Blood Purifier of the highest value. It acts with quick yet pleasant potency upon the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. Is cleansing, soothing and invigorating, reconstructs the wasted tissues, restoring to the entire system perfect health. By its use Catarrh can be cured by the expulsion of the scrofulous taint from which the disease arises, neutralizing the acidity of the blood. To sufferers from Rheumatism there is nothing like it in the world. It will effect a cure where cure is possible.

**Recamier Sarsaparilla**

overcomes "that tired feeling," and gives a serene and satisfactory feeling of physical improvement which is comforting. It is an excellent promoter of strength, and a general health rejuvenator after Scarlet Fever, Pneumonia, Diphtheria and other diseases that are prostrating. Do not lose sight of the fact that the vitiated blood, contaminated either through heredity or by careless neglect of proper precaution, gives early notice of danger by the unmistakable "danger signals" which soon begin to make their appearance. It is indicated in many ways; among them are inflamed and purulent eyelids, disgusting eruptions on the scalp and other parts of the body, irregular appetite, irregular bowels. It affects all parts of the body. The sufferers from any of the many diseases, disorders, or enfeebled secretions enumerated above may rest assured that in this preparation they have the best remedy that science affords.

**Recamier Sarsaparilla**

is a Spring Medicine, pre-eminently superior to all others. A medicine pure and simple, not a beverage.

Success beyond all comparison has attended its presentation wherever it has been introduced, placing it above and beyond all others of like description in the world.

**PRICE, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.**

The trade supplied in Canada by the

50 Wellington St. East, Toronto. **RECAMIER MANUFACTURING CO.,** 374-376 St. Paul St., Montreal.



**HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.**

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

**ENTRY.**

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

**DUTIES.**

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

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.
2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 20 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.
3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second, cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

**APPLICATION FOR PATENT**

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

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

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

**A SECOND HOMESTEAD**

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

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

A. M. BURGESS,  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,  
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.