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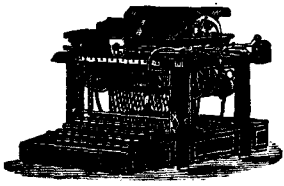
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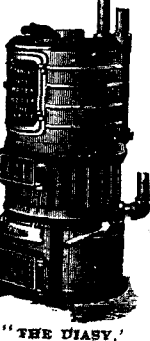
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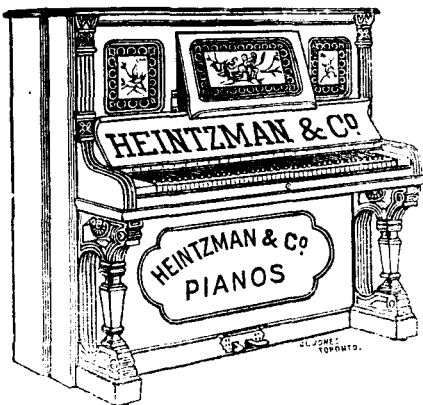


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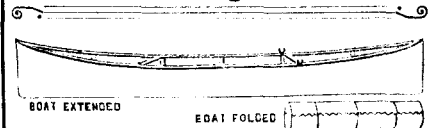
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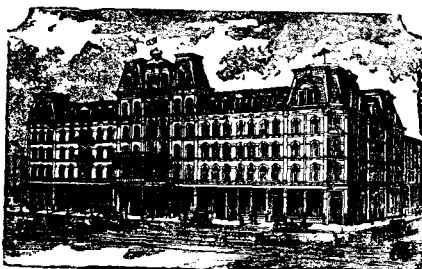
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Sport in Fishing.

It is, perhaps, in the case of the fisherman that the highest attributes of sport are evoked. For his is, in its very essence, a quiet pursuit, and to a great extent a lonely one; where he is gregarious in his moods, it is a matter rather of necessity than of choice, and the unhealthy instincts of rivalry and competition which spring therefrom are to be deplored as a falling away from the true spirit of recreation. And, indeed, it is in this quiet and solitude of the natural world that the angler finds

his keenest delight. Alone in the rank water-meadows, with only the babbling of the river and the voice of the birds upon his ear, or a sheep-bell faintly tinkling from the downs above; moored in some quiet back-water among the lily-leaves, catching every whisper that breaks the evening air, now the gentle nibbling of a water-rat, now the cluck of some friendly moorhen, and now the plunge of a mighty pike among the reeds; who cares to laugh and talk, and joke, amid such scenes as these? As the savage learns silence and gravity in the presence of nature, so man civilized unlearns his forced garrulity in the same peaceful com-

munion. There is skill of hand to be exercised, too, when the spell is loosed? There are all the lessons of the waterside to be studied, the tints and colours of the flies, the eddies and weed banks, where the big fish lie; the deeps and shallows, the piles, the snags, the rocks. And if he tire of this, the inner cunning of his craft, where else may he find such relaxations as are before him here? Where such a museum of curiosities as by a river-bank? Where such picture galleries? Where such transformation scenes? In truth, it is good to be a fisherman, good for spirit, mind and body.—
The Field.

Depressing and Weakening Weather!

— x —

Thousands of men and women in Canada feel weaker and more unhealthy during the summer months than at any other season of the year. This is due, in a large measure, to the depressing and weakening weather which we are now experiencing.

How can the System be Fortified?

— x —

We cannot give a more satisfactory answer to this question, than that given a few days ago by one of Montreal's best known physicians ; he said :—

“ If men and women wisely eschewed the ice-cold drinks, everywhere so temptingly presented during the very hot weather, and used Paine's Celery Compound three or four times a day, they would not suffer from thirst so much ; and best of all, they would find their vitality and strength greatly increased, and their digestive organs would be more vigorous and in better condition.”

Will Our People Act Sensibly?

— x —

Will our people act on the suggestions of this experienced physician ? In this matter they must decide for themselves. They must however bear in mind, that if true health, strength, vitality and the avoidance of disease are desired during the hot weather, Paine's Celery Compound must be used. This great and wonderful remedy possesses all the necessary qualities to counteract the enervating effects of the intensely oppressive weather ; it dispels those tired and languid feelings, all of which are indications of a lack of physical strength.

Try Paine's Celery Compound Without Fail.

[Over

Thou Hast All Seasons for Thy Work, Grim Death!

+

The poet truly says: "Leaves have their time to fall; and flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath; and that even the stars have their time to set."

This We All Know!

+

That the young and innocent babies of Canada fade and die at all seasons. The present heated term is, however, the harvest time of the grim reaper; he gathers them in by thousands, and will continue to do so, unless the babes are properly watched and guarded.

Their Food and Dieting!

+

During the hot weather, the babe's life depends upon proper feeding. Stale cow's milk, now so abundantly furnished to our homes, is death to the child. Poor, scanty and unhealthy breast milk depresses its vitality. The common artificial foods irritate and inflame the stomach and bowels.

All these foods are richly productive of deadly cholera infantum, dysentery and diarrhoea.

Save the Infant!

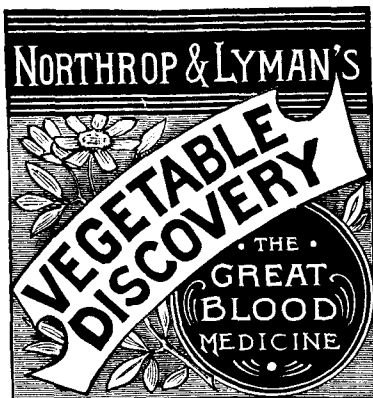
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By feeding it regularly on health-giving **Lactated Food**, which increases vitality, flesh, bone and muscle. Feed your babe on **Lactated Food**, because it banishes irritability, peevishness and crossness. Feed your babe on **Lactated Food**, because it is recommended by our best physicians as the best food in the world. Feed your babe on **Lactated Food**, because it insures safety from prevailing infant complaints and death.

A MAN'S LIFE SAVED

I WOULD not be doing justice to the afflicted if I withheld a statement of my experience with Jaundice, and how I was completely cured by using **Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery**. No one can tell what I suffered for nine weeks, one-third of which I was confined to my bed, with the best medical skill I could obtain in the city trying to remove my affliction, but without even giving me temporary relief. My body was so sore that it was painful for me to walk. I could not bear my clothes tight around me, my bowels only operated when taking purgative medicines, my appetite was gone, nothing would remain on my stomach, and my eyes and body were as yellow as a guinea. When I ventured on the street I was stared at or turned from with a repulsive feeling by the passer-by. The doctors said there was no cure for me. I made up my mind to die, as LIFE HAD LOST ALL ITS CHARMS. One day a friend called to see me and advised me to try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I thought if the doctors could not cure me, what is the use of trying the Discovery, but after deliberating for a time I concluded to give it a trial, so I procured a bottle and commenced taking it three times a day. **JUDGE OF MY SURPRISE** at the expiration of the third day to find my appetite returning. Despair gave place to Hope, and I persevered in following the directions and taking Hot Baths two or three times a week until I had used the fifth bottle. I then had no further need for

the medicine that had **SAVED MY LIFE**—that had restored me to health—as I was radically cured. The natural color had replaced the dingy yellow, I could eat three meals a day, in fact the trouble was to get



enough to eat. When I commenced taking the Discovery my weight was only 132½ lbs, when I finished the fifth bottle it was 172½ lbs, or an increase of about half a pound per day, and I never felt better in my life. No one can tell how thankful I am for what this wonderful medicine has done for me. It has rooted

out of my system every vestige of the worst type of Jaundice, and I don't believe there is a case of Jaundice, Liver Complaint or Dyspepsia that it will not cure.

(Signed) W. LEE, Toronto.

WHAT IS IT ?

This celebrated medicine is a compound extracted from the richest medicinal barks, roots and herbs. It is the production of many years' study, research and investigation. It possesses properties purely vegetable, chemically and scientifically combined. It is **Nature's Remedy**. It is perfectly harmless and free from any bad effect upon the system. It is nourishing and strengthening; it acts directly upon the blood, and every part throughout the entire body. It quiets the nervous system; it gives you good, sweet sleep at night. It is a great panacea for our aged fathers and mothers, for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep, as has been proved by many an aged person. It is the **Great Blood Purifier**. It is a soothing remedy for our children. It relieves and cures all diseases of the blood. Give it a fair trial for your complaint, and then you will say to your friends, neighbors and acquaintances: "Try it; it has cured me."

Magazine of American History.

The twenty-seventh volume of the *Magazine of American History* closes with the June issue, bringing its customary elaborate index for the benefit of scholars. Edward F. de Lancey writes one of the best articles in the current number, entitled "King George's personal policy in England, which forced his subjects in America, against their wishes, into a successful revolution." The illustrated article which opens this handsome June number, "Historical Reminiscences of our New Parks," very cleverly written by Fordham Morris, will interest readers in all parts, for this new park area to the north of the metropolis, occupies the site of not less than four of the great manor estates of old New York. "The Relations between the United States and Japan," a translation by Rev. William Elliot Griffis, D.D., of Boston; and "Lieutenant-General John Maunsell, 1724-1795," by Rev. Maunsell Van Rensselaer, D.D., are exceptionally valuable papers. "America Must Be Called Columbia" comes from Edward A. Oldham, of Washington. "An Hour with Daniel Webster," by Hon. Horatio King, treats of the great orator as a poet. Three unpublished letters of antique date, contributed by James W. Gerard, throw fresh light on "The Storming of Stony Point, in 1779, Military Operations, 1780, and the Burning of Washington, 1814." "The History of the United States in Paragraphs" is continued, by Colonel Charles Ledyard Norton; information about a "Portrait of Benjamin Franklin" is contributed by Clarence Winthrop Bowen, Ph.D.; and an "Antique China Water Pitcher," is an interesting item by Dr. Richard Dillard of North Carolina. The departments are well filled, and the index illustrates the remarkable success of this magazine in its choice of precious material for permanent preservation. Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

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The Dominion Illustrated Monthly.

JULY, 1892.

Volume 1. No. 6

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SUPPLEMENT :

THE LATE SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, K.C.M.G., LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO.

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THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC & PUBLISHING CO.,

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ODDS AND ENDS.

Mr. Horace T. Martin, F.Z.S., of Montreal, who has for several years been devoting much time to the beaver, his haunts and ways, will bring out in October a volume on the subject, entitled "Castorologia, or, the History and Traditions of the Canadian Beaver," to be richly illustrated. It will be published simultaneously in Montreal and London.

* * *

Within the past few months Mr. Martin has had the honour of being elected a Fellow of the Zoological Society of London—a distinction enjoyed by very few in Canada, and one which shows the high opinion the Society holds of Mr. Martin's proficiency in zoological lore.

* * *

The *St. John Sun* has just issued a sixteen page illustrated supplement dealing with Fredericton and Marysville, N.B. There are over one hundred engravings, including views of the two towns and glimpses of adjacent scenery, views of the public and private buildings and numerous portraits, the latter including those of the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Tilley, His Lordship the Metropolitan of Canada, all the Members of the Provincial Government, and nearly all the Members of the whole Legislature, and all the Judges of the N.B. Supreme Court, each portrait accompanied by a brief biographical sketch. A quaint feature among the portraits is the picture of Sachem Gabe, the Micicete Indian guide who has piloted the Prince of Wales and many other notables by stream and forest in New Brunswick.

* * *

The centenary of the settlement of Gagetown, N.B., by the United Empire Loyalists, is to be celebrated on the 19th July. The Loyalist Society of St. John is organizing a reunion of the descendants of all the Loyalists throughout New Brunswick, and from arrangements already concluded the proceedings will be of a most interesting nature.

* * *

An interesting series of recollections of old Halifax have been commenced in the *Herald* of that city, under the somewhat hackneyed title of "Methuselah's Musings." Such a series might be easily run through the columns of one or more papers in each city in Canada. Facts of local history would be elicited from old residents that otherwise would necessarily pass into oblivion within a few years. Considerable attention has been given to this subject in the New England States during the last quarter century, and there are few towns but possess in print carefully prepared and accurate local histories, or the materials for such in the shape of ample reminiscences embodied in the columns of the local press. In Canada, Ottawa and Toronto are, we think, the only cities which have, within recent years, had the most interesting details of their early history published in a consecutive series in a representative newspaper ;

contributed in both cases by men who lived when Toronto was "York" and Ottawa "Bytown."

* * *

At the coming annual "gathering of the clans" at Charlottetown, P.E.I., several new and interesting features will be introduced, among them one which is intended to be commemorative of the brave Scottish pioneers who left their native land, some in 1772, others in 1790, and others again in 1803-6. It will consist of an emigrant's log house, with its one window of four panes of glass, its thatched roof, moss-stogged walls and clay-built chimney. This dwelling place—representative of olden times—will be furnished with the domestic articles then in use ; and there will also be farm implements and relics of every description. The committee of management will be assisted by Scotchmen in different parts of the island in collecting and forwarding articles, the property of those pioneers when at home in the land of the heather years before they left for America. This novel feature will doubtless cause thousands of the descendants of the Scotch pioneers to see "ye olden time log" house and its surroundings.

* * *

The Ordnance Department of Great Britain has completed the reproduction of Domesday Book. It has been accomplished by the process of photozincography, at a cost of over £3,000.

* * *

The following circular has been issued :—
To the Municipal Councils of the Cities, Towns, Incorporated Villages, and other Municipalities of Ontario :

GENTLEMEN,—The committee representing the Pioneer and Historical Societies of Ontario request the municipal corporations throughout Ontario to celebrate in a fitting way the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Upper Canada, now Ontario, on July 1st, by holding public meetings, at which commemorative addresses may be delivered, and music of an appropriate character sung by school children and others. These meetings may, where it is thought desirable, be held after processions of military organizations, patriotic societies and citizens.

It is especially requested that account be kept of the proceedings, and reports of the speeches delivered, and that they be sent to the secretary of the Memorial Committee, Mr. William Houston, parliamentary librarian, Toronto.

Signed on behalf of the committee,

HENRY SADDING, D.D.,

Chairman Executive Committee.

JAMES L. HUGHES,

Secretary Executive Committee.

OLIVER A. HOWLAND,

Chairman Memorial Committee.

WILLIAM HOUSTON,

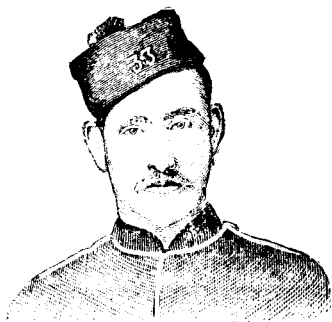
Secretary Memorial Committee.

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES OLD OR YOUNG.

MEN,

A SOLDIER'S STORY.



DEAR SIRS,—I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints, and have lent my neighbors some when their children were very sick with summer complaints, and it has never failed to cure. The summer of 1887 my mother was almost dead with summer complaint. Being under doctors' care, but receiving no benefit at the end of a week, we got Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which stopped it before she took half the bottle. It cured her and saved her life.

SAMUEL C. HAGAN,
Thessalon, Ont.

WOMEN

NOTHING SO PRECIOUS.



DEAR SIRS,—I can tell you I would probably have been in my grave to-day if I had not got Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Three years ago I became very weak, and everything I ate seemed to pass right through me. The doctor did what he could, but could only stop it for a little while. I tried all the remedies I could think of until I came to Canada and heard about Wild Strawberry. This is about a year ago. I used four bottles altogether, and have not had the bowel complaint since. I would not be without the Extract for anything, as I think there is nothing so precious.

MRS. ANSON HANNON,
Mount Albion, Ont.

AND CHILDREN.

DYSENTERY CURED.



DEAR SIRS,—I write to let you know the good my family has received from the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Two of my youngest children were taken with bloody diarrhoea. We had the doctor for them, but they still got worse. The little girl was so weak she could not raise herself up, and was out of her mind part of the time. I sent with Mr. Bean (a neighbor) for a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which I gave them with the result of curing them completely. I think there is nothing to equal it, and wish you every success.

MRS. GEO. CODINGTON,
Ratho, Ont.

Nature's Specific for Diarrhoea, Dysentery and all Looseness of the Bowels. Price, 25 Cents.

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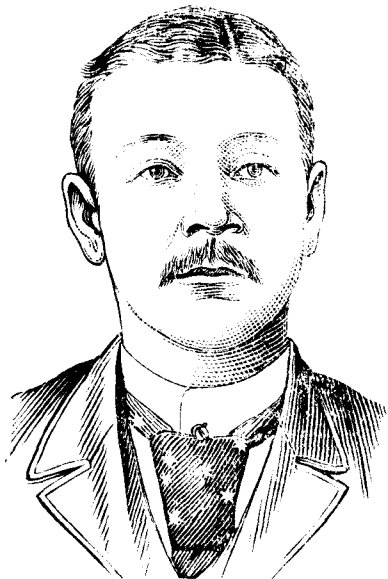
PURIFIES THE BLOOD

--AND--

STRENGTHENS THE ENTIRE SYSTEM!

HAD 53 BOILS.

Suffered Severely.



Mr. H. M. Lockwood, of Lindsay, Ont., whose portrait is shown above, is a well known Railway employee, and has lived in Lindsay for the past three years.

Mr. Lockwood was born and brought up in Hastings County, where he has many friends who will be glad to hear of his recovery from the trying complaint which afflicted him so severely. Mr. Lockwood writes as follows:

"I was terribly afflicted with boils, having no less than 53 in eight months, during that time I tried many remedies without relief, Doctors' medicine did not relieve me, in fact I could not get rid of them at all until I began using B.B.B. It completely cured me, and I have not had a boil since taking the first bottle. I write this to induce those afflicted with boils to try B.B.B. and get cured, for I am confident that but for Burdock Blood Bitters I would still have had those terrible boils, which shows plainly the complete blood cleansing properties of this medicine, because everything else that I tried failed.

A friend of mine who also suffered from boils, took one bottle by my advice and thanks to B.B.B. his boils all disappeared."

Yours truly,

H. M. LOCKWOOD,

Lindsay, Ont.



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BURDOCK PILLS

OR SMALL

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Ulcers, Olds Wounds hard to heal,
and for all the purposes of
a perfect Ointment.

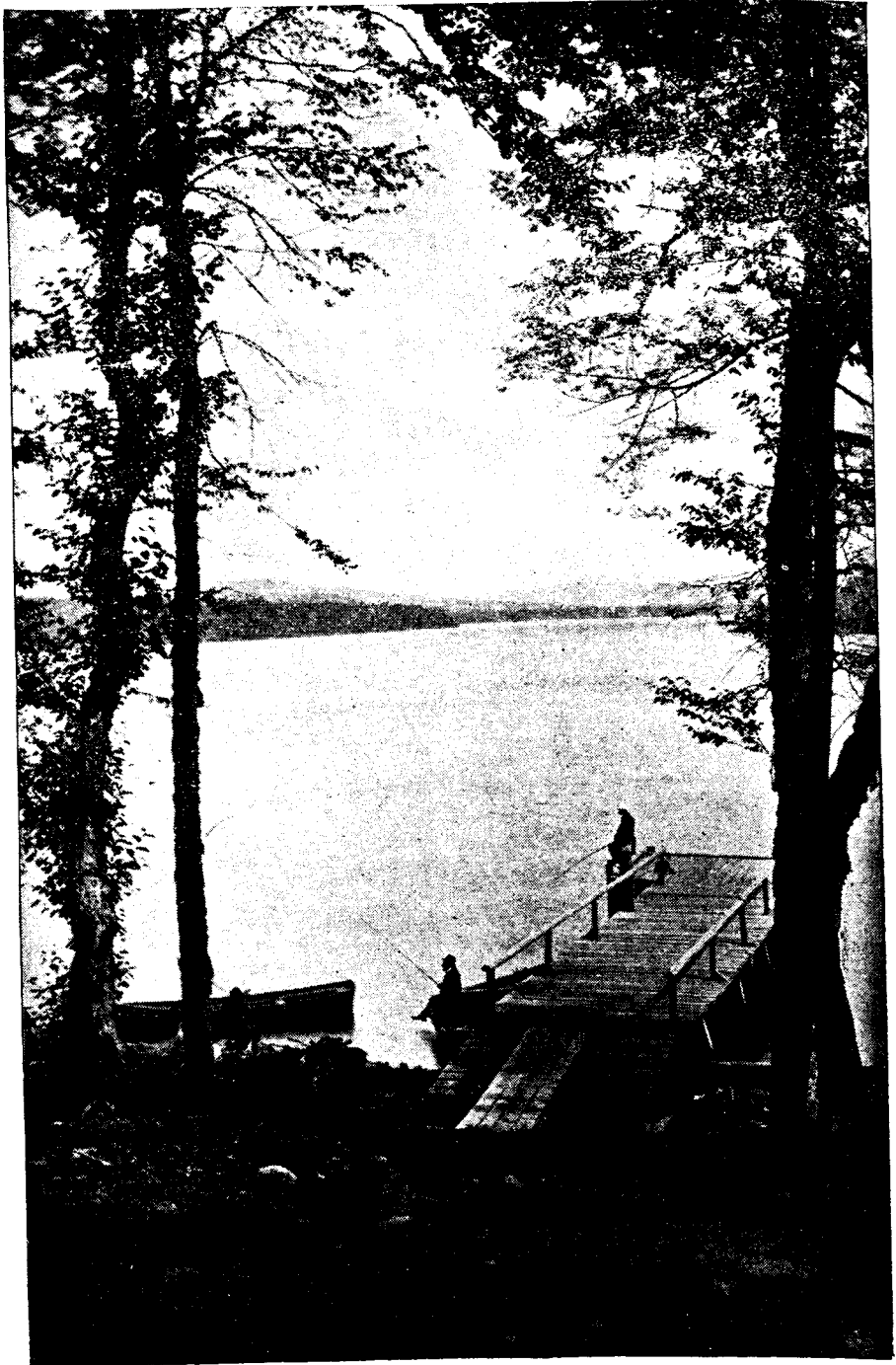
Purely Vegetable, Cleansing, Soothing and
Healing.

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One of the most elegant and perfect Porous Plasters made, for Weak Back, Weak Lungs, Pain in the Back or side, Kidney Complaints, etc., etc. Price 25c. Sold by all Druggists.

Be sure you ask for Burdock Lung and Kidney Porous Plaster, and take no other. Every Plaster warranted to be one of the best mechanical supports, containing medicinal virtues that are absorbed through the skin to strengthen the the muscular system, imparting a warm tonic effect to the diseased parts of the chest, side or back.



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ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA IN THE YEAR 1892, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, JULY, 1892.

No. 6.



JUST beyond the outskirts of the busy Canadian town stood the Doctor's house. It was long, low, and white, with green blinds and deep shady verandahs, and between it and the high road lay a smooth green lawn and carriage drive.

Perhaps no one was better known in the town, and for miles through the country round, than Dr. Wayland. His tall, distinguished figure, and kind, clever face, with its dignified air of professional calm, had been familiar now for nineteen years. When he had first come to "The Cedars," from one of the large Canadian cities, with his little motherless daughter and a sister some years older than himself, he had determined, in the first shock of recent bereavement, to nurse his grief in solitude and comparative obscurity.

However, like the most of the world, he soon found that work was the best panacea for even the deepest sorrow, and, henceforth, he was wedded to his profession alone; he built up an extensive practice

and made a name and fame for himself second to none among his brother medicos.

Nineteen years of busy life seems a short time to look back upon, but the Doctor's hair was plentifully sprinkled with grey, and he said to himself he would let Frank Neville, his young partner, do more of the work after this, as he stepped into his gig one warm September afternoon, to make his daily visit to the hospital.

His daughter Louise stood on the steps, a dainty vision of budding loveliness, her simple white gown setting off to full advantage the exquisite lines of face and figure, while a crimson rose rested against the dark hair, loosely coiled at the back of the small, shapely head. It suddenly struck the Doctor with a curious pang that she was a child no longer.

"Do you know, little one," he said, looking gravely down into her shining face. "I do believe you are growing up."

"Why, father dear, what else *can* I do," she answered, with a low, sweet laugh. "I am not only growing up, but grown up—quite. Aunt Adelaide says so," she added, with an air of conscious dignity.

"Indeed," returned her father, looking amused, "if Aunt Adelaide says so, that settles it. Pray how old are you, if one may ask?"

"Nineteen years and four months," she said, quickly raising her dark eyes.

"Ah, yes," he murmured with a sigh, his face for an instant shadowed.

She had come down the flight of steps and was standing close to him. He put his hand gently under her chin, and raising the soft, sensitive face, gazed for a moment, then stooped and kissed her passionately.

"So I have lost my little girl," he said lightly, after a moment's silence, "and some day somebody will come and want to take this grown up edition of her away from me altogether, I suppose."

"I will not go," she answered resolutely. "I am never going to leave you."

"Not till Prince Charming comes," the Doctor persisted, half laughing, half sadly. "and then it's good-bye to the poor old father."

"Never," she cried indignantly, "you know I will never leave you, father."

"Frederick," said Miss Wayland severely, coming out from behind the leafy screen on the verandah. "how can you talk such nonsense to the child. I hope you remember," she continued, "that it is Grahame's last night with us, and that you will come home in time for dinner."

"Sure enough," said the Doctor, gathering up the reins. "We will miss Grahame, Louise, will we not," giving her a quick glance.

"Oh, so much," she replied earnestly, looking at him with such frank, innocent eyes that he felt quite satisfied.

"Well, good-bye, my little sweetheart," he called out gaily, as he drove away. "You are mine for just now at all events."

"Yes, and for always," she answered in her clear young voice, as she turned and went slowly up the steps.

Miss Wayland had retired to the cool corner of the verandah again, where some divans and basket chairs scattered about, made a cosy lounging nook. "You are not going out in this heat, Louise," she remarked disapprovingly, glancing at her niece's garden hat and the basket on her arm.

"Only to the woods for ferns, Auntie. Grahame is coming with me," she added.

"Oh, very well," said her aunt, relenting.

Just then a door slammed, followed by the sound of some one coming down stairs,

two steps at a time, and a tall, broad-shouldered young man came quickly out on the verandah. The faces of Miss Wayland and her niece brightened visibly at his appearance. It was a curious thing that Grahame Corysteen's presence always had the effect of sunshine on those around. He was a ward of Dr. Wayland's, the only son of his oldest friend, and at the death of both parents had come to live at "The Cedars" some six years previously. He was very clever, and the Doctor was immensely proud of him and his university career, just terminated, which had been a series of triumphs and successes from beginning to end. In obedience to his father's wish and his own inclination, he had studied for the Church, and his ardent enthusiastic temperament, joined to great natural gifts, both physical and mental, had caused many already to predict a great future for the young preacher. Before settling down to his life's work, by a provision in his father's will, and with the full approval of his guardian, he was starting out for six months foreign travel.

"Yes, thanks; the last article is packed and the valise strapped," he said cheerfully, in response to a query from Miss Wayland. "And Louise," he continued, as he took the basket from her arm, and they went down the steps together, "I have left the books and things in my study up-stairs just as I would like them to be when I come back."

"No one shall touch them. I will look after the room myself," she said quickly. "But, Grahame, what a long time six months is. How dreadfully I shall miss you."

"Will you?" he said, smiling gravely at the naive confession, and glancing at the gentle unconscious face beside him. "So much as that, Louise?"

"Oh, every hour of the day," she replied with a sigh.

"And I," he rejoined quickly, "do you think I shall not miss you?"

"Ah, but there will be so much for you to see and hear, and all the learned professors everywhere to talk to, and you will be so wise and dignified when you come back that you will not care for any more of our long walks and talks together," she ended, half sadly.

Grahame bit his lips, feeling in his heart that it was going to be even harder to say good-bye than he had thought, and wishing he had not made a certain promise to the Doctor the night before.

"Louise," he said slowly, in an altered

voice, "I see a very different picture from yours. I am not one to change, neither are you. Absence will only draw us nearer each other, and when I come back you will still be my dear companion and confidante, my inspiration and help in my life's work." He paused, watching half curiously the effect of his words.

A bright smile lighted up her face. "I should like that," she said thoughtfully.

They had passed out of the grounds and gone a little distance along the road in the opposite direction to the town. Suddenly

head, and holding an arm like a skeleton's across the lower part of his face.

They both stopped, filled with pity at the sight, and, calling off Jap, Grahame moved a step or two nearer and spoke a few kind words. His questions met with only inarticulate mutterings, and at last, after several ineffectual efforts, he rejoined Louise, and they went slowly on. As they passed him, the man seemed to shrink lower into his rags, covering the whole of his face, and a faint, subtle scent, as shadowy and elusive as himself, was



"Grahame moved a step or two nearer and spoke a few kind words."

the silence that had fallen between them was broken by the violent barking of Grahame's fox-terrier, who had been following close at his master's heels, but now made a sudden dash at some object lying under one of the trees by the road side. At first sight it seemed a bundle of rags, but as it gradually rose to a sitting posture, as if in a shadow picture, first the faint outline, then the more certain likeness to a human figure, slowly evolved itself. A wretched, emaciated creature, with an old fur cap pulled low on his fore-

wafted towards them, enveloped them for an instant, and vanished.

They looked back several times until a bend in the road hid him from sight, and having reached a favourite spot, commanding a wide view across the country, they stopped to admire it afresh.

Far away in the distance, with here and there a white sail skimming across, the blue waters of the St. Lawrence sparkled in the afternoon sunshine, and the picturesque rolling country, with its waving fields of ripening corn and grain, and com-

fortable homesteads dotted here and there, made a fair picture to look upon.

About an hour later, as they were returning, Louise said, "We must look out for our poor tramp. I wonder who or what he was?"

"A French habitant, I think," returned Grahame. "I fancied I caught the words, 'Misericorde' and 'Dieu.' I will speak to the Doctor about him. He was certainly very ill."

But when they reached the spot where they had left him there was no trace of him, though Grahame, assisted by Jap, searched carefully behind bushes and fences; and a succession of visitors to wish the traveller good-bye, banished him from the mind of each after they reached "The Cedars."

The Doctor came late for dinner, bringing Frank Neville with him, and the evening was far advanced, and had turned chilly, when they gathered round the light wood fire that sparkled cheerily on the hearth in the big, old-fashioned drawing-room.

"Play something, Louise," said her father, as he and Dr. Neville sat sipping their coffee in the fire-light.

She and Grahame were both passionately fond of music, and at the first notes of Chopin's exquisite *Andante Spianato* he followed her to the piano at the far end of the long room, and stood watching the slender fingers as they performed their difficult task with the ease and skill of the accomplished musician.

Just above the piano hung a fine engraving of Millais' famous painting, "Les Huguenots," the last parting of the lovers, one of whom is going away to certain death. A sudden flash of fire-light fell across it, lighting up the distant and shadowy corner of the room, and unconsciously the eyes of both were attracted to the picture. After a moment Louise began playing one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder*, with her eyes still fixed on the figures in the picture. The passionate cadences of the music rose and fell, the sound of voices, questioning, pleading, slowly died away, and the last notes, expressive only of resignation, softened into silence.

"That is the only one of the 'Songs without words' that could have inspired the poem on that picture," said Grahame absently.—"Dedicated to H, playing one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder*." And in a low, musical voice he began repeating the lines. When he came to the words,

"Should not Love make us braver,
Ay, and stronger,
Either for Life or Death."

He stopped abruptly. "I suppose there are possibilities of heroism in every one," he said at last, in lower tones.

Louise looked up, her dark eyes full of sympathetic feeling, but suddenly lowered them, her heart beating quickly and the colour rushing to her cheeks. When had Grahame ever looked at her like that, and what did it mean? She made a hasty movement and the rose in her hair fell at his feet. He bent on one knee to pick it up.

"Louise," he said, in agitated tones, "tell me I may keep it, and that you will not forget me."

She hesitated a moment; then even his quick ears could not catch the softly murmured word, but she raised her eyes to his for one brief instant and he read his answer there.

"Neville," the Doctor's voice was saying, as they came towards the little group by the fire, "Grahame is going to walk in with you to-night. His train goes soon after midnight, and I want you to look in at the hospital on your way and see for yourself that Joyce is looking carefully after that last patient."

"A new case?" said Miss Wayland, from the little table with the shaded lamp where she sat working.

"A very sad one," returned the Doctor, "a poor miserable vagrant who wandered into the town this afternoon. A sort of gipsy, I think."

"I wonder if he is the one we saw," exclaimed Louise; "father, had he an old fur cap on, and was he very thin and ragged?"

"Where did *you* see him?" inquired the Doctor, turning sharply round.

"This afternoon, lying by the road-side, as we went to the woods, sir," explained Grahame.

"Did either of you go near him?" demanded the Doctor quickly, the ruddy colour in his face perceptibly lessening.

"Grahame spoke to him, but could not make him understand, so we left him," answered Louise.

"Did either of you go near him?" he repeated.

"No, father. Why?" she asked.

A look of relief crossed the Doctor's face, but for some reason he did not speak, and getting up walked slowly towards the window. Dr. Neville, glancing at Louise, answered easily, "Oh the poor beggar is

dying. He is about worn out, and can't last through the night." His tone, and the admiring glance of his brilliant dark grey eyes, annoyed Louise and she turned away.

"Poor soul," said Grahame, thoughtfully, looking into the fire.

As the Doctor passed his sister she heard him mutter, "Thank God," and when he came back she looked up and said in a low voice, "What was it?" He took up the end of her embroidery and, bending down, replied evasively, "I am not quite certain. He is in the isolated ward, and we have taken every precaution. But," he added slowly, "if it is what I think, I would not have had either of them touch him for a king's ransom."

Not long afterwards the two young men were walking rapidly towards the town. The last good-byes had been said, and Grahame was carrying away with him the memory of a slender white figure standing beside her father in the moonlight, who had watched them till they turned out of the gates, and had called a silvery "adieu" after the Doctor's last stentorian shout. His heart was filled with hope and high resolve as he thought of the bright future that lay before him. His singularly clear, transparent character mirrored a good deal more in his countenance than he imagined, and much of what was passing in his mind was easily read by the dark attentive face so closely watching him. It only needed a few skilfully put questions, a carefully chosen word or two of sympathy, and Grahame opened his heart to his friend, little guessing the effect of his words, or the bitter enmity that sprang up in the soul of the listener.

Long ago Dr. Neville had made up his mind to marry the Doctor's pretty daughter, but until to-night the possibility of Grahame as a rival had never entered his head. The first dawn of jealousy had been when his quick eyes noticed the disappearance of the rose which Louise had worn the first part of the evening, and suspicion once aroused, his sharpened sense took note of everything, and doubt soon resolved itself into certainty. That Louise disliked him he had known all along, but instead of discouraging him it just gave the amount of opposition he liked to feel in the pursuit of any object, and added a zest to what might otherwise, he thought, have proved too easy a conquest. But that she should care for anyone else formed no part of his plan, and the silent rage that filled his heart convinced him that the sight

of his "chateau en Espagne" in ruins would cost him more than he had believed possible. However, a ray of hope shot across the darkness.

"At all events," he reflected, his spirits rising, "I have the field for six months to myself, and we will see at the end of that time, my fine fellow, if you are always to have everything this world can give,—riches, honours, and love as well."

They had turned up a quiet side street, and Neville was careful to throw an added cordiality into his voice whenever it was necessary for him to speak, and he linked his arm affectionately in his companion's as they reached the steps leading up to the hospital.

"It's early yet, old fellow," he said, looking at his watch. "Your train doesn't go for more than half an hour. Come in till I hear Joyce's report, and I'll see you off afterwards."

"What a capital listener you are, Frank," Grahame said gratefully, as he followed him along the dimly lighted corridors. "Here have I been boring you the whole way with my concerns."

"Not a bit of it," the other answered, with a peculiar smile. "I was most deeply interested, I can assure you."

He opened a door leading into a small reception room, as he spoke, and entering touched an electric bell; then turning up the gas, sat down at the secretary and began sorting over some memoranda. Grahame walked to the window and stood looking down at the long rows of lighted streets, narrowing away in the distance into dim perspective. The town lay steeped in the soft September moonlight, and the silent beauty of the scene began to affect him strangely, filling his heart, always susceptible to outward influences, with an indescribable sadness and sense of foreboding. He roused himself at last, with an effort, from a reverie that had become almost painful, to find Dr. Neville and a pale, fair young man, whom he recognized as Joyce, in close conversation.

"Well, that's all right," said Neville, in his cool, composed voice. "We can't do anything more for him, I expect."

"He is just about gone," continued the other, "the last half hour he's been conscious, and it was quite entertaining to hear him, one moment swearing in his broken English, and the next bemoaning his sins and calling for a priest. I suppose he thinks he can't die without the last rites or something."

"I'm afraid he'll have to go without

absolution and take his chances," returned Neville, with a short laugh.

"Frank," said Grahame quietly, coming forward, "I will go to him. It is awful to think of any poor soul entering eternity in that state."

Both men turned and looked at him silently, while a strange expression flitted across the face of the young doctor.

"Oh, but you can't go, Mr. Grahame," said Joyce aghast, "you don't know what a wretched creature he is, nor what a risk you may be running," he continued, glancing uneasily at Neville, who still kept silence.

"You forget my calling," the young man answered gravely. "Do you think either of those considerations would weigh with me for a moment? Neville," he continued, turning to him, "my duty here is plain, and unless you positively forbid it my conscience will not hold me clear."

"Oh, well, if that is the way you feel about it," his friend responded in a half reluctant tone, keeping his cold, grey eyes fixed on Joyce's face, "of course I shall not think of arguing with you. You had better go at once, I suppose, or you'll be too late both for him and your train." He rose as he spoke. "Lead the way, Joyce," he said briefly, with a steady look, under which the young fellow seemed to shift uneasily.

They went out in silence, and after passing down a long hall, with many doors opening to right and left, entered a covered passage-way leading to a detached wing. As they emerged into the lighted corridor beyond, Joyce broke the silence.

"Be persuaded not to go, Mr. Grahame," he said earnestly, in an agitated voice. "Do you forget," turning to the other deprecatingly, "that Dr. Wayland said—"

Neville suddenly faced him, his eyes blazing with passion. "You are forgetting, I think," he said, in low, distinct tones, that made the person addressed tremble and shrink within himself, "in Dr. Wayland's absence I am master here. Do not presume to remind me of my duty."

Grahame looked from one to the other. "What is the matter with the man," he said simply.

"Fatigue, starvation, and dirt, principally," returned his friend, carelessly, avoiding Grahame's direct glance.

"Nothing so very appalling," the latter said, turning to Joyce with one of his sunny smiles, "but your intention was kind, and I thank you for it, Joyce," he

added, as Neville opened the door and stood holding it for him to enter.

As he paused on the threshold, above the strong disinfectants that filled the air, came that faint, peculiar odour he had noticed in the afternoon. It brought back the memory of their last walk together, and the vision of Louise, as she stood with her face full of sweet compassion; but at the same moment there was borne in upon his soul, in that strange, subtle "language that hath no speech," a swift conviction that he would never look upon her face again. He turned a troubled look on Neville, who was watching him attentively.

"Afraid?" he inquired lightly, in a tone that made Grahame flush.

He fixed his clear blue eyes upon him, and drawing himself up to his full height said slowly, "I fear nothing but God and sin," and passed quickly into the room.

"Are you mad?" said Joyce hoarsely, as they stood alone together in the corridor. Neville took him by the arm, which he held in a grip of steel as they walked back to the main building.

"Are you?" he inquired in a voice of suppressed fury, pausing near the reception room. "I think you must be, stark, staring mad, to dare to interfere with any of my plans."

"Do you mean to say you *wanted* him to go in there?" demanded the other, falling back.

"That's my affair," returned Neville coolly. "What you have to do is to hold your tongue. Do you understand?"

"But to let him go without a word of caution or warning," he faltered, "after the strict orders we got from Dr. Wayland."

"Look here, Joyce," said Neville, tightening his grasp, and speaking with slow, deliberate emphasis, "a medical student with a widowed mother, and several mill-stones in the shape of sisters and gambling debts hanging round his neck is pretty well handicapped at the beginning of his career, isn't he? What about those I. O. U.'s?" and he tapped his own breast pocket significantly.

"For God's sake, Neville," ejaculated the other, his face turning livid, "you don't mean to—"

"I just mean that they are to be the price of your silence, nothing more nor less," said Neville, distinctly.

Joyce suddenly wrenched himself free, and with hasty uneven steps, paced up and down the corridor, while the other, with



"He was just a step or two behind when Joyce opened the door of the ward."—(Page 330.)

his hands in his pockets, stood leaning easily against a pillar, watching him with a half smile on his cold, handsome face.

"Well?" he said, inquiringly, when he came back and they faced each other.

"You know I can't help myself, Neville," he returned bitterly. "May Heaven forgive me, but I think you are a perfect devil."

The young doctor looked blankly at him for a moment, then shrugging his shoulders carelessly, walked into the reception room and shut the door. He threw himself into a chair and wiped away the cold

perspiration that suddenly stood like dew on his forehead.

"Joyce was right," he muttered, after a few moments. "The days of demoniacal possession are certainly not over. I have demonstrated that beyond a doubt to-night. If any one had told me a few hours ago that I would do what I have done, I would have denounced him as the most impossible liar under heaven." He broke off impatiently, and going to a small cabinet, unlocked it, and, with a shaking hand, poured something into a glass. He held the colourless liquid against the light for a moment.

"It is Kismet," he said aloud. "Why did I go to 'The Cedars' to-night, and why did he tell me all that? After all," pausing half angrily, as the vision of Louise's lovely face rose before him, "Am I the first man in the world who has sold his soul for the sake of a woman?" and draining the glass, he pulled himself resolutely together, and sitting down at the secretary began writing steadily.

It seemed to him he had been there for hours, when the door opened, and Joyce's pale face appeared. "I am going to him," he said in a determined voice, and immediately vanished. Neville rose and followed him. He was just a step or two behind when Joyce opened the door of the ward, and he saw him start back and raise his hands with a gesture of despair. Looking over his shoulder he saw Grahame kneeling by the bed, his left hand closely clasped in both those of the dying man, who suddenly gave a convulsive struggle, and falling back, lay motionless and still. He pushed past Joyce roughly.

"You've just five minutes to catch your train, Grahame," he said hastily, drawing him out of the room. "Take the short cut and you'll do it. Sorry I can't go with you on account of this," pointing back to the quiet figure on the bed.

"No, of course not," his friend rejoined, a little absently, as they hurried along the corridor. "Well, good-bye, Frank."

"Good-bye, old fellow. Take good care of yourself, and I hope you'll have no end of a good time."

"Thanks," said Grahame, brightening at the cordial tones, his generous nature at once forgiving the previous misjudgment of his motives, and with a silent hand-clasp they parted.

* * * * *

The brief summer of St. Martin, or Indian summer, succeeded the first frosts following those bright September days, and then the long Canadian winter, sometimes lasting five months, cast its white mantle over the frost-bound earth. Nowhere is this season of the year so devoted to out-door sports and pastimes as among Canadians, and at "The Cedars" the rule proved no exception. Blazing fires burned all day long in the cosy dining-room and great old drawing-room, and many were the bright young faces gathered round them, in blanket costume and tuque, ready for the invigorating snow-shoe tramp, tobogganing, skating, or sleighing expedition.

"No need for my services here, with all

these roses blooming," the Doctor would say laughingly, when they returned to the bountiful supper Miss Wayland's care provided, pinching Louise's brilliant cheeks as he spoke, and looking round approvingly at the glowing health reflected in the faces of all after the exercise in the keen frosty air.

Dr. Neville generally formed one of the party on these occasions. Indeed he had gradually become such a constant visitor at the Doctor's hospitable house that his appearance at any hour surprised no one. Yet he had to confess with secret mortification and anger, as the winter went by, that his suit made no progress at all, and he was as far from supplanting Grahame in the house and in the affections of Louise, as on the night of his rival's departure. He was too wise to commit himself until he saw some hope of success. The example of more than one rash youth who that winter spent some bad "quarters of an hour" with Louise after a significant interview with the Doctor previously, warned him not to be too precipitate, and also convinced him that he had only one rival to fear.

It often happened that he was present when Grahame's long letters from abroad arrived, and he had to swallow many a bitter pill, watching the proud face of the Doctor as he read, the softening of Miss Wayland's somewhat severe features as she and Louise listened, and the glow of conscious pride and something more in the sweet face of the latter, which his enlightened vision easily enabled him to interpret.

Once he had ventured to insinuate a slightly derogatory remark, only half veiling a covert sneer, in connection with a letter he had himself received from Grahame, and he never forgot the swift flash of scorn that shot from Louise's dark eyes, nor the look of displeasure that overspread the Doctor's face. He bit his lips whenever he remembered the weeks of assiduous devotion and abject humiliation he had to undergo before he felt himself forgiven and Louise would again look upon him with even the small amount of favour she formerly bestowed.

But at the end of the allotted six months Grahame still remained abroad. He wrote saying he would like the time extended a little longer as he wished to visit the Holy Land, and the Doctor, though secretly disappointed, consented. After that his letters were necessarily fewer, but a shade of anxiety became visible in his guardian's

face as he read the short, strained epistles which began to take the place of the lengthy effusions which had so delighted them all at first.

This was Neville's opportunity, and he hastened to avail himself of it. Cautiously at first, with a vivid remembrance of his former failure, then more openly as the weeks and months went by and Grahame neither returned nor wrote, he dropped a seed of doubt here, a word or two of reluctant blame there, or a half hint implying he knew more than he chose to tell, until the Doctor, against his will and better judgment, and angry both with Neville and himself, began to have doubts of his own. Day by day his uneasiness and disappointment increased, but the disappointment far outweighed the uneasiness.

One evening towards the end of June, the Doctor and Louise were walking on the western terrace at the side of the house, watching the sunset. The Doctor was smoking, and his eyes looked sad and thoughtful as they followed the blue wreaths that curled upward for a few moments, and then melted into the soft summer air.

"How I wish that boy were back again," he said at last, half irritably. "What can be keeping him over there." Louise was silent.

A little more mature, her graceful figure, in its white evening dress, a little taller and slighter, but looking more beautiful than ever, she stood with downcast eyes intently fixed on the spray of June roses she held in her hand: Her faith in Grahame had never for a moment wavered, and it grieved her to think that her father, under any circumstances, could doubt him. As she looked at the roses she seemed to hear his voice again, and to see the look in his steadfast blue eyes the night he went away; and as the Doctor, in the soreness of his heart, speculated rather bitterly on his conduct, and spoke sorrowfully of change and estrangement, her whole soul went out in faithful love and loyalty to the absent one.

"Well," ended the Doctor, blowing a long ring of smoke away, "perhaps he has a surprise in store for us in the shape of a dark-eyed Eastern charmer, or something of that kind. I wish with all my heart he had never gone abroad at all. Really, Louise," he continued, reproachfully, as she still remained silent, "you can't care half as much for the poor lad as your aunt and I to take all this so coolly."

She bent her head lower over the roses, and glancing at her curiously, the Doctor suddenly stooped, and by the fading summer twilight was startled to see the tears running down her cheeks. Turning quickly she dropped the flowers, and clasping her hands on his shoulder hid her face.

"Father," she sobbed brokenly, as he put his arm round her in consternation, "I have never had a secret from you before. You think I do not care, and all the time it has nearly broken my heart to have you speak so of him. For it has been Grahame always—always. We both understood the night he went away, although he only asked me not to forget him. I knew then that he was the only one in the world who could ever come between you and me. And," raising her head proudly, "whatever the cause of his silence, I believe him and trust him as I would truth itself. For my sake, father," she pleaded, clinging closer to him, "promise me that you will do the same. How can you doubt anyone so good, so noble as Grahame."

Before the Doctor could make any reply the silence of the still summer night was broken by a crashing sound in the thick shrubbery near them, dividing the lawn from the kitchen garden and a narrow lane beyond, used by the servants, leading to the high road. It was followed by a half-stifled moan, and then all was silent again.

"What was that," half whispered Louise breathlessly, her eyes, dilated with sudden terror, fixed on her father's face. The Doctor's nerves and self-command were perfect. Not a muscle of his countenance moved, though his keen eyes had seen a white face appear for a moment behind the leafy screen and then instantly vanish. Slowly drawing Louise to the opposite end of the terrace he said, calmly, "Some animal among the shrubbery perhaps. Nothing at all to be afraid of, you silly child. There are no bears or wolves prowling about the country now," giving her a re-assuring pressure of his strong arm.

They were near the house, and at this moment Miss Wayland's figure appeared at one of the low French windows opening out of the lighted drawing-room on the wide verandah.

"Frederick," she called anxiously, "Do you know it's ten o'clock, and Louise in that thin dress is out in the heavy dew?"

"Child," said the Doctor, taking his daughter's face between his hands, as she looked appealingly at him, and speaking in low, earnest tones, "in my inmost heart

I think I have always believed and trusted Grahame. From this night I share your perfect trust, and no shadow of suspicion shall ever darken my faith in him again. Perhaps," he added gravely. "he may be in need of all the love we can give him." Stooping he kissed her face, grown suddenly radiant at his words.

"Good-night, father dear. Don't stay out long," she called, looking uneasily back at the dark line of shrubbery as she went up the steps. The Doctor only waited till she had passed into the drawing-room, then crossing to a garden seat, took up a heavy cane he had noticed lying there the early part of the evening, and striding across the terrace parted the shrubbery and disappeared into the lane beyond.

It seemed to Louise that night as if sleep would never come. Her room was next her father's, and she lay listening for his footstep till long past midnight and the rest of the household were wrapped in slumber. Suddenly she started up, wide awake, from what she supposed a few minutes' sleep. The moonlight was streaming into the room and a bright ray fell across the toilet clock, the hands of which were pointing to three. Turning towards the door, which was in shadow, she saw a light shining through the crevice at the bottom, and listening caught the faint subdued murmur of voices.

The light could only come from one room, Grahame's study, which was a little distance down the hall, on the opposite side; hastily donning her white dressing-gown she noiselessly opened the door and went softly along the passage.

The study door was partly open, and in the middle of the room, by the study table, with its shaded lamp, she could see two figures. One was the Doctor's, who sat partly facing her, his head leaning on one hand, while the other lay on the shoulder of a man kneeling beside him, enveloped in an old army cloak, and with a slouch hat drawn low on his face. Accustomed from her childhood to people coming to her father for advice, both for bodily and mental trouble, Louise drew quickly back, feeling this was something she had no right to look upon. At the same moment her father's arm fell across the table. He dropped his head upon it, and as she swiftly retraced her steps, the sound of a deep sob fell on her startled ears. "It's only too true," he groaned. "Oh, my lad—my poor lad!"

Next morning Miss Wayland remained shut up in her darkened room with a severe

headache, and upon inquiring, Louise found her father had gone away very early in the gig, and had left word he would not be home till evening. A strange feeling of awe came over her at the recollection of the scene she had witnessed in the study, and when, according to her every day custom, she went to see that the room was in its usual perfect order awaiting Grahame's return, it puzzled her to find it locked and the key gone.

"It must have been some one in great trouble," she reflected, fastening some roses in her white gown as she dressed for dinner. "How father feels for every one," with a tender smile, as she thought of the emotion he had displayed.

"Dr. Neville is in the drawing-room, Miss," said the neat little housemaid, tapping at the half open door.

"Did you tell him my aunt was not able to see any one?" demanded Louise quickly.

"He asked for you, Miss," returned the girl, with a faint smile.

"Very well, Mary. Say I will be down directly," but at the same time proceeding leisurely with her toilet, and experiencing a decided sensation of relief when the sound of carriage-wheels came up the drive, and a few moments later the Doctor, with his slow, firm step, crossed the court yard and came towards the house.

She went slowly down stairs, and came in at the back of the large old room. Between the heavy portières she could see her father and Neville standing facing each other. Something in their attitude made her pause. Neville was speaking, and his clear-cut, handsome face was white and wore a cruel, defiant expression.

"Don't try to tell me anything but the truth," interrupted the Doctor sternly, "for I know it all now. Grahame was here last night, and to-day Joyce confessed everything to me. You may try to silence your conscience with a lie, but you know as well as I do that he contracted the beginning of that fatal disease the night he went away, when you deliberately allowed him, in the devilish hope that things might turn out as they have, to spend his last hour with that poor vagrant at the hospital. Yes," continued the Doctor, in a terrible voice, "though no human law can reach you, Frank Neville, in the sight of God you are as much Grahame Corysteen's murderer as though you had driven a dagger through his heart."

Neville winced, but a scornful smile curled his lip and his face became cold and hard.

Pausing a moment, the Doctor went on in a changed voice, and shading his grief-stricken face with his hand.

"Yet you, standing there in health and strength, might well be thankful to change places with him to-day, for he had a soul worth millions such as yours. With every hope in life stranded and broken behind

vain to steady, "for Grahame's sake, I forgive you. Only, you must leave the country. I never wish to look upon your face again." He pointed to the door, and Neville passed silently through, and out of the lives of all who had formerly known him.

The Doctor turned, and Louise, her face



"I never wish to look upon your face again."

him, he went away into lonely exile with the step of a crowned king, and his face like one of God's own angels." He broke off abruptly, and paced up and down, a struggle evidently going on in his mind. At last he came back and looked steadily into the unmoved face before him.

"It is the hardest thing I ever had to do in my life, but, for Grahame's sake," he said mournfully, in a voice he strove in

white as her dress, was standing close to him.

"Tell me what you have done with Grahame," she demanded in a strange, far away voice.

"Not here," said the Doctor quietly, taking her cold hands in his own and leading her up-stairs. He paused at the study door, and unlocking it, drew her in and softly closed it. Louise could see, with-

out looking, the chair close to the study table, and the room littered with books and papers scattered about in confusion. She knew now who the bowed figure kneeling there in that empty space the night before had been. Her face was as if carved in marble, as she turned and looked at the Doctor.

"Father," she said, in a firm voice. "I know everything, except *what* it is."

He silently took a little packet from a drawer in the table and gave it to her. "Grahame left it for you last night," he said huskily.

She slowly removed the wrapping and took out a small, well-worn pocket Bible. It opened of itself, where a withered crimson rose, and a copy of the poem on "Les Huguenots" she had given him long ago, marked the place. Half way down the page was a verse deeply underlined. Her heart suddenly stood still as she read the words,—*"And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow."*

"Father," she cried wildly, "not *that*. Oh, say it is not *that*."

He folded her in his arms, with his deep compassionate eyes on her face, but remained silent. After a moment her white lips faltered, "Where?"

"My child," he answered solemnly, "he is where no one will ever see him again in

this world. His renunciation was complete. He went to the Lazaretto, in the Terre aux Lépreux at Tracadie, this morning."

* * * * *

Ten years later came the news they prayed for, yet dreaded to hear. He was dead. Louise and her father were alone at "The Cedars;" Miss Wayland had passed quietly away some years before. The Doctor's head was white and his step much slower as they paced the terrace that evening. He was urging Louise to accept an invitation from some friends, and go away for a change. She leaned her head on his shoulder as she looked at the fading western sky.

"There shall be no separation between us now, father," she said softly, "until one of us goes to be with Grahame."

Perhaps no one but the writer knows the history of the beautiful nurse in a hospital of one of our large Canadian cities,—her life, for the sake of one dear memory, devoted to the sacred ministry of tending the sick and dying, and the wealth left by both father and lover spent in helping the destitute and sorrowful among humanity.

JESSIE A. FREELAND.



A CENTURY OF LEGISLATION.

(Continued from page 298.)



R. MOWAT'S colleagues have invariably been men of talents and ability. Such a man was the late Hon. Adam Crooks, who was a member of his first Cabinet. Another is the Hon. C. F. Fraser, who has been the Premier's associate for years, and the present Cabinet, composed of (besides Mr. Fraser), the Hon. Arthur S. Hardy, the Hon. George W. Ross, the Hon. J. M. Gibson, the Hon. R. Harcourt, the Hon. John Dryden and the Hon. E. H. Bronson, is, without invidious comparison, the ablest he has ever had.

The first Premier of Ontario under Confederation, the late Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, also had a comparatively long parliamentary career, lasting from 1841 till 1871,—thirty years of intense political activity. He occupied a private member's seat until 1849, when he was appointed Solicitor-General in the Baldwin-Lafontaine Cabinet. He persistently opposed the representation by population agitation, and although a Catholic, did not favour the establishment of separate schools. In 1872 he retired from public life, soon after the defeat of his Administration.

It was not until 1867 that Edward Blake entered Parliament, being elected for the House of Commons in West Durham and for the Local Legislature in South Bruce. In 1869 he succeeded Mr. Archibald McKellar as leader of the Opposition in the Local Legislature, where he soon gained a reputation in keeping with that won at the Bar. The student of character could easily see in the tall, erect, eloquent and dignified member a born political leader. After the election of 1871 he took a leading part in the long and exciting debate as to the disposition of the Railway Aid Fund, as a result of which the control of the House passed into the hands of the Opposition. The Government capitulated on the 20th of December, and Mr. Blake became Premier. On the reassembling of the Legislature after the adjournment the new

Premier carried several important measures, chief of which was the abolition of dual representation. In October of 1872 he resigned his position as Premier, under this bill, and, with the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, took his seat in the House of Commons.

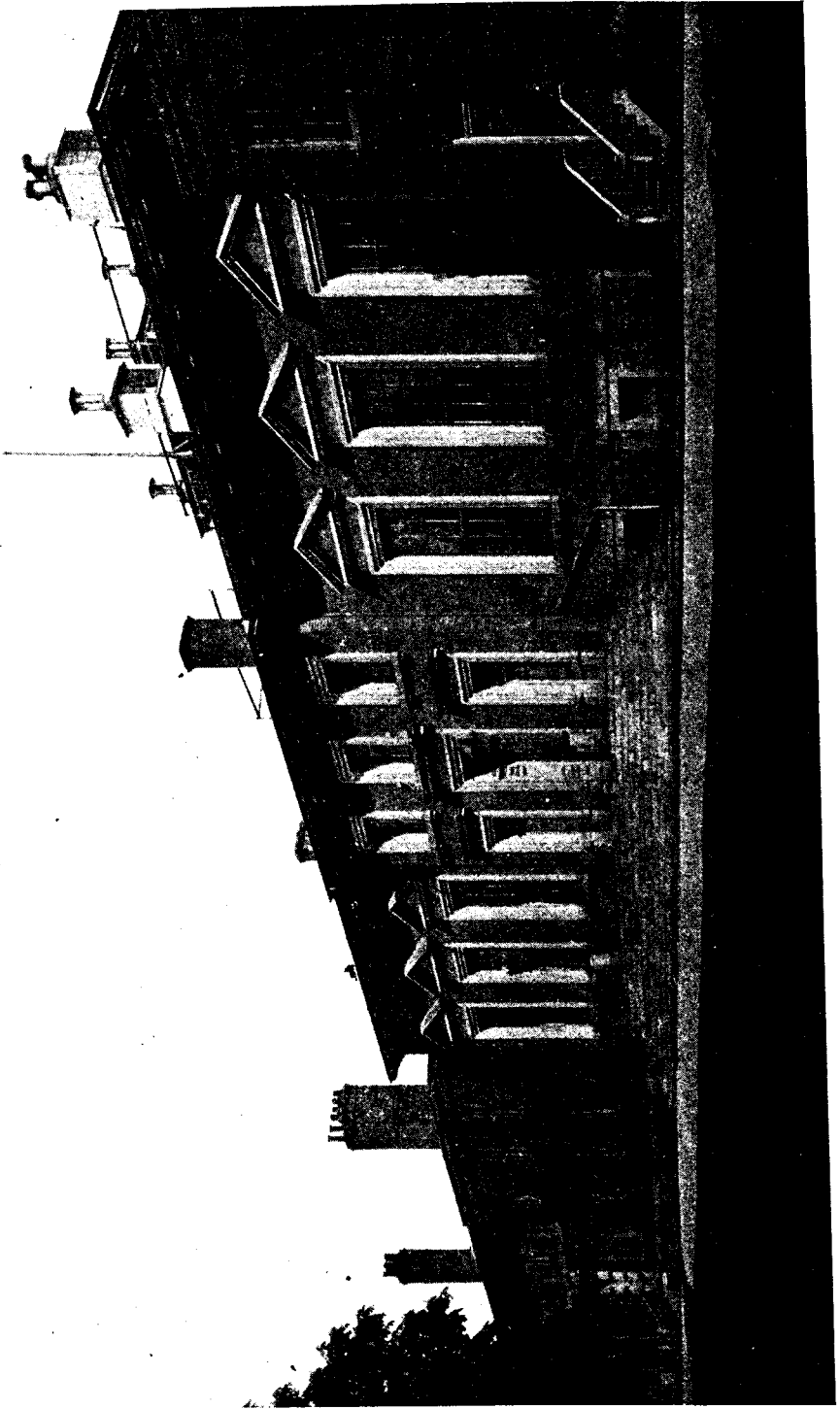
It is but a natural association to mention the name of the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie in connection with that of Mr. Blake, as one of the men who played an important part in the Local Legislature, which he entered after the election of



Sir Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario.

1871. When the House met in December he proved a valuable aid in attacking and overthrowing the Sandfield Macdonald ministry, and, as a matter of course, he was offered a position in the new Cabinet which Mr. Blake formed. He delivered an unusually valuable budget speech in 1872, and in October of that year followed his leader's example and withdrew from Toronto for the larger field at Ottawa.

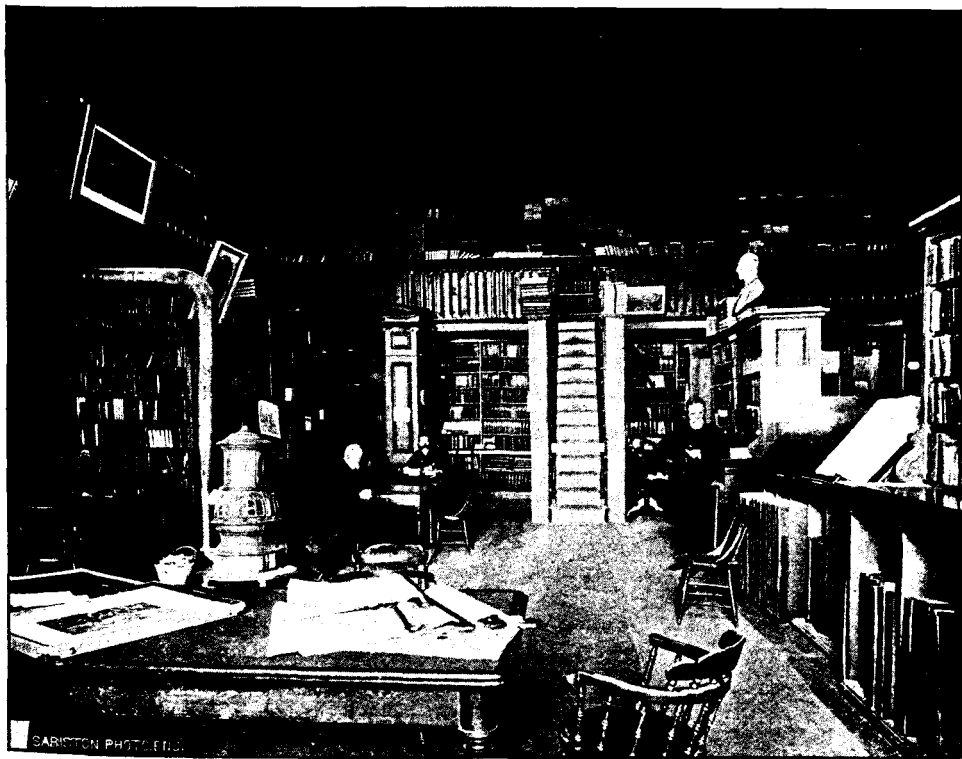
Occasional reference has been made to the stirring and exciting scenes in the Legislative Chamber and the old gaol, but



FRONT VIEW OF THE OLD PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO.

many more might be recorded. The sessions preceding the uprising of 1837 were probably the most turbulent in the history of Upper Canada. Commencing with the friction between the Executive and the Opposition, which developed rapidly in intensity, the gulf between the parties kept ever widening. It was during the early part of this session that Sir John Colborne was exhibited in effigy in Hamilton, as William Lyon Mackenzie was in Galt a few years later. One of the most exciting scenes witnessed in the old gaol was the imprisonment in 1829 of Sir Allan

16th of February, where, after examination, he was, by a resolution moved by William Lyon Mackenzie and seconded by Jesse Ketchum, "committed to the gaol of York during the pleasure of this House." Two votes of the House were taken at different times to liberate him, but both were negatived. He was finally given his liberty on the 2nd of March, after having been imprisoned for fourteen days. This episode had the effect of suddenly bringing the future baronet into prominence. Being treated as a martyr, his fortune was thereby materially advanced,



The Legislative Library, Old Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

McNab for "high contempt and breach of the privileges of the House," in refusing to answer the questions of the Committee of Privileges relative to the burning in effigy of Sir John Colborne; "the House having learned with astonishment and indignation that some evil-disposed persons did on the night of the 29th of last month, at the town of Hamilton, in the Gore District, unwarrantably and maliciously exhibit a libellous representation of our present Lieutenant-Governor." Sir Allan was summoned to the Bar of the House on the 16th of February, where, on the

one of the results being his election to the Assembly in the following year.

The seventh report of the Grievance Committee--a formidable document, which was afterwards sent to the Home Government--was another bone of contention that produced not a little vituperation in the House debates. In 1836 a general election was held, the Reformers being left in a decided minority, Mackenzie and several of his co-workers suffering defeat. A new parliament assembled on the 8th of November, the Government strength being irresistible. During this



Reception Room, Old Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

session Dr. Rolph, who was a new addition to the Opposition, made the speech of his life in favour of selling the clergy reserves and applying the proceeds to educational purposes; but of course his motion was defeated. The session terminated amid a scene of disorder, based on the project of uniting Upper and Lower Canada. A number took part in the debate amid frequent interruptions, when Dr. Rolph rose to speak to a question of order. Strongly worded appeals were made to the Speaker, and hard words were freely hurled between the excited members. Confusion and disorder reigned, until the Speaker announced the arrival of the Lieutenant-Governor. This put a stop to all further discussion, and in proroguing the parliament the Lieutenant-Governor congratulated the members on the harmony of the session!

Sir Francis Bond Head (the first purely civil governor) arrived in Toronto while Parliament was in session in 1835. Contrary to all precedent, he visited the Upper House at once, called the Assembly-

men to the Bar of the Council-room, and there addressed them. The King had heard there were grievances to redress, he said, and he had been sent out to redress them. This raised the hopes of the Reformers, who looked upon the new representative as an ally and a friend. Returning to the Assembly, Dr. Duncombe, then member for Oxford, moved for a Committee of Privilege to enquire as to whether it was the correct thing for the Queen's representative to address them in the midst of Parliament. "That did the business," said an eye-witness of the scene to me. "The Governor turned against the Reform section, being greatly annoyed by the motion, and that was in fact the turning point which

led to the outbreak in 1837."

The visit of Lord Durham in 1838 was an important event of that day. He reached Toronto by boat, and thousands had gathered between the Front street entrance of the Parliament Buildings and the bay to see and hear the Commissioner sent out by the Home Government. The vessel could be seen sailing around the Island, but instead of turning through the western gap, it continued to head up the lake, to the wonder of the waiting throng. Returning at length, however, the boat entered the bay and landed its distinguished passenger, who proceeded to the Buildings direct from the wharf. For nearly three hours the crowd had patiently waited, discussing the cause of the delay. It was some time after that rumour attributed the strange conduct of the Captain and the Commissioner to the fact that My Lord was in the act of preparing an elaborate toilet when the city was reached, and the Captain was ordered to cruise around for an hour or two until the important operation could be completed! Entering the Legislative Council-room,

he there addressed the members of both Houses, and afterwards delivered a speech to the outside throng from the stone steps of the main entrance.

After the removal of the Parliament to Quebec in 1845, the buildings were utilized as a lunatic asylum, the old gaol on Toronto street, where seventeen patients were confined, being utterly inadequate for the purpose. Dr. Rees was the first medical superintendent, who was succeeded by Dr. Telfer, both of whom are now dead. The staircases in the eastern wing were boarded up at the side so as to prevent the acrobatically inclined patients from throwing themselves over the balustrades. One of the inmates of the old gaol and the Parliament Buildings—Andrew Wood—is still a patient at the Toronto Asylum, being over ninety years of age.

The Parliament of 1849-53 was also alive with stormy scenes among the political warriors of those days. Lord Elgin was Lieutenant-Governor at the time, the old Elmsly House, which stood in the vicinity of St. Basil's College, being used as the gubernatorial mansion. Although an unassuming, plain old gentleman, being often seen to walk arm-and-arm with his wife in the good, old-fashioned way, yet he never failed to uphold the dignity of his high office when opening or proroguing the House. On such occasions a gaily caparisoned four-in-hand drew the Vice-Regal coach, while a full complement of postilions attended to wait on His Lordship.

In the next interregnum between 1853 and 1856, the ancient pile was utilized as courts of justice, being afterward turned into a university and a medical school. The two small cottages standing at the western end of the Crown Lands Department were used as dissecting rooms. Those were the days of extensive body-snatching; indeed it was the only means by which the students could obtain dissectable subjects, no legal machinery being in force at that time for the supply of bodies from the public institutions.

After an absence of four years the peregrinating parliament again opened at Toronto. The Speaker's imposing throne, the gilded mace and the general outfit were brought from Quebec and put in place. For weeks previous a force of workmen were busily engaged in transforming the chambers from medical school-rooms to legislative halls, the result being that on the opening day the handsome room

looked still more handsome, crowded with the beauty of the city and neighbourhood, strangers having come from different parts of the province to witness the proceedings.

The Parliament of 1856-59 witnessed almost as many acrimonious debates as the sessions leading up to the troubles of 1837-38. The most memorable, perhaps, is the attack of Sir John A. Macdonald, then Attorney-General, on George Brown accusing him of falsifying testimony and suborning witnesses in connection with an old investigation regarding the Kingston Penitentiary. After the attack, which was a most bitter one, the accused member arose, "shivering with rage," and repelled the charge with a torrent of fierce words. This was almost equalled during the same session by a scene between Sir John and Colonel Rankin on a motion regarding the seat of Government, which nearly resulted in a personal collision. Mr. Macdonald had commenced the trouble by a very warm personal attack on Rankin, the latter replying that his assailant was "a man totally lost to all sense of honour." In those days duelling was just dying out, but the spirit of it so far lived that it was supposed the episode would lead to a personal encounter; in fact, the Speaker, fearing such a result, threatened to place the warring members under the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms until their trouble should blow over. So far as the public has hitherto known nothing passed between the principals, but I have reason to believe that some correspondence did pass between them, having a settlement of their difficulty by the old-time code in view, but it all ended in correspondence. During all these sternly contested discussions and debates Cabinet dissensions were frequent, Sir Allan McNab finally resigning. Two days after his resignation he was carried into the House, swathed in flannel, by two servants. A touching spectacle followed when the old parliamentarian addressing the House said with emotion that he had been a member of the House for twenty-six years, and that he had certain statements to make to his Ministers. "If I am supported by their voice, I shall feel that I am right; if condemned, I am ready to retire into private life; and perhaps I am now fitted for little else." Bent with age, the end of his public life had come; the survival of the fittest, in his replacement by a younger man, once again being demonstrated.



Hon. A. S. Hardy. Hon. R. Harcourt. Hon. E. H. Bronson. Hon. C. F. Fraser.
Hon. J. M. Gibson. Sir Oliver Mowat, First Minister. Hon. J. Dryden. Hon. G. W. Ross.

THE MINISTERS OF THE CROWN, ONTARIO, 1897.

During one of the long debates of this period, when a great deal of speaking against time was indulged in, Mr. McKellar addressed the House in Gaelic for a goodly stretch, a change from Anglo-Saxon that was no doubt agreeable under the circumstances. Powell's attack on George Brown, when he referred to the financial difficulties of Mr. Brown's father, produced a painful impression in the House. Mr. Brown seemed to be overcome with the attack, and leaned on his desk with his hand clasped over his head. His reply showed such a degree of emotion as to affect even his bitterest opponents. His vindication of his father was as manly as it was noble and filial, and revealed the speaker in a light differ-

over a cheery glass in the refreshment rooms.

When the Parliament again left Toronto a new era opened for the buildings, three companies of the 30th Regiment taking possession and transforming the legislative halls into noisy barracks. The 30th crossed the ocean in the "Great Eastern," along with 2,000 fellow-warriors. The 17th and the 47th followed the 30th in occupying the buildings. The eastern wing was occupied as a mess room, billiard hall and officers' quarters. The chamber and library were filled by two companies, the third making themselves comfortable in the long building in the rear of the main portion. The basement of the centre part was made habitable, and to-day the old signs of "Sergeant's Room, No. ,," are to be seen painted on the dusty old panes of glass. Several dungeons of stygian darkness, into which not a ray of light enters, which were utilized as guard-rooms, are also to be found in the gloomy recesses of the deserted cellar, while the names of officers, imitating Sir Walter Scott's example at Shakespeare's home, are scratched on the window panes. One of the diversions of the men after a rollicking mess was tobogganing down the stairways, the dinner-tables, with their legs pointing heavenward, being utilized for the purpose.

The present Legislative Chamber was the scene of many a ball, where gathered the wealth and beauty of Ontario's capital. But the most successful event of this nature was held in the charred ruins of the old Government House, the burnt walls being covered with flags and banners and the summer sky serving as the only roof. The scene is described as being beautiful in the extreme.

The military occupation of the buildings put their strength to a severe test, so much so that when the Ontario Assembly met in the Chamber in 1867 large portions of the east wing walls had to be rebuilt. It was in a dilapidated and dangerous condition, the floors requiring a network of props and the walls a number of stays. The Chamber during the military occupation was partitioned off into dormitories, the "throne" and its unicorn background remaining in its place since it was last used in 1859.

On two occasions the buildings have narrowly escaped destruction by fire. In July of 1861 the roof of the west wing was entirely destroyed in the same way.



Alfred Patrick, C.M.G.,
Clerk of the Parliament of Upper Canada, 1829 to 1880.

ing from that exhibited in any ordinary debate.

Another noteworthy incident is recorded in the same session of 1858. D'Arcy McGee made a violent attack on Sir John Macdonald, but the latter appeared to be deeply engaged in stamping a pile of letters with sealing wax, and to be deaf to the fiery criticism of the Irish orator. The latter complained of the inattention of the leader of the Government, when Sir John retorted that he had heard every word, as the speaker would find to his sorrow. But no sooner had the speaker ceased than the two were hobnobbing

Fire has indeed played havoc with many of our parliament buildings. Besides their destruction in 1812, and again in 1820, the Montreal buildings were completely destroyed in 1849, while the Dominion buildings at Ottawa have had more than one narrow escape.

The history of the various maces used in the different parliaments of the province is a most interesting one. The first one was made of pine or fir, painted red and gilded, and was used by Simcoe when the first parliament was convened in Niagara. It was afterward included among the spoils of war captured by the Americans in 1812 in Toronto, and is still to be seen, with a British ensign captured at the same time, in the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md. All trace has been lost of the one used after the American war, but upon the union of the Canadas Parliament ordered the purchase of a new mace, which was procured in 1845 at a cost of £500 sterling. It is described as a fac simile of that in the British House of Commons, and it, too, has had a stirring history. Three times it has been rescued from the flames, and during the Montreal riot it again narrowly escaped destruction. It would seem to have a charmed life. The mace used in the Ontario Legislature at present was procured by the Sandfield-Macdonald Government, and is made of copper and richly gilded. Its cost, however, was only \$200.

The importance the two reporters' galleries played during the parliamentary life of the old buildings must not be overlooked, for while many public men developed their name and fame as members below, many another reached publicity and success via the two little overhanging galleries that flank the Speaker's throne. The late Hon. Thomas White was a member of the gallery at one time, when he was known as "Curly-headed Tom" of the Peterboro' Review. Colonel Chamberlin, late Queen's printer of the Dominion, and at that time part proprietor of the Montreal Gazette, along with Mr. Lowe, the present Dominion Deputy Minister of Agriculture, were also among the number. Still another journalist of his day was George Shepherd, who when editor of the *Colonist*, was the author of the original and historic article entitled "Whither Are We Drifting." He afterward became the principal editor on the staff of the *New York Times*, and is now living in England, I am told. Dr. Kings-

ford, the well-known Canadian historian, occasionally listened to the debates from the Reporters' Gallery, having a right of entry by being a contributor to the editorial columns of both *The Leader* and *The Colonist*. The late Josiah Blackburn, the founder of the *London Free Press*, also formed one of the parliamentary staff during the Parliament of 1856-59, and many others might be named who are well known in Canadian journalism.

It is not necessary to deal at length with the history of the building since 1872, when Mr. Mowat formed his Cabinet. During these two decades the legislative wheels have run easily and smoothly and the Government has produced a vast amount of useful legislation and has assisted the Province in its expansion and growth, educationally, agriculturally and on every line that comes within the purview of legislative assistance and control.

Many an exciting debate has been heard during this time, many a wordy battle has been fought, and many a speech of high quality and great power has been delivered. Probably no one event caused more excitement than the so-called Bribery Plot which was investigated in 1884 when it was charged that certain members had been approached with a view to inducing them to forsake the government benches and join the opposition. The debates leading to the disputed boundary question and the various contests for the maintenance of provincial rights form some of the memorable scenes in the House during these last twenty years. Death has invaded its precincts on more than one occasion, apart from those who passed away in the ordinary course of human events. On February 11th, 1881, Dr. Harkin, the member for Prescott, was seized with a paralytic stroke while the speaker was reading the prayers and died two hours afterward, while the sad event of the 25th of March last, when Mr. H. E. Clarke, one of the Conservative members for Toronto, dropped dead while addressing the House will be fresh in the mind of the public. The changing conditions of life are also evidenced by the fact that of the members and officers forming the Government and House of 1827-8 only one survives in Mr. Alfred Patrick, C. M. G., who from 1827 till 1880 acted in the capacity of Clerk of the House, or Deputy Clerk.

This is a year of anniversaries of Canadian importance. It is the 25th anniver-

sary of Canadian Confederation, the 50th anniversary of the establishment of Responsible Government in the country, the 250th anniversary of the founding of Montreal and the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. But the fact that it is the 100th anniversary of the Convocation of the first Parliament of Upper Canada is the most important to

the citizens of Ontario, an event which will be duly celebrated during the coming summer and at the very time when the old Front street Parliament Buildings will be deserted, after sixty-two years of eventful history, for the handsome structure that adorns the Queen's Park.

FRANK YEIGH.

A GIFT OF FLOWERS

(LAID ON A SCOTTISH GRAVE.)

I.

These to thy memory !
From the great world beyond the Western wave
I wander, but to lay upon thy grave
This last poor offering, belovèd one !

II.

I come, as in a dream,
Old days, old friends, old places, to recall.
None are forgotten, and thou least of all—
I linger longest here, belovèd one !

III.

Linger, and o'er the sod,
The insensate sod, weave Love's most tender spell
Of tears and kisses—but thou sleepest well,
Deaf to my passionate cry, belovèd one !

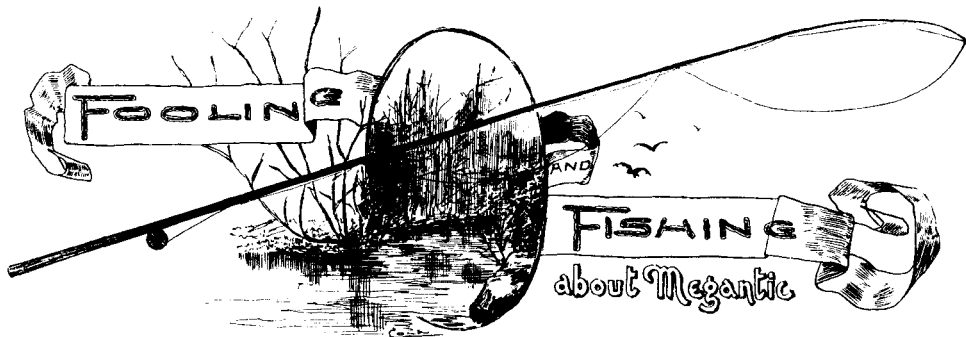
IV.

Ah ! were I low as thou,
And should't thou come to me from some far land,
Methinks my very dust would understand,
And give *some* sign to thee, belovèd one !

V.

Take these poor flowers and rhymes—
So poor, so worthless, it would break my heart
To give no more, but that, thank God ! thou art
Above earth's needs and gifts, belovèd one !

A. M. MACLEOD.



The breeze made the camp fire sputter and roar,
 Till the fisherman swallowed both ashes and smoke,
 And a trace of the lye which the ashes bore,
 Was found in the subsequent words he spoke.

FELLOW-FISHERMEN, doubtless, perfectly understand that tired feeling which comes over a chap when he realizes that he has had enough; when office walls appear to close in like a veritable prison; when books and figures and penwork seem to be cunningly devised instruments of torture; when one's very soul rebels against confinement, when one's heart pines for the flash and roar of a good trout stream and the soothing shadows of grand old woods, when one's penholder begins to take joints unto itself and lengthen out into a goodly wand.

Upon a certain date I was confined for thirty days in the stately stone edifice on Windsor street, Montreal; the C. P. R. then had everything running smoothly save my work; the powers that be had considered the advisability of putting an extra engine on my work, when on a sudden I took a fit—a genuine lazy fit, which didn't fit the necessities of the case to any dangerous extent. My symptoms indicated that I wanted to go fishing, and, thoroughly believing that if you spare the rod you spoil the child, I went fishing.

The Canadian Pacific "Short Line" to the Maritime Provinces was then a new departure, and by it I departed. When I made up my mind that trout had to be killed or Confederation and the scales of justice tampered with, I stood in the centre of the office and completed the arm movement of an imaginary cast that would certainly have landed a fly within

two inches of a big specimen of iron ore in the farthest corner, beneath which a three-pounder was supposed to be lurking. As my arm completed its movement, a low snicker from behind me brought me to the rightabout like a flash, and face to face with the kindly, gray-headed chief. His eyes twinkled mischievously as he inquired:

"Now, whatever's the matter with you?"

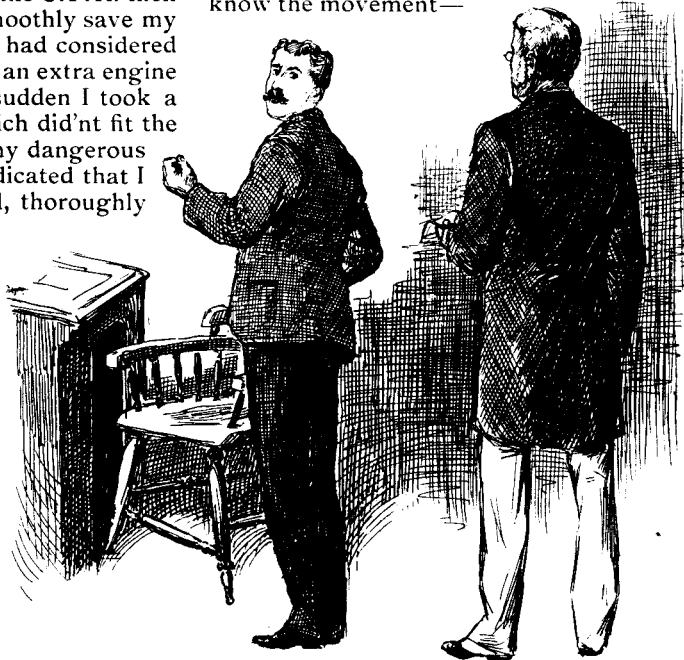
"Oh! a bit of a cramp, that's all."

"Young man, the Lord hateth a liar."

"Yes, and the Lord loveth a cheerful giver,—*especially* of permission."

"Umph! tongue on edge as usual.

Now, look here; how long would it take to get that cramp out of your arm? I know the movement—



"A low snicker from behind me brought me to the rightabout"

there was, or should have been, a big trout in that corner, and I s'pose that arm's got to be treated. You write badly enough, goodness knows, without any cramp, "but," he added in a more serious tone, "no Nepigon or long trip just at present. You know how the work stands. Later on we may fix it all O.K. for you, but in the meantime, if a couple of days are any use, you had better slip away to-night and be back for Saturday; and mind you, I am suffering from sore throat—see?"

I saw, and knew just how to treat that throat—trout's a wondrous specific for such ailments as we both possessed, and that the needful medicine would be forthcoming on Saturday each of us knew perfectly well.

I was not so very anxious to kill a big basket of trout, novelty was of more importance, and a new water the very thing. Megantic was the place; I had been through the country more than once, but had never wetted a line there—hey for Megantic and a trial of new territory. The lake is distant from Montreal 175 miles via C.P.R. "Short Line"; I could start at 8.30 p.m., and reach the lake at 3.05 a.m., and then trust to luck. Somebody had to go along, of course, and a chat over the "phone" secured a right good Montreal sportsman for the trip. At 8.30 we boarded the train and rolled away. The C.P.R. "Short Line" is a great convenience for sportsmen, as it traverses a broad tract of country noted for deer, grouse and trout; through the best deer sections of Quebec, thence over the boundary mountains through Maine's marvellous network of lakes, ponds and streams, and so on to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Chosen haunts are these of moose, caribou, bear, deer and grouse, and the fishing of the "Pond Region" of Quebec and Maine is too well known to require comment.

We rolled away slowly enough until we had crossed the C.P.R. bridge, then the throttle was pulled wide open and we sped away through the gathering darkness until we finally reached Megantic station.

It was early—most infernally early, but it promised to be a grand day, and after getting our traps inside the hotel and ourselves outside of a couple of dust destroyers, we decided to loaf about and witness the novelty of a sunrise. The performance came off as advertised, and was duly witnessed, the novelty impressing us greatly, and after enjoying the sharp

morning breeze and a view of the lake shaking off its sheets of mist preparatory to rising for the day, we sought breakfast. A few inquiries elicited the information that a little steamer made two trips per diem from end to end of the lake, and that at the head of Megantic we would find trout—"lashins of trout."

Good enough, and we prepared to feed. I say prepared to feed, for that desirable object was not properly accomplished; in fact, the breakfast was a rank failure. If half the strength of the pork could have been transferred to the tea; if the lachrymose souls of the potatoes could have been underdrained, and the eggs, the aged and weary eggs of the vintage of '84, been relieved of the powerful yolk that oppressed them, things might have been more joyous, But,

The fowlest task of the gentle hen
Is laying things that might have been—

and the producer of the eggs in question also laid the foundation of a heap of discomfort. However, all things have an end, and at 8 o'clock the little steamer hove in sight. The breeze, meanwhile, had freshened into a respectable blow and a big white-whiskered sea was rolling in, tossing the little craft about like a cork. Somehow we managed to jump aboard after much cautious manœuvring, and her head was turned up the lake. For the first four miles she rolled so badly that once or twice I involuntarily measured the distance to the shore with my eye, and calculated just how wet and cold I might be before reaching it, and T—muttered something which sounded like Zulu, but a closer examination revealed the fact that the clucking was produced by means of liquid passing through a narrow metal tube.

"What's the matter with you—feel squeamish?"

"Yes, I'm a poor sailor."

"Me too!" and the comforter was passed over and made to cluck like unto a setting hen. Soon we were in smoother water, and at last rounded a ragged point and caught a full view of the head of the lake—and a beautiful effect it was. The shores were high and densely wooded, rising in great rounded hills, and immediately behind them towered the dark masses of the Boundary Range, dividing Quebec from Maine.

Lake Megantic is about twelve miles long, very irregular in shape, and perhaps something over three miles broad, at its widest part. Directly west of

Megantic village, the mountains of that name produce quite an imposing effect, but the real beauty of the lake is not seen until one is nearly at the head of it—there the scenery will compare well with that of many of its more famous sisters. The depth is very great, in some portions varying from five to seven hundred feet, I was told, and as might be expected, the water is of an intense deep blue.

At last we laid alongside a well built pier and soon had our traps ashore. Halfway up a hill was a small house, and directly opposite, on the farther side of the lake, a mill and a few cottages, and a short distance from them the Lower Spider and Arnold rivers and the territory of the Megantic Game and Fish Club.

The wharf we landed on is, I believe, called Woburn, but, as the few natives we met were seriously stunted in their knowledge of English and we knew but a hazy amount of French, trusting to information received was rather uncertain. Fortunately a man happened to be hanging about the place who knew enough to act as interpreter, and, aided by him, we discovered that "Madame" would furnish us with food and lodging for a small consideration, and we would be made heartily welcome. We further learned that our valuable ally would pilot the way to the fishing for another small consideration, so we deposited our traps in the house and started forthwith. The West Branch was reached after a tramp of four miles, (T— swore it was six) and a glance at it showed it to be a fair type of the ordinary trout streams of the country. A winding torrent a few yards wide, broken with many swift rapids and here and there broadening into fair-sized pools—not a bad stream, though on the small side, and it looked decidedly trouty.

The forest comes right down to the banks, but it is not very dense, and, while, of course, the best method is wading, one can still fish it easily enough from either bank. In fact the great fault of the stream is that it is too easily got at, and I had grave doubts of its proving as good as expected. Later developments dissipated this idea, for there are plenty of trout in it, though, as might be expected from the volume of water, they run small.

Tackle was soon prepared and we proceeded to business. Our guide being ready first, as his outfit consisted of the old-time club and string, began lashing the stream as though he had a personal



"A glance at it showed it to be a fair type of the ordinary trout streams of the country."

grudge against it. T— had never caught a trout in his life, but he soon caught the hang of the thing, if nothing else, and whipped away like a good 'un. A few moments' trial showed that the fish were in a rare good biting humour, and we took small fry very fast. Our

unsophisticated guide rushed ahead and fished pool after pool before we reached them, rather a unique mode of procedure, but after watching his style for a short time, I concluded that he knew no better and would do little harm, so said nothing and let him work well up stream from me, followed by T—.

There was fun no end, and by-and-by they vanished from sight altogether, and I sat down to smoke to pass time until the fish got over their scare. Then working carefully up stream, each little pool and likely bit of water well repaid a trial, though fish ranging slightly above a quarter of a pound were the heaviest that rose. Once, at a dark, deep pool, I changed from fly to the oft-tried "fat pork body wingless reliable," rigging the bait on a very small hook, thinking that possibly there might be a good one lurking in the shadows, but, though I took several in quick succession, they were no larger than the others, and the fly was soon resumed. I had plenty of sport, and at last overtook the guide at a big pool, above which a tree had fallen across the stream forming a solid dam, over which the water fell in a snow-white curtain. The guide showed me five fair-sized fish, weighing nearly half-a-pound apiece, that he had taken from it, and ere moving on declared that there were no more in it. I thought differently, and, after giving him time to get out of sight, I filled my pipe anew, and went to work.

It was a pretty spot, the pool being about twenty yards across and perhaps six feet deep. I made a hurried estimate of its depth later on, but am not positive just what it does measure. The guide's statement—as guides' statements sometimes are—was wide of the truth. There were lots of fish in that pool, and all that was necessary was a proper appeal to their risibilities to induce them to catch on to any little pointed suggestion I chose to let fall.

Before T— and the guide returned I had taken sixteen tidy little fish, from between a quarter and half-a-pound. The last cast was the feature of the day, for I cast myself bodily into the pool with a sounding "chug" that most effectually settled the fishery question and the *modus vivendi* for moons to come. Having grown weary of long range work from the safe footing, I essayed to try from the fallen tree. It formed a dam of solid make and when I got out I raised a few more in the immediate vicinity, which, if

there is any power in exhortation, should restrain that treacherous stream for many a day. I am perfectly aware that the use of explosives, while fishing, is prohibited by the law, but I fired 'em off just the same. When a fellow's feet let go of a dam in such an unexpected fashion, look out for his tongue to rough the trick or follow suit the instant he gets his mouth above water. That settled the fishing, and, as it was about time to go home anyway, we tramped back to "Madame's" cabin. The total catch numbered eighty odd, the heaviest weighing scant half pound, and in addition to these we had released quite a number as being too small for use.

There are plenty of trout in the West Branch, and anyone going in can find plenty of fun, if he uses light tackle. After reaching the cabin Madame got us up a rare feed, proving herself a thorough cook, and the way the trout disappeared was a caution. That night we slept in a spotlessly clean and amazingly comfortable bed, and early next morning we were ready to try the Annance river. Unfortunately Madame's boat had been borrowed by somebody while we were fishing, and, as it was not returned as promised, we were unable to try for the big black bass which abound in the mouth of the Annance. The bass fishing, I have reason to believe, is excellent, and I would gladly have tried it had the boat been available, but, under the circumstances, we contented ourselves with trout. A man appeared upon the scene who offered to drive us up the Annance for a few miles, and his offer was speedily accepted, and we were soon speeding, as only a French-Canadian pony can speed, over an excellent road to our destination.

Arrived at the Annance, it proved to be a much larger stream than the Branch, and it was full of small trout. We fished steadily for a few hours with about the same result as on the previous day, excepting that the fish ran a trifle heavier.

Once, as I was busy at a large pool, a couple of small French girls came along, one being equipped with a rough pole and string. The wee maiden baited with a chunk of pork and promptly landed a fine trout that would weigh close to a pound, to the intense delight of herself and comrade.

Later on I found T— taking small one's merrily from another pool, and looking down in the depths I saw a big trout lying at the bottom. To change from fly



"His feet slipped, and he went crashing among the treacherous brush and logs."

to bait was a moment's work; but just then the nefarious guide happened along and plumped in his bit of pork. In an instant he gave a wild heave at his line and yanked out before my eyes my big trout. But after sailing through air at full length of his line, it got off and fell in the brush right beside me. The guide yelled and swore and made desperate grabs at it, and came within an ace of going headforemost into the pool, and, as usually happens under such circumstances, the fish eventually got away. I could have secured it all right enough, but hated to spoil the chance of getting Mr. Guide into the water, and when the wild scramble was done we were both disappointed, but for different reasons.

Finally, just as we were discussing the advisability of starting homeward, we reached the grandest pool of all—long, silent, shadowy, with a dome of inter-lacing green o'erhead and good six feet of ice-cold water below. The bottom at the centre of the pool, was free from all encumbrance save one boulder of about a foot in diameter, and close against this boulder lay the boss fish of 'em all. On one side of the stream was piled debris and logs left by highwater, and altogether it was an extremely awkward bit to cover noiselessly.

I could see the fish distinctly—could see his nose and tail projecting an honest inch from either side of the foot-broad boulder—he weighed a pound at least, and I yearned for him. No use trying

to fly under the circumstances, so I looted an eye from a dead captive and placed it on the hook. Now I should surely have got that fish, but just as I was ready to try, that accursed guide came clambering over the logs with the silent grace of a horse galloping over hot-bed sashes, and he saw the monster.

"Begar! see zat beeg ——" and down went his baited hook as rapidly as my heart fell into my boot. In an instant he had the fish fast hooked, and as he hove on his pole his feet slipped and he went crashing among the treacherous brush and logs, his legs working well down between some boughs. He yelled and struggled, and the more he toiled the worse tangled up he got, but with one hand he still clung to his tackle. At last he managed to regain his feet and found the fish still on the hook but the line fouled among some roots. The trout was only two feet below him, so he knelt down upon a small log and thrust his hand arm's length into the water. At this instant my eye fell upon a stout stick projecting from the rubbish below his log and I tampered with it—seized it and hove on it with the vindictiveness born of an evil mind. There was a howl of terror, a crash, a splash, and two men rolled on the ground and laughed till the very earth trembled, while a third pawed and clawed at floating rubbish, and bubbled merry lays of French profanity from the grandest trout pool you ever saw.

ED. W. SANDYS.



OLD ACADIAN SCHOOL DAYS.

I.

LOVE IN SCHOOL.

"I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems,
If ever the pines of Ramoth Wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

"O, playmates of the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

"The winds, so sweet with birch and fern,
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in Spring the veeries sing
The song of "long ago."
—WHITTIER. *My Playmate.*

Softly on those hours falls a benediction; did no diviner, our own hearts hallow them. And those scenes, of which we were a part, already antique, gleam the most starry of our fancies, and there is the "master-light of all our seeing." For, schoolmates, in those sunny days, it seems that faith and poetry came easy; dream-children were born of the blue womb of air, thick as cherubs cluster in a painting of Raphael. Hopes, vague, nameless, as the butterflies of the holiday season, but always beautiful, were constantly flitting about; and the songbirds of that time had in their flight musical imaginings, that, if vanished like "the snows of yester-year," have still left in the air, as it were, a certain shimmer and sparkle of wings. How the distance enchants! and yet go back, and there was enchantment there, even then. What hours so lightsome, unknown to care, so gladly contented, have ever come to us since? Oratorio, sonata, dirge, glee, anthem, martial airs, dreamy melodies,—combine them all, and yet I shall ask for heart-comfort in something earlier, more remote in memory; for "it is the distant and the dim that we are fain to greet." Low organ thunders, crash of orchestral storm, soft sigh of lute or viol, and all wild thrills or silvery tinklings of the world's music have fallen upon me; and, in my dreams I have heard the brooks of Paradise rippling a tune over the sounding pebbles; but give me back rather those days when the mingling scents of hayfield and garden came, with warm, airy wings, into our narrow schoolhouse cell, where the busy human bees were hiving the honey of thought, and let me hear the musical hum—the indistinct, irregular

murmur, the monotonous chant of concert-readers,—going out of door and window to the public way, where sometimes the wayfarer will pause to listen, though but for a moment. Surely, I do hear it,—that old strain,—and, boys! I know your voices intertwining with the words of "Seneca Lake," in the old school-reader:

"On thy fair bosom, Silver Lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale."

Here with us came young Love and young Chivalry; and here was the object of tender regard to more than one in his teens. The rude among us may have become gentle, and the timid brave, being dealt with by Time, that capricious strengthener and weakener of us all; but there was that which gave a touch of refinement to the boy, and justified the coeducation of the sexes. And Madge, plain girl though you may have been, in fact, yet, at least, in Robin's love-struck imagination you had some points of beauty; he had eyes, and saw you smile, sometimes. But the fairness of some was very real then, and by no means the mere imputation of a late fanciful historian. There were Drue and Pris,—the twin sisters, like mated cherries on one stalk (if I may be allowed the vernal-venerable comparison.) Hygiea had pencilled their cheeks, and their dark eyes were lights of variable humour and wild will. I passed the home of one yesterday, and saw that face at the window which used to pout and frown so prettily. The old artist, busy with every one of us, had wrought out singular modifications, while the dark eyes of the matron, with less of fire, looked at me, *sans* recognition. They were the queens of the school, and were often permitted to sit in the teacher's desk when he was busy elsewhere, though few who would have been glad to occupy it, could have dared so much. He smiled upon their usurpation, and no wonder; if he favoured them, others did likewise, though some of us were not beyond the pinches of jealousy. There was Lois,—very fair, so the lame boy thought—who sat where she could catch the breath of the apple blossoms. Hers was a sunny corner! Her brown hair parted in ringlets over a brow white as ever was kissed

by mother or lover—so the poet of the school would have told us. She gave him pity, and he gave her love,—that kind which wisdom (?) laughs at. Ah! chilling contrast of the warm sunny corner under spell of apple blossoms, with that open boat on the antarctic sea where she perished of bitterest cold and starkest hunger, with a gentle murmur at her fate,—a memory long to vex the heart of him whose fortunes she followed. Oft her fancies roved beyond the line where, amid the wintry sands of a Patagonian shore, her grave was rudely made; for her heart was given to a son of the sea. So, turn your wishes elsewhere, fond dreamer!

“ Her thoughts are not of thee ;
She better loves the salted wind,
The voices of the sea.

“ Her heart is like an out-bound ship,
That at its anchor swings ;
The murmur of the stranded shell
Is in the song she sings.”

If so innocent a heart can in this world be subject to a doom so ghastly, why should ease be the portion of ours,—grosser and more worldly? But doubtless the shepherd finds better pasturage for his flock beyond that flinty boundary, and even his iron-knobbed doors and forbidding portals open on bliss. Then there was Bessie, her younger sister,—very gentle, full of affectionate regards for all her neighbours and kinsfolk; while aloof in her farthest corner sat Winnie, who was shy, and kept the sweetness of her face hidden in the falling of her golden locks, as she drooped her head over her books, shrinking from any stray glances of her fellow-pupils, or even from the teacher, when he chanced to draw near. Tender, shrinking mimosa of the school, thou hast also vanished!

* * *

II.

“ Four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school ;
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

“ Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to nirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can.”

—HOOD; *Dream of Eugene Aram.*

Though four o'clock was the hour marked for our afternoon dismissal, yet our teacher had no scruples about passing that prized limit; though when he did there was a visible relaxation of interest and attention, in which he even sometimes shared. Then, after worrying through with the spellers, called to posi-

tion along the eastern wall, he would call for a song to close. No such thing as musical charts or systematic training in vocal harmony had then been heard of; much less was organ, or piano, or, indeed, anything better than a mouth organ or small concertina visible, even on scholastic gala days. We had our recitative and declamatory exercises; and we even—for our teacher venerated the gentle Robin—commemorated Burns, on the date of his centennial, and plastered the school house with crude drawings of Alloway Kirks, Brigs o' Doon, and other things, most generous of intention, but no less the mockery of art. Some of our lasses, however, would lend our ears the indulgence of well-timed voices, to which the master would suffer no interruption by ambitious untunefulness. Hughie once struck in, to the wonder of cats and crows, but was checked by a bit of sarcasm, that became in future an effectual deterrent. Though all the music known to the teacher's family was that furnished by the yellow canary, hanging in his cage at the door, and though he, had he attempted a stave, would probably have been joined by every sympathetic creature on his premises,—as knowing the “joyful sound;” yet well he knew what to require of the accomplished musician and skilled vocalist, and was wont to remark after his own peculiar style of humour: “The fellow—woe be to him!—supposes he can sing; but beforehand he must go and be made over. What an amount of doctoring of his diaphragm, and tinkering of his œsophagus must he see to before the root of the matter is in him! Can you put a fish through his scales? Can you help a horse to sing by putting an oat in his mouth?” At last we were permitted to depart, with such slight formality as a bow to the teacher, while he stood at his desk on the side nearest the door; and then—whoop-la!—with a dive after caps, sunbonnets and dinner baskets, came the glee as of water gurgling from a bottle, when youthful impatience leaped ardently into liberty,—which must not degenerate into license, anywhere between the school-house and their homes, lest to conscious authority, mysteriously offended, they on the morrow should be painfully amenable. But some were designated as loiterers, and their necessity was still to loiter. Often, in the longest day of summer, the sun was so low that his flamy lances were thrown aslant the summit of Crowell Hill before the dull and tardy were allowed

to go. If too obtuse, they were left awhile to their devices. Dim and quiet enough was the room when the many had deserted it; and we disliked the loneliness of the forms and benches, where the day's hum and hubbub had been. Better than such detention to many a belated one, would have been rod and menace, followed by the opening of the door. Uncongenial as was the strap, it brought the saving virtue of excitement, and the schoolboy laughs at a modicum of pain. Far rather had he scampered at liberty than be tethered thus solitary to grammar or spelling-book, when thoughts of frolic were uppermost, or fancies of the home-supper awaiting him lured his mind away. Meanwhile the key turned on him was in the master's pocket, and he in his adjacent grounds was attending to his hedges and apple-trees. He seeks a wholesome alternation:

"The careful Dominic, with ceaseless thrift,
Now changeth ferula for rural hoe;

"And so he wisely spends the fruitful hours,
Linked each to each by labour, like a bee."

III.

"They chase the rolling circle's speed
Or urge the flying ball.

"Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy."

—GRAY.

I see, as if it had been yesterday, instead of thirty years ago, the assembling of that concourse that here again shall not forgather. The boys are trundling hoops or playing ball in the road, having deposited their baskets under the hedge. Some of the younger ones play about the schoolhouse, and the girls, as they arrive, fan themselves with their aprons or hats, as they sit on the earth-bank near the door, waiting for the coming of the master. By and bye they discover him rising on the nearest of a succession of hills, from the farm where he has been spending the freshest hours of the day. He often quoted the precept of Franklin respecting excessive slumber; and he certainly observed it, for no one in our village was earlier out of bed. He was down over the slopes in time to see the dawn-sheen on Minas Basin succeed the mist of night, and the outstanding of the Five Isles and the blue spurs of Blomidon. He turned from manly exercise to the scene,—more

dear and beautiful the oftener beheld,—and exulted in the picturesque area of woods and hills, of glens and coves, white sails and sunlit waters. From his hill-side farm, walled by green groves, he saw the wide debouchment of the Avon, chafing his red shrubby banks from his final curve at Hantsport to his latest bound at Cheverie. His fields must not suffer from his exclusive devotion to pedagogy and studious pursuits; but here Nature was friend and teacher, and from this domain he brought to his desk a morning freshness. He had need of these acres overlooking the Avon for bread-winning; and it was no disqualifying necessity when the study-time came, for he could bring us more than an odour of his fields,—a breathing of spruce boughs and ashy burnt lands,—to our tastes the most agreeable. For his was the day antedating that of the dapper youth, the unfledged collegiate, the scarcely-graduated miss from the seminary, now found reigning in the greybeard's stead; while "seven-pence ha'-penny" from each scholar, even if promptly paid, could not be supposed a competence. Babes to be fed were not less plentiful that he was poor; and so, while he trained the "young idea" and forced even dullness "to shoot," he must also hoe diligently his potatoes. So nearer he comes, up the final slope, past our now vanished gum-tree, approaching our little group with a manner the more cheerful for his bucolic occupation. His sturdy figure is clad in a farmer's coat of grey homespun wool, which he will not think of putting off before the Sabbath; he moves with a native vigour nourished in his favourite fields,—strength and decision being expressed by every stalwart movement. He has a broad, bronzed, bearded face, upon which wind and sun have sported,—and that is marked by lines of resolution and intelligence. Some ruddy beauty is in his cheeks just now; some cheer is in his voice; but a few, if any, gray filaments appear in beard or hair. He comes up, speaking to one and another of his pupils; with the key already in his extended hand he unlocks the padlocked door, and entering, is followed by his noisy but obedient flock. Soon all are seated orderly; the master, standing behind his dusky desk, opens his Bible, looks abroad over the schoolroom to note if all have followed his example, strokes his beard once or twice, clears his throat, then gives the signal of commencement.

IV.

"Time was, he closed as he began the day,
With decent duty, not ashamed to pray."
—COWPER. *Tirocinium*.

This was the age of belief among us, schoolmates. We took our faith prescriptively, and I think were never better satisfied. The *Sacred Writings* were to us unquestionable, and by our fathers and teachers unquestioned. Nor had any come to doubt its right of admission to the public schools,—this oracular Bible, which was given of God by inspiration to the seers and holy men of old. It was not in our school by courtesy or sufferance, or to gratify a sectarian feeling. The Bible was to us humanitarian and universal, as well as divine. Superstition and faith, devotion and bigotry, were terms not so frequently—shall I not say willfully—confounded, it seems to me; and it was considered no mark of a vulgar mind to have fullest confidence in the book's supereminence, and its claim to supremacy of truth and of origin. We heard nothing about partizanship, cult, sect or creed, in reference to this council-chart of the soul,—this pure boon of letters; nor did we dream that ever any spirit, secular or sectarian, would come to exclude it. I lift my prayer to its Eternal Author that it may never be removed from any school, of any grade, in our Canadian land. It justifies itself; it has the element of permanence. Its contemners shall fail, but the word of our God abideth forever.

The master commenced, and from desk to desk the chapter's fragments circulated, while each one who could not easily read his verse puzzled it out, or looked to the dun desk for relief; often twisting rugged Hebrew names into such forms as defied recognition. Two or three chapters—reading the book consecutively, and avoiding nothing—were thus gone over each day; nor did we shrink from this part of our task, while the master took particular pains to make us understand something of what we read. Often he prefaced the reading with a rehearsal in his story-telling manner with most entertaining portions of our last lesson; then after this recapitulation he would briefly anticipate that immediately to come,—thus putting it beyond our likelihood of forgetfulness. If there are scenes so beautifully remote that they seem most like ante-natal recollections, or intimations of some foregone existence, every now and again recurring, then mine

must be those shadowy visions—yet so real and primitive—of stately Abraham on Palestinian height, beside that kindly, awesome Presence, reading from glowing symbols overhead the multitude of his children; of dreaming Jacob and the shrines of Bethel and Penuel; of Joseph seeing his brethren afar in Dothan; of David among the sheep-cotes of Bethlehem, or harping before the throne of Saul; of the battle in the wood of Ephraim, the tomb of the young man, Absalom, and the chamber over the gate; of Ruth in the wheat fields; of Samson lifting his mighty load, or making merry over the lion; of the wise and magnificent Solomon; of Elisha in the house of Shunem; of the fiery chariots and horsemen; of the sages, the shepherds, the star, the angels, the Mother and the Babe:—these, and many others, that mingle and change in the mind, like ever-moving shadows of clouds over meadow grass; haunting me sweetly, like plaintive hymns that were sung in other days.

"But still I wait with ear and eye,
For something gone that should be nigh."

And still, schoolmates, they have not been alone in their shifty changes, these shadows of the past, over which I have so fondly brooded; the forms, that seemed more real than they, like morning mists have vanished. There is a missing something that does not allow my heart to rest content amid all the fullness of this Autumn day. The dryads have gone from these trees, and gone is the merriment that once floated along this red-berried hedge. There is "a loss in all familiar things;" for now my heart yearns for the warm hand-clasp of comradeship, and I reach out to you, perhaps not altogether in vain. I cannot forget you, for, like Charles Lamb,—

"I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-day;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

"Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces."

They have faded from me like the reflections we saw cast one evening on the school-house wall; where we gazed, listening to the magician of the lantern, who stood in the gloom, amid a group of intent faces, half obscured, and caused to move across the disk of brightness on the curtain the ship that carried Dr.

Kane,—sailing amid perilous icebergs, on from shadow to shadow.

Friends of that dear old time! Far have we wandered from our playground. I stand thereon to-day, and think how the world has been changed for us. How it has widened and grown sober—this mysterious life of ours! Boyish hearts have beat heavily, boyish faces are seamed with the channels of many sorrows, and are written with runes of grief and care. Childish laughter has perished, and the ancient glee died upon the air. Who are these bearded men? Who are these matrons in widely separated homes? Are they the boys and girls who studied with me in the old schoolhouse? How strange it seems to grasp their hands, to look into their faces,—to remember! Do you not, under all the modern crust of perplexed circumstances, and the estrangements of absence and change, long for the faces you knew, and hunger for a renewal of old association!

So is it with me, who am but a world's weary pilgrim elsewhere, but at home here; and oftentimes, however you may dream of "those old days," when all voices are silent save those of the heart, or those subdued accents of the autumn twilight, I call after you, and after those so long vanished, asking,—Where is that glad time of early dream and dew, of budding hopes and glowing fancies, over which poets have brooded and sung and sighed immemorally? Is it indeed gone forever? And where are ye, O school-mates! who then trod with me the thorny-flowery paths of learning? Ah! some of you have gone thither,—

"Bearing Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land;"

and have learned what the schools can never teach.

Yet, I mourn not for *you*, O, ye sainted, beautiful ones! for ye change not, nor does your place so painfully miss you, as it might do, had you stayed longer. We see you with the bloom of your cheeks unblanched, the light of your eyes unfaded, just as we saw you last. And ye have taken hence the substance of your souls unwasted, and your heavenly treasure was timely redeemed from this dimming world. Dust and tears are forgotten, or remembered only as we remember our dreams. Where you are they are never desolate; the splendours you walk in never decline; the brightness you love to look upon never fades from the crystal walls, and never one of

all Heaven's rainbow promises melts in misty disappointment. Might I speak with you, O dear, transfigured companions! how gladly would I lift my voice under the evening glooms, or through this autumnal stillness; but God hath put between us a silence. Yet, do ye not behold us, and know how we fare? See ye not how we drift and falter amid shoals and quicksands, while your barks were long since moored in the quiet haven? However ill with us, it is good to believe, and meditate how well it is with you. We soil ourselves within, we break our hopes with many failures, our dreams are the mockery of our realities; but ye are "safe in immortal youth. . . . ye, at least, carried your ideal hence untarnished; it is locked for you, beyond moth and rust, in the treasure-house of death."* We watch once more the setting of the sun, and blind our eyes again with tears; as some momentary delight vanishes, we sadden; as "friend after friend departs," we lament again; but it shall not be so with you: "Your sun shall no more go down, neither shall your moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be to you an everlasting light, and the days of your mourning are ended."†

Some, indeed, remain, though away from this primitive seat. They have gone far and wide. We trust that ill has come to none, in the forfeiture of life's highest good. Some are working out the plans of nobler lives than many live, and are learning golden lessons in a larger school of love and gentleness, and of that faith in the Eternal Goodness, which, in the storm and battle of Time, is the sun and crown of heroic manhood.

VI.

Clasp, Angel of the backward look
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voices of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book;
The weird palimpsest old and vast.

* * *

Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
I hear again the voice that bids.
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears;
Life greatens in these later years,
The century's aloe flowers to-day.

I am recalled; the glamour fades from my eyes, and I am with the real and present again. How long have I stood by this gap in the hedge, looking at the breached wall of the old school-house?

* James Russell Lowell.

† Isa., LX: 20.

Here I must discontinue dreaming, for other things await me than painting "Flemish pictures of old days." I see how the times have changed, and the age glories in its improved conditions. If the old school-house is a thing of the past, a new building of ampler proportions and fairer exterior has been erected on another site, yet on familiar ground. We have even tested its conveniences, for it was built before our school days ended. New laws and lords have risen in vogue, with a new system to take the place of the old. Let them be better administered, and we shall note the result. Shall we inveigh against the universal law of change, under which governance we are, or vainly regret that which passes, if the coming event is of brighter promise, with inspiration of larger hope, and assurance of high fulfilment? This world stays not, but hastens on the path appointed for it. Again it returns upon its track, not going in a direct line outward. Let us, however, cherish the substantial good that comes to us as well out of the past as out of the present. Happiness and virtue are the same in all ages. Let not the nations glory too loudly in their new material possessions; let not the Age boast too long of that which has been, or will be, here. Our brothers whirl along with earnest forelooking and pursuit, scant of leisure and of rest, undreaming how the world describes its parabola, and that the new is often the old disguised. On they

go, as if the old paths were to be forever left; hastening, and ever hastening, as if the procession of the suns grew more rapid daily, and we were towering up a spiral of progress, ever nearing, though not attaining, the radiant summit. In some good sense it may be verily so. But did not the sons of God find the best we have to see long before us? And did not ancient, though haply not outworn, Wisdom, declare: "*The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun.*"** So must that perfect thing of to-day, in which we glory, change and pass; but the familiar and olden may at last return. Howbeit, we shall not stay to see our old time back again. Though here we linger for a moment, too far beyond the hastening middle current that bears on the general heart and will, loitering too fondly, maybe, in the fields and byeways of memory.

Let us go hence.

"For now I see the true old times are dead,

And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.

The old order changeth, yieldeth place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

** Ecclesiastes.

PASTOR FELIX



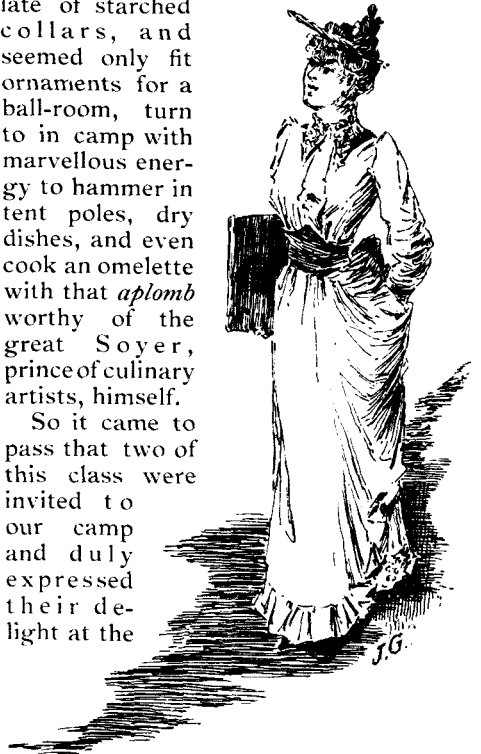


It must not be supposed, as it would naturally from the above heading, that it was by any means intended that this camping party of which I write should consist entirely of members of the feminine gender. Indeed, when the list of those privileged beings who were to be invited to join the camp was drawn up by our chaperone, it was found that the sexes were very evenly balanced, in point of numbers at any rate. But "men were deceivers ever" so runs the old song, and in this instance we were fated to experience the truth of the adage. However, as the lady novelists of a bye-gone generation were wont to remark when the unity of time in their effusions troubled them, we must not anticipate.

Our chaperone and her two assistants, one of whom I had the honour to be, experienced a good deal of difficulty in making the preliminary arrangements, such as settling on the situation of the camping ground, the number of tents and last, but not least, choosing the favoured few who were to be honoured with invitations to this prolonged picnic. Now, as far as my humble experience of camping-out goes, I have found it to be very like a voyage on board ship, or a lengthy dinner party, for which the guests must be chosen with the utmost care lest any clashing element should appear and prove fatal to the harmony of the whole. No camper-out must be of ultra-fastidious tastes, nor possessed of highly conventional ideas and manners. One should avoid inviting a precise old bachelor or methodical spinster, accustomed to live by clock-work, else they will be utterly miserable, and reflect their misery on every one about them.

Nor, I was going to say, should one invite your ordinary society young man to an entertainment of this description; but on the last occasion but one on which I camped out I was so agreeably disappointed in this much maligned member of the human race that I must, in common justice, say a word in his favour. Honour where honour is due. Yes, it has been my good fortune to see several of the most fashionable of the species, who in town spoke with the most inarticulate of English accents, wore the most immaculate of starched collars, and seemed only fit ornaments for a ball-room, turn to in camp with marvellous energy to hammer in tent poles, dry dishes, and even cook an omelette with that *aplomb* worthy of the great Soyer, prince of culinary artists, himself.

So it came to pass that two of this class were invited to our camp and duly expressed their delight at the



"A young lady who had resolved to devote herself to art."—(Page 357.)

prospect of joining the party. We also asked two artists of the masculine gender, a doctor, who had said he was very anxious to come, and a young sportsman,

one, in regard to its fair members, startling that is to say in Canada, which is somewhat behind the neighbouring republic in the matter of the independence of women and their eligibility for entering the professions.

First on the list then was a young lady, who had resolved to devote herself to art, and who had, for the past four years braved the perils of the *Quartier Latin* in Paris with undaunted front. She was afraid of nothing—that is, of hardly anything, for I had almost forgotten spiders. Well, we all have our weak points, and if she did shriek when a harmless spider meandered into her plate at dinner she was no worse than the rest of us, and besides, to the glory of her country be it spoken, she had had several of her pictures hung in the *salon*. She had innumerable tales to tell us of that delightful, Bohemian, artistic Parisian life, which of all modes of living is the most charming.

Next on the list was the doctor; we always called her the doctor in spite of her strong protestations to the contrary, when she declared that she had not yet earned the right to that title, and might never do so. Nevertheless she had just completed the third year of her medical course and knew a good

deal more about the useful branches of the science of Æsculapius than many physicians of some years standing. She



"A predilection for reading Browning under the shadows of the great maples"—(Page 358.)

who promised to supply us with abundant game and fish. So much for the men. There is no use describing them, for, as will be seen, they do not enter into this veracious history at all. But to proceed with our list. Well, I must allow it was rather a startling

was a tower of strength to us, this doctor of ours. And now I come to think of it, I don't know what *her* weakness was, unless a predilection for reading Browning under the shadows of the great maples far from the rest of her kind, may be termed a weakness. But I leave that to individual taste to determine. I have a dim recollection too, that she didn't like cockchafers, but I am positive that she was always calm and cool under the most trying circumstances, as befitted one of her dignified profession.

Next in order came our literary young woman, or as she was wont with a deprecatory shrug to style herself, the newspaper reporter. I am inclined to think that she rather prided herself on her strong mindedness, though between ourselves, I don't believe she was at all strong-minded. She was always on the look out for "copy" and was perpetually, as she termed it, studying human nature. She also had an unpleasant habit of making shorthand notes of our most frivolous conversations, which was extremely trying, one does not want to be caught at inopportune times and have one's harmless chatter made into "copy." Our literary young women had several weak points, the greatest of which was a profound dread of caterpillars, and as caterpillars pretty frequently dropped off the trees at that time of year, our quietude was constantly broken in upon by agonized cries from this literary aspirant, imploring us to rescue her from these reptiles, as she, with true poetic license, called them.

The two other girls of our party were not advanced in their views, and did not go in for professions, nevertheless they played a very prominent part in our camp life. One of them, whom I shall call Marie, was the very type of young Canadian womanhood in its most attractive, because most natural aspect. How she loved

the woods; how she revelled in this free, outdoor life, and how picturesque she looked in her blue serge skirt and blouse, with her wavy dark brown hair caught down by a bright crimson silk handkerchief. And what a cook she was. Her bouillon was the most appetizing and her omelettes the lightest I have ever tasted.

After much discussion we at length decided on a place to pitch our tents. It was a lovely island in the River Ottawa,—an ideal camping ground,—situated far out in the blue stream, and well wooded with luxuriant maple, hickory and pine trees. On one side of the island we found an open space of green sward in front of the thick wood, and sloping gently to the water. Here we erected four tents, two for sleeping in ourselves, one for our small servant or henchman, as we called him, of whom more anon, and one for the provisions. At a safe distance, and closer to the river's edge, we built the fireplace. This was rather an arduous undertaking, for great stones had to be banked in at the back and at either side, where two long stakes were driven in, with a cross-beam of wood from which to hang the pot or kettle as the case might be. In regard to fuel we were plentifully supplied, for we had only to gather the driftwood, which

was strewn in abundance along the shore, and which being quite dry, burnt up splendidly. We brought a large supply of groceries with us, enough to last for several weeks, but had to row across to the



"Our literary young woman had a profound dread of caterpillars."

mainland, a distance of about a quarter of a mile, for fresh milk, cream, meat, butter and eggs. This, however, was a mere trifle in that bright August weather.

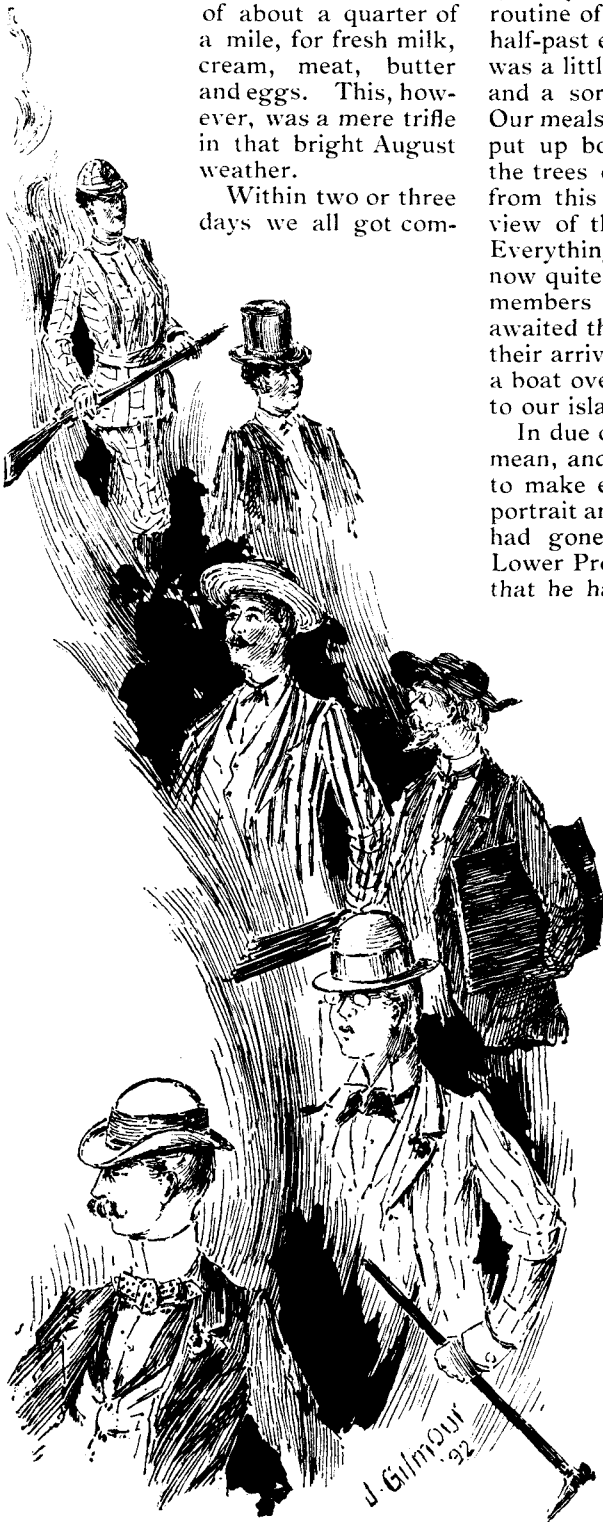
Within two or three days we all got com-

fortably settled down to the regular routine of camp life. We breakfasted at half-past eight, which hour, I must admit, was a little too late; we had lunch at one and a sort of tea-dinner at half-past six. Our meals were taken at a table of roughly put up boards, which was placed under the trees on the border of the wood, and from this situation we commanded a fine view of the river and distant mainland. Everything being thus *en train*, we were now quite ready to receive the masculine members of the party, and anxiously awaited the letters, which would announce their arrival, in order that we might send a boat over to the steamer to convey them to our island.

In due course they arrived, the letters I mean, and one by one their writers began to make excuses; one had an order for a portrait and could not leave town, another had gone on a sketching tour to the Lower Provinces, the doctor wrote to say that he had some important cases which

he could not leave, and the sportsman sent a letter two days in the week to say he was coming, and on the following day a post-card invariably arrived which proclaimed the interesting fact that important business had unfortunately detained him. Well, when the last excuse came we were, I must confess, a little put out, but after a while we accepted the situation philosophically, and decided that a paradise was none the less a paradise because Adam was not present, and that the quality and quantity of our Eves quite made up for his absence.

Perhaps my statement may be received with doubtful shrugs or disdainful smiles, but I verily believe that we five girls enjoyed ourselves much more alone than if our recalcitrant guests had come. We entertained each other and we were decidedly unconventional, and it was indeed a treat to hear the members of the various professions comparing notes and relating experiences. Perhaps during the dark hours of night, when distant cracklings in the wood or gruff sounds of raftsmen's voices broke in upon the solemn



"The men who failed to turn up."

stillness, we occasionally thought that there might have been more security in the presence of a man in the camp, but even such slight alarms were rare, and our tranquillity was usually undisturbed.

Our camp might have been called Liberty Hall, for every one did as she pleased. The artist spent most of her time sketching in the paths of the thick wood, where the golden light of high noon stole in through the maple branches with a subdued and chastened glory. Oh! that wood! It was a source of everlasting wonder and delight with its marvellous winding paths leading to the sugar house and out to the other side of the island. I remember being lost in it for hours and wandering round and round in a circle, till at last I had to strike out for the river, and famished, tired and cross, make my way back to camp by the shore.

The doctor spent the greater part of her time reading Browning, and the literary young woman in reading novels of the lightest description—this she called resting her brain to be ready for the winter's work.

I had forgotten to give more than a passing notice to our henchman, who rejoiced in the euphonious name of "Jimmie," and who was in his way a character. His father was an Irishman, his mother a French-Canadian, and having been brought up in a French-Canadian atmosphere, he was a strange conglomeration of both races. It was the funniest thing in the world to hear the way the Hibernianisms and Gallicisms used to crop up in his conversation. He was in the habit of "talking about reduciog the tea," when he wanted to make it weaker, and I puzzled a long time over this expression till at last I discovered that this was Jimmie's own peculiar adaptation of the French verb *reduire*. Our henchman was a capital cook and twice as good a story teller, though only fifteen years of age. He

knew all the gossip of the little French Canadian village he lived in, and where I strongly suspect he was held in the same regard as Tom Sawyer or Peck's bad boy in their respective homes.

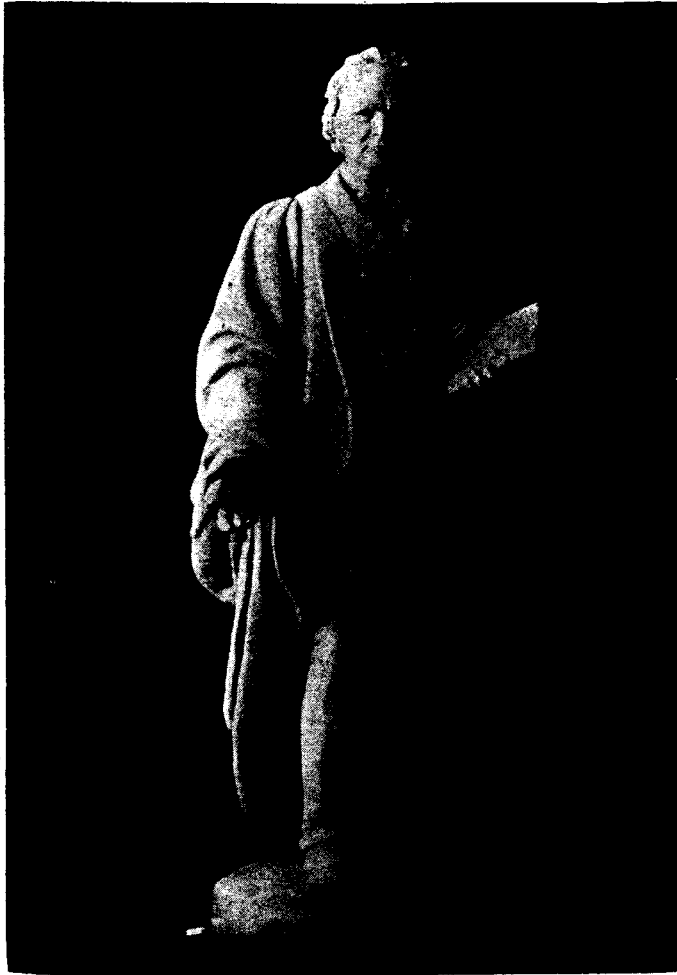
Much as we all enjoyed our long days of *dolce far niente* I think evening was the time we all loved best. As soon as it began to grow dusk, we piled up a huge fire of brushwood and logs and sat around the blaze until far into the balmy summer night. Mingled with the crackling of the resinous pine logs, we could hear the weird cry of the whip-poor-will like the wail of a lost spirit, and the monotonous dip, dip, of the raftmen's oars on the great river, and then as all nature seemed resonant, we too felt that it became us to unite in the harmony, and presently from around our camp fire would rise in clear high notes the words of those quaint, old French Canadian melodies, which have a unique and indescribable loveliness. And often from far across the water we could hear the deep bass of some belated fisherman, lending depth and strength to the chorus of the well known song "En Roulant Ma Boule."

How the memory of that camping party lives through the long winter days, with its golden sunshiny hours in the deep wood and on the glistening river. The fragrance of the scented pine comes to me as I write; and even in the busy town it forces perplexing questions upon me—is not this untrammelled open air existence the true life? Does not the contemplation of nature lead us to the contemplation of nature's God? Many indeed are the pleasant thoughts and memories of our camp by the deep blue Ottawa, a passing glimpse of purest content and healthful happiness in the Canadian woods, where—

"Our cares dropped from us like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine."

MAUD OGILVY.





AN APOSTLE OF EDUCATION—DR. EGERTON RYERSON.
From the statue by Hamilton MacCarthy, A.R.C.A.

THE DOMINION EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION CONVENTION.



THE first congress of Dominion educators is this month to be held in the city of Montreal, and is representative in character and on a broad basis.

Here Roman Catholic teachers and Protestant instructors meet on a common platform, and in the school exhibition vie with each other in a friendly rivalry.

One of the most noticeable features of this age of enlightenment and progress is the growth of the desire for conventions. This desire has been fostered by the marvellously increased facilities for travel. We are amazed with the array of conven-

tions. Every trade has its united assemblies. The farmers have their institutes and conventions. Societies of varied aims all have their congresses. This age of busy bustle has no time to wait for the sole results of solitary thought. We respect each other's special line of thinking, and gather that we may make an exchange of our several intellectual products. In a word, we traffic in results of thought on lines of barter. Tribal and even provincial distinctions are fast passing away and the tendency toward unification is strong. We federate and confederate. These are hopeful signs, which forecast



Hon. G. W. Ross, Ontario Minister of Education,
Toronto.

a brighter future than all the gilded past. Not only do we see the bitterness of racial oppositions passing away, but even the characteristics of different church organizations are not so often touched upon from pulpit or by pen. The realm of peace is spreading, and we begin to catch glimpses of the scene "when the banner of peace shall be unfurled in the parliament of man—the federation of the world."

If the teacher of to-day moulds public opinion for to-morrow, how necessary that the teacher should be not only abreast with the times, but far ahead of the same!

If our Dominion is to be maintained with an ever-widening growth and more firmly cemented in the bonds of truest union, it seems necessary that there should be a federation of those to whom is entrusted the care of the future nation. That difference of language is an insuperable barrier to the cultivation of a spirit of patriotism and national sentiment meets ample refutation in the history of Switzerland.

Such thoughts in some measure must have occupied the minds of the progressive educators of the Province of Ontario immediately on the formation of the Confederation. The inspiration of the first "Dominion Day," July 1st, 1867, was not suffered by them to pass away ere the president of the Ontario Teacher's Association sent a letter to the then Dr. Dawson, our now venerated Sir William, ask-

ing that a committee be appointed by the Association of Teachers which then bore the name of "The Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers of Lower Canada." This Association acted upon the suggestion immediately and a committee consisting of Prof. S. P. Robins, Dr. Dawson, Inspector Hubbard and Mr. Wilkie was appointed. For three years this committee conducted correspondence with various provinces, and in the autumn of 1869 reluctantly dropped the matter through lack of sufficient encouragement on the part of some of the provinces.

For 20 years the thought slumbered until it was again awakened by Dr. Eaton, of McGill University, in a paper he read before the Quebec Provincial Association in October, 1889, convened in the McGill Normal School.

The matter was referred to the Executive Committee and that Committee took steps at once and not only corresponded with the different provinces but sent Dr. Kelly, of Montreal, to the Maritime Provinces and Rev. Elson I. Rexford, B.A., the secretary of Public Instruction, Quebec, to the Ontario Convention.

The Hon. G. W. Ross took up the matter, with that firm grasp which is characteristic of the man, and at the meeting of the National Educational Association of the United States held in Toronto last year the Dominion Educational Association was organized in the presence of nearly one thousand Canadian teachers.



John B. Calkin, M.A., Principal Normal School,
Truro, N.S.



James L. Hughes, M.A., Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto.

Nearly all the provinces were represented at that meeting of organization. The Hon. G. W. Ross, of Toronto, was elected president, Rev. Elson I. Rexford, B.A. secretary, and Mr. E. W. Arthy, of Montreal, treasurer. The Superintendents of Education and the Acting Ministers of Education were appointed as vice-presidents; and the council which was selected gave a fair representation to the various provinces.

An invitation by the Mayor of Montreal at the time of the Provincial association convened in the McGill Normal School in October last, was extended, and the matter reported to the committee charged with the duty of fixing the time and place of meeting, which committee afterwards fixed upon Montreal as the place of meeting.

Thus the first meeting of this new and important organization is to be held in Montreal 250 years after the founding of the city by Maisonneuve. From a patriotic standpoint we can scarcely overestimate the value of this great gathering.

As we look over the programme we are pleased to see subjects which must have an effect upon the growth of a national sentiment.

The Hon. G. W. Ross, the Minister of

Education for Ontario, will discuss educational tendencies and problems. He can scarcely do this without making strong reference to those matters, which tend to strengthen the spirit of patriotism and create a national pride among our young people in our schools and colleges. We know what a stimulus he has given along these lines in the schools of Ontario.

Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.B., M.P.P., Minister of Education for Ontario, was born near Nairn, in the County of Middlesex, on the 18th of September, 1841. He is of Scotch parentage, a fact that, doubtless- accounts for his indomitable perseverance in reaching his present responsible position. In boyhood he attended the public schools, and, in 1847, obtained a third class county certificate, on which he taught two years. In 1859 he obtained a second class, and in 1866 a first class certificate. Two years later he attended the Normal School, Toronto, and obtained in 1871 a first class provincial certificate. He was then appointed Public School Inspector for Lambton, and subsequently also for the towns of Petrolia and Strathroy. While inspector he was the recipient of presentations and addresses for his marked ability. After this he devoted his attention to the establishment of county Model Schools, which



Dr. S. P. Robins, Montreal.



Hon. John Robson, Premier and Acting Minister of Education for British Columbia, Victoria.

have been of such value in late years. For a time Mr. Ross engaged in journalism on the *Strathroy Age* and *Huron Expressor*; his intimate knowledge of public questions being of great advantage to him in this profession. He also conducted, along with Mr. McCall of Strathroy, *The Ontario Teacher*. In 1879 he turned his attention to law, and obtained the degree of LL.B. from Albert University, and more recently he has been admitted to the Bar. In Reform politics he has long been a prominent figure. He was first elected M.P. for West Middlesex, in 1872, two years afterwards by acclamation, and again returned in 1878 and 1882, although in the following year he lost his seat for the alleged bribery of agents. In November, 1883, he was appointed Minister of Education, and elected by West Middlesex to the Local Legisla-

ture. He has proved himself to be a ready debater, an incisive speaker, a wonderful condenser of facts, and a progressive administrator. He received the degree of LL.D. from St. Andrew's University, Scotland, in 1887, and in 1892 from Victoria University, Cobourg. He was first married to Miss Campbell, of Middlesex, who died in 1872, and again in 1875 to Miss Boston, of Lobo.

Along patriotic lines Ontario has set a commendable example to the sister provinces. The hoisting flags on national days has an influence upon the young that is worthy of imitation. These flags are hoisted on the anniversaries of victories gained, such as the Battle of Queenston Heights, Battle of Lundy's Lane and others. This has a tendency to cause the young to study provincial and national history, and increases the love of home and country. Whatever our origin may be, we should never forget that we are Canadians. From the Atlantic to the Pacific we are Canadians, and as Canadians we belong to the great Empire of Britain. We should teach the youth of our land to value their rights and privileges as British subjects. To gain this, even greater attention

should be given to such matters by those who prepare the books to be used in our schools. We already note with pleasure the great improvement which has marked the last few years in this respect.

At the convention this month "The Duty of the State in Relation to Education" will no doubt be ably treated by J. L. Hughes, M.A., the distinguished Inspector of Schools for Toronto.

The papers and the discussions which arise ought to have an influence that will be felt in every school throughout the entire Dominion.

When we think how mighty is the power behind the teacher's desk, we are surprised that some broad-minded statesman did not agitate for a confederation of educators throughout the entire Dominion. Had that been done twenty-five years ago, when the Dominion was itself estab-

lished, we would see less of pure provincialism, and a much stronger spirit of pure and healthy nationalism would have been engendered than we behold to-day.

We are told that education is a matter which belongs to the several provincial governments.

True, this has always been the case. But ought it to remain a matter of indifference to the Dominion Government? Aid given to a Dominion association of teachers would be well bestowed on the ground of strengthening the state. We venture the thought that ere long, in this age of improvement, such a view must prevail.

We are glad to notice that the Dominion committee for the consideration of a proper Dominion school history will be convened at the convention. Such a history as shall commend itself to the favor of each province of the Dominion, and at the same time encourage a spirit of patriotism in the children and youth of our land, is sadly needed.

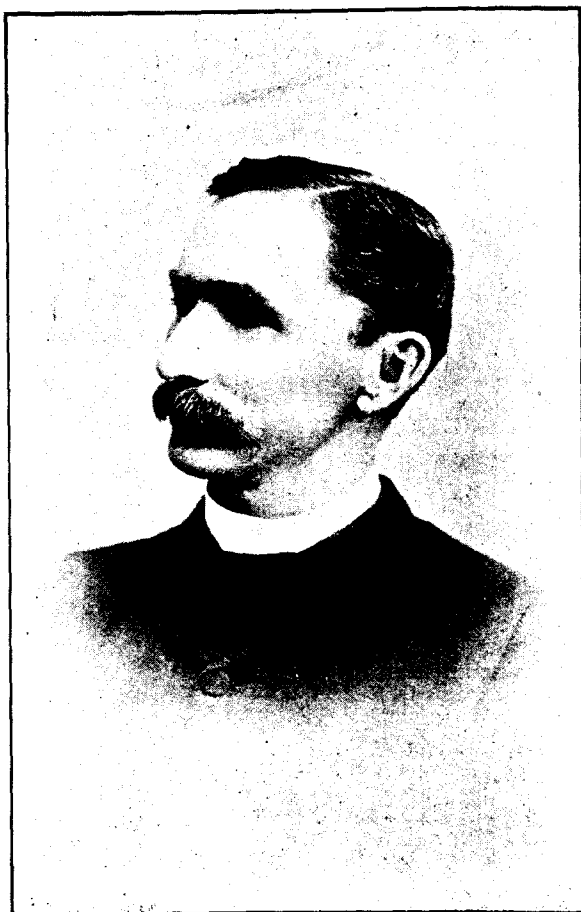
Let us learn to feel that from the isles of the Atlantic to the slopes of the Pacific we are one people, notwithstanding differences of language and of creeds.

One of the pleasing features of the approaching gathering is the conversazione at the McGill University, to be given by the governors of the university.

Much has been already accomplished in this that Protestants and Catholics alike interested in education meet in this convention on a common platform. The public school section will hold its meetings in the Catholic Commercial Academy.

At one of the general morning meetings that well-known historical writer, Benjamin Sulte, of Ottawa, will take up the subject of "The Study of Canadian History as a basis of National Sentiment."

The Rev. Abbé Verreau, the distinguished principal of the Jacques Cartier Normal School, will read a paper upon the History of Education in this Province.



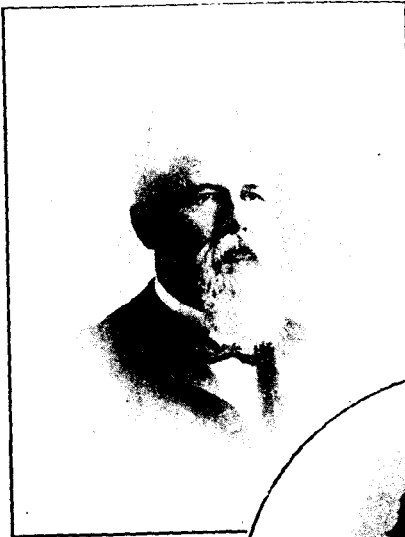
D. J. Goggin, M A , Principal Normal School, Winnipeg.

"The Study of Form in our Public Schools," will be taken up by Prof. Robins.

Very few persons in this country have wielded so great an influence among the teaching fraternity as has Sampson Paul Robins, M.A., LL.D. He was born in Feversham, County of Kent, England, January 26th, 1833. His father was the Rev. Paul Robins, minister of the Bible Christian Church. He came to Canada with his parents in 1846. He commenced teaching at the age of 16 years. In 1851 he entered the Normal School, Toronto. After this he was appointed head master of the Central School of the Town of Brantford. When the McGill Normal School was established in Montreal in 1857, Mr. Robins became one of the professors in that institution, and during the thirteen years of his continuous work as Professor of Mathematics he did

double work, taking the Arts course with first rank honours in mathematics in 1863, and in 1868 he took the M.A. in course from McGill University.

The degree of LL.D. was also given



Dr. I. R. Inch,
Superintendent of Educa-
tion, Fredericton, N.B.

him by his Alma Mater in the year 1880. A well-known writer has said of him: "He is one of our most energetic and well-known teachers, and as an educator has not his equal in the Province."

For several years he was Superintendent of the Protestant Schools of Montreal. For the last few years he has held the honourable position of Principal of the McGill Normal School. He has been engaged in educational work for more than forty years.

The question of how a national system of education should be organized will be opened for discussion by Dr. T. Rand, of MacMaster Hall, Toronto, and followed by Dr. J. R. Inch, Chief Superintendent of Education, New Brunswick.

James R. Inch was born in Queen's County, New Brunswick, in 1835, and received his early education at the common schools. He was licensed to teach when but 15 years of age. For three years he taught in Keswick, York Co. From Kes-

wick he went to Mount Allison Institution at Sackville. He taught ten years in the Boys' Academy, and was then Principal of the Ladies' Academy for 14 years. He has been President of the University of Mount Allison for thirteen years. Mr. Inch has been engaged, without the interruption of a single term, for over forty-one years in teaching. He took his B.A. degree in 1864 and his M.A. three years later, and the degree of LL.D. from his *alma mater* in 1878, and entered upon his duties as Superintendent of Education in July, 1891.

As President of Mount Allison University Dr. Inch has shown himself a progressive educationist, and the history of that institution during his management has been one of continued success.

While we are noting a few of the many interested in this Dominion congress of educators, we should not omit to mention the active Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, Dr. A. H. Mackay. Dr. Mackay re-



D. J. McLeod, M.A.,
Charlottetown.



Dr. S. D. Pope, Superintendent of Education,
Victoria, B.C.

ceived the degree of LL.D. this year from Dalhousie University.

Among those who have had much to do with moulding the educational system of Nova Scotia mention should be made



Dr. A. H. Mackay, Nova Scotia Superintendent of Education, Halifax.

of Principal J. B. Calkin, M.A. He was born in Cornwallis, N.S., in 1829, and very early in life he began teaching.

As Inspector of Schools, after the adoption of the Free School Act, he rendered laborious service in laying the foundation of the new system. In 1869 he was appointed Principal of the Truro Normal School, which position he now holds. As an author of educational works he has taken a prominent place. Among the works written by him we may mention the General Geography of the World and the Introductory Geography (both acknowledged text books in Ontario and New Brunswick, as well as Nova Scotia), the History and Geography of Nova Scotia, and a treatise on Elementary Book-keeping. He has also edited a special edition of Swinton's grammar, a school history of British America, which is now the text book in the public schools of Nova Scotia. He has also written a pedagogical work, entitled, "Notes on Education."

At the Dominion Educational Convention he will read a paper upon the question, "Should the academic and professional work in our Normal schools be combined?"

Among the persons connected with the Dominion Convention, and one who largely contributed to the present union of all creeds in this present movement, we make mention of the Honourable Gédéon Ouimet, Q.C., D.C.L., Superintendent of Public Instruction of the Province of Quebec, Commander of the

Order of St. Gregory the Great, Officier l'Instruction Publique de France, member of the Academie des Arcades de Rome, President of the Council of Public Instruction; was born in Laval County, Province of Quebec, in 1823; received a classical education at the colleges of St. Hyacinthe and Montreal; studied law with Mr., afterwards Judge, Sicotte; was admitted to the Bar in 1844, and soon secured an extensive legal practice. He represented the County of Beauharnois from 1857 to 1861 in the Legislative Assembly of Canada; was created a Queen's Counsel in 1867. He has received the degree of D.C.L. from Bishop's University, Lennoxville. From 1867 to 1876 he was a member of the Quebec Legislature for the County of Two Mountains, and was Attorney-General of the province until 1873, when he became Premier, Minister of Public Instruction, and Provincial Secretary.

In 1875, when the educational affairs of the province were about to be placed in charge of a Superintendent of Public Instruction, holding the rank of a Minister, the Honourable Mr. Ouimet was universally felt to be eminently fitted for the position, and was consequently, in 1876, appointed Superintendent, when he retired from public life. Under his direction educational affairs in the province have steadily improved, and all persons of whatever creed or nationality have the



Miss Caroline M. C. Hart, Provincial Inspector of Kindergarten, Toronto

utmost confidence in his sense of justice, his zeal in the cause of education, and his legal ability. In spite of his advancing years he still retains the clearness of intellect and the mental activity of his youth.

The Province of Manitoba will send an exhibit to the Dominion Educational Exhibition, and a gentleman to take charge of the same.

The spacious drill hall of the new High School, Montreal, has been generously granted by the Protestant Board of School Commissioners for an exhibition room, as well as three other rooms over the drill hall. A large exhibit is expected from several provinces.

Among the prominent educators in Manitoba we mention D. J. Goggin, M.A., Principal of the Provincial Normal School, Winnipeg, Manitoba. He was born in Durham, Ontario, in 1849; taught for a time in rural and village schools; prepared for the university at Whitby High School, then under the control of Mr. Kirkland, the present Principal of the Toronto Normal School. Afterwards Mr. Goggin became assistant in Whitby High School, then principal of Millbrook Public Schools, and principal of Port Hope Public Schools. When the Ontario Model School system was established Port Hope was chosen as a Model School on account of the excellent work done there.

His ability to train teachers was such that when the authorities in Manitoba were in search of a Normal School principal they were advised to invite Mr. Goggin to come out and mould their training system and make it not only acceptable to the people but popular. So well has he succeeded in this, that after six years of labour the *Winnipeg Daily Tribune* says of him: "Perhaps no one in the Province is more widely or more favourably known in educational circles than D. J. Goggin, M.A., Principal of the Normal School. He came here in the spring of 1884, when the school was in its infancy, and by his unceasing and intelligent labours has brought it to its present state of efficiency. To the reputation he had in Ontario, of being incomparably her best Model School teacher, he has added the reputation of being one of the most successful Normal School masters in the Dominion. Taking it all in all, there is no one in the Province who has excited as great or as beneficial an influence on the schools as Mr. Goggin,

and certainly no one has so many friends among the teachers."

Mr. Goggin is a member of the Council of the University of Manitoba and a member of the Advisory Board of Education for Manitoba. He is a member of the Council of St. John's College. He is at present President of the Provincial Teachers's Association. He is also Provincial Manager for the National Educational Association of the United States.

At the convention this year in Montreal Mr. Goggin will take up the subject of "Education in Relation to Citizenship."

The movement of the D. E. A. has awakened an interest which has already reached the Pacific province, and the acting Minister of Education, the Hon. John Robson, is to be present at the convention. He was born in Perth, Ontario. Early in 1859 he arrived in British Columbia and earned the reputation (of which he is specially proud), of being the "boss" axeman of British Columbia. But his natural talents and indomitable energy and industry very soon took him from the ranks of the "hewers of wood" and gave him his fitting place among leaders of men and moulders of public opinion.

In 1861 he undertook the publication of the *British Columbian* newspaper, which, under his able management, soon became an acknowledged power in the land.

In 1866 he was elected Mayor of New Westminster, and the same year he was elected to represent the district of that name in the Legislative-Council, and, two years later, re-elected for the same. Removing to Victoria upon the union of the Colonies and transfer of the seat of Government, he took editorial charge of the *British Colonist*, and represented the district (including the city) of Nanaimo in the Legislature until 1875, when he received an important Federal appointment. Returning to active political life in 1882, he was elected at the head of the poll to represent his old constituency (New Westminster) in the Legislature, and, upon the meeting of the new House and overthrow of the Beaven administration, he accepted a seat in the Cabinet formed by the Hon. Wm. Smith. Continuing in the Government subsequently formed by the Hon. A. E. B. Davis, he was, upon the death of that gentleman, called upon to form the Cabinet of which he is now the able and popular leader. At the general election in 1890 he was returned at the head of the poll in his old district, and at the same time elected for the district of Cariboo, for per-

sonal reasons electing to sit for the latter. While British Columbia was a Crown Colony he took a prominent part in the struggle for popular rights and people's government, and for union with Canada and the founding of what he claimed would become the "Greater Britain of America."

Mr. Robson has from the inception of this movement for a Dominion Educational Association shown a great interest in it.

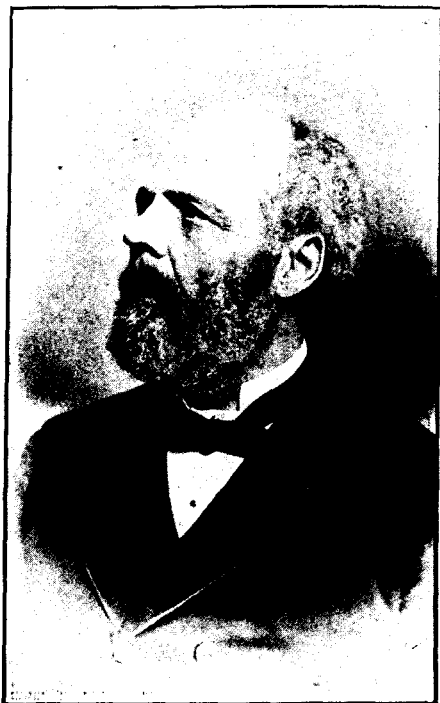
By the side of Mr. Robson in educational work in the great Pacific province stands Stephen D. Pope, LL.D., Superintendent of Education for British Columbia. Dr. Pope was born in 1842, and hence has now reached his jubilee year. His parents were English; his early education was obtained in the Grammar Schools of Norwood and Lindsay, Ont. In 1861 he received the degree of B.A., with honours in classics and mathematics from the University of Queen's College, Kingston. On graduating he was appointed head master of the Grammar School, Stirling, which position he resigned at the end of three years to go west. He taught in Oregon for over ten years. In 1868 he was married. He has six children. In 1876 he came to British Columbia. In 1884 he was appointed Superintendent of Education for the Province. For over twenty-one years before his appointment as superintendent he had been actively engaged in teaching. In 1890 Queen's University conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D.

Among the modern features of educational work is the kindergarten, and a special section devotes attention to this department of instruction at the approaching convention.

Miss Caroline M. C. Hart, the Provincial Inspector of Kindergartens for Ontario, is to take part, as well as Mrs. J. L. Hughes, who has been honored by our American educators as President of their Kindergarten section, which meets this year in Saratoga.

Miss Boulton, of the Ottawa Normal School, will also take part.

We do not wish to drop this subject without calling attention to what we think should at once be agitated and car-



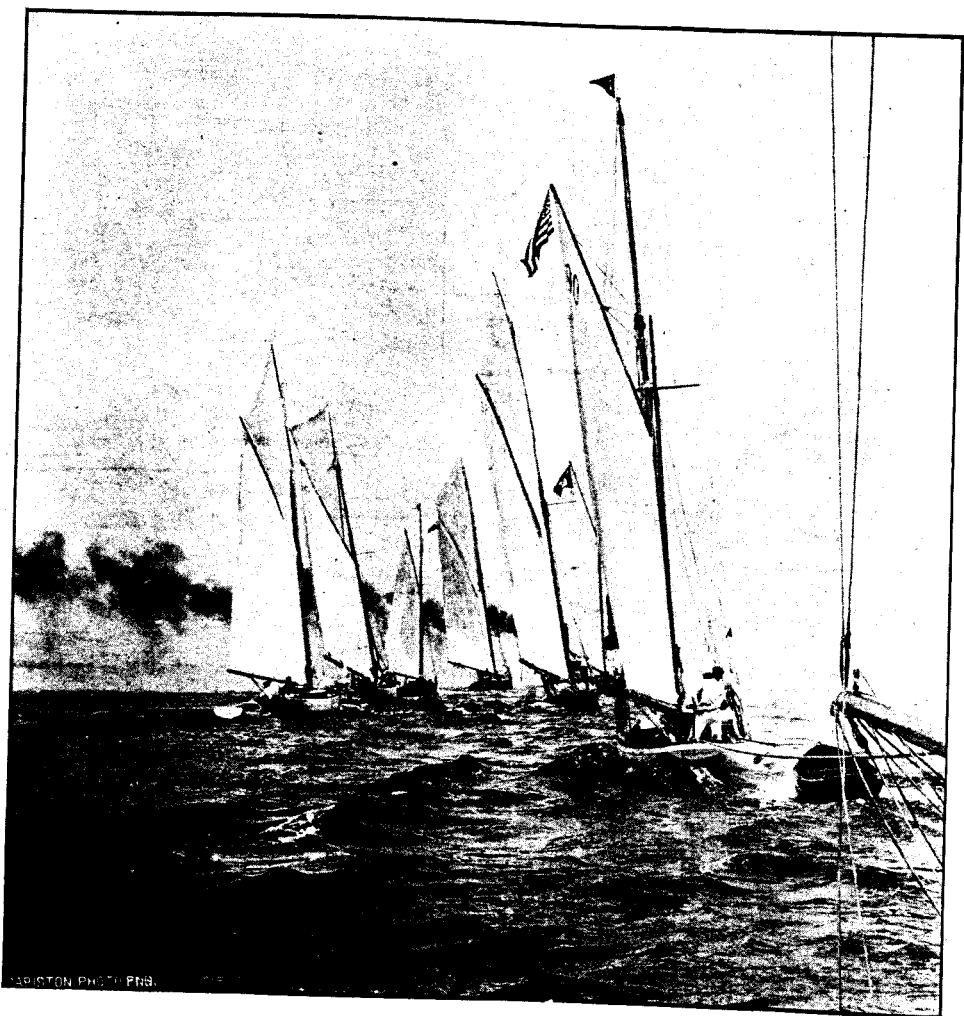
Hon. Gédéon Ouimet, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Quebec.

ried into effect, which is the question of not only giving permanence to the Dominion Educational Association, but of carrying the matter further and to prepare for and hold a congress of educators, to which representatives should be sent from every portion of Her Majesty's dominions, thus making an imperial educational congress. This would have a tendency to unite colonial interests, and foster in an important degree the growth of unity in thought and greater uniformity and grand improvement in action.

Useless or cumbersome methods would speedily be cast aside, and the leaders of educational thought would be drawn towards each other, and the most practical and potent methods would find a much more widespread acceptance.

We hail this Dominion Educational Association as a necessary and valued step in the direction indicated.

ERNEST M. TAYLOR.



Fleet of Rochester Club Yachts, 1890.

YACHTING ON LAKE ONTARIO.

THE yachtsman of Lake Ontario may well congratulate himself. What a magnificent sheet of water he has for the sport, 189 miles, from Hamilton to Cape Vincent, and 49 miles from Presque Isle to Charlotte; with not a single shoal or rock except at the eastern end, and no tide at one time to leave his craft high and dry with her sheer legs

under the channels and hundreds of yards of wind between him and the shore, and at another time in fifteen feet of water. We have not the large expanse of that "Broken to the Sea," Lake Superior, with its iron-bound dangerous shores, but then we have a harbour at every fifteen or twenty miles, so that each man, whether he be one of the crew of a crack forty or forty-six footer, or the whole crew himself of a modest twenty-five, need not fear to cruise from May till October to his heart's content around its beautiful shores.



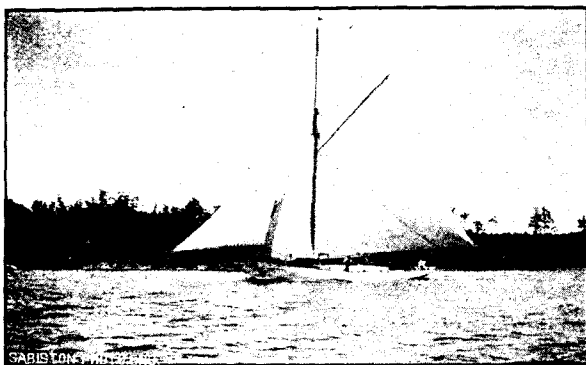
A. R. Boswell, Commodore Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

Yet, though the lake can lie calm and smiling before you, without a ripple upon its surface from your feet to the distant blue of the horizon, do not be deceived by its smile. It can frown, too. Perhaps you have sat upon your yacht's deck as she lay comfortably to her anchor in the harbour of Oswego when a strong north-west gale was blowing and listened to the waves as they thundered against the splendid breakwater which forms so fine a harbour, with now and again a big fellow coming clear across it and into your shelter, or you have gone in over the bar at Niagara when it has been blowing from the northeast for a time; and then you know what the lake can do, and learn, if not to fear it, at least to respect it.

The year 1884 marks an epoch in the history of yachting upon the lake, for in the spring of that year the Lake Yacht Racing Association was formed. Prior to that year, though there were a number of clubs in existence, still there was nothing to bind them together; there was no organization, no combined action. True, regattas were given, but there was no uniformity in the sailing measurement rules of classification,

and the races were given upon dates that clashed with one another, or at such inconvenient times that there were few visitors from other clubs to compete. The fleet itself was far from modern, and there was very little friendly rivalry between the clubs, and the yachtsmen confined themselves more to cruising than racing. Now, between racing and cruising there is a great gulf fixed, and though a racing hand will always make a good cruising one, still the converse of the proposition does not always hold good, and when a yacht owner is about to sail in a series of regattas he wants a crew of the former; for verily the performance of the one is to that of the other what a Derby winner's would be to a street-car horse.

In 1884 the old Toronto Yacht Club sent a circular to the different clubs on the lake, asking them to appoint their delegates to represent them at a meeting to be held for the purpose of endeavouring to form a yacht racing association, which would secure uniformity in measurement, time allowance, classification and racing rules, and secure an ultimate court of appeal in cases where the sailing committees of the different clubs did not wish to decide a protest referred to them. As a result of this circular, representatives of the Royal Canadian, Oswego, Bay of Quinte, and Toronto Yacht Clubs met in Toronto and adopted a constitution, rule of measurement, classification and sailing rules, which were to govern in all regattas given by these clubs in which the yachts of other clubs competed. The rule of measurement adopted was that of the Swanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, generally known as the Swanhaka rule, by which the racing length of a boat was arrived at by adding her length on the water



"ONWARD."—Royal Canadian Yacht Club



A. Jarvis, Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

line to the square root of the sail area and dividing the sum by two; or expressed in a formula :

$$\frac{L.W.L. + \sqrt{\text{Sail area}}}{2} = \text{Racing length.}$$

Before going into the merits of this rule, let us consider the old one which it replaced, generally known as the Thames rule, the rule in force generally in Great Britain, and to the influence of which the plank on edge of eight years ago may be ascribed. The method that by it the size or tonnage of a yacht was arrived at was as follows: The beam was subtracted from the length on the water line, the difference was multiplied by the beam, and the product by half the beam, and that product divided by 94, expressed in a formula thus :

$$\frac{(L.W.L. - B) \times B \times \frac{1}{2}B}{94} = \text{Tonnage.}$$

As this rule in England was so long in force, it exercised so weighty and baleful an influence that it required a long and mighty effort there to get rid of it, and produced such an erroneous idea of size that here the *reductio ad absurdum* was reached when the McGiehan sloop Cygnet sailed at 36 tons, while the Watson cutter Aileen measured only 33. A glance below at the principal measurements of the two boats will let the reader see how accurate an idea of size was obtained from this rule :

	Water line.		Beam.		Draft.		Sail area.	Tonnage.	Racing length New rule.
	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.	Sq. Ft.		Feet.
Cygnet.	43	5	15	6	4		2564	36	47.03
Aileen.	56		11	8	8	8	3340	33	56.90

The question will be asked why was such a rule ever adopted. The answer is simple. It was an easy way to measure, easier than displacement or welled surface, and at the time of its adoption boats were pretty much of one type and as the $\frac{1}{2}B$ of the rule represented about the draft it worked no great injustice.

Yacht designers soon began to see that beam was taxed out of all proportion to length and draft, and that by reducing this factor and increasing the length and draft a really large boat might be built which, by the rule, measured smaller than the heavier one. Thus they went on year after year, reducing the beam and increasing the length and draft, until the climax was reached when a boat was designed and her lines published in the *Field*, measuring sixty feet water line with only six feet beam.

The result of the rule was, therefore, to dictate to a designer what type of boat he must design, for no one could hope to win with anything but a very narrow, and in the smaller classes, very uncomfortable boat, instead of leaving him unhampered and free to use whatever elements of stability, draft or beam, or both, and in whatever proportions, he chose.

In spite of vested interests, the rule, upon the recommendation of the leading



E. H. Ambrose, Captain Royal Hamilton Yacht Club.



"SAMOA."
Royal Hamilton Yacht Club.

yacht designers in England, was swept away, and the one in use at present, viz.:

$$\frac{\text{L.W.L.} \times \text{Sail area}}{6000} = \text{Rating.}$$

substituted, which, as in the Swanhaka, taxes length on the water line and sail area alone.

To return to the Swanhaka rule. Some one may say why introduce sail area as a factor at all. Why not measure by length alone. This has been tried, and with what result. The effect was the converse of that of the Thames rule—erroneous sail plans, and consequently great beam and draft to give the stability to carry them, great expense and a great sacrifice of beauty of form for brute power. Take an instance: Under the length rule a sloop was built in Boston of 20 tons displacement, $10\frac{1}{2}$ tons ballast, 8 feet 2 inches draft, with 32 feet hoist, on a 31 foot water line. Such a boat would measure some 39 feet racing length under the Swanhaka rule, and would not be in it with the new Fife forty-footer racing length and the Zelina, with her 6 feet longer water line, greater deck room and cabin accommodation and less unwieldy sail plan.

Where length and sail area are equal factors in measurement, the designer's

choice is free. He can choose great displacement with great sail area and short water line length, and work his way by infinite gradations to longer waterline length with less displacement and sail area.

With a sound basis of measurement and classification and the support of the four strongest clubs on the lake, the Association prospered, as its record of regattas will show, until it now binds together the Royal Hamilton, Royal Canadian, Queen City, Bay of Quinte, Oswego and Rochester Clubs, with a combined fleet of over 150 yachts, divided into the following classes:

CLASS ONE.

Forty-six-foot class yachts,

over 46 feet racing length.

Forty-foot class yachts, 40 feet racing length and under.

Thirty-five foot class yachts, 35 feet racing length and under.

Thirty-foot class yachts, 30 feet racing length and under.

Twenty-five-foot class yachts, 25 feet racing length and under.

Let us start from the head of the lake and take a look at the different yachting centres.

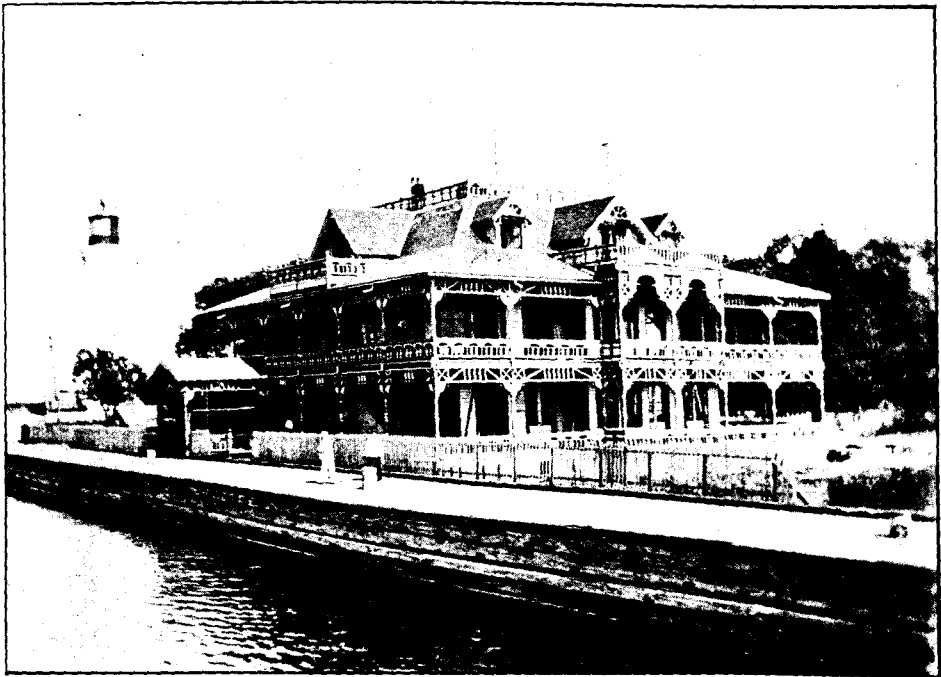
The Royal Hamilton Yacht Club, from its organization in 1888, until last year, struggled along in very inadequate quarters on the water front of the city. They now possess the finest club house on the lake. It is situated on Burlington Beach, within five miles of the city and can be easily reached by boat or train. In front of the club is ample room for the mooring of the entire fleet, as well as anchorage for the visiting yachts during their regattas. A short sail between the piers takes the yachts from the bay into the open lake. Here the club holds its annual regatta, the course being sometimes to windward and return, and at other times over a triangular course. Last year the Commodore, W. Sanford, brought pressure to bear upon the Home Office and obtained for the club the right to prefix

the word Royal to its name, and the privilege to its yachts of flying the blue ensign of Her Majesty's navy, with a crown and maple leaf in the fly.

Among the flyers of her fleet she numbers the Cuthbert sloop, White Wings, which with Æmilus Jarvis as her skipper, captured during the seasons of 1888 and 1889 pretty well all the prizes in the 46-foot class, and last year, after carrying away her topmast near the finish of the race, only lost the Queen's Cup to the Vreda by two seconds; the Samoa, designed by Mr. Jarvis and raced by him very successfully during the seasons of

for many years more. She was built by Simmons, in Glasgow, in 1854, and has changed hands many times. She was bought from Mr. Hume Blake, of the R. C. Y. C., last year, by a party of Hamilton yachtsmen. The club has a fleet of 47 yachts and upwards of 600 members. The flag officers are: Commodore, W. P. Sanford; vice-commodore, J. F. Monck; rear-commodore, R. A. Lucas; captain, E. H. Ambrose.

From Burlington a sail of 32 miles takes the yachtsman to Toronto, with a good harbour 12 miles away at Oakville to drop into in case the wind falls light when he



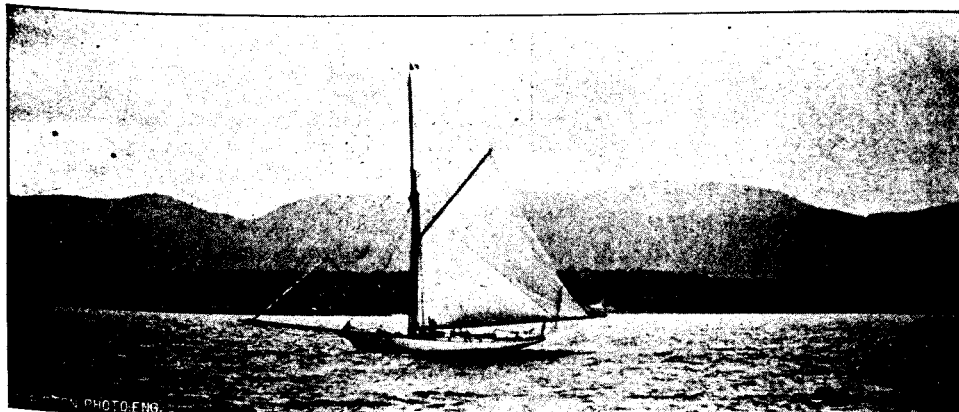
Royal Hamilton Yacht Club House.

1890 and 1891; the Dinah and Nancy Voke, owned by Mr. F. E. Malloch, and designed by a local designer, Mr. Dalton, make it interesting for the 35 and 30-foot classes respectively. The Queen's Cup will be raced for this year on the first of July, over the Hamilton course, by the thirties, when the Nancy and Samoa will have to make a hard fight to beat the new Fife boat, the Vedette of the R.C.Y.C.

Among the cruisers are the flagship Psyche, designed by Kunhardt; the celebrated imported Scotch cutter Verne No. 2, designed and built by Watson, in Glasgow, in 1881; and the iron cutter Rivet, the oldest yacht on the lake, and good

is near it and there is a prospect of being left out all night in the lake. Many a jolly Saturday evening's gathering of Hamilton and Toronto men has this little harbour seen, for it is usual to arrange a cruising race from both ports with the finish here upon some Saturday afternoon, and upon those occasions an impromptu concert of some hundred performers, with more strength of lung than vocal talent, is generally held upon the piers.

From a yachtsman's point of view Toronto is beyond question the best situated port upon the lake, and as a result has had since 1881 two yacht clubs, with their headquarters there. First, the Royal Ca-



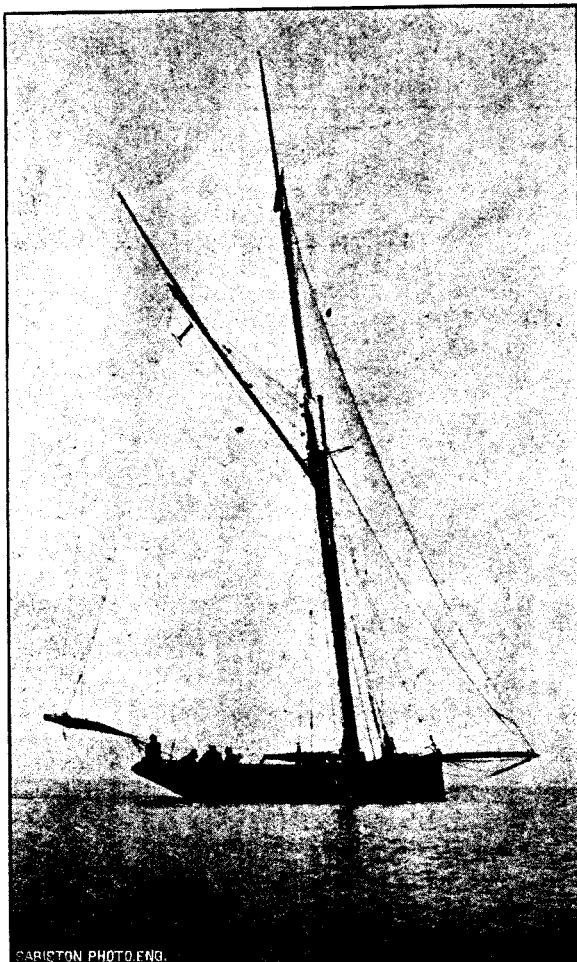
"CHOCTAW."
Rochester Yacht Club.

nadian and Toronto Yacht Clubs, and since their amalgamation in 1888 the Royal Canadian and Queen City Clubs.

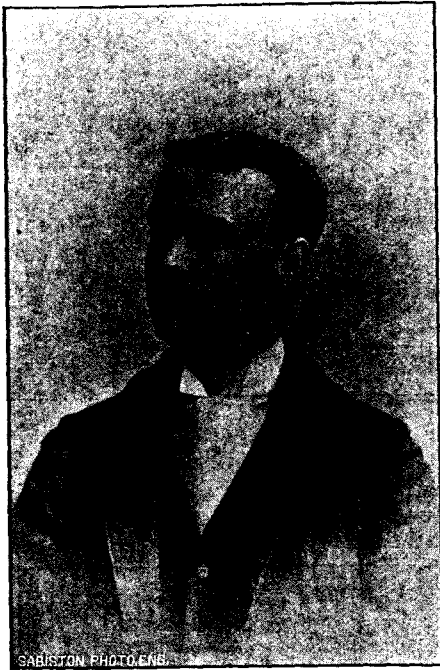
The bay itself, two and a-half miles long by over a mile in width, with a good channel at either end opening into the lake gives the little fellows plenty of room for racing and sailing when it is too rough for them outside. The holding ground, too, is good, so that if moorings and gear are strong enough, there is no reason why boats should go adrift and get damaged, no matter how hard it blows.

The history of the R.C.Y.C. has been the history of yachting upon the lake. Organized in 1852, the club has already increased in membership, fleet and yachting enthusiasm, until it now has 715 members, 10 steam, 39 sailing yachts, and 6 sailing skiffs. In 1854 the club was granted the right to add the word Royal to its name. In 1860 the Prince of Wales visited it, and to commemorate his visit presented a magnificent silver challenge cup, ever since known as the Prince of Wales' Cup, and sailed for annually on the 7th of September, the anniversary of his visit. The cup has since that date been won and held by all the principal yachts of the club, and is now held by the Vreda. In 1873 the Admiralty granted to its yachts the right to

wear the blue ensign of the Royal navy with a crown in the fly. The Marquis of Lorne and the Marquis of Lansdowne have also



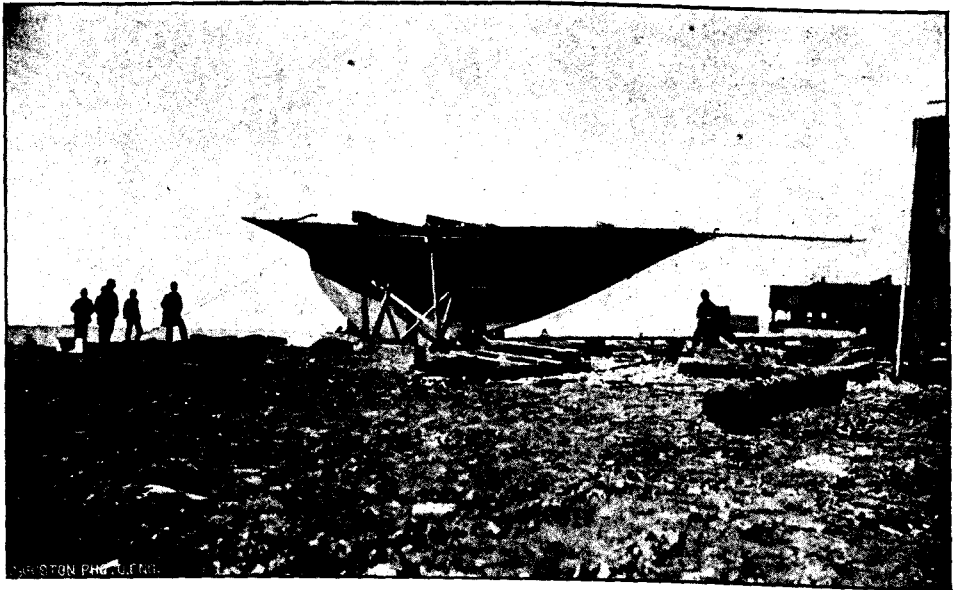
"AILEEN"
Royal Canadian Yacht Club.



T. B. Pritchard, Secretary Fochester Yacht Club.

presented very handsome challenge cups. In 1880 the members petitioned Her Majesty to grant them a challenge cup to be known as the Queen's Cup, and the club obtained a magnificent piece of plate, the only Queen's Cup on this side of the water.

It is raced for annually, on Dominion Day, each club in succession having the right to have the race held over its course. Other cups of the club are the Murray, McGaw and Cosgrave challenge cups. Besides its annual regatta open to all yachts of the association, over twenty races with good prizes are given for the encouragement of its own fleet, and open only to its own boats. In the smaller classes the course is in the bay, and in the larger, partly in the bay and partly in the lake. In the first, forty-six and thirty-foot classes cruising races are also given. In them the yachts start from the club at 3 o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, and the finish is at Hamilton, Port Dalhousie or Whitby, as may be settled by the sailing committee. In 1888 the old Toronto Yacht Club amalgamated with the Royal Canadian. By this the club gained, besides a large, young and active number of members, its present club building, wharf and anchorage on the town side of the bay. From this the launch takes the members over to the island club house. Here there is a fine anchorage for the fleet, in clear water, and with no smoke and dirt to blacken sails and rigging. The building itself commands a fine view from its verandah of bay and lake, and is surrounded by a lawn which is kept in splendid condition, on which the members can have a game of tennis, quoits, or bowling on the green. Its fleet ranges



"ZELINA."
Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

in size from the magnificent Cary-Smith schooner Oriole, owned by Mr. George Gooderham; the Watson cutters Aileen and Vreda, the former owned by Mr. R. Myles, the latter purchased in 1890 by Commodore Boswell and brought over in the spring of that year by a crew of four men from Portsmouth to Quebec, down to the Gwendoline, of the 21-foot class, only 17 feet long.

The other officers are T. G. Blackstock, Vice-Commodore, steam yacht Abeona; C. A. B. Brown, Rear Commodore, cutter Condor; and S. Bruce Harman, honorary secretary.

Two new yachts have this spring been added to the fleet, both from designs of that celebrated naval architect, young Will Fife, of Fairlie. They are the forty-footer Zelina and the thirty Vedette. The former has been designed to beat his own effort of two years, the Yama, of Oswego, and will be sailed by one of her owners, Mr. Norman B. Dick. She is 37 ft. water line, 10 ft. 6 in. beam and 8 ft. 6 in. in draft. The latter, owned by Mr. Gray and Mr. Hees, will sail her first important race at Hamilton on July 1st, for the Queen's cup, with Æmilius Jarvis at the stick. She is brig rigged with staysail and jib, and is fitted with a steel centre board $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick and weighing 1,100 lbs. This does



E. N. Walbridge, Vice-Commodore
Rochester Yacht Club.

not rise above her floor, and leaves her cabin undisfigured by the centre board trunk of the old-timers. All her ballast



Oswego Club House



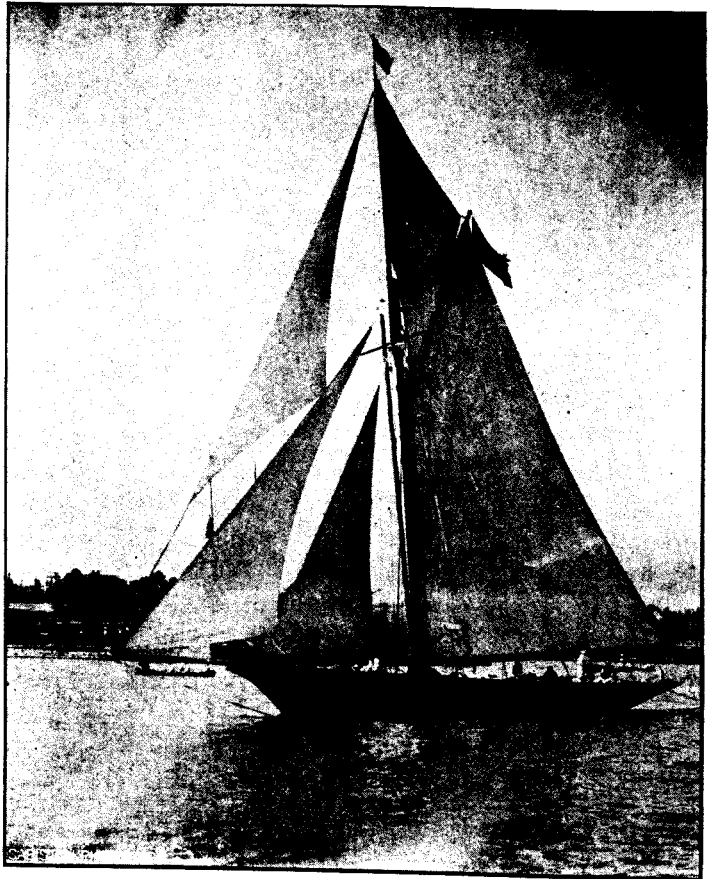
John T. Mott, Oswego Yacht Club.

in her keel is lead, and weighs 5 tons. She is 44 ft. 10 in. over all, 30 ft. 10 in. water line, 9 ft. 6 in. beam, 6 ft. 1 in. draft without board, 8 ft. 10 in. draft with board down. Another acquisition to the fleet is on the way, and will be completed in August. This is a steel steam yacht, being built here from designs of G. L. Watson, of Glasgow, for Mr. Albert Gooderham. She is 101 feet 10 in. on the water line, 17 feet beam and 7 ft. draft. She will be driven by triple expansion engines, which should give her the respectable speed of 16 miles an hour. She is plush decked, with all her deck fittings of teak, and will be schooner rigged. Her sail

plan will not be large, however, and will be used more for giving her steadiness than speed. The Queen City Yacht Club's anchorage and house is immediately east of the R.C.Y.C. town premises, the two fleets lying side by side; a friendly rivalry exists between the two clubs, many members of the one being also members of the other. Organized in 1889 it now has 75 members and 18 yachts.

It pays special attention to the encouragement of the racing among the smaller classes, and numbers many good Corinthians among its members. Besides its annual regatta, during the association circuit, it gives a large number of races during the season for its own club boats. Its officers are: Commodore, G. Schofield; vice-commodore, J. J. Quinn; captain, W. Foy; secretary, W. Thomas.

Although there is no club in Cobourg, yet there is plenty of interest taken in the sport, and as the boats generally break the sail between Toronto and Belleville there, the citizens usually give them a good regatta,



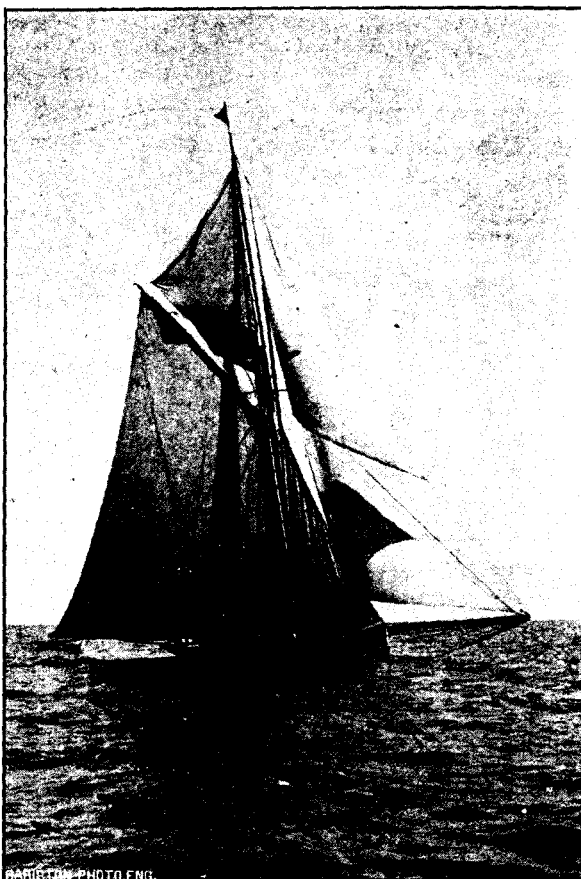
"VREDA,"—Royal Canadian Yacht Club.



G. Schofield, Commodore Queen City Yacht Club.

out of the way, put his helm up, and let his large main boom come over with a rush that looked as though it would take everything out of her when it fetched up, but she was so quick on her helm that before the boom could get across her, she had the wind forward of the beam and was heading into the harbour with all her lower canvass set. Nothing even then was taken off her. She came between the piers like a race horse, threaded her way among the fleet inside, and let her anchor go just in time to check her way and prevent her running her bowsprit into a part of the west pier. It was very pretty certainly to look at, but it was too risky to be good seamanship. Poor old Cuthbert. Countess of Dufferin, Atalanta, Norah, Iolanthe and White Wings are fast boats and the fastest of their type were his creations. He never got an owner to give him absolute *carte blanche* as far as expenses was concerned, or he might have produced faster boats even than these.

with a dance at the Arlington Hotel thereafter. The harbour is a small one, and when the combined fleets are crowded into it they have to lie pretty well heads and tails, like herrings in a barrel. Yachtsmen who were there during the regatta of 1885 will remember a rather daring exhibition of the handling of a yacht. The harbour was full of all sorts, large and small. It was blowing fresh from the south-west, with a bit of a sea running, when a large boat began to loom up, coming from the direction of Toronto. As she got nearer she was made out to be the big sloop Atalanta. She was under lower canvass, almost before the wind, with her boom over to port. As she neared the piers everyone expected her to reduce her canvass. But, no; old Alick Cuthbert was at the stick, and he was evidently determined to let us see what he could do. What a picture she was as she came on, grandly rising and sinking on the long swell, showing her forefoot every now and again clean into the air as she rose upon a big one and then dropping down into the next with the white foam curling from her stern and down her polished sides. On she came, and every one expected him to get his boom aft and gybe over to enter the harbour; but no, he let his main sheet stand, got his crew



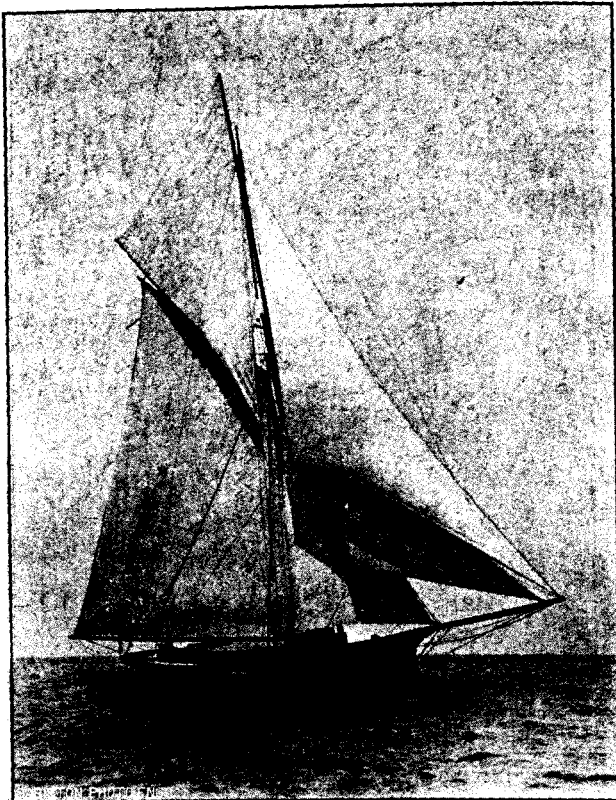
RABBITON PHOTO ENG.

"MADGE,"
Royal Canadian Yacht Club

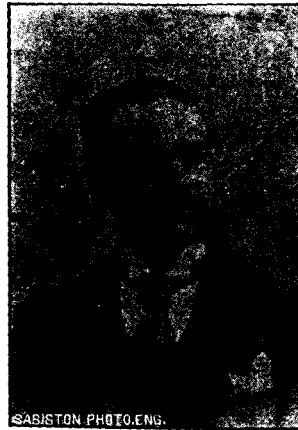
In spite of everything he made a good fight for the America's cup with Atalanta.

Since the opening of the Murray canal which connects Presque Isle Bay with the Bay of Quinte, Belleville has become a more accessible port, and though for two years no regatta has been held there, the third is to break the spell. The first race of the season will be given by the B. Q. Y. C. on July 1st, when the yachts of all the clubs will be gathered there, and Norah and Iolanthe will have to sail their fastest to uphold the honour of their flag. Atalanta will be missed. She has been sold to some Chicago yachtsmen and will be sent there as soon as she is fitted out. Iolanthe has been greatly altered and an improvement in her speed is expected. She will require it all, however, to win against Zelina and Yama. The Norah is the holder of the Fisher Cup won by the Atalanta in Chicago, and it is likely that she will be called upon to defend it this summer if a race can be got on with her.

From Belleville the sail down the bay past Deseronto Stone Mills and Macdonald's Cove is a most beautiful one; the



"WHITE WINGS."
Royal Hamilton Yacht Club.



Allen Ames, Oswego Yacht Club.

scenery is perfect, and it is with a feeling of regret that Indian Point is left behind, which is only tempered by the reflections that the yacht is now on her course for Oswego, that most popular and hospitable port on the lake.

The Oswego Yacht Club was organized in 1881 with a membership of 70, but with such men as John and Elliot Mott,

Allen Ames, W. P. Phelps, jr., W. Gordon, W. E. See and J. B. Donnelly at the helm of affairs, it is not to be wondered at that it has now a membership of 200, with a fleet of 13 sailing and 5 steam yachts. The harbour is small, but the magnificent government breakwater (a great contrast to that of our Canadian harbours — worse luck) forms a perfect protection against the heavy seas that very often dash against it, and makes a perfect shelter for the yachts of the club and those of their visiting friends. The club house is very prettily situated and commands from its balcony a fine view of the lake. In front of it the club fleet is moored. The Yama, the flagship, Fife's crack forty, with an unbroken record of victories during the past two years, is owned and sailed by Allen Ames. The dear old Cricket, owned by John T. Mott, and for many years the flagship. She was not



F. F. Malloch, Royal Hamilton Yacht Club.

fast, but she was a safe, able, comfortable cruiser, and on board her no visiting yachtsman ever failed to find a hearty welcome and something good wherewith to wet his whistle. She has passed into other hands. Her former owner now flies his flag from the truck of the celebrated Papoose, designed by Ed. Burgess, and in 1887 the crack of the forty-foot class in Boston and New York waters. Among the steam yachts are the two beauties Aider and Ruth. The flag officers are Commodore Allen Ames, Vice-Commodore J. P. Phelps, Captain George B. Sloan.

From Oswego a sail of 32 miles takes us to Big Sodus Bay, a fine harbour four miles long by over two in width, where the Oswego and Rochester fleets often meet. Twenty-seven miles further and we sail between the piers at Charlotte and are in the headquarters of the Rochester Yacht Club.

This strong and active club was organized in 1886 and has had more natural disadvantages to face than any other club. It has literally no proper anchorage for its yachts, but simply two piers about half a mile in length, between which the fleet has to tie up as best it can. In spite of this, however, and that the city of Rochester is eight miles away, the club has steadily increased in size until it now numbers 152 members, with 7 steam and 29 sailing yachts in its fleet.

The club-house, erected in 1889, is a large and handsome one, and will give the members all the accommodation they require for many a year to come. It is situated on the south end of the western pier, within easy reach of the beach, with its beautifully kept lawns and grounds and fine hotels. For the beach forms a summer resort for Rochester, and the trains, which run at short intervals, bring crowds of people down to get the cool lake breezes



"YAMA."
Oswego Yacht Club.

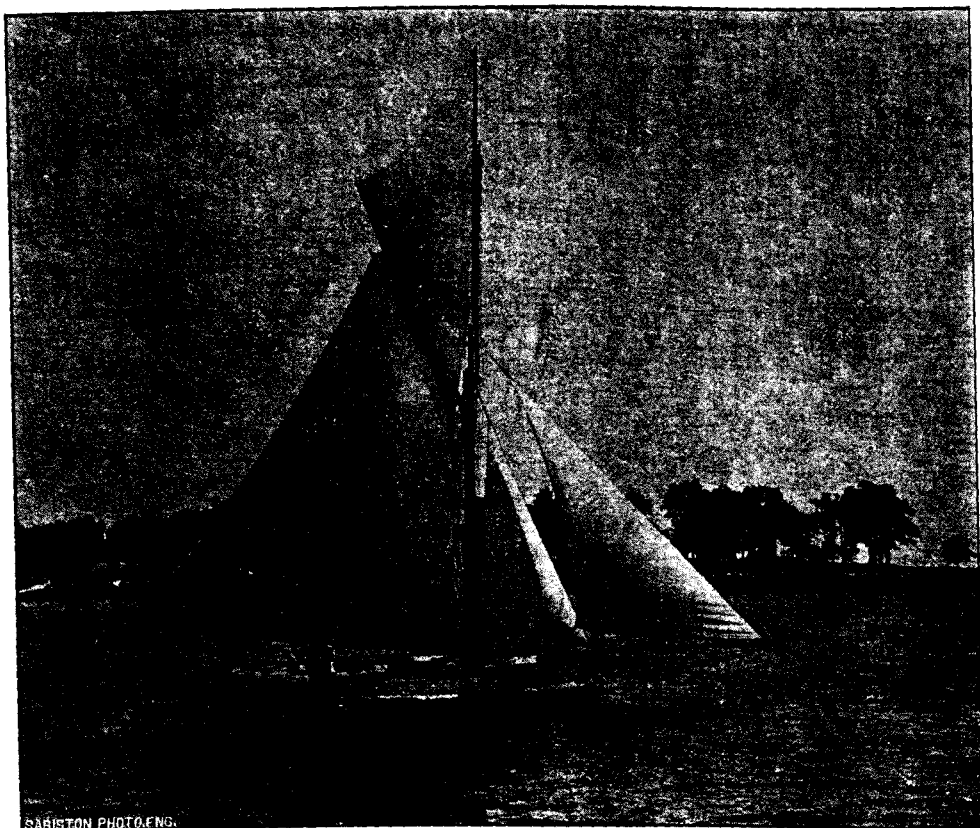


Elliot B. Mott, Oswego Yacht Club.

and the good bathing at the shore.

Among her flyers is Choctaw, designed by Burgess, and built in 1889 by Lawley, of Boston. She is a powerful centre-

board cutter of 40 feet water-line, with 14 feet beam and 6 draft. She is owned by the Vice-Commodore, Mr. E. L. Wallbridge, and will race in the 46-foot class with Verve, White Wings and Aggie. In New York and Boston she had Minerva to compete against, and found that celebrated Fife forty too many for her. The Cinderella and Onward are Cary-Smith boats. The former was built by Piegras in New York in 1886. She is a big centre-board of 52 feet water-line, 17 feet beam, and 6 feet 10 inches draft. She has been raced a good deal in Eastern waters, but had too formidable an opponent in Clara, but was generally a good second. She will have Oreole, Vreda and Onward to compete with her, and the result of her first race will be looked forward to with great interest. The Onward is an old boat, having been built in 1875. She has the same water line, length and beam as Cinderella, but only five feet draft. She is pretty well out of it with the more powerful modern boats, but as a cruiser



SABISTON PHOTO. ENG.

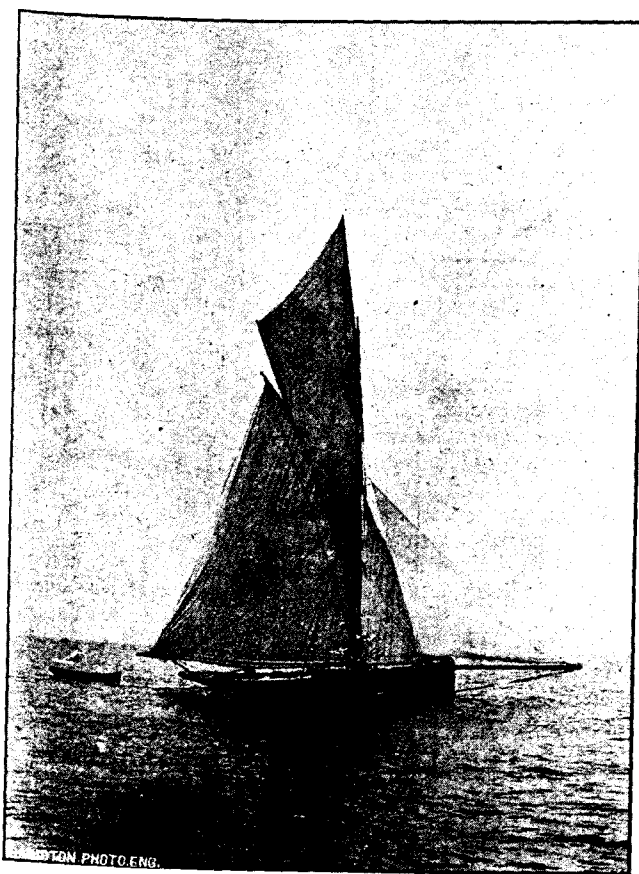
"PAPOOSE."
Oswego Yacht Club.

is an acquisition to the club. We must not forget to mention the Madge, obsolete now as a racer, but interesting as having exercised so very great an influence over the type of boats she met in this country. She was designed and built by Watson in 1879, and after defeating the whole 10 ton class in British waters was sent out to New York on the deck of a steamer. There she had to sail against the old type of shoal draft beamy centre board boats, and so utterly defeated them that it became simply a fight for second place. Her racing career sealed the fate of the comfortless death traps that were so easily beaten by her, and a more comfortable and able type of boat took their place. She is 39 ft. 7 in. water line, 8 ft. beam and 8 ft. draft. Two small keel cat boats from designs by Burgess, were last year built for the 20 ft. class, the Soubrette and Wenona. Their measurements are

almost identical, 19 ft. 3 in. water line, 7 ft. 5 in. beam and 4 ft. 4 in. draft. It is to be hoped that they will take part in the Hamilton and Toronto races where they will meet a large fleet of boats of their size. The flag officers are : Commodore, Matt. Cartwright ; Vice-Commodore, E. N. Walbridge ; Captain, J. G. Cramer. The management of the affairs of the club is in the hands of the energetic secretary, T. B. Pritchard.


We have now visited all the yachting ports of the lake and have seen how great an interest is taken in the sport, and how rapidly the fleet is increasing in size. Though there are not many boats in the larger classes, in the smaller ones the competition is keen, the fleet steadily increasing, and the racing is as interesting and its results as instructive as that done in Boston and New York waters.

GEORGE E. EVANS.



"CYPRUS,"
Royal Canadian Yacht Club.



 AMONG the signs of the self-confidence of the present age are its attempts to usurp the functions of posterity. It is the right and duty of succeeding generations to assign the men of preceding generations their status in literature, art and other fields of human effort and ambition. Yet nothing is commoner at present than to see some self-sufficient critic—usually a shallow one, for fools rush in where angels fear to tread—pronouncing this one “the first living novelist of America,” or that one “the greatest thinker of the age,” or another “the cleverest English artist of the Victorian era,” or “the greatest contemporary Canadian poet.” These rash and partial utterances are often made without any modest “perhaps” or “in my opinion” or other prudent qualifier. Achievements in science are more concrete and ponderable than achievements in art or literature; yet even in their ratings of scientific contemporaries critics and learned societies are liable to be warped by prejudice or to award undue precedence to those savants whose merits are applauded by the loudest *claque*. The superior court of posterity will reverse these hasty verdicts, not merely as being unwarrantable intrusions on its jurisdiction, but as being founded on superficial and one-sided evidence.

* * *

The signatures of our Anglican bishops (“F., Nova Scotia,” “J. T., Ontario,” etc.) must seem somewhat mediæval and pretentious to persons of other denominations, and in particular to our republican neighbours. But the style of many English bishops, who sign the abbreviated Latin names of their Sees (Cantuar., Oxon., Sarum., etc.) after their christian

names or initials, must be a puzzle or a wonder to some Americans. Dr. Temple, the present Bishop of London, conforms to these precedents, and signs himself “F. Londin,” contrary to the practice of his predecessors, who used the plain English name of the great city in their signatures.

* * *

Had Bishop Bloomfield signed himself “C. J., Londin,” (instead of London”) a pretty little tale, which some of my readers may not have heard before, would have been lost. The story is that the great Duke of Wellington received a note, asking leave to inspect his “Waterloo beeches,” as a fine row of trees at Strathfieldsaye had been christened. The note was signed “C. J. Loudon,” and was from the eminent botanist of that name. But Mr. Loudon was unknown to the Duke, while the bishop who signed himself “C. J. London” was well known. The letters “n” and “u” are usually indistinguishable in manuscript; and the word “beeches” was read as “breeches” by the Duke, who was not unaccustomed to requests from persons desiring to see the uniform he had worn at Waterloo. And so, a day or two later, the Bishop of London was startled by the receipt of a note conveying the compliments of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, and assuring him that the Duke would be charmed to comply with his lordship’s desire to inspect his “Waterloo breeches!” The perplexity of both bishop and duke was removed—so the story goes—by a mutual friend to whom each hastened to confide the apparent insanity of the other.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.



PRACTICAL PROOF.

ST. CATHERINES, ONT.

Dear Sirs:—I have used Surprise Soap for nearly two years, and find no other Soap to equal it, for it does not hurt the hands or clothes; it leaves the linen a beautiful white.

MRS. J. CAMBRAY.

SPRINGHILL, N.S., Nov. 13, 1887.

Dear Sirs:—I have only been from England about six months. I like your Soap better than any I have used either in the old country or this. I am sure it is superior to any other.—I remain yours truly,

S. MURRAY.

MONCTON, N.B.

Gentlemen:—My wife wishes to say she has used the Surprise Soap for some time, and can say of a truth that it is the best Soap she ever used; it does away with the boiling of the clothes, and in hot weather that means much less trouble. By following the directions on the wrapper one cannot fail to have great satisfaction in using your Surprise Soap.

E. B. HICKS, *Caretaker Public Buildings.*

PICTON, ONT.

St. Croix Soap Co:—I can assure you I could not get along without your valuable Soap (Surprise) in my large family.

MRS. S. HOLLINGWORTH.

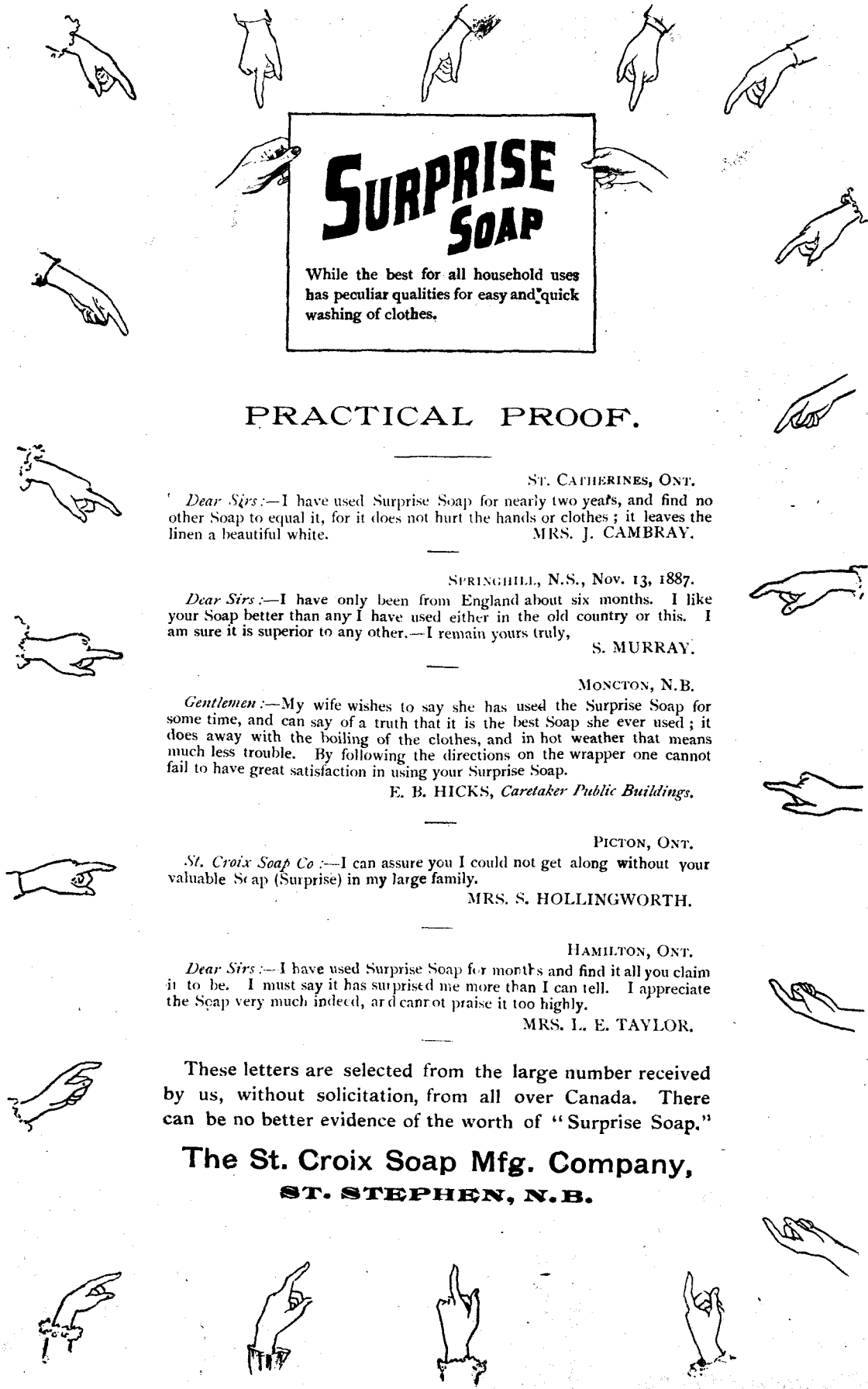
HAMILTON, ONT.

Dear Sirs:—I have used Surprise Soap for months and find it all you claim it to be. I must say it has surprised me more than I can tell. I appreciate the Soap very much indeed, and cannot praise it too highly.

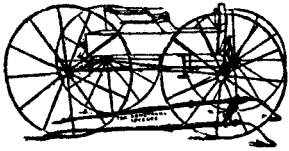
MRS. L. E. TAYLOR.

These letters are selected from the large number received by us, without solicitation, from all over Canada. There can be no better evidence of the worth of "Surprise Soap."

**The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Company,
ST. STEPHEN, N.B.**



The "Armstrong" Speeder.



Weight About 200 Pounds.

Furnished with Back on Seat when desired. Top can be used. There is SAFETY IN A SHORT TURN. This job has that advantage. Handily entered. A nice rider. Ask for them.

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FOR A WATCH

We are selling this month—Our No 140 Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case American Watch, stem wind, beautifully hand engraved, fitted with a Frank S. Taggart & Co. special grade American new model movement, guaranteed for five years and kept in order free of charge.

At \$20.00

Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. If not to the entire satisfaction of purchaser it may be returned any time within one month and the full amount paid us will be refunded.

Send for a copy of our 208 page Catalogue Album illustrating a full line of what we sell.

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ASK FOR AND SEE THAT YOU GET

Dawson's Chocolate Creams,

THE GREAT WORM REMEDY.

25c PER BOX AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Being in the form of a Chocolate Cream, Children never refuse them. If your druggist does not keep them send for them to

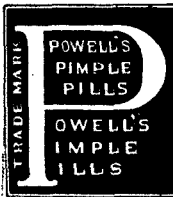
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Mail and Telephone Orders promptly attended to.



ONE APPLICATION MAKES GOLD,
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AS GOOD AS NEW.

It is economical, harmless and cleanly in use. Recommended by good housekeepers everywhere
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND JEWELERS



CURES PIMPLES, ROILS, ULCERS, ECZEMA, BARBERS' ITCH, STYS ON THE EYES, RINGWORMS, SHINGLES, SCROFULA, ERYSIPELAS, and ALL SKIN DISEASES ARISING FROM IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD.

VERY SMALL AND EASY TO TAKE. Sent on receipt of price, pre-paid, by HATTIE & MYLIUS, HALIFAX, N. S.

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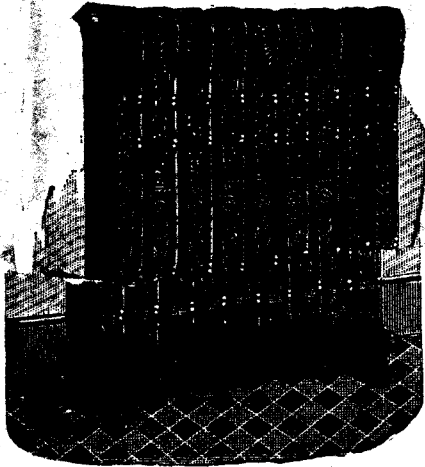
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Assets Dec. 31st, 1891, \$6,301,010.18.

Incorporated in the Year 1848.

The new business for the year 1891 was **THE LARGEST** on the records of the present administration, being

• \$6,879,721. •

The Union Mutual Life Insurance Company is the **ONLY COMPANY** whose policies are governed by the Statutes of the celebrated **MAINE NON-FORFEITURE LAW**, which is the most equitable law in existence for the protection of persons effecting insurance on their lives.

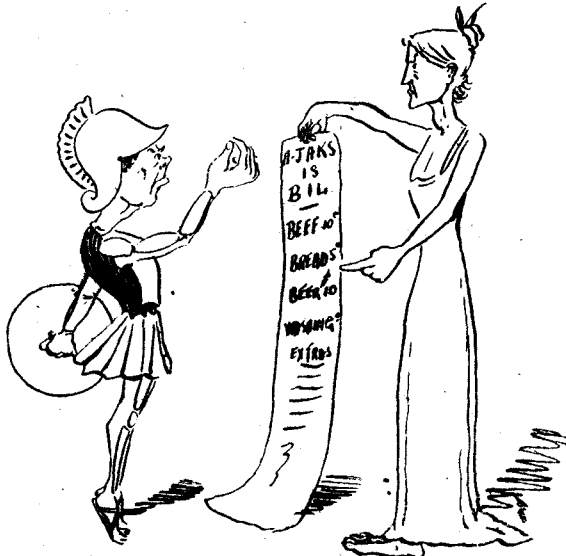
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Good Agents wanted for Montreal and District. Most liberal terms to the right men.



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ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

A sovereign remedy for Bilious Affections: Torpidity of the liver, Excess of bile and other indispositions arising from it: Constipation, Loss of appetite Headache, Etc.

Dr. D. Marsolais, a renowned physician of many years' practice, writes as follows:

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I cannot do otherwise than praise the composition of these pills which you have made known to me. Containing no mercury, they can be taken without danger in many cases where mercurial pills would be quite dangerous.

Not only do I make considerable use of these pills in my practice, but I have used them many times for myself with the most gratifying results.

It is therefore a pleasure for me to recommend DR. NEY'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS to those who require a MILD, EFFECTIVE AND HARMLESS purgative.

Lavaltrie May 1st 1887. Dr. D. MARSOLAIS.

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FREE BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

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Sketching Boxes fitted with colours and brushes for oil and water colour painting.

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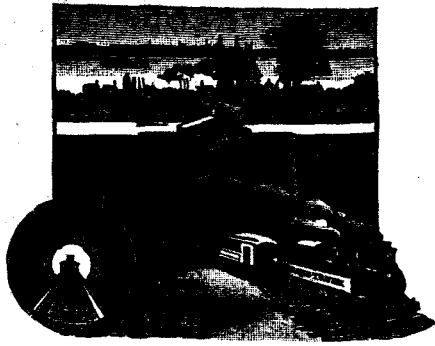
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Sample sent free on application to
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COMPLETES THE LINK BETWEEN THE
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When going to Chicago and the Western States do not fail to inspect this

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Through tickets issued to all principal points in Canada and the United States.
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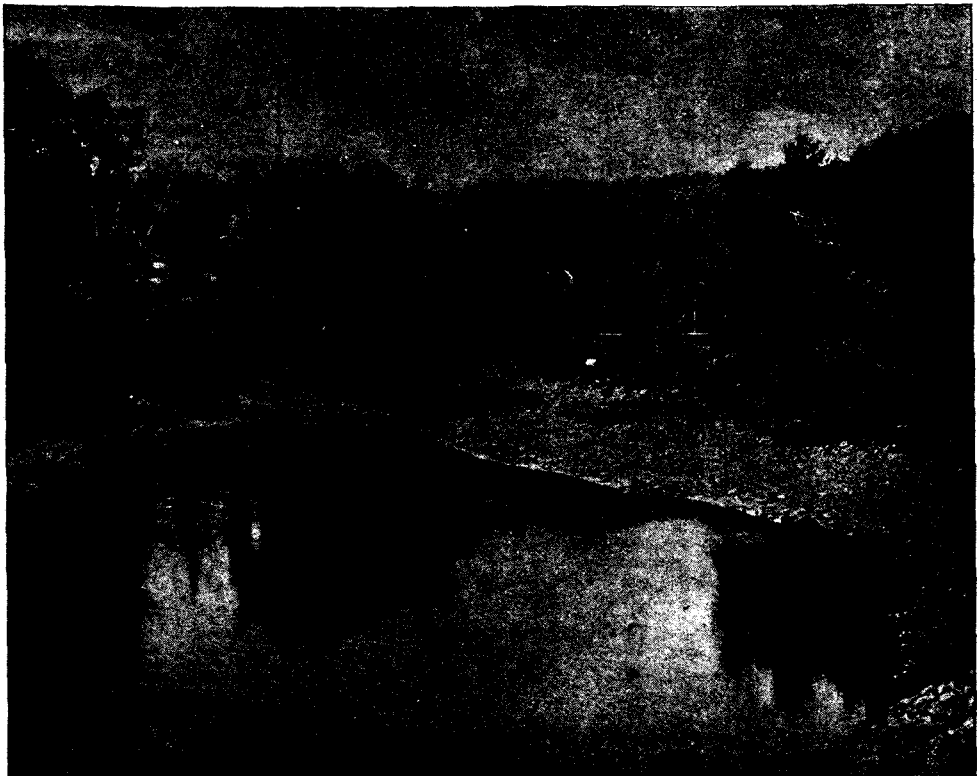
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General Passenger Agent.

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CAPITAL STOCK,
\$100,000.

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WM. CLARKE,
W. J. DAWSEY,
HECTOR PREVOST.

WE illustrate this week a STATION INDICATOR for railway cars, which is a great improvement on the prevailing system of having the names of the stations announced by the brakeman. This verbal system is unsatisfactory in many ways, and various forms of mechanical indicators have been designed; some worked simultaneously throughout the train and others worked automatically from the track.

The Allison Company has perfected a device which is very simple in construction, and is operated by the brakeman of the train, who pushes a lever, whereupon a gong is sounded, and a plate is exposed to view bearing the name of the approaching station. It consists of a frame of neatly ornamented wood, placed in prominent position at each end of the car, containing a number of thin iron plates, painted with the names of the stations in characters legible in any part of the car. The backs of these plates are utilized for advertising purposes, and as a medium of advertising is excelled by none.

This indicator has been adopted by the Grand Trunk Railway for their entire system and in conformity with the terms of the contract we have the sole right to advertise in their passenger cars.



The first instalment has been completed and is a marked success, and now the Allison Company respectfully solicit the patronage of the public. As a medium of advertising one can readily understand how much superior it is to any other, when it is remembered that no advertisement except those contained in the "Indicator" is allowed to appear in any of the Grand Trunk cars; that as the advertisement on view in the "Indicator" appears directly under the plate showing the name of the station being approached, every passenger in the car can not fail to observe it; that the Grand Trunk passes through all the principal cities and towns in Canada; these and many other circumstances combine to make The Allison Railway Station Indicator the best advertising medium recommended to the public.

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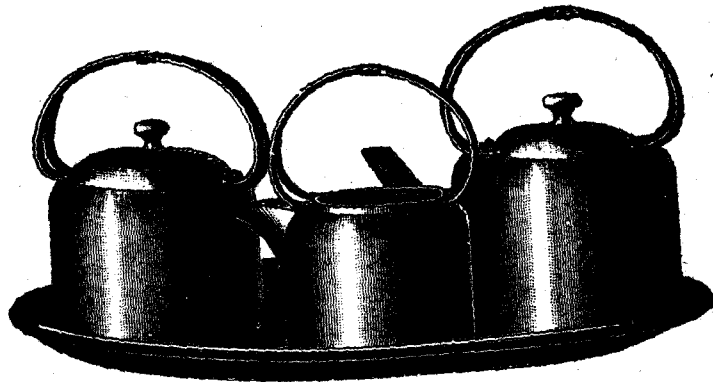
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MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Finest Quality



Silver-plated Ware,



—CONSISTING OF—

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DOMINION
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Largest stock. Lowest prices. Easy terms. No Canvassers. One price only. Old instruments taken in exchange. Pianos to rent. Repairing. Artistic tuning and regulating. Bargains and second-hand instruments at all prices.

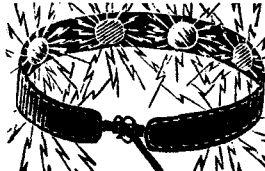
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If you intend purchasing a piano or an organ, of any description, do not fail to ask for illustrated catalogues. They will cost you nothing and will certainly interest you.

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PROF. BAER'S
Famous Electric Belt
AND
APPLIANCES.



Price only \$3.00
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By the soothing current that is easily felt, will cure Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, Varicocele, Impotency, Lame Back, General Debility, Female Complaints, etc.

Our new and successful Cure for Catarrh

READ OUR HOME TESTIMONIALS:

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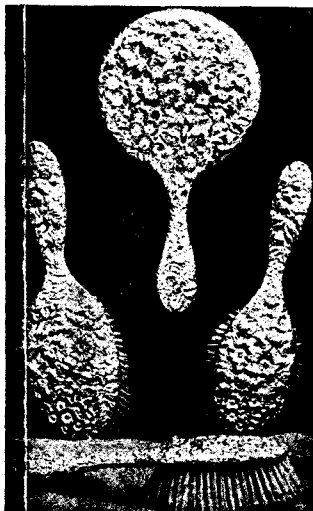
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