

The Dominion Illustrated.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

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TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—We are anxious to procure good photographs of important events, men of note, city and town views, forest and farm operations, seaside resorts, mountain and prairie scenery, salmon and trout fishing, yachting, etc., from all parts of the Dominion, and we ask photographers, amateur and professional, to show their patriotism, as well as their love of art, by sending us prints of such subjects as may enable us to lay before our readers, at home and abroad, interesting and attractive pictures of Canada.



It is shallow to look upon the Manitoba elections in the light of a partisan result, as between Liberals and Conservatives. The contest was local and personal, and the old party names have little meaning left in the Northwest. There is a new element up there, with a smack of the revolutionary in it, which the four original provinces do not seem to understand as yet. This is one wrench which Manitoba has made. Before twelve months she may make another, and it is not sure that she is not doing for the best.

Too much care cannot be used in the appointments and the management of the Northwest Territories, now that they are about to enter upon the exercise of a measure of legislative autonomy. Good men and strong principles must be brought to bear at the laying of the corner stone of these new institutions, else there may be trouble, at the peril of much undoing hereafter. It is well to grow fast, but the growth must be healthy to be enduring.

The return of Sir Adam Archibald to public life is worthy of special notice. He is one of the thorough, clean-cut and satisfactory order of Canadians. He has filled many offices and filled them well. He is one of the fathers of Confederation, and, although in his seventy-fourth year, maintains his mental and bodily soundness. He is of an age with Sir John Macdonald, and they have several points of likeness in their careers.

Another instance of the extreme versatility, even in old age, of Mr. Gladstone's mind is his sudden

espousal of the principles of Imperial Federation, in connection with the cause of Home Rule. If the dream came true, at once, with a stroke of the wizard's wand, this wonderful man would see a mighty change before his death—the federal system of parliamentarism introduced in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and the old central Government, as represented in the present historic Parliament, brushed away. It might be a change for the better, but it would no longer be old England.

The Ministers at Ottawa are away on their holidays—well earned, for the most part, as any one acquainted with the machinery of the departments at the capital must acknowledge. It is understood that they will all return early in September, the word having gone forth that they are to open the autumn season of work by receiving the Newfoundland delegates, who come to treat of union. This will be one of the most interesting events of the year.

The modern Frenchman is as spectacular as ever. The first scene is that of a prime minister, of sixty, and a general of division, of fifty, who exchange insulting epithets in the open chambers of legislation, and the second is where they meet, with murderous foils, under the laden trees of Neuilly. Boulanger is badly cut and Floquet is sorely scratched. The blood of both has flowed. In a country like France, the political effect of such duels often result in making new chapters of history.

The fierce war that is waged between the German doctors of the late Emperor Frederick and Dr. Mackenzie is another proof of the narrow selfishness of the best men. It is an idle controversy, besides, for the facts will never be known. What is known, however, is the limitation of human knowledge, even the most scientific. All these doctors, at one time or another, publicly disclaimed the cancerous nature of the Imperial disease, and yet, after death, the cause was found to be cancer and nothing else.

It can scarcely be said that the days of romance are gone, even if, as Burke complained, a century since, the age of charity is over. Belgrade need not yield to London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, or St. Petersburg. The divorce of King Milan, and of Queen Natalie furnishes material for a most interesting and instructive novel, beginning with the scenes of youthful courtship at the Russian capital, and ending with the abduction of the Crown Prince at Wiesbaden.

The philosophy of the business tax, imposed in the Province of Quebec, is in the inbred horror of the peasantry and farmer class for direct taxes, and their conviction that these taxes should be paid indirectly by others for their benefit. It is the old French paternal government plan come down to our time. It amounts to this, that they who risk their money in business, and make the country prosper, really pay for those who hoard their silver, sink their funds in real estate, or use it for lending at interest.

The London *Standard* has got hold of the right notion in respect of Canada, and has put it before the world so pat that it may be said to make a picture. It comments on the enormous resources of the Dominion, and adds that Canada's greatest advantage is her position. She sits astride the civilized world, with territories lying on the very track of one of the greatest lines of commerce of the future.

SUMMER OUTINGS.

This the season of holiday. With the term of the solstice and the torrid fortnight of the dog days fittingly coincident with the letting out of schools—paintings are turned to the wall; carpets are rolled up; curtains are folded; blinds are closed; the doors are double-locked, and the city dwelling—the scene of fashion during the gay winter—is abandoned for the cottage at the seaside, or the river bank, in the green valley, or beneath the shelter of balsamic woods. In some instances, the town palace, during the summer, is exchanged for the log cabin of the farmer, while the owner and his family take refuge in one of the outhouses.

There is perhaps no country better provided than Canada, in the matter of summer resorts. The views and the scenery are there in perfection, and whatever is lacking is in the accommodation. But in this respect, great strides have been made within the past few years. Our watering places are now well supplied with all the comforts and conveniences of hotels of the first rank, and, as a rule, these places of lodging and entertainment are carried on with less formality and ceremonial, and, consequently, less expense, than the like establishments in the United States. Two of these caravansaries—one among the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and the other, within sight and smell of the salt water, in one of the Maritime Provinces—are kept up by wealthy corporations in princely splendour.

It is only within a late date that the system of suburban outings was established, chiefly by the railway and steamboat companies. And at the present time, all the large cities are so well served in this respect, that little is left to be desired. Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec, St. John and Halifax, for instance, have a number of towns and villages, within a circle of twenty or twenty-five miles, which the poor and middle classes can reach for a nominal rate, by boat or rail and where they can spend a whole day in the amusement and recreation of a pic-nic. In that way, the working-man can afford to lay out a few dollars every week, in a series of cheap trips on the water and in the country, while all these put together would have sufficed to give him and his a holiday free from home and of some duration.

Our winters, in this old Province, at least, are long and our summers short. But whereas we manage to turn our winters into seasons of manly sport and popular recreation, we contrive also to turn the hot months into a period of cool enjoyment. Our nights are so fresh that we are not pestered with mosquitoes, and the fly does not vex us overmuch during the day. For bathing, boating and fishing we have no rivals on this continent. Whence it follows that our lives are cast in pretty pleasant places, in all seasons, as they go and come.

CANADIAN LETTERS.

While the object of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is chiefly pictorial, it has another aim of hardly less importance in the fostering of the literature of the country. Every opportunity will be offered our writers—especially the younger ones—to put forward their writings, and whatever is published in a more lasting shape, will have due notice. The field is a broad one, and the talent is not wanting. Taking into account the work done, there is perhaps no country where better results