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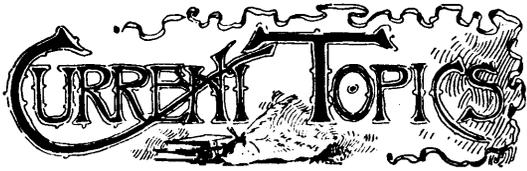
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It is to be regretted that the negotiations that have for sometime been proceeding between the Governments of London and Washington have not resulted in a mutually satisfactory agreement. Perhaps, however, this outcome is not to be wondered at, as the proposal in the one case contained extreme pretensions, in the other, an unqualified rejection of these pretensions. There was on neither side any attempt at a solution of the problem by the suggestion of a *via media*. In fact, as far as Great Britain (or at least, as Canada) is concerned, it is not easy to imagine even the possibility of any concession to claims so preposterous as those of the United States touching Behring's Sea. That the exceptional jurisdiction over those waters as over a *mare clausum* or closed sea which has for four years past been insisted on at Washington was looked upon as *de jure* by the American authorities at the time and for many years after the purchase of Alaska we have no reason to believe. It seems to have been an afterthought, or rather the invention of later administrations, for the purpose of deterring alien sealers from the treasure islands of the company. The seizure of Canadian schooners in 1886 was the first hint that such a theory was entertained in earnest. In holding it, the United States Government is convicted of self-contradiction, for the Washington authorities declined to admit it in the case of Russia as emphatically and persistently as England. It is, of course, quite right that measures should be taken to protect the seals, as otherwise they would soon wane and disappear. But that should be done by international arrangement. Though the negotiations have been temporarily interrupted, there is no reason to conclude that they have finally failed. On the contrary, we may take it for granted that, after all, some progress has been made towards a better understanding, and that ere long this source of vexation will be removed by a settlement agreeable to both nations and fair to Canada.

At no time in England's long annals have the relations between the "Princes of the blood" and the subjects of the Sovereign been so happy as in the present reign. The glimpses that we have of the intercourse between the children of the royal house and the king's lieges in pro-Tudor centuries are, on the whole (notwithstanding some vivid pictures that have come down to us), too vague to be used for comparison. With Henry VII. began, in more senses than one, a new era. It was not, if we believe Mr. Hepworth Dixon, without firm faith in the power of names for good

or evil, that he called his eldest born after that Arthur who was the hero and almost the saint of his Celtic kinsmen. But the omen was not fulfilled. Arthur died prematurely, leaving behind him a legacy of trouble to the court and country. Contemporary pen portraits show him to have had a pale oval face, a pair of dreamy eyes, a delicate lip and mouth. Very different was he in most respects from his sturdy brother, the future king of many wives. The latter found from the first most favour with the people. His stalwart frame, his ruddy cheek and brusque, genial manner, made him in his youth the idol of the English common folk. Very different was the next prince, Henry's son, who is associated with the Prayer-book rather than the acclaim of the multitude. Even as king he never reached the age and stature of manhood.

The next two reigns were childless, and, like Arthur, King James's Henry pined away of a mysterious disease. Charles, who took his place as heir to the throne, had in his early years a flavour of romance. The princes, his children, we know best in tragic surroundings, and one of them was to test the loyalty of Englishmen and the ripeness of Cromwell's republic. Another of them tested England's patience and got the worst of the experiment. William and Mary gave the English people no prince to fondle and worship as the destined standard-bearer of the Revolution, and of Anne's little Hamlets we mainly know that they died young. But the Stuarts did not all at once pass from memory. For generations not the least popular of English princes lived beyond sea, with only rare appearances and abrupt exits. The House of Hanover grew but slowly in favour, even with anti-Jacobites. Not till the days of George III. did it become English, and even then Peter Pindar found occasion to satirize its foreign sympathies and habits.

Yet it was to a foreign prince that England was destined to be largely indebted for the reform of the English court and the training of the royal princes as Englishmen and patriots in the best sense. If we chose to institute comparisons between the present and the past, we might call attention to what has been perhaps as significant a revolution as any of those which Dr. Vaughan and other historians have so forcibly described. It is this marked change in the manners of the royal household and of the court which, in an age of pronounced radical tendencies, has shielded the throne of Queen Victoria from assault and enabled Her Majesty to "vanquish and overcome all her enemies."

Since the first meeting of the Royal Society in 1882 several of its members have passed away. The first gap in the membership was caused by the death of Mr. Geo. Barnston, who was, perhaps, the oldest of the original members. Then Dr. Todd, Mr. Murray, of the Geological Survey, Newfoundland, Mr. Oscar Dunn, Mr. Herbert Bayne, of the Royal Military College, Kingston, and Dr. Honeyman, of Halifax, disappeared from the ranks. During the last two or three years, Prof. Lyall, of Dalhousie University, Dr. Fortin, M.P., Mr. Dent, the historian, the Abbé Bois, and Professor Young, of Toronto, left their places vacant, and lastly the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, one of the most zealous and active members of the Society, and one of the select few whom the Marquis of Lorne invited to assist in its organization, has gone to his grave, full of years and

honour. Mr. Chauveau was vice-president (Sir J. W. Dawson, whom he succeeded in 1883, being president) at the first two meetings. Besides his official addresses, he contributed largely to the Transactions, and his interest in the welfare of the Society remained unabated to the end.

Now is the time when the weary workers in city offices begin to dream of holidays in the woods, on the mountains or by the seaside. For those who would enjoy the stimulus of purest air, in sight of what is grandest and loveliest in nature, our own land has a wealth and variety of scene that may challenge comparison with the alien world's most famous attractions. To attempt any enumeration of these charming spots for the readers of this journal would be a task of supererogation. For nearly two years we have been respectfully trying to make Canada illustrated a delightful and profitable fact to all our *clientèle*. If they would choose a holiday home, they have only to consult our first three volumes and the back numbers of the fourth, now drawing to completion. From Baddeck, which Mr. Dudley Warner has immortalized, westward, through countless changes of landscape, quick, in many instances, with historic memories, to the shores where the great explorer, whose name they bear, landed just a century ago; and from the wonder of Niagara and the great sisterhood of lakes northward to the zone of frost, transformed for a brief season into a belt of summer, the seeker of scenery or rest, or sport, or the simple bliss of *dolce far niente* has ample field of choice—the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, with Lake St. John, and beyond it the no longer mysterious Mistassini, and to the south all that the Intercolonial, the Grand Trunk and the Pacific brings almost to our doors—Champlain, Megantic, Moosehead, Gaspésie, the Land of Evangeline; westward—the Thousand Islands, with, to one side, the lovely Rideau Lakes, beyond, the Muskoka country and fish-abounding Nipissing, and farther, Lake Nipigon, a sportsman's paradise, and farther still, the vast West, with its mountain boundary, no barrier now, and Rocky Mountain Park, and all the grandeur of our own Columbia, with accommodation for a prince at every stage of the devious way. Certainly there is no reason why Canadians should expatriate themselves for the sake of either health or pleasure. Even a Sabbath day's journey (railway measurement) may do wonders in procuring relaxation and rest.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.

The meeting of the Royal Society at Ottawa this week has brought out some gratifying evidence of the earnestness with which our *savants* and *littérateurs* have been labouring in various fields of research. The esteemed president, Abbé Casgrain, in addition to his address, which was worthy of his reputation, presented a paper of especial interest to Canadians engaged in pre-Columbian inquiries. The author of it, M. Alphonse Gagnon, passed in review the voyages which, according to the Sagas, the Norsemen undertook to the shores of North America in the tenth century—voyages to which we have had occasion to refer in previous issues of this journal. Mr. Gagnon concludes, with a number of writers, that the country in which they sojourned for a time and to which they gave the name of Vinland, was partly in Rhode Island, partly in Massachusetts. By a coincidence, Sir Daniel Wilson has fixed