

SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL AND LOCKS.



TORONTO, 15th August, 1891.



HE speeches of our distinguished visitor, Mr. Howard Vincent, M. P., at Ottawa, on trade relations within the empire, have awakened a strong desire on the part of many to hear him for themselves. Mr. Vincent will be in Toronto and address a special meeting of the Board of Trade in the rotunda on the 18th inst., and members are permitted to invite their friends. It is, however, very desirable that a more public opportunity should be given our citizens of listening to the words of a man, than whom few are more capable of dealing with the principles on which Imperial Federation must rest; and in a commercial city like Toronto it is of the utmost importance that these principles should be well discussed and understood. The League should certainly avail themselves of the presence of Mr. Vincent in Canada to call a public meeting for him.

I am glad to see that the neighbours and friends of Capt. McMicking of the 44th Batt., Niagara Falls, Ont., who won the Prince of Wales' prize (£100 and a gold medal), at the Bisley meeting this year, are to honour him with a banquet of welcome. There is more in prize-shooting than many people think. The crack shot is not the product of a day, or a season, or of a good eye; his superiority comes of close attention to duty, of obedience, of industry, of patience, and of perseverance. He must obey rules and orders implicitly; he must work, hot day, cold day; dry day, wet day; in the early hours of the morning when the grass is white with dew, in the burning sun of midday when the air quivers with heat; the man who emulates a prize must be at the targets, learning from failure the secret of success, and by long continued endeavour year after year reaching at last—if, even after such a course of work, he be so happy—the goal of his hopes and endeavours.

The McMickings come of an old U. E. L. family, which settled in the Niagara district, where they are still represented, and it is meet that the heroes of Canada's past should yet give a hero to the present.

It is difficult to discover the animus of the *World's* attack on the Industrial Exhibition committee for inviting Major-General Herbert to open the show. The *World* decries Gen. Herbert because he is a soldier, and therefore, as it considers, disqualified from taking a prominent part in a peace institution. But the *World* should remember that war opened the way for peace; that war, or rather the power of defence, backed up commerce on that very spot where our annual Industrial Exhibition takes place, as is testified to-day by the handsome pillar that marks where Fort Rouilli,

the first trading post of the Hurons and Mississaugas stood, when the Toronto of to-day was undreamed of. Moreover, it seems very appropriate that the chief officer in charge of the defences of the Dominion should know what that Dominion produces, and its value to the world at large.

In speaking of defence, I am reminded that I visited Fort Niagara the other day, and was astonished at the extent of the works.

A strong and high stone wall defends the Fort on the river side, through which an iron-studded door gives entrance to the top of the high bank on which the Fort stands. Within is a large white building, once the light house, and, perhaps, in earlier days a barracks, and this building by many is mistaken for the fort; a few shells however would soon render it untenable. The fort proper is really a rectangular enclosure of strong earthworks, now peacefully and luxuriantly grass grown, to which we gained entrance by a low arched passage covering a flight of broad stone steps on which a company of men could readily march four abreast. At the bottom we found ourselves in an extensive series of vaulted chambers, built of brick, looking, together with the pillars of the same material that supported them, as fresh and as perfect as if newly built. Light came in through casemates, piercing a six or eight foot thick wall, and showed no other impedimenta on the perfect stone floor than a few withered leaves and the red dust that falls from the brick under the slow alchemy of Time, but in no sense expressive of age or decay. The whole works appear to be fit for occupation any minute, and, as far as civilians could judge, would accommodate a thousand persons with ease. One road, strongly lined with stone, pierces the works and gives access to a bye-road past a green, on two sides of which are strong stone buildings that a very little labour would put in useful order again, and in the midst of the green is the fort, well covered by an iron grating; the green and road protected by other earthworks overgrown with trees and bushes.

A little farther back than the fort are many buildings, residences of the subordinates of the fort and others connected with the military, of which two companies are always stationed at Niagara, and of the Lighthouse service. The new lighthouse is a very fine building, commanding both river and lake, and furnished with the finest glass but one in the United States. I did not hear, but should suppose, that the lighthouse is also an observatory station. The inspection being looked for daily, the inside of the building had received a new coat of black paint, and no visitors were admitted.

Descending the hill—having passed the threatening looking door which stands open all day—to the river bank, where our boatman awaited us, we found the waterworks, which serve the Fort and the little town beyond, in process of enlargement, a new boiler lying upon the stocks close by.

On our own shores and nearly opposite stand the new waterworks of Niagara-on-the-Lake, as the old town has come to be called, and behind it, at a quarter mile distance, lie all that is left of Fort George. The earth-works—if they ever concealed any such chambers as Fort Niagara—conceal them still and too effectually, for the only evidence of military occupation is the ruins of the powder magazine which General Vincent blew up before retreating to Burlington, thereby seriously interfering with the equanimity of General Dearborn, who found he had got a shell with no kernel in it.

The Ontario Government three sessions ago began the work of restoring Fort Mississauga, which was built on the lake shore, near to the entrance of the river. This strong little work was built of the bricks left after the burning of Newark, though it had previously existed in a less enduring form.

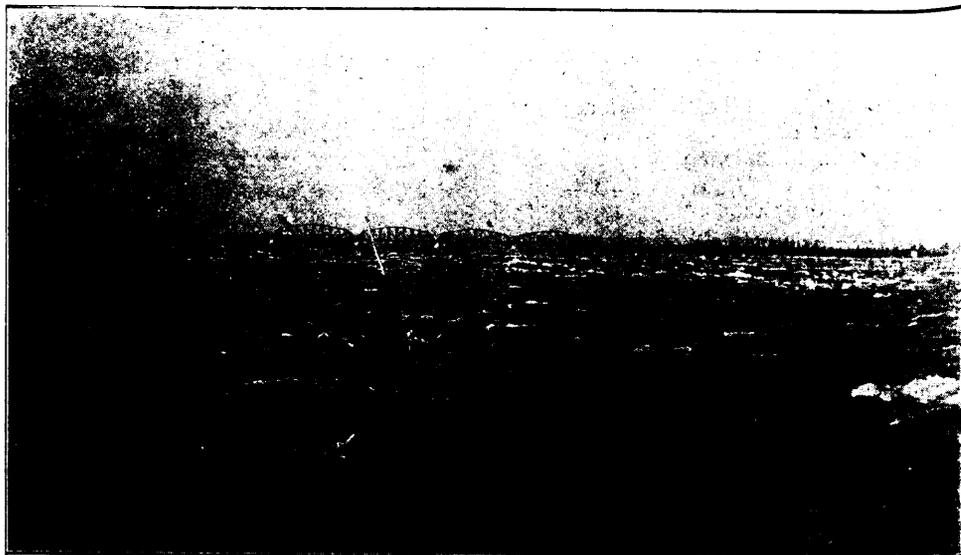
Of late years it had fallen into ruins, and an accidental fire had destroyed all its interior woodwork. But the patriotism of the townspeople desired to retain the Fort in permanent shape, and it has been restored within and without, lookouts from three points on the roof giving the visitor prospects of one of the most delightful panoramas of country that can be found anywhere. It is intended yet further to make the Fort attractive to visitors by fencing in a small park around it, to be laid out in flower beds and resting places. Already visitors have found out the charm of the place and enter its strong oak doors, speculate upon the probable uses of the few apartments, and ascend the dark steps to the second story, to go away charmed with the views afforded, and come again. The Fort could be put into defence in a very short time should need be.

While I have been away my *Canada* for July has arrived, and I am pleased to see that the first number under the raised subscription—said advanced subscription being but a dollar—is a most worthy number. The contributors are all among the highest literary talent, and their contributions are consequently as valuable *per se* as they are interesting and timely.

The paper on "Clare Everest" is as delightful as it is mournful, but we know she who sang so sweetly below sings yet more sweetly above; and another on "Dollard," by Pastor Felix, is at once inspiring and elegantly written.

But my space is full.

S. A. CURZON.



THE "500" RAPIDS AND BRIDGE.