

The Dominion Illustrated.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Our engravers having disappointed us, we are prevented from publishing this week, as announced, Lady Stanley's portrait, as well as those of Ald. Hallam and the Toronto Reception Committee. We hope soon to make such arrangements as will not only place us beyond the reach of such delays and disappointments, but will enable us to give our readers portraits, views and sketches of actual and immediate interest, as connected with passing events. This will add the attraction of novelty and freshness to that of pictorial excellence, which all acknowledge to have been attained by the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

We hope to give in our next issue the portraits above mentioned.



Montreal is to be congratulated—and we are pleased to see that the Toronto papers join in the greeting—on having, by a bold and sagacious move on the London market, succeeded in broadening and heightening the credit of Canada there and abroad, at the same time that it has secured an uncommonly favourable loan for itself. The *Globe* does not doubt that, in five years, Montreal 3 per cents will be selling at par, whereas, only a few years ago, it had to pay 7 per cent—a reduction of over one-half.

Of all small fruit cranberries are the scarcest, and, as a result, the highest in price. A barrel is worth \$7 to \$10; in Winnipeg, from \$9 to \$12. As an accompaniment to brown meats and game, it is unrivalled, being cool, tart and stomachic. A small farmer, in Rouville, made a little fortune with cranberries some years ago, having the top of the market. In British Columbia this fruit, the gem of bitter-sweets—*dulcamara*—has been lately found in great plenty, and during the cranberry season Indians and Chinamen make good wages picking them.

Nathaniel Mackay has been publishing harrowing accounts of the wretchedness and hardships of the British workman. The story is unfortunately too true, but American writers are wrong in the conclusions satirical of England which they draw from it. They had better look nearer home. No less a man than Grand Master Workman Powderly gives a fearful description of life among the labourers in the coal mines of Scranton, Pa., who have been imported from Europe, and whose women, living in filth and poverty, wear not enough wherewithal to hide their nakedness.

The famous Greenock toad, referred to last week as having been found in a bed of clay belonging to the ice period of 20,000 years ago, and still distinctly breathing, has unfortunately been lost to further scientific research by the bungling of a local surgeon who cut a slit across the mem-

brane which closed the batrachian's mouth, in order to feed it. The toad had not strength enough left to stand the modern knife and died. There was much regret over the event, and the next best thing was done—the animal was steeped in alcohol for keeping in the Greenock Museum.

The turmoil in Manitoba, which has been going on for the past six months, is sovereignly distasteful and fraught with bad example. Indeed, there is a danger in it. High-handed measures will not do, on the one side or the other, when there are laws and precedents to meet every emergency. The fame of these doings is working the Northwest no good abroad, and the remembrance of like scenes in the American wild west, which have not been wholly outlived, should be used as a curb. Of course, all will be well at the end; but, meantime, experience may be too dearly bought.

It is a grateful thing to see the happy results of President Cleveland's Retaliation message on the whole internal economy of the Dominion of Canada. What was meant to stagger, and even put us down, has straightened us and added to our consciousness of right and strength. The *New York Herald*—a fair mouthpiece of American good sense—has been studying our geography and publishes a map of the famous Lime Kiln crossing, and shows that the only navigable channel for large vessels is in Canadian territory, and if the channels are to be closed by anybody, "Canada holds the trump card."

The address of Sir Daniel Wilson, at the opening of Toronto University, was a scholarly review of the progress of higher education in Ontario, and contained valuable thoughts on the work of his and kindred seats of learning. Having just returned from Princeton and its academic grove of elms, he welcomed the contrast of Toronto University amid "the hum and shock of men," and reminding his youthful hearers of the great future of their lives spread out before them, he reminded them how much the country depended upon their efforts and that "The history of a Dominion larger than Europe lies as yet unacted in the coming time."

The above was the end of the illustrious President's discourse. His opening was no less happy. He recalled the pregnant fact that, upward of a quarter of a century ago, the young heir of the throne was welcomed in the same hall, where he spoke, by the undergraduates of the time with the graceful and significant greeting: *Imperii spem spes provinciae salutat*. And then he launched forth into the years that followed when the men of Toronto University were truly the hope of their native province, and did their share, each within his sphere, to strengthen the union with the Empire.

A hair dresser of St. Louis, Missouri, says that bald-headed women are far more numerous than people suspect, and that the tendency to lose their hair is more marked among women of society than among working women and shop girls. That is idle talk. No one ever saw a thoroughly bald woman. It is only men that are thus depilated. Old women, or others, through special causes of disease, may come to very sparse hairs, but to a whole denudation they never come. God meant the hair to be woman's crown, and He will not allow her to be uncrowned. A bald man may be made to look like a monkey; but a bald woman would have the aspect of the devil.

The *Economiste Français* admits that the public debt of France is not less than £1,200,000,000. The yearly charge for interest and sinking fund on the whole debt, including life annuities, is £51,600,000. Of the funded debt, about £600,000,000 are perpetual three per cents., £271,500,000 perpetual four and a half per cents., and £193,000,000 redeemable bonds of various descriptions. Annuities to divers companies and corporations of \$95,000,000 and £40,000,000 of floating debt make up the balance. This is by far the heaviest debt borne by any nation in the world, one-third greater than that of Russia and England who come after, and more than double that of the other European peoples. How France will manage to carry the burden is a problem.

There are signs of national awakening among the modern Greeks. The Hellenes are ambitious to be Athenians and Spartans once more. The kingdom proper contains barely 2,500,000 inhabitants, of whom nearly one-half are Albanians and the other half pure Greeks or Hellenes, but in all the surrounding countries, to the north and north-east, there are 6,000,000 Greeks—Pan-Hellenists, all of them—merchant princes of Stamboul, Trieste, Smyrna and Alexandria, who have already spent \$1,000,000 for schools, colleges, gymnasia, and other schemes of culture in Greece, making thirty-five seats of learning in the kingdom. Within a generation Greece will be educated in all its ancient literature, and Hellas will take the place occupied by its fathers, in the palmy days of 400 B.C.

The Sackville letter is another flagrant instance of political demoralization among our neighbours. The incident is disreputable all around. The newspaper trap laid for the British Minister at Pomoná; the barefaced publication of the letter and crowing thereon; the undiplomatic comments of Senator Bayard; the outrageous speech of Mr. Blaine at New York, and the impertinent language of the American papers—all these present a spectacle which no other nation could give. As to Lord Sackville, it is mighty hard lines that an English gentleman cannot write a private note, by request, on current events, to another presumed English gentleman, without having his correspondence violated and ruthlessly spread before the groundlings, for the lowest party ends. And which is the most ridiculous of all, there is nothing in the letter to warrant this wretched row, and, when the fuss is over, Lord Sackville will be none the worse of it. In the meantime, it is to be hoped the English papers will keep their heads level.

TWO BATTLE FIELDS.

Lundy's Lane and Chateauguay! Here are two fields of battle, at which none may sneer—not even the vanquished—because, although the forces engaged were not very considerable, the fighting was fierce and heroic, and the result, in both cases, decisive of the ultimate fate of the war of 1812-15. The victory of Lundy's Lane was a powerful check to the American march on the Niagara line, and the feat of arms at Chateauguay saved Montreal and Lower Canada.

But it is not with these battles, as such, that we are concerned to-day. Our object is to call attention to the spirit which they have brought out—a spirit of pride, of patriotism, of historic remembrance to the glory of brave deeds, and the memory of brave men. Three or four times