

CANADA IN ENGLAND.

The following, from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is pretty well put and complimentary. The readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be glad to keep the paragraph as a memorial:—

"An increasing spirit of self-reliance, an increasing consciousness of strength," without any diminution of "filial allegiance and devotion" to the Mother Country, are the signs Lord Lansdowne detects in Canadian life. Patriotism and energy go on developing. The Marquis of Lorne says very much the same thing. "The spirit of union which had led to the Federal constitution had created a nation." Canadian growth inevitably suggests the Irish question. If a nation can be made out of Frenchmen and Englishmen, old settlers and new, and the raw elements of a young colony, what hope is there not for Ireland under some Federal arrangement? The Canadian Dominion is now twenty-one years old. The experiment doubted by the timid has become an example for the wise. Federation is a novelty in the British Empire. It appears to cut up political power into "small morsels," as Sir Henry Maine has declared to be the tendency of modern liberty, but that scission is perfectly compatible with large views, with political growth, and with Imperial patriotism. Canada is the example that silences scepticism.



Manitoba's surplus of wheat this year will amount to 20,000,000 bushels.

A largely attended Blackfoot sun dance was held last week near Calgary. Only two braves were made.

It has been decided to appeal to the Supreme Court against the decision of Chief-Justice Ritchie in the Ayer case.

Considerable amounts of liquor and tobacco have been seized while being smuggled into Canada from St. Pierre and Miquelon.

Canada has the largest per capita average of railway mileage of any country in the world, the number of miles being over 13,000.

The interviews of Gabriel Dumont in eastern papers are looked upon by his compatriots in Winnipeg as the vapourings of a man seeking a little cheap notoriety.

The French Admiral on the North American station has arrived at St. John's, Nfld. It is understood that the flagship Bellerophon is also on her way to that port.

Grasshoppers are more plentiful in Carleton, Russell and Ottawa counties than they have been for ten years past, and are doing considerable damage on high lying farms to grass crops, and also to oats and barley.

The big tree that stood since 1822 on the corner of Scott and Gabriel streets, Quebec, has been felled to the ground. It was planted by Mr. Ernest, ship builder, and was one of the best known landmarks in the city.

The Ottawa Fisheries Department has concluded the payment of bounty claims to Canadian fishermen, who number over forty-five thousand. Forty thousand cheques, involving an expenditure of \$150,000, were issued.

Permits in the Northwest are now being issued to keepers of hotels, with a capacity of twelve sleeping apartments and stabling for five horses, to import and sell beer containing 4 per cent. of alcohol, the Government receiving 10 cents per gallon.

The Calgary district has this year produced about 200,000 pounds of wool, of a fine quality. There are, it is said, about 40,000 head of sheep in the immediate vicinity of Calgary. These western ranch sheep are all cross breeds of Merinos, similar to the Montana sheep.

Complaints are made by the Newfoundland fishermen that caplin are getting scarcer and do not "school" on the shore in such vast bodies as formerly. They attribute the scarcity to the practise of seining this bait in large quantities for farming purposes, and say that caplin are deserting their spawning grounds in consequence.

At the last meeting of the council of the Manitoba Rifle Association it was decided that the annual matches should be held at the Stoney Mountain ranges in August, the exact date not yet being fixed. Capt. Swinford, 90th Rifles, who has so ably filled the office of secretary to the association, asked to be relieved, as he expected to be absent from town all summer. His resignation was accepted, and Major Buchan, Mounted Infantry corps, was appointed to the position.

LUNDY'S LANE.

SEVENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE.

The seventy-fourth anniversary of the battle of Lundy's Lane was right loyally celebrated on the 25th ult., at the historical little village of Drummondville, on the ground where the battle was fought. The village was crowded with Canadians and Americans from New York State. The graves of those who fell and were buried in trenches in the old village graveyard were profusely decorated with flowers and Union Jacks. From wires stretched above trenches hung the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, side by side. The grave of Laura Secord, who walked to Beaver Dam and gave information of the approach of the American army to the British troops, has, with her husband's, been restored and enclosed with a handsome picket fence. They also were decorated with flowers and Union Jacks. At 2 p.m. all the places of historical interest and position of the contending armies were pointed out to the visitors, and, later on, a meeting was held at which speeches were made and appropriate resolutions passed. Several Americans took part in the platform exercises.

GOOD ADVICE ABOUT THE EYES.

Of all the organs of sense, the eye is the most ornamental as well as the most useful. Every object we see has its picture formed on the back wall of the eye, a picture as distinct as that in the camera obscura. How the impression is carried along the optic nerve to the brain is beyond our knowledge. In gathering distant pictures the normal eye finds no trouble, but it is in near work, as reading or sewing, that the difficulty comes. In reading, the book should be held at a distance of from ten to fifteen inches from the eyes. The reader's position should be such that the light may fall on the book and not on the eyes. The light itself should be sufficient; nothing is so injurious to the eyes as poor light in reading. Next to sunlight, the incandescent light gives the best illumination for reading, and all notions of the injurious effects on the eyes of the electric light are erroneous. Reading while riding in the cars should be avoided. The jolting and shaking of the train cause a great strain to the eyes and injures them.

There is a great deal of popular prejudice against spectacles, but there are two good reasons why they should be worn, and only two. One is that we may see better, and the other that strain on the eyes may be relieved. The near-sighted child should wear spectacles, because they are the best preventive against increase of near-sightedness, and also because he loses a great part of his education in not being able to see more than a few feet away. When a person grows old the power of accommodation is lost, and even if he be not near-sighted, the hardening of the crystalline lens prevents sight at short distances. Hence he is obliged to wear glasses. The vast majority of persons who wear glasses can see as well without them. They use them to avoid a constant strain on the eyes. The act of focalization is a muscular act continually. The results are headache, irritability and nausea. The only remedy in such cases is to wear glasses. For eyes in a healthy state, pure cold water is the best wash. When the eyelids are inflamed, a weak solution of salt and water makes the best domestic eye lotion. Never apply poultices to the eye.

THE VIOLET IN VOGUE.—It is curious that the modest violet should have become the favourite flower at the same moment in Paris and in Berlin. The Emperor Frederick affected it as his father did the cornflower; the vases in his room were kept supplied with violets; the curtains and carpets were violet coloured; the loyal Berliners wore violets as a token of their devotion to the Kaiser; they figured in advertisements of all sorts. The enormous trade which is being done in violets at Paris this year is reported to be due to a discovery recently made by a well-known author. He has

got a sight of the recipe used by the Empress Josephine as a means for rendering her "beautiful for ever," and to which she owed that marvellous tint which was the wonder and despair of the French ladies of the time. The wife of Napoleon used to have boiling milk poured over a basin full of violet flowers and with this decoction she bathed her face and neck every morning. No sooner was this old secret brought to light than the Parisian ladies began to order great basketsful of violets to be left at the doors daily, and this home-made cosmetic is reported to be in daily use this season by thousands.

THE DOCTOR OF THE POOR.

(FROM JACQUES JASMIN.)

Noon chimed at Boé, as two girls appeared,
Each from a woodland pathway. Soon they neared
The old stone windmill, doubtful whether
Their stroll could be prolonged together.
From their slight figures it was seen
The years of each were nigh fifteen—
Each with complexion, fresh and fair,
But not the same brisk, buoyant air.
One was all smiles, and danced along,
Flowers in her hand, with mirth and song:
Her playmate walked with tardier pace,
"Whither, dear Mariette, away?"
Exclaimed the grave one to the gay:
"To Agen I am bound to-day,
And soon shall pass beneath the shade
That by its arching limes is made.
I only hope I may be sure
To find the Doctor of the Poor:
I'm taking him this sweet bouquet,
And silver, too, our debt to pay;
See the bright pieces! Shall I count?
Well, they in all to ten amount,
And, let me tell you, we have others
Laid by within a drawer of mother's!"
The simple child, without perceiving
That she to whom she spoke was grieving,
Paused to reflect, a moment's while,
Then said between a tear and smile:
"We all had fever in the winter past—
We were too poor the needful drugs to buy—
And, when our furniture was sold, at last,
Nothing was left for us, except to die!
Oh! then, a gentleman with smiling face
Came to our home, and, looking round the place,
Cried: 'My good friends! they told me you were ill,
And I am here to cure you—not to kill.'
My mother answered: 'Sir, it is too late:
The end draws nigh, and we must yield to fate.
Physic is dear, and, ere our lives have fled,
Our last few sous must go to purchase bread.'
I saw him shiver at the tale she told—
My bed had then no curtains—they were sold—
'Ye rich!' he cried: but with the words he joins
A gift to mother of some silver coins.
'Accept, poor dame, this succour from a friend—
Blush not! your troubles soon, I trust, will end,
And, when hereafter you are more at ease,
You can repay the money, as you please.'
My mother bless'd him. Soon a change took place.
The Doctor's care, kind voice, and smiling face,
Aiding his magic fever-draughts, assured
Almost a miracle, and we were cured!
Since then, no troubles in our pathway lurk,
My mother, brothers, and myself all work;
He, like the swallows, brought good luck, I vow,
And we are happy—poor no more—and thou?"
"And I? I weep: I suffer deeply thus!
Ill-luck abandoned you, and flew to us.
My father now is lying ill in bed,
So worn, that soon I fear he will be dead,
If this kind Doctor, who can aid the sick,
Comes not to aid him with his medicine, quick."
"O poor, dear Isabelle! I pity thee!
And I, who laughed so gaily! Come with me,
And find the Doctor: he will always go
To help poor people in their hour of woe,
And thus, it haps he is not rich, they say,
But God will bless him to his dying day."
Cheered by these words, they travell'd fast—
The road seemed shorter now—
And, when beneath the trees they pass'd,
Each maiden bent her brow.
O'er the Long Bridge, at length they reach the street,
But, by a house, what vision meets the gaze?
A Cross—some Priests, whose chant is sad and sweet—
They listen in amazement.
Poor Isabelle is trembling like a reed;
A corpse! she muses on her father's need,
Then quickly nears a weeping group to say:
"Doctor Durand—where is he living, pray?"
"Hast thou not heard! Behold! he comes this way!"
Yes, it was he, in truth, who came, but dead—
Dead—in his coffin—tapers at his head—
Mourned by the poor, who ne'er would see him more;
And, in the train of those whose hearts were sore,
Whose bitter tears fell fast,
Two more poor children pass'd!
Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.