



THE RESIDENCE OF JUDGE HALIBURTON, AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK."
(From an old print.)



THE CORVETTE "BIS-ON."

The arrival of a war ship in port invariably causes a social stir, and there was no exception to the rule when the French corvette "Bisson" recently visited Montreal. She arrived on August 7, and remained in port until the 19th, and the whole period was a season of festivities for the gallant officers. Naturally, most interest in the visitors was evinced by our French Canadian fellow citizens, but the welcome was by no means extended by them alone. The *Bisson*, of which an engraving appears on another page, is about 195 feet long, with a breadth of 35 feet, and is of thirty-foot draught. She was in command of Captain Puech, but Admiral de Cuverville also joined the vessel here, having been on a trip to the West. She carries 125 men. The programme of festivities that ensued included a dinner and ball at Vaudreuil, given by the French Chamber of Commerce and the Club la France, at the Lotbiniere Hotel; lunch on Mount Royal, by the citizens; a civic reception at the City Hall; a trip down the Lachine Rapids, followed by a garden party at the residence of ex-Mayor Beaugrand; a march to Notre Dame Church to attend High Mass; a fete at Sohmer Park; a dinner at the Infantry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., given by the officers of "B" Company; lunch on board the "Bisson"; and a reception at the residence of Mayor McShane. The Admiral and the officers expressed much gratification at the welcome given them, and their government has since in a communication to the Mayor acknowledged the courtesy. Quite a large crowd gathered to see the corvette depart on the 19th, and there was much cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, and farewell music by the band as the vessel glided down the stream. Mr. M. Schwob, French vice-consul at Montreal, who had been unremitting in his attentions, accompanied the "Bisson" as far as Quebec.

THE HOME OF "SAM SLICK."

To literary people especially one of the most interesting spots in Nova Scotia is Windsor, associated as it is with memories of the author of "Sam Slick." There is given above a view of the old house that was the residence of Judge Haliburton.

THE LACHINE REGATTA.

Last spring the Lachine Boating Club and the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club amalgamated under the name of the Lachine Boating and Canoeing Club. The first annual regatta under the new auspices was held on August 22nd, and attracted an immense crowd of interested people. The day was fine, the water in good condition, and the spectators highly enthusiastic. The various events were well contested, —sail, paddle and oar in turn inviting the cheers of the crowd. On another page of this issue are shown a series of views taken during the progress of the regatta. It is said the crowd in attendance was the largest seen on the shores of Lake St. Louis since the Hanlan-Courtney race, a fact that proves the popularity of the club and the general interest of Montreal people in aquatic pastimes.

SCENES AT METIS, P.Q.

One of the best-known and most popular resorts on the Lower St. Lawrence is Metis, a small village in Rimouski county, Quebec, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. The permanent population is only about 250, but in summer a large number of visitors come to the place for the season, making life there very gay and attractive. In the vicinity can be seen many spots of singular beauty, several of which we reproduce; they are from photographs taken by Miss Laing. No more pleasant place exists in which to spend the summer than Metis.

GASPE BASIN.

A very picturesque old town is Gaspé, down by the sea, and yet a place of substantial business and no little wealth. It is historically interesting, as the place where Jacques Cartier landed in 1534, and it has always occupied considerable importance in the district. The great industry is catching and curing fish, salmon, cod, herring, mackerel, &c., all being brought in there in large quantities; but in addition, there are saw mills, a flouring mill and several stores. A large number of visitors spend their summer in Gaspé and it appears to be rapidly growing in popularity.

Mr. Gladstone is the owner of the largest lead pencil in the world. It is the gift of a pencil maker of Keswick, and is thirty nine inches in length. In place of the customary rubber cap, it has a gold cap. Its owner uses it for a walking stick.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Our Militia Uniforms.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—Your recent admirable illustration, grouping so effectively the defenders of our Empire, exhibits a feature of weakness in the present uniform of the Canadian militia with a clearness that makes the occasion too valuable to overlook.

It will be observed that while each of the other divisions of the "Greater Army" wears a uniform characteristic of its peculiar climate and circumstance, our Canadian representative alone loses its identity by wearing a fac simile of the corresponding Imperial branch, a uniform entirely unsuited to our climate, and having its primal adoption based on little else than accident. A step in the right direction was made a few years since by the adopting of a "Maple Leaf" pattern lace by the officers of our Infantry battalions, but why has not this move been followed by Cavalry, Engineers and Rifles? And why not extend it to the rank and file?

Is there not a grand opportunity lost of inculcating that distinctive national sentiment which constitutes the very foundation of our developing power?

Yours, &c.

YOUNG CANADA.

Kipling's New Story.

Rudyard Kipling is to introduce readers to a whimsical hero through the mediumship of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In September a strangely demented lighthouse-keeper will begin his peculiar actions. He has a weird fancy, a fearful idea that over the bright rays of his lantern, as they reach in their regular lines like a ladder far down to the rolling water, clamber and tumble hordes of evil imps, all seeking that way of ingress to his lonely, rocky castle. But he will defeat them. With anxious hand he places in the water, at the points where the rays strike, bobbing buoys over which the fiends cannot climb; and so he rests in peace. But the captains of the merchant vessels see these new and undescribed beacons in their path, fear their hidden enemy, a wrecked vessel just below the water's edge, and steer away from their course to avoid the danger. So the queer lighthouse-keeper becomes "A Disturber of Traffic."