



**THE LATE DR. WILSON, Q.C.**—William Wilson, M.D., Q. C., whose sudden death caused such wide-spread regret among us last year, was a Canadian by birth—born at Chambly Canton, in the Province of Quebec, on the 22nd of November. He was educated at a classical school in his native place, kept by Rev. Joseph Braithwaite, and at the age of fourteen, having passed successfully his matriculation examination, commenced the necessary studies to qualify him to enter the medical profession. At twenty-one he took his degree as Doctor of Medicine at McGill University, Montreal. But his tendencies did not lie in the direction of that profession and he shortly after commenced the study of law, and was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1865. Previously to that he had been employed as a translator to the House of Assembly and continued in the public service until his death. In 1871 he was appointed Assistant Law Clerk of the House of Commons, and, upon the retirement of Mr. Wicksteed, Q.C., he received the appointment of Law Clerk, in February, 1887, and soon after was created a Queen's Counsel. He filled the office of Law Clerk with marked ability. His extraordinary knowledge of both languages, and of the laws and statutes of Canada and of each of her provinces, eminently qualified him for the position and also made him an authority on such subjects throughout the country. In 1883 he was appointed one of the commissioners to revise and consolidate the Statutes of the Dominion. For a time Dr. Wilson held the position of surgeon in the volunteer force, from which he retired upon the disbanding of the Civil Service Regiment, retaining his rank. He was a member of the New Edinburgh municipal council, and chairman of the Board of Management of the Civil Service Mutual Benefit Society. He was an active member of the Church of England and was for many years a delegate to the Synod of Ontario and to the Provincial Synod, in whose discussions he took an active and prominent part. In 1862 Dr. Wilson married Frances, eldest daughter of the late Col. Charles MacDonnell, formerly of the Connaught Rangers, and great granddaughter of Sir William Johnson, whose connection with British affairs in North America is so well known. Mrs. Wilson survives her husband with one son and three daughters, the eldest of whom is married to Rev. Gus. Adolph Kuhring, Toronto. In business life Dr. Wilson was a man who will long be remembered for his devotion to duty. It was his pride to be found ever at his post and ready. In social life no more genial companion could be found. He was a man of extensive reading and possessed a remarkably well-trained and highly cultivated mind. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and was never happier than when surrounded by friends, talking over literary matters and the great questions of the day. His death is too recent to necessitate our going into details regarding it. For some time he had been troubled with an affection of the heart, and the year before his decease was obliged to go to Europe for the sake of his health. On the 16th of last November, while in New York, heart failure came upon him when alone on the street, and his death followed almost immediately. His remains were brought to his late home in Ottawa, where they were interred by his well-loved fellow officers and friends, who will long regret the loss of their comrade, cut off in the prime of his manhood and in the fullness of his intellectual vigour.

**LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN.**—The Right Hon. John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, seventh Earl of Aberdeen, Viscount Formartine, Baron Haddo, Methlick, Tarves and Kellie, in the peerage of Scotland, Viscount Gordon of Aberdeen in that of Great Britain, and Baronet of Nova Scotia is a grandson of the famous George, fourth Earl of Aberdeen, some time Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Prime Minister in 1852. But his deeds, not his titles and descent, form his claim to distinction. The Earl is an excellent organizer of schemes of benevolence, a practical philanthropist of the first order. In all his good works, his amiable and lovely wife is his gracious, tactful and able assistant. The Countess is the youngest daughter of Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, first Lord Tweedmouth. She is a lady of character and good sense, and is much esteemed in all classes of society. But by the tenancy on her husband's estates, who know her goodness of heart, she is beloved beyond the lot of most women, whether gentle or simple. The Haddo House Association, of which she is president, was conceived and organized by herself. It had its beginning in a small class for the training of young women for domestic duties, but has gradually, through the Countess's assiduous attention, swelled into a great society. The annual meeting of the association was held last month and the report presented by the Countess showed the widespread nature and usefulness of the association's work. Her ladyship reported that sixty-nine branches were in operation, with thirty new branches in course of formation. The membership was 7,506, an increase of 473. Prizes to the number of 1,716 were distributed among 1,018 associates. Scripture subjects, history, geography, domestic economy, needlework and knitting enter in the competitions for the prizes. The Earl, who is in his 43rd year, was educated at Cheam School, and afterwards studied at the College Hall, St. Andrews. In 1867 he entered University College, Oxford, and there took the M.A. course.

He was at Oxford when the news of his elder brother's death came, making him Earl of Aberdeen, but His Lordship remained at college until he had secured his degree. Lord Aberdeen is an ardent Liberal and a strong supporter of the Hon. W. E. Gladstone and Home Rule. He was appointed to the distinguished office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland towards the close of Mr. Gladstone's last administration, and only held it for a few months; but during that short period the Earl thoroughly ingratiated himself in the hearts of the Irish people, and he became the most popular Lord Lieutenant of the age. His natural gifts and accomplishments well fitted him for the fulfilment of the grave duties of the post with becoming dignity and munificence. What is still better, he left Ireland with the blessings of the people.

**THE LATE JUDGE O'REILLY.**—One of Hamilton's oldest and most venerable citizens, in the person of Judge O'Reilly, passed away from this life in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was born in Stamford, near Niagara Falls, on May, 18 1806. He received the greater portion of his education at the Niagara Grammar School. After passing his examination at Osgoode Hall in 1842, he entered upon the study of the law in the office of the late John Breakebridge, in the old town of Niagara. He was called to the Bar in Trinity Term, 1830, and removed to Hamilton, where, through his sound knowledge of law and his natural brilliancy, he soon secured an extensive practice.

**H. M. S. BELLEROPHON, CANADA AND THRUSH.**—These men-of-war, which are associated with the present visit of Prince George of Wales to Canada, are of diverse dimensions and style. The first, with the historic name, is of the broadside class of armoured ships, with armour six inches in thickness and carrying ten 13-ton and four 4½-ton guns. Her horse-power is 6,520, her tonnage 7,550, and her registered speed 14.2 knots an hour. She is the flagship of the North Atlantic squadron. The officers are:—Vice-Admiral, George Willes Watson; Captain, Charles C. Drury; Commander, G. A. Callaghan; 1st Lieutenant, Hon. Walter G. Stopford; Chaplain, Rev. Alwyne C. H. Rice; Fleet Surgeon, George Bolster; Fleet Paymaster, H. A. Scrivener; Staff Engineer, Chas. G. Stewart. The Canada's horse-power is 2,430; her tonnage 2,380, and she carries ten guns. Her officers are:—Captain, Herbert W. Dowding; Lieutenants, Harry C. Reynold, Edmund W. Yorke, Bertram C. P. Wolferstan, Armytage A. Lucas, Hon. Victor A. Stanley; Lieutenant of Marines, James R. Goddard; Chief Surgeon, Thomas M. Sibbald; Chief Paymaster, Charles Farwell; Chief Engineer, Joseph Monk; Midshipmen, Cecil E. Rooke, Ernest P. Gregory, Arthur G. Smith, Dorston F. Green-tree, Charles W. J. Crawford, Harry F. Cayley, Francis L. Talman, and Bertram S. Smith. The Thrush is very much smaller than the Canada. Prince George is Lieut. Commander; Lieut. George P. Thorp, Executive Officer; Lieut. Lionel F. W. Sanders, Navigating Officer; Dr. W. E. Home, Medical Officer. The Thrush's horse-power is 1,200; she is a screw gun boat, recently built.

**KINCARDINE VIEWS.**—In these engravings our readers have a glimpse of some characteristic scenery of the settled region that borders on Lake Huron. In addition to the attractions of its landscapes, the neighbourhood of Kincardine is noted for varied natural resources. The town is one of the most thriving in the province, having mills, foundries, salt works, besides churches, good schools, newspaper offices, banks, and fine hotels, and is admirably supplied with means of communication with the rest of Canada.

**VICTORIA RIFLES OF CANADA, CARSLAKE TROPHY.**—This is another of those handsome trophies which for some years past have been adding lustre to our military annals and doing honour to the generous public spirit of our citizens. A description of it will be found elsewhere in this issue.

**BOWLING TOURNAMENT.**—For particulars as to this interesting event our readers are referred to "Sports and Pastimes."

**DOMINION OF CANADA RIFLE MATCHES.**—These illustrations will, we trust, be appreciated by our military readers. Fuller reference to them will be found under the heading of "Military Notes."

**HIGHFIELD, HAMILTON, RESIDENCE OF LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN.**—As our readers are aware, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, who are at present visiting the Dominion, have chosen Hamilton for their home during their sojourn in this country. In this engraving we present a view of Highfield House, at which they have taken up their residence.

**PRIVATE SECRETARIES OF CABINET MINISTERS.**—This group comprises some of the most noteworthy members of the Civil Service. Several of these gentlemen are not unknown in the literary world.

**BRIDGE OVER THE CHAUDIERE.**—To many of our readers this scene will have the charms of "auld acquaintance." By repute it is familiar to them all. Canada is a land of lakes and rivers, and the bridge-maker's art is frequently called upon to overcome barriers to inter-communication. Where the engineer can accommodate the travelling public without robbing the scenes of his labours of their picturesqueness, we owe him a twofold debt of gratitude.

### The Self-Reliant Woman.

Most women can remember some one, strong, capable, calm, far-seeing, who exercised an almost unbounded influence over them when young, who taught them their first lessons in practical life, and whom they loved with that strange and solemn devotion of girlhood for its first mature friend, and that some one was the self-reliant woman. Had she not been self-reliant she would not have been influential.

The self-reliant woman is generally the executive woman as well, and can do whatever she undertakes. She is always ready, and should an accident, for instance, occur, does not lose her head as so many others would—does not take to hysterics, or faintings, or nerveless pity; but is at once keen-sighted and prompt, seeing what has to be done, and doing it without hesitation or excitement. As a nurse she is a very treasure; ever quick and decided, understanding the minutest shade of the duties before her, and able to perform them as clearly as she comprehends. Indeed, no woman who has not self-reliance can be even a tolerable nurse, whatever her amount of special knowledge; for she will be always in doubt as to whether her ears or her eyes were to be obeyed, and if the dead letter of instruction is to be set aside or adhered to, whatever the new reading of the disease. Nurses destitute of self-reliance are as completely wanting to their profession as those distracting creatures who never think the doctor worth obeying at all, but take the management of the case upon themselves, and kill or cure by the rule of thumb alone. Neither can a woman be a rational mother, or a steady housekeeper, who is not self-reliant; for she will always be blown about by every wind of doctrine, and ready to accept as gospel truth each scrap of outside experience which may fall in her way. The really self-reliant woman is never good bait for quacks. There is something in her nature so utterly antagonistic to the whole tribe of shams, that she rarely takes to them on any occasion; though her self-reliance might be an additional reason why she should stand by them steadily enough, if once adopted. For which reason she is the most desirable convert possible; and worth half a score of impulsive enthusiasts, ready to sign their names to black-to-day and to head a testimonial to white-to-morrow. When the self-reliant woman does adopt a new method, she adopts it thoroughly, with no misgivings as to her own infallibility. Self-reliance makes the best tiara of all.

The self-reliant woman is often a social reformer; nay, she it is who has inaugurated all the new phases of woman's life, and opened up the latest paths. She it is who has taken out M.D. diplomas, nursed wounded soldiers, given lectures, studied from the life in art schools, walked the hospitals with the students, pleaded her own cause in law courts—but never to a favourable issue, however cleverly done, the coalition being as yet too strong; and who—albeit honour and praise to her for that same!—has taken up the question of criminals and sinners, seeking to soften the one and purify the other, without thought of herself or what the world would say. Yes, nobly enough in this instance did she touch pitch and was *not* defiled; but her own purification was in her self-reliance, and the intensity of her conviction that, being right in her own eyes, she was also absolutely right in spirit and in truth, made her mission accepted and her endeavours availing.

The self-reliant woman is a great traveller. She has voyaged all the world over, alone and unarmed, trusting to her scarlet "pants" to frighten the wolves of the northern woods, and, confiding in her courage and sex, has found the chivalry of even savages and Bedouins equal to the occasion; she has braved the grizzly bears and the wild Indians of the North American forests, and kept a bold heart and a cool head whatever the danger to be confronted; she has gone to the gambling-houses of San Francisco, and staked her dollars between the muzzles of revolvers and across the gleaming blades of bowie-knives; she has sung to half-maddened diggers, flush with gold and warm with passionate blood; she has seen the exiles of Siberia, and heard the lash of the knout; has ridden through Damascus unveiled, and run the risk of being stoned for her daring; has penetrated into Moslem harems, and, disguised as a boy, has even ventured into the sacred courts of mosque and monastery, and trod where woman's step had never fallen before; she has been everywhere and has seen everything, from the Peak of Teneriffe to the heights of Chimborazo, from the pyramids of Egypt to the pagodas of Nankin. At home she travels in another way,—out of the beaten paths which Mrs. Grundy has set and sown, into wild, uncultivated places, where never a female gardener has been before her. At any time she may be seen doing all the small unconventionalities which got her quizzed and laughed at by the Grundytes, some of which unconventionalities fructify into a rich usage for the whole sisterhood, while others we would not wish to see blossom out into even the tiniest spathes. It was she who first slammed back the doors of Hansom cabs and climbed up on to coach tops; who tried to make Cremorne respectable, and to give a flavour of matronly dignity to the Surrey and Vauxhall; who has even horsewhipped presuming men when forgetful of themselves and her; who manufactures all sorts of little economies, and never minds what her tradespeople and the servants may say; who is always right in her own eyes, and cares nothing for the suffrages of the million; and who would not give one of the battered old feathers out of her hat for all the applause, or what people call "moral support," in the world. She is moral support enough to herself, and values nothing that goes by that name half so much as what she makes for herself.