

MAJOR JAMES DOMVILLE, M.P.

This popular member of Parliament and officer is descended from an ancient Norman family that settled in Cheshire, England, at the time of the Conquest, three members of which have at different times been created Baronets of the United Kingdom. He is the son of Major-General James Domville, R.A., by Frances, daughter of Hon. William Usher, a descendant of the celebrated Archdeacon Usher. He was born on the 29th Nov., 1842, and educated in England. In 1867 he married Isabel, daughter of the late William Henry Scovil, Esq., of St. John, N.B. He went to Barbadoes, where his father was in command of the Royal Engineers and of the garrison in 1858, and entered into mercantile pursuits. In 1866 he went to St. John, N.B., and commenced business as a merchant. He also became the proprietor, by purchase, of the extensive iron works, rolling-mill and nail factories at Moosepath, Coldbrooke and Rockland in King's Co., and entered largely into other commercial business, in which he is still engaged. He is President of the Maritime Bank of the Dominion of Canada; President of the King's County Rifle Association; Member of the Council of the Dominion Rifle Association; Fellow of the Royal Canadian Institute, London; Managing Director of the Coldbrooke Rolling Mills Co.; and a Director of the Maritime Warehousing and Dock Co. He has also been President of the King's County Board of Trade. He sat as Chairman of the Delegation from St. John to the Dominion Board of Trade in 1871. Major Domville was first returned to Parliament for Kings, N.B., in 1872, and again in 1874 and 1878. In connection with our portrait we publish a view of the 5th Cavalry Squadron that formed the escort to His Excellency and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise during the late Vice-regal visit to St. John. The regiment consists of seven troops and band, the only and oldest regiment of cavalry in Canada. The escort was commanded by Major Domville, whose likeness will be easily recognized in the group.

DE LESSEPS.—Count de Lesseps is really a wonderful conversationalist. His ideas are bold and ingenious, while so wittily and elegantly expressed as to become the very ideal of terseness and brevity. The rapidity with which he speaks and gives one daring plan after another

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JAMES DOMVILLE, Esq., M.P.

stops all questioning on the part of his listeners, and would take away the breath did not a humorous smile play continually over his features, as much as to say, "Be reassured; it sounds like a joke, but I am in dead earnest, and—courage will take me through." Count de Lesseps is now in his seventy-fourth year, and has the vigor and life of a sturdy old—not too old—soldier. He has the presence of a general-in-chief of an entire army. His fine head is crowned with the whitest of snow-white hair, and a heavy moustache of the same colour shades his upper lip. His eyes are deep, large and piercingly black—eyes that belong to thirty rather than seventy summers. The count has, by a second marriage contracted at the age of sixty-four, eight children. He speaks as if he were a contented man. His voice is free from discord, his speech from rancor.

BEATING A MAP AGENT.—A map agent went into one of our manufacturing establishments recently, with an egotistical idea that his power of reading faces was a great aid to him in his business. He looked the shop over and fixed upon a common-place looking workman, with an intelligent face, as the individual upon which to begin business. Approaching the man he touched a spring and down dropped an elaborate map of Connecticut, with its towns, railroads and rivers all properly located. Then it was earnestly and comprehensively described by the glib agent, who briefly stated the advantage of such an educational chart to the possessor.

The workman, looking up very innocently from his work, remarked, "That is mighty pretty! Should think it would be first-rate in a family! What is the expense of such an article?"

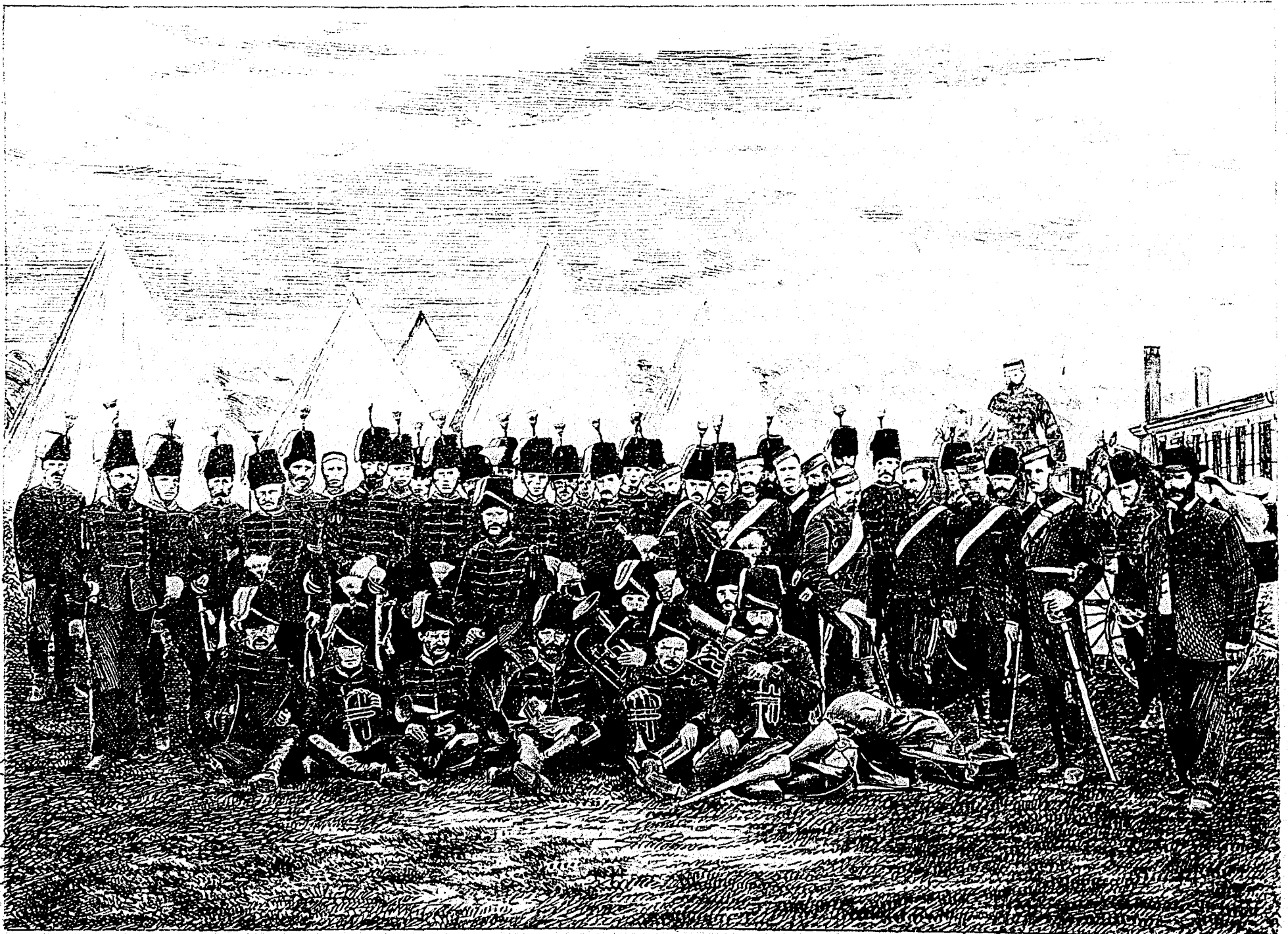
"Only a dollar fifty," responded the agent, dilating upon the bargain there was in the value offered for such a small amount of cash.

"Would you rather have \$1.50 than to have that?" asked the workman.

"Certainly," responded the agent.

"Well! I don't know much about such things," said the labourer, "but with your experience, if you feel that you had rather have \$1.50 than to have that map, why, I think I had too!"

The map agent saw that the common-place looking workman had bagged his game, and left the shop without attempting to induce any of the other workmen to invest in his goods.



ST. JOHN, N. B.—5TH CAVALRY SQUADRON, ESCORT COMMANDED BY MAJOR JAMES DOMVILLE, M.P., ON THE OCCASION OF THE LATE VICE-REGAL VISIT.