

The Dominion Illustrated.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

Henceforth, THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be published simultaneously in MONTREAL and in TORONTO. MESSRS. ALEX. S. MACRAE & SON are in charge of the Toronto office, 127 Wellington street west, where they will continue to receive subscriptions and advertisements, and attend to our interests in Western Ontario.

We solicit sketches, drawings and photographs from all parts of Canada. We want to illustrate every part of the Dominion; but must have the coöperation of those who have the material at hand.

Subscribers wanted everywhere at \$4.00 a year, or \$1.00 for three months, payable in advance. Special terms to clubs, and a handsome commission to canvassers. For further particulars apply to the Montreal or Toronto office.

Correspondents sending manuscripts which they wish returned, if not accepted, are requested to enclose stamps for return postage.

The portrait of the Hon. Mr. Mercier, in our last issue, has been much admired. It was a faithful reproduction of a photograph by Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son.



A learned friend sends the editor the following printed slip, with the grave request that he comment on it:—

SPELLING REFORM.

Thin Ends of the Wedge.

Drop silent letters. Replace es, eks, ks by x: ph by f, and ough by some fonetic equivalent.

The speed with which we Christianise the heathen depends on spelling reform. London would save \$5,000,000 a year by spelling reform, as each of its 1,000,000 children would have to be one year less at school.

We publish the above as a curious bit, for amusement, pity or scorn, as the reader may be bent. Life is too short to mind those fads and fancies as they fly.

We are pleased to be able to state that while the Jews in America, according to the *American Magazine*, numbered in 1845 fifty thousand in a population of twenty millions, to-day they are five hundred thousand, and increasing far more rapidly than any other race in the United States. That they should have increased tenfold, while the population of the country has but trebled, places the United States fourth among the countries of the world in the number of its Jewish citizens, exceeded only by Russia, Austria and Germany, and there is every reason to believe that it will not be many years before they exceed the two latter empires.

The Governor-General has imported two Kerry cows, which are described as exceedingly small, plump, well-shaped cattle, and the first of the kind ever landed at the Levis quarantine. The improvement of our stock, or the introduction of fresh stock into the country, is a wise and praise-

worthy deed, and it is to be hoped that this new breed may turn out as well as have the Alderneys, Jerseys, Polled Angus and other varieties brought over to Canada within the past decade.

Medicine Hat, with the queer name, that is an attraction of itself, turns out to be, scientifically, one of the most interesting spots in the great Northwest of the Dominion. There have been found, in and about it, remarkable limestone fossils, almost wholly unknown to palaeontologists. These beds stretch some twenty miles along the South Saskatchewan, yielding, at every turn, large specimens of nautilus, ammonite, baculite, fish, fruit, leaves and remains of tropical marine vegetation. Beside their size, the beautiful feature about these fossils is the preservation of their pearl and pink hues.

After the commonplaces—to say no more—of Messrs. Frye, Hale, Dawes, Hoar, Riddleberger, Cullom, Ingalls and other luminaries of the United States Senate, it was refreshing to hear of Mr. Sherman rising to a higher level and discussing the important question of the Fisheries Treaty from the standpoint of a statesman. Mr. Evarts was not equal to the occasion, confining himself to a show of his exceptional powers as a special pleader. And Mr. Edmunds, the Nestor of the Senate, also disappointed us. He should have had his old comrade, Judge Thurman, at his side, to brace him up with a pinch out of the tortoise shell.

We are only repeating what American writers themselves say, and stating what is plain to every observer, that the United States Senate is not the great deliberative body that it used to be. Time was when to be a Senator was the highest flight of an American's ambition. In those days the Calhouns, Clays, Websters, Bentons, Casses, Corwins and Buchanans made the Senate what it was, and were proud of it. In delivering the eulogy of Calhoun, before his fellow members, Webster wound up a few ponderous phrases by these solemn words: "Sir, he was worthy of being a Senator of Rome—when Rome was free!" And the great orator sat down, having said all and enough.

It is satisfactory to learn that our great public works are being carried on steadily and systematically, in spite of the opposition which it is incredible should come from any that have the good of the country at heart. It will be remembered that, during the last session, the Government gave out that the widening of the St. Lawrence canals would be gone into at once. In pursuance of this policy the plans and specifications have been made ready by the engineering branch of the Department of Railways and Canals, and tenders for the several works are to be called for forthwith. During the next twelve months much headway will have been made.

The outlook of the crops is very cheering. At the start of the season there were dampening stories about the blight of the fall wheat in Ontario, and the short growth of the grass in the best hay country, but in June the sun and rain had behaved so well that the harvest was put down as safe. There were drawbacks and sources of loss, but, strange to say, they were kept within narrow bounds, and their mischief was only local. This was specially the case with caterpillars on fruit trees, and grasshoppers on fields of grain. The whole harvest is now beyond the reach of failure,

and all classes may look forward to a plenty of good staples, a lowering of prices, and consequent prosperity in all branches of trade.

The return of Mr. Blake to this country, after a very long absence abroad, where he went in search of health, will be hailed with satisfaction by people of all classes, who entertain due respect and admiration for this very able public man. Mr. Blake will spend the remainder of the summer season at Murray Bay—a favourite haunt of his—after which he will possibly resume the usual course of his profession, although his independent means allow him total rest, if he chooses to take it. As to his political career, we regret to learn that the honourable gentleman's health, although improved, is not yet settled enough to encourage him to enter at once upon his Parliamentary duties, during recess, and still less undertake the heavy task of party leadership.

Some of the American papers poke fun at us for harbouring their defaulters and refugees—making special merriment over the godsend, in the way of "extra" business, which they put into the hands of our "advocates,"—but other journals take up the matter in earnest, upbraid us for harbouring these people, and holding that we should send them back summarily across the lines. If such papers mean what they say, they are trifling with a very serious matter. Were the Americans bent on checking the flight of swindlers and robbers to our side, all they would have to do would be to adopt, at once, the amended Extradition Treaty, which Britain submitted to the United States long ago, and which has lain *perdu* and unnoticed, in the Secretary of State's office, at Washington, ever since. Americans have acted with persistent queerness in the two vital points of Extradition and International Copyright.

We would call attention to the account of the duel between M. Floquet and Gen. Boulanger, published in the column headed "Our Engravings," of the present issue. The report is authentic, compiled from the eyewitnesses—the seconds and the doctor—and published in one of the first papers of Paris. If, after reading, any one shall not express surprise and horror at the brutal practice of single combat, even as carried out under the French code, we shall be very much disappointed. There is no fairness, no honour in it. Two men fired by passion, rush on each other with cold steel, and liable to butcher each other, without any show of skill. How reasonable men can stand facing each other, at such barbarous play, is a standing satire on civilization.

FARMING IN THE NORTHWEST.

The old adage that

"He who with the plough would thrive,
Must both hold the plough and drive."

is only partly true for the Canadian West. There the prairie farmer sits on a comfortable spring seat, on his "sulky" plough, and, possibly, in white shirt sleeves, holds the reins and drives. Sometimes he ploughs one furrow at a time, and sometimes two, according to the amount of pulling power in front of the plough.

The springtime in the Canadian West is served out by the weather clerk, in proportions admirably suited to the needs of the farmer. April and May are sunny, cool and dry. The snow and March go together, and as soon as the snow is gone, the land is ready for the harrow and seed. In that land man is generally helped the most