



CHORISTER BOYS.—This is a companion picture to the "Foundling Girls," published in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED NEWS, on the 14th August, and from the brush of the same distinguished artist, Mrs. Anderson. As the Foundling Girls were a trio of pretty and interesting faces, so here we have three boys fair to look upon, and with such intelligence at their task, that we are sure their voices must be as excellent as their features. The turn of the head of the leader in the centre, brought out by the white surplice of the acolyte, is full of artistic expression, and the waiting aspect of the assistants, on the right and left, heighten the expectation of the looker-on and listener who shall be treated, it may be, to Newman's most popular of modern hymns:—

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on!

ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, TORONTO.—The Royal School of Infantry, Toronto, was established in December, 1883, for the purpose of affording instruction to the officers of the various militia battalions of infantry in the Province of Ontario, and to enable them to obtain the necessary certificates of qualification for their appointments in the force. As an adjunct to the school and attached to it for the purpose of example in discipline duties, drill, etc., is "C" Company Infantry School Corps, consisting of one hundred non-commissioned officers and men and three officers. These men are enlisted for three years, and are, in all respects, similar to the regular soldiers of the British service. The officers of the company, together with the regimental officers, viz., the commandant and adjutant, form the staff of the institution. During the Northwest rebellion "C" Company went on service, and the work of the school was interrupted; but some idea of its work may be gained from the fact that, within the four years during which it has been in active operation, two hundred and twenty-eight officers and three hundred and seventy non-commissioned officers and men of militia regiments have availed themselves of this means of increasing their military knowledge and experience. The new Fort Barracks, in which "C" Company and the Royal School of Infantry are quartered, occupy a fine situation on the lake shore, about two miles west of the Union Station. They were erected in 1840-41 by the Imperial Government for the artillery then quartered in Toronto, but thanks to the solid and careful manner in which they were first constructed, and to the additional improvements by the Dominion Government, they will probably survive to see many more recent structures in ruins. The officers of the corps composing the school are as follows: Lieut.-Col. Otter, D.A.G., M.D., No. 2, and Commandant Major Vidal, Capt. Sears, Adj., Capt. MacDonald, Lieut. Cartwright, and Surgeon Strange.

SINGLE AND DOUBLE PORTAGES.—Those who have read about "portages" in books—novels, poems, travellers' accounts, missionaries' relations, surveyors' explorations and hunters' stories—may have never fully understood the meaning of the term, until they set their eye upon the two superb engravings which embellish our pages to-day. Here is a distinctive Canadian scene, and no mistake. The picture was taken a short time ago, but it might be two hundred years old, so true is it to the nature of an experience that dates back, unaltered, since the early days of the settlement of New France. Look at the model of those canoes, turned to a hair in graceful curves; polished to the lustre of a bone; light as an eagle's feather, and strongly buoyant to rebound from the impact of rock or plunging falls. An Indian made this plaything, that has been used as an engine of war, a saviour to the starving camps, a vehicle of the Word and the Cross in the depths of the wildwood. That was two centuries back. An Indian made the two canoes that we see in the pictures, and they are employed for nothing more nor less than the congenial sport of fishing, at Lake Monroe, in the lacustrine preserves of the Laurentian Club, which we have already fully illustrated.

SKEENA VIEWS.—We should like the reader to bear in mind that he has before his eyes a series of sketches which we are the first and only ones to publish, and which cannot be had elsewhere. They were taken on the spot for us, sent directly to ourselves, and we publish them as rapidly as our processes allow of their being put into the paper. Our readers and we ourselves are indebted for this treat to the kindness and skill of Major Peters, of the C Battery of R.C.A., who was with his corps, on the Skeena River, at the time of the recent outbreak. If his professional service had been wanted, we are assured that the gallant Major would have rendered it with the same zeal that he displayed in preparing these bloodless photographs. There are no less than twelve sketches in the two pages, some instructive, others amusing, and all taken from nature—the talk before the start; the boarding of the "Caroline" at Esquimalt; the Blue Jackets before the ramming; the song of the "Captivity"; the confab of the C.O. and the F.M. on Kitman Cool Jim; the mouth of the Skeena; the Salmon Canneries; Hyin Muck a Muck, an "engine" fish; first meal on the hostile strand; the comforts of pre-emption, and the repose of Port Essington.

"DRAWING LOTS."—The reader will please observe that this engraving is furnished directly and expressly for the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED by the author himself, Mr. G. A. Reid, A.R.C.A., who drew it from his own painting. The three boys are drawing straws, with all the calm interest which older men of business exhibit in matters of higher import. The posture of the lads is natural; the limbs are well drawn, and the expression of the rather handsome faces as natural as possible. Altogether, the picture is a fine sample of Canadian art.

SPA BEAUTY COMPETITION.—We give these three portraits as a curiosity, that the reader may determine for himself whether there is a perfect beauty among them. The competition took place at the beginning of October, in the Casino of Spa, under the management of M. Hervé du Lorrain, to whom was entrusted the sum of 10,000 francs by the administration of the Casino, to be distributed among the three fairest competitors who should be declared the fairest of all by a ma-culine jury of eight. After a first choice from photographs, one and twenty candidates arrived at Spa, at the expense of the management, and boarded in the "annex" of an hotel, specially retained for them, from which they did not go forth, except in closed carriages, to the main drawing-room of the Casino, where the examinations took place, on twelve consecutive days. On the 12th evening the jury proceeded, in solemn state, to the distribution of prizes. The whole of Spa was illuminated, and the burgomaster, with the other town worthies, attended the gallant occasion. Each of the laureates, called forth by the chairman, stepped out for her prize and diploma. The first prize-winner was a Frenchwoman, but from the colonies, Martha Soucaret, aged 18; the second, a Flemish lass, of Spanish descent, Mlle. Delrosa, and the third, Fraulein Stevens, a Viennese. Then, five prizes, of 500 francs each, were awarded, one of which went to Mlle. Olga Nadiaska, of Swedish birth. It is related that the eight jurymen walked gravely up and down among the gathered beauties during the twelve days, examining them with attention and taking into account not only the absolute handsomeness of each, but her grace, her carriage, her toilet and other attributes of female perfection.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

—*Johnson: Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Notwithstanding recent censures, the American newspaper has received a compliment unique even for an Irishman. A son of the old sod, who like the sod was old himself, became homesick (as one might perhaps be excused for doing in Prescott), and desired as the song says to "come back to Erin." So he girded up his loins and went, as he said for good. Imagine therefore the surprise of his friends on this side when a short time after he turned up again. His lamentation and explanation was that in the smaller places over there he missed the newspapers. And he thought the green isle was green in more particulars than one. Here the newspaper is an "institution." At its shrine even an Irishman has sacrificed his patriotism; and paid it a compliment which, even for an Irishman, is unique.

In the art of letter-writing the fair sex are said to excel the men. Is it on account of the characteristic post script? The rhetorics teach us how to write the mere paltry letter, but unfortunately they say very little about the post script. The next rhetoric will have to be written by a lady; and then the poor men can learn how to compose a post script, and will stand upon the same footing with their rivals in letter-writing. A man's letter is apt to be a "plain, forcible, inevitable whole," while his rival deals in "glittering generalities." The habit of condensation which one acquires in business is apt to crowd out many of the flowers of speech and leave his thought in barren outline; but the influence of a refined home is apt to nurture fanciful elaboration, and a woman's thought and expression are apt, like her life, to move along the line of beauty. I confess I enjoy receiving a letter from a lady, well, just a little more than from a gentleman; but then I am quite a *young* man, and perhaps it is only natural.

A recent publication is entitled "Every Man his own Poet." Considering what poor livings are made by the poets already in existence, one may doubt the propriety of increasing their number. But aside from that, if the work in question be worth anything, we may have to trifle with a venerable proverb and make it read, *The poet is made, not born.* The book, however, will probably be about as effective as the numerous works

entitled "How to Get Rich," which only leave the reader poorer by about seventy-five cents, the price of the book. I am reminded of the ambitious but economical individual who undertook to write his own library; he procured a very good pen and excellent paper, but he could not for the life of him think of anything to write. Such, I fear, will frequently be the case with the poets made to order. And literature, if enriched at all, will be enriched only through the "poet's corner" of the country newspaper.

One naturally doubts the American humourist who informs us that he once yawned so capably that his jaw became caught in a nail over the door, and he had to stand upon a chair in order to extricate himself. But as a matter of fact, a man in Ottawa yawned to such an extent the other day that he dislocated his jaw. Envious people who would deprive Ottawa of her distinction as capital, will no doubt say that only in that city does one feel like yawning to that extent. Here was a fine "opening" for a young physician. The gentleman in question had the misfortune, in this case, to possess what is usually regarded as a distinction, an "open countenance,"—very wide open. It is not definitely known what was at that time occupying his thoughts; but certain wicked persons insinuate that he was mentally reviewing the last Presbyterian sermon he heard.

An English gentleman who knew, I presume, what he was talking about, recently remarked in conversation that about one hundred thousand British tourists annually visit the continent. On an average they spend not less than £50 apiece. A little mental arithmetic will soon show that this amounts to a total expenditure of about \$25,000,000 in our currency. Now this money is expended among foreigners, and in countries whose scenery, grand as it is, is rivalled by a certain colony of Britain's. Our Rockies, our National Park, our lakes and rivers, and above all our prairies, win the most enthusiastic praises from all European travellers. They find in our scenery, among the other charms, the charm of novelty. And to it all is added the benefit of an ocean voyage. The British tourist by bending his steps in this direction would therefore derive great pleasure himself, materially assist this colony, and at the same time keep this very large expenditure among his own people. Canadians do not require to be at all boastful or to "boom" their country; but it is right that they should quietly insist upon her merits.

Among nations it is an almost invariable custom to select some flower which shall be typical or emblematic, such as the rose, the thistle, or the fleur-de-lis. Similarly they select representative animals such as the lion or the eagle. The comparatively small proportions of the island called England, considered in connection with its very great power, renders the choice of the lion sufficiently apt. And as a bird is not subject to the limitations of an ordinary quadruped, any more than a republic is subject to the limitations of a monarchy, the choice of the eagle to represent the former is sufficiently apt. For her emblematic representatives, Canada has selected the maple leaf and the beaver. The significance of the beaver in this connection would, perhaps, at first sight, not appear. It is not large; it is not resplendent; it is not particularly formidable; it is not one would hardly call it beautiful. These are all negatives. But it is indefatigably industrious. It is not an external matter, this; but is a matter of inherent disposition. And it is this, more than anything else, which goes to the building up of a nation. Let it be therefore said of Canada that she is "as busy as a beaver," and we shall have no reason to be ashamed of our emblematic animal.

We are informed by the *Globe* that the Rev. Joseph H. Hiltz, author of "Experiences of a Backwoods Preacher," has written a second work, which he has called "Among the Forest Trees, or How the Bushman Family Got Their Homes." It is a chronicle of facts and incidents of pioneer life in Upper Canada, told in a fresh, easy way, and with a sympathetic fidelity to the details of life in the early settlements.