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Some time since we learned that there was some likelihood of Ontario taking up the beet sugar enterprise, which had failed in this province, and pushing it to successful completion. According to the *Toronto Globe*, it is in a fair way of taking definite shape. No person, who observes and reflects, can, indeed, conclude that there is in Canada any insurmountable barrier to the triumph of such an undertaking. Neither in soil nor climate is there any radical obstacle. Mr. Carl Frostorff, who represents a German firm engaged in the manufacture of machinery and implements used in sugar factories, was in Toronto recently and gave some valuable information as to German methods and the character and cost of the required plant to gentlemen interested in the Ontario scheme. On his return from California, whither he has gone to set in operation two large factories established by Mr. Claus Spreckles, the "Sugar King," Mr. Frostorff will test the result of experiments, now in progress, in the growth of different kinds of sugar beets. The promoters of the business seem to be enthusiastic as to its success.

Australia is not going to rest satisfied with two routes (which are practically four) to the motherland. For some months we hear occasional rumours of what is called the overland route. Such an enterprise may at first sight appear more of a dream than the long vexed question of the North-West passage. Those who have faith in the future, nevertheless, maintain that its creation is only a matter of time. Had the advice of some far-seeing men been taken, England would, years ago, have utilized the influence that the Berlin Congress gave her in Asia Minor to push to completion the railway to India through Turkey, Persia and Beloochistan. Constantinople, which a couple of years ago was placed in direct intercourse with Paris, would be connected with the Indian system at Kurrachee. That scheme has not been definitely abandoned yet, though rival schemes have started up. One of these contemplates a line from Singapore to the Johore States; a line from Johore to Burmah and thence to Calcutta; a line along the south shore of the Caspian to Askaba, and a short stretch of rail from Bokhara to British Indian territory, would make the route practically complete. A traveller would then leave London, cross the channel, traverse the continent to Bitlis on the Caspian, thence through Persian and Russian territory to Michaelovitch, to Bokhara and Cabul and over India to Calcutta, and so on by Burmah, and the Malay country to Singapore. From that city it is six days' voyage to Port Darwin, at the northern extremity of Australia—so that the whole journey could be made in less than twenty-four days, of which six only would be by sea. If, however, a line were built across Sumatra to Java, there would be only three days of ocean travel. Sir Edward Watkin, so long identified with schemes for a British North American route across the continent, has another project in his

head, of which the channel tunnel is the primary stage. That great work accomplished, there would be continuous communication from London to Gibraltar, whence a huge broad-beamed vessel would transport an entire train to Tangier. From that point the line would move easterly through Northern Morocco, Algiers and Tripoli, to Egypt; from Cairo it would cross Syria by way of Jerusalem and keep on till Russia was reached, and from there it would follow the eastern shore of the Persian Gulf to Kurrachee, where it would make junction with the Indian lines. These great schemes may not be carried out in the present century, but no person who has watched the course of events during the last twenty-five years can say that they are impracticable. Railroading may yet reach a stage of development from which our actual attainments may be regarded as the day of small things.

Nearly two thousand years ago Horace wrote to Mæcenas of the August weather in Rome in language that might have been used by poet or courtier, professional or business man, of our own summer heats during the last fortnight. The little Sabine bard, not feeling very well, or, perhaps, glad of an excuse to escape the thrall of a too exacting friendship, had retired to the country for change of air. Before leaving the city, however, he had assured his patron that he would not be absent longer than five days. But instead of returning at the end of his furlough, he enjoyed the reviving breezes of his rural retreat till August was over. The reasons that he gives for his prolonged absence are forcible enough. August is the month that brings custom to the undertaker; the month that makes parents grow pale with anxiety for their children; the month when overwork is a source of deadly peril and fever is always imminent; the month when frequent deaths keep lawyers busy in opening wills. Is it any wonder that he preferred the grateful coolness of his villa to the discomforts and risks of the torrid season and pleaded with his generous friend for a still longer respite? Those who have lived through the last fortnight will understand the poet's reluctance to forego health and safety even to gratify his generous though petulant protector. And yet, oppressive as the weather was during that sultry spell, it was comfort compared with what is the normal temperature in some other countries. If Canada is subject to extremes of heat in summer and of cold in winter, it will be admitted that temperatures which cause actual discomfort are seldom of long continuance. Our winters are marked by a considerable share of bright sunshine, which not only mitigates the severity of the cold out-of-doors, but is also exceedingly cheering and favourable to health. To the well-to-do classes it is, on the whole, an enjoyable season, and if the labourer were more thrifty and provident, the cases of destitution would be few. As it is, there are not many who fall victims to the severity of our winters. If some of our cities (Montreal, for instance,) are not so healthy as they should be, it is not the weather that is to blame. Dr. Hingston, who has devoted special attention to the subject, looks upon our climate as the healthiest in the world, and more likely to produce a vigorous, long-lived and enduring race than any of the countries from which its population has been supplied.

Belgium boasts of an industrial guild, the name of which Canada might appropriately borrow. It is known as "The Companions of St. Lawrence." It is not of yesterday, for some of its usages, as shown during the recent jubilee festivities, have been handed down for many generations. But it would profit us little to have the name and nothing more. Belgium has set Europe and America a good example in founding industrial museums. One of King Leopold's functions during the recent fêtes was to inaugurate the great arcade in front of the museum building. The façade will have an extent of 475 metres; the arcade will be 56 metres in width and 75 in height, including the quadriga that will crown it.

Behind it will be a monumental court surrounded by colonnades, forming a covered way to the three museums and the great machinery hall. These museums, which have just been installed, constitute the only complete illustration of the progress of industrial art and invention since the dawn of civilization. The Museum of Ancient Industrial Art takes precedence in chronological order. The nucleus of it was formerly in the Musée de la Porte du Hals. The objects, which are extremely curious, enable the student to trace back the products of modern skill to their first rude beginnings. The second in the series is the Museum of Decorative Art, which is said to be already one of the finest of the kind in Europe. It contains copies of the master-works of decorative painting, glass windows, examples of wood-work, metal-work, and, in fact, all that the name of the institution implies. It is a favourite resort of art students, to whom it is a constant inspiration. The third of the museums is educational, in a more than technical sense, for it is concerned mainly with apparatus for school teaching—Musée Scolaire—and a comprehensive collection of it. We have already given an outline (with illustrations) of the work accomplished by schools of the Board of Art and Manufactures in this province, and have also referred to the results of like movements in other parts of the Dominion. Our readers cannot, therefore, be under the impression that Canada has made no provision for this kind of training. We may say, however, without fear of contradiction, that as yet we have nothing corresponding to this great Belgian enterprise. William Morris, in a handbook prepared some years ago for the use of those who desired guidance on the subject of art-workmanship, said that it was scarcely possible to estimate the amount of influence for good that had been exercised on English workmen by the galleries of the South Kensington Museum. Thousands who had been impelled thither by mere curiosity had carried away knowledge and a stimulus to improvement that had borne fruit in many directions. The movement has begun in Canada, but it will not do to let it languish, for there is still a great room for improvement.

If our neighbours to the south persist in holding incorrect notions of Canada, its constitution, its resources and its people, it must be because they decline to be instructed. Certainly during the last few years there has been no lack of Canadians to hear witness for their own country in the press of the United States. Mr. Brynner, Dr. Bourinot, the Rev. Dr. Grant, and several others of our leading men, have lectured before audiences eager to learn what manner of people we are of. "Pastor Felix," in the *Portland Transcript*, Bliss Carman, in the *New York Independent*, Dr. Fréchette, in the *Arena*, Mr. Scott and Mr. Lafleur in the *Atlantic*, Mr. Moine, in *Forest and Stream*, and Mr. Watson and Dr. Bender in the *Magazine of History* (not to speak of several others in a large number of publications), have been trying to let the world know what we are not as well as what we are. Dr. Bender's latest revelation concerns "The French-Canadian Peasantry," of whom he has much to say that is of interest to ourselves as well as to outsiders. There is one reproach often brought against our French-speaking fellow-citizens, mostly by new arrivals from over sea—that of using a barbarous patois instead of intelligible French—which Dr. Bender justly shows to be unfounded. "It is true," he writes, "that the uneducated speak ungrammatically and, in elegantly, use old words belonging to the dialect of Normandy, Picardy and Brittany, and often employ words in their old relation instead of the new; but this does not constitute a patois, such as we hear in many of the provinces of France, where people of one district cannot understand the language of those living in an adjoining one." He then shows, by an example taken from the common speech of the Breton peasant, what a patois really is, and how wholly unlike it is to anything in the ordinary language of French Canada. In fact, a Parisian would have no more