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## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

We are obliged to go to press without having the whole of our Wimbledon illustrations ready. They will consequently be distributed over two numbers, the balance of the subjects announced appearing next week.



Canadians may return thanks that, though the laws of the Dominion are occasionally broken, they are not openly defied by organized brigandage. If the outrage that befel the passengers of the sleeping car attached the Wabash Western express had been perpetrated in Bulgaria, Asia Minor or Greece, we might wonder at the obstinacy with which certain forms of outlawry lingered in the bandit's traditional haunts. But that in the heart of new world civilization, in the very fortress of freedom, the people's highway should be beset by robbers so audacious that their word takes the place of law and is far more efficacious in winning compliance and enforcing their claims than any legal officer demanding acknowledged dues, is a state of things that offers abundant food for reflection. The terrors inspired by those armed brigands who work their will on honest travellers by a variant of the old highwayman's challenge are surely little consonant with that freedom which is founded on order. As usual, successful and unpunished crime prompted fresh villainies, and the Harlem "hold up" was followed by a number of others still more desperate. The United States authorities will have to use more vigilance or railway travel will become as hazardous as an African expedition.

Halifax is to be congratulated on the success of its carnival. The organizers omitted no feature that would enhance its attractions. In undertaking such an enterprise they had, indeed, much in their favour. To Nova Scotia's capital nature has been exceptionally bountiful. The scenery has characteristics peculiarly gratifying to the lover of the beautiful. The history of the place is not lacking in romance, and in the city and surrounding country there are many spots worth visiting for their association with a twofold past. The proximity of the sea adds to the charms of coastline and interior, and the naval demonstration, combined with military displays, to delight the pageant-loving eye and suggest memories of many a "famous victory." The outlay on such holiday-making is by no means a fruitless expenditure. Those who saw Halifax in its gala season will never be at a loss for pleasant and kindly remembrances of people and place, while the citizens who vied with each other in doing the honours of their common home will find in that co-operation and its well-earned triumphs a wholesome impulse to fresh endeavour in those daily

tasks, the faithful discharge of which is the surest basis of progress and prosperity.

There is one point in connection with the Halifax carnival, the St. John celebration, and other like events of the present summer on which we are tempted to dwell with a pride which, we trust, is not unreasonable. We mean the share of the newspapers in insuring their success. How much the winter carnivals of this city were indebted for their large and merited popularity to the efforts of the Montreal press our readers will, we are sure, be glad to acknowledge. That journals should have aided in promoting any movement which would arouse the latent energy, invention and ambition of the community and direct the public mind to new sources of profit, health and happiness is not to be wondered at. The gain of the people is their gain. As the country grows more wealthy and vigorous, their chances of bettering their condition correspondingly improve. The tone of the live journal is, therefore, a tone of encouragement. But aspiration often outruns achievement, and the most noteworthy features of our carnivals and other similar celebrations—such as the grand procession in antique costume of 1884 and the Jacques Cartier memorial ceremonies of last June—is that the reality transcended the forecast. For this result, we are inclined to think, our newspapers can justly claim a part of the credit. The illustrated editions issued on those occasions were, as a whole, remarkably good. Indeed, we may venture to say (without invidious discrimination), that some of them were comparable to anything of the kind that this continent has produced.

The regret has often been expressed that Canada has hitherto failed to give continued and paying support to the higher class of periodical. This is, certainly, to be deplored. It is, however, some compensation that the daily press (both French and English) devotes a good deal of space to literary subjects. For some time past this phase of Canadian journalism has been becoming more marked. Nearly all the best city papers and several of the country journals have on their staff of writers literary men who keep the public fairly informed as to what is going on in the world of letters. We have, moreover, at least one good literary journal. If the *Week* were published in the United States or in England, we would probably learn more (in Canada) of its merits. Abroad, it takes deserved rank among the leading expositors of the thought, taste and tendencies of our time, and at home it is prized by those whose favourable judgment is worth having. But it is not rash to say that, were it published in New York or Boston or London, its circulation would be ten times as great as it is. Meanwhile, it has, we rejoice to know, made good its hold on the affections of a sufficient number of Canadian readers to assure it against premature demise.

France may feel some self-reproach for having forfeited, in a moment of weakness, her share in the dual control of Egyptian affairs. But her sentimental soreness is not without its compensations. England's responsibilities have been excessively weighty. The prestige of being the power behind the Khedive's throne can hardly atone for the sacrifice of the brave soldiers that fell fighting for a doubtful cause. The shade of Gordon, like the spectral Banquo, interrupts with gloomy memories any self-complacent survey of triumphs achieved by British influence. And Gordon comes not alone. Many a valiant fellow—officer, sergeant and private,

some of them among the bravest of the brave—left his bones on the desert sand, from the disastrous day of Hicks Pasha's defeat to the last encounter with the fanatic Dervishes. The consciousness of superiority and the moral certainty of ultimate success may mitigate, but it cannot annul, the grievous sorrow which this vague struggle has brought to countless homes. Even the news of victory has, for the most part, more terrors than joys, so Cadmean has been almost every advantage gained in this war with men who fear not the death which they inflict. It is, however, satisfactory to learn that in his victorious and apparently decisive battle at Toski with Wad-el-Juni, Gen. Grenfell's losses, notwithstanding the desperate and obstinate resistance of the Soudanese, was comparatively slight. The Egyptians fought with great courage.

Mrs. Spragge, without in any sense assuming the tone of a partisan, has dealt candidly and fairly with the Chinese problem—that vexed question of the Pacific coast. Her conclusions coincide, in the main, with those reached by the Commission of 1884 (consisting of the Hon. Mr. Chapleau and the late Hon. J. H. Gray), as contained in the voluminous Report of its inquiries. The Chinese are quick at learning and industrious. Morally, they are like other races, divided into good, bad and indifferent. There is a class of them that it is well to keep aloof from. There is another class which is, on the whole, as faithful and as trustworthy as the respectable workmen of any nationality. Like other people, they improve under good treatment, deteriorate under bad. That the European and American labourer should resent their importation is not to be wondered at, but it is well established that many employers, in California and elsewhere, who pretended to join in the outcry against them, were, at the same time, secretly availing themselves of "Chinese cheap labour." On the whole, when it is considered that they do not, and probably never will, assimilate with western civilization, and that charity begins at home, it is as well that their influx should be restricted as far as is consistent with the general welfare and with international fair play.

If we believe certain writers, the Chinese have really a prior claim to the occupation of the Pacific coast region. Mr. Edward P. Vining wrote a bulky volume in which he gathered into compact and appreciable form all the evidence in favour of the discovery of America, in the fifth century, by a party of Buddhists under Chinese leadership. According to the Chinese record on which this theory is based, the missionaries, adventurers or explorers having started from the mainland opposite the northern part of the Island of Formosa, made their way along the coast till they came to the Aleutian isles, which they skirted as far as the Alaskan peninsula, whence they cruised past British Columbia, and kept on southwards as far as Central America. That Japanese junks have been forced by the thermal ocean-current called the Kuro-Siwo across the Pacific even to California rests, we understand, on indisputable testimony. Nevertheless, neither the Johns nor Japs have as yet made good their claims to the honours of the great Cristoforo.

Vitus Behring, who gave his name to the sea about which we have been hearing so much of late, was by birth a Dane, but at a comparatively early age he entered the Russian service, Peter the Great, who was then on the throne, being constantly on the look-out for foreigners of capacity who could help in organizing his navy. After taking part in