



## Personal.

Mr. Mowat has quietly resumed the reins of office.  
 Sir Charles Tupper has been made a baronet. The title is hereditary.  
 Mr. M. Zaito, wholesale merchant from Japan, is visiting Canada on a business trip.  
 The President's message broke off Sir John's holidays, and he turned back to the Capital.  
 Bishop Bond is on a pastoral tour among the missionary parishes on the Ottawa River.  
 The Governor-General opens his series of balls at the old Quebec Citadel on the 5th inst.  
 James Johnson, editor of the *Ottawa Citizen*, is travelling with Mr. Bowell in the Northwest.  
 Sir John Rose was a remarkable man, living old years ago as Finance Minister at Ottawa.  
 Mrs. Lucy E. Hatt, sister of the late Sir Allan Napier MacNab, died in Hamilton, aged 78 years.  
 The Governor-General will open the Central Canada Exhibition at Ottawa on the 12th of September.  
 Mr. Buchanan, general manager of the Bank of Montreal, is enchanted with all he sees in the Northwest.  
 Thos. Shaw, of Hamilton, has been appointed professor of agriculture in the Ontario agricultural college.  
 Baron Julius Reuter is 70 years old, and has been hard at work for fifty-five years. He is still bright and active.  
 The marriage of Miss Brenda Allan, daughter of Mr. Andrew Allan, to Mr. Meredith, of the Bank of Montreal, will take place in September or October.  
 T. J. Finn, superintendent of the *Gazette* news room, was lately elected as delegate of the C. M. B. A. to the Supreme Council of the United States.  
 Dr. W. E. Fairfield, of Wequiock, Wis., was in town on his way to New York. He was a graduate of Bishop's, Lennoxville, in 1885, and twice gold medallist of that institution.  
 The council of the Toronto Board of Trade have decided to tender a reception to His Excellency the Governor-General upon the occasion of his first visit to that city at the opening of the Industrial Exhibition.  
 Sir John Macdonald has returned to Ottawa greatly improved in health by his sojourn by the sea. He was met at the depot by several friends and drove at once to his temporary residence on Daly street, where he will live until alterations at Earnsliffe are completed.  
 Florence Nightingale is now a patient at a London hospital, which she herself founded. It is said that she is suffering from an affection of the spine, which originated as long ago as the Crimean war, when she ministered so faithfully to the wants of the sick and wounded soldiers.

## MILITIA NEWS.

Colonel Frank Bond is just back from Wimbledon, and speaks highly of British hospitality to Canadians.  
 The 5th and 6th Brigade Districts are now snugly installed in the new and monumental Montreal Drill Hall.  
 Colonel Holmes, commandant of "C" battery, telegraphs that the battery has returned to Victoria from the Skeena river, the men all well.  
 The application of the Royal Scots to attend the Burns celebration in Albany, N. Y., has been refused by the Government. There is an order-in-council forbidding the militia in uniform to visit the United States.  
 The Dominion Rifle Association meeting, which opened at Ottawa on Monday, was the largest ever known. Teams were present from every province and from the territories, and entries poured into the secretary from all quarters.  
 Instructions from militia headquarters at Ottawa have been sent to make an estimate of the damage caused to the Bonsecours market, Montreal, by its occupation by the volunteers. The city had already appointed three experts, who estimated the damage at \$10,879.  
 A portable military railway, brought from France on the "Chateau Leoville," is on view at Montreal. The sections are about twenty feet in length. The supports are movable trucks on heavy planks. This portable line renders it possible to move heavy artillery over marches which would otherwise be impassable.  
 The correspondent of the *Toronto Mail* who interviewed Major-General Cameron upon his arrival in Kingston to take over the command of the Royal Military College, writes as follows:—"General Cameron is short in stature, sharp-featured, spectacled, and grey-haired. He has a moustache, but no whiskers. 'I was surprised,' he said, 'when I was offered command of the college. The offer was most unexpected. After I attended the Fisheries Commission in Washington I spent some time in travelling on the Continent, and was just about to take a house in Germany to settle down when the position was tendered to me, and I accepted it.' His children, of whom he has several, are now attending school in England. They, with Mrs. Cameron, will probably not come to Kingston until next year."

## LUNDY'S LANE.

As the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED was founded, in great measure, to promote the study of Canadian history, the fostering of the national feeling, and to assist in the building of monuments to worthy men and deeds, it takes pleasure in giving publicity to a scheme for a memorial to the Battle of Lundy's Lane, as set forth in the following Appeal to British Canadians:—

Seventy-three years ago General Brown, commanding the American forces, lay at Chippawa with 5,000 men. Riall lay at Lundy's Lane, whither, at 5.30 in the evening, came General Drummond from Toronto, by way of Queenston, with 800 regulars and militia. Brown had been threatening an attack with his whole force, and when Drummond arrived, Riall had already commenced a retreat, his advance guard, 800 strong, being already some distance away. Drummond promptly sent to recall them, and at once formed his line of battle. On the summit of the hill he planted a battery of five field guns, with two brass 24-pounders slightly in advance. In rear of the battery he posted the 89th Regiment, a detachment of the Royal Scots and the light companies of the 41st. The Glengarry Light Infantry held the right and the Canadian militia and a detachment of the 3rd Buffs the left, while a squadron of the 19th Light Dragoons were placed slightly in the rear. The enemy were already within 600 yards, the advance guard, consisting of Scott's brigade, being 2,000 strong, while Ripley's brigade, which soon joined, added 2,000 more, and Brown himself shortly arrived with another 1,000 men. From 5.30 until 9 o'clock Drummond fought the American forces, his cannon doing terrible execution, and his men standing firm, even when his left flank was flung back to the crest of the hill by sheer weight of numbers, and his gunners were being bayoneted as they worked their pieces. At the latter hour Riall's advance guard, which had been recalled, came up, and with it 400 militia, reënföring Drummond with 1,200 men. Then the battle raged with greater fury than ever. The moon shed a faint light that failed to pierce the battle smoke and was lost before the spouting flame of the artillery and the volleying musketry. By a desperate charge the Americans at length captured the battery and drove the British troops over the hill; but old Drummond threw off his hat, called his men, and with a grand cheer they swept back again over the hill, retook their own battery, and, capturing one gun of the enemy, turned it against the Americans. But the latter were not yet satisfied. Pushing their guns close up to Drummond's batteries, there ensued a cannon duel at a few paces, dealing wreck and ruin about in a horrible manner. But British cold steel was again brought into play, and at midnight, with the bayonet goading his sides, Brown reluctantly began his retreat, halting at Chippawa and finally falling back on Fort Erie. The battlefield was a terrible spectacle. Seventeen hundred men lay dead and wounded on the trampled and torn sod, while those unhurt were literally exhausted. The British loss was 870. The Americans had 930 killed and wounded and lost 300 prisoners.

The Battle of Lundy's Lane virtually ended the campaign of 1812-14. It is seventy-three years since. The battle-ground is there with its trenches of the slain and a few headstones to mark as many names and the occasion. That is all. No worthy monument appears to attest respect and to give honour to the memory of those heroic defenders of our soil, who fought and fell July 25, 1814. The graves are neglected and need restoration; the headstones, with very few exceptions, are inferior and are decayed.

The Warden and Council of the County of Welland have consented to act as an Executive and Trust Committee for the management of a fund, now solicited from Canadians, for the restoration of the military graves of 1814 and the erection of a monument at Lundy's Lane, which shall include the memory of the heroine, Mrs. Laura Secord, of that period, who died nineteen years ago, aged 93. The Lundy's Lane Historical Society will assist in giving information and in

promoting the patriotic work. The York Pioneers, of Toronto; the New Brunswick Historical Society, of St. John, N.B., have written letters of loyal sympathy on account of "The Lundy's Lane Battle Ground." From New Brunswick came a detachment of the 104th Regiment to fight under General Drummond.

Donations are now solicited for the "Lundy's Lane Fund." The Canadian militia no doubt will be among the first to aid it, as they were the first to promote the Brock's monument fund; and all loyal Canadians will aid by even small donations, made payable per P. O. order, or otherwise, to James McGlashan, Esq., Manager Imperial Bank at Welland (who is also County Treasurer of Welland, Ont.)



## Humorous.

"What's become of Sam Gratz, Jim?" "Well, sir, from the erect, proud young man of but one year ago, he has come down to pushing a baby carriage."

"I cannot sing the old songs,"  
 She shrieks with much ado;  
 And, if she wants to please us,  
 She'll skip the new ones, too.

"A tribe in the palm region of the Amazon cradles the young in palm leaves." In this country a palm also enters largely into the work of bringing up the young, but it is used more in thrashing than in cradling.

"Does the razor take hold well?" inquired a darkey who was shaving a gentleman from the country. "Yes," replied the customer, with tears in his eyes, "it takes hold first rate, but it don't let go worth a cent."

"I know I've got a vein of poetry in me, sir," confidently asserted the young man to the editor, "and all I want is a chance to bring it out. What would you suggest sir?"

"I think you had better see a doctor and have it lanced."

"I hear that you and your brother contested your father's will, Mr. Dollargon; did you break it?"

"I should say we did; broke everybody that had anything to do with the estate or the family, except the lawyers."

"You have a great deal of wind here, don't you?" inquired the tourist.

"Well, ye-es," said the native, "we have, but"—brightening up—"it doesn't belong here; it all comes from away up in the northwest, somewhere."

Countryman (looking over copy of "Æsop's Fables")—What's the price of this book, Mister?

Dealer—Fifty cents. Do you want a copy?

Countryman—No; the feller what wrote it has stole most of his ideas from the newspapers.

"I sell peppermints on Sunday," remarked a good old lady, who kept a chandler's shop, "because they carry 'em to church and eats 'em, and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you want pickles you must come week days. They are secular commodities."

A society item says that pet dogs are now clad in mantles with pockets for holding lumps of sugar, bracelets on their paws and a string of little silver bells around the neck. Thousands of neglected children missed a mighty good thing by not being born pet dogs.

In the country: "Miss Travis—O, here you are, Mr. De Smith! Mrs. Raynor says she lost the dinner horn and doesn't know how to get the men up to dinner. Suppose you go out and stand on the piazza. I think they could hear your necktie as far as the last meadow."

There is a youth who, everytime he wishes to get a glimpse of his adored one, plants himself beneath her window and yells "Fire." In the alarm of the moment she of course plunges her head out of the window and inquires where, when he thumps his breast and exclaims, "Here, here, my Caroline."

One day, at the table of Cardinal Richelieu, Bautru, seeking to amuse him, inquired of one of the strangers present—"Monsieur, excuse me, but how did they value asses in your country when you set forth?" The retort was an excellent one. "Those of your weight and size were priced at ten crowns."

"For her dear sake."—Wife—"John, your hair is coming out at a terrible rate."

Husband—"I know it is, my dear. I must do something for it at once."

Wife—"I wish you would, John, for my sake. You know how people will talk."

"Had your vacation yet, Jobkins?"

"Yes, four weeks—nice quiet time."

"Queer. Seems as if I had seen you around town all summer."

"Oh, I've been here, but my daughter has been off. The piano hasn't been opened for four weeks."