

The Dominion Illustrated.

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We are glad to announce that we have made arrangements with the well known house of John Haddon & Co., 3 and 4 Bouverie street, Fleet street, E.C., London, England, to be our representatives in Great Britain. They are authorized to receive subscriptions and to make contracts for advertising space. THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be kept on file by them, and they will be in a position to answer all enquiries relative to the publication.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

We are forming a joint stock company to own and publish this journal. Its success as a commercial enterprise is now beyond doubt. The reception given the paper by the Press and the Public has been enthusiastic. The subscription lists keep swelling day by day. The advertising is steadily improving and the outlook generally is excellent. We started the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with limited means, and have, single-handed, brought it to a period when the employment of additional capital is not only justified by the work done, the results achieved, and the certainty of success, but is required for the improvement, permanency and economic production of the paper. The proposed capital of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$100, a notable portion of which is already subscribed by good business men, whose names we are at liberty to communicate to intending investors. The limited time we can spare from the arduous labours connected with the publication does not allow us to call on, nor even to write to, the many friends and well-wishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, who may be both able and willing to assist in the enterprise. We therefore take this means of reaching them and asking them, as a particular favour, to send us their names, so that we may mail to them a detailed statement and prospectus. We would like to have shareholders all over the Dominion, and will be pleased to have applications for one share, five shares, or ten, from any of our friends. They will find it an investment that will be highly profitable and can only increase in value year by year. For prospectus and form of application, address the publishers.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON,
Montreal.

PERSONAL.

A London correspondent says that the name of the author of "She" is pronounced "Reeder Haggard," with the accent on "gard." Indeed!

Hon. Arthur Stanley, son of Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor-General, has left Ottawa for England, where he will fill a position in the Foreign Office.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says Bret Harte has a son just as lazy as himself, and able to write just as good poetry and borrow just as much money of his friends.

Mme. Albani is on the sea, making her way to Montreal, where she will appear in concert on January 26th and 29th. She is accompanied by a choice of artists, vocal and instrumental.

Sir John Macdonald began his 74th year, on the 11th inst., in the enjoyment of good health and buoyant spirits. He received despatches, letters and messages of congratulation from all parts of Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

At the Toronto Board of Trade yearly meeting, within hearing of the best men of the country, Hon. Mr. Mowat said, as will be seen in another column, these words, that should never be forgotten, as they contain the essence of Canadian patriotism: "I would rather be First Minister of Ontario than Governor of New York. I would rather be First Minister of Canada than President of the United States."



Some of the brick houses erected in England 200 years ago are so cemented together that the walls have to be blown down with gunpowder when the site is wanted for something modern. They knew how to build in those days. It is the self-same in the old towns of Canada and in New England. The walls of the houses were thick to fence out the cold and Indians. The log houses of the Southern and Western States, from Virginia and Kentucky to Missouri, were equally strong.

The *Petit Journal* of Paris states that a meeting of Panama canal bondholders have addressed a letter to M. de Lesseps offering him the chairmanship of a new canal company to be formed by shareholders in the present company. The *Journal* says the new company will have a capital of several million francs and will take over the concern from the old Panama company. We have always said that France, in some shape or other, will not forsake the Panama canal scheme, and will carry it through, as it did the Suez, in spite of the taunts and hostility of the world.

A large number of valuable manuscript documents relating to the early history of the country, which were in the possession of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, have been claimed by and handed over to the Provincial Government. That is right. No private society should be allowed to keep historical treasures which belong to the whole country. It is different here, however, in Montreal. We have three or four societies that do their own collections, without any thanks to the Government, and the latter, of course, must keep their hands off.

Good news. Instead of tearing down, enlightened men of science are unearthing the buried glories of the past, even if they have to remove families and modern houses to do it. The French School of Athens have discovered near the temple of the Ptoum Apollo a round building, six metres in diameter, which appears to be the Tholus of Apollo mentioned by Plutarch. Their excavations at Delphi will begin as soon as the inhabitants have been transferred to another locality. The houses to be demolished will cost the French and Greek Governments some 60,000 francs.

That contemplation and study, allied to temperance, lead to old age, is a matter of ancient history. St. Anthony lived to the age of 105 years on mere bread and water, adding only a few herbs at last; James, the hermit, to 104; Arsenius, tutor to the Emperor Arcadius, to 120—65 in the world and 55 in the desert, to which he retired during the persecution of the early Christians; St. Epiphanius to 115; St. Jerome to about 100; Simeon Stylites to 70; and Romualdus to 120. And Lewis Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman, after he had used all other remedies in vain, so that his life was despaired of at 49, yet recovered, and lived, by mere force of his temperance, to near 100 years.

Why, even Rider Haggard, who is always teaching a benighted world something new, has become a vegetarian. He found by experiment that he could work longer and to better effect on a meatless diet than when he indulged freely in beef and

mutton. He has become a convert to the theory that the imagination becomes more active when the body abstains from animal nourishment.

One of the secrets of the great Napoleon's success was the practical bent of his mind. He would not read his letters until they were six weeks old, by which time events had answered most of them. A Yankee wag asks whether this would not be a good scheme to try on the January bills? Private letters Napoleon wrote freely, however, but his handwriting was so wretched that only Josephine could make it out.

The Chinook winds of the Northwest are a meteorological mystery and blessing. They rise from the Rocky Mountains and flow over the east of the Regina Plain; down in the northern valleys of the Peace and Mackenzie Rivers; all along the Saskatchewan to the northeast, till its waters all reach Hudson's Bay by the Nelson at York Factory. Throughout this vast territory the Chinooks make their presence felt by constantly recurring visits during the inclement season of the year, and to these visits are due the mildness and comparatively high temperature of the winter, rendering life in the open air not only possible but enjoyable for man and beast.

Mr. Whittier's attention was lately called to the lines from his "Snow Bound":

"Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and sump
In trapper's hut and Indian camp."

And he was asked if he had ever visited that beautiful lake, and he said he had not, for he was not much of a traveller. He had never been further south than Maryland, further west than Pennsylvania and not so far north as Canada. His allusion to Lake Memphremagog, which lies one-third in Vermont and two-thirds in Canada, Mr. Whittier explained by relating a journey of his father into that country, and his funny experience with an Indian who was fond of rum.

The old teachers used to tell us that the child's first untaught word is ever, in all tongues, the call on the mother—"Ma." But it is not so. A society of learned Frenchmen lately tested the matter. Two infants were chosen and isolated with a deaf and dumb woman, who lived alone in the Alps, surrounded by her sheep and chickens. After six years the children and nurses were brought before the schoiars, who were on the tip-toe of expectation as to the result; when lo! not a word could either of the children utter, but most perfectly could they imitate the crowing of the cock, the cackling of a hen, and the bleating of sheep.

Principal Grant, in reply to an address from his Kingston friends, writes these cheery words: "Though at home in the great cities under the Southern Cross, you can well understand the warmer feelings that the sight of Vancouver awakened. Sixteen years before I had stood on the shores of the beautiful inlet on which it is built. Then, seas of mountains declared impassable, trackless prairies and forests pronounced unfit for settlement and impracticable for railways, separated me from my own fireside. Now, I arranged by telegraph the day and the hour on which I could breakfast in Ottawa and dine in Kingston. In less than six days I crossed the continent, seeing signs of life, of progress, and all the promise of a mighty future. Not far from the grain elevator and the mill, everywhere stood the church and the school. *Laus Deo!*"