

rates would be the result of their enforced burial. The *Architect and Builder* suggests the adoption of a neat and safe pole line and waterproof insulation (from the lack of which arises the danger). Civic authorities should, therefore, insist on the burial of all low tension wires, and compel electric light companies to erect safe and sightly overhead lines, until they too are able to operate the underground system with economy. In that way, our contemporary thinks, the question might be satisfactorily solved.

No testimony to the desirableness of the North-West as a field for the emigrant, whether from Eastern Canadian or English visitor, has been so enthusiastically outspoken as that which "Eli Perkins," the well-known American journalist, has rendered after a recent visit. A region of 200,000,000 acres, he writes; a region as large as two Dakotas, Iowa, and Nebraska; a region of wondrous fertility and salubrity, and of a climate which, at the central point, averages 35° between November and March, still awaits the population that is to till it and to dress it. A great portion of that region is north of the boundary line. "Do you want a farm?" he asks of his clientèle, the American public. If so, he says, write to the Government land agent at Winnipeg, who will send you pamphlets and maps, indicating the best districts for a homestead, and will also send you letters of introduction to sub-agents all along the line of the C. P. R., who, in turn, will assign you free farms of 160 acres in their respective districts. "I have been simply astonished," wrote the same enterprising journalist to the *N. Y. World*, "at the natural wealth along the entire line of the C. P. R. The miracle of Guthrie has been eclipsed by Vancouver, which has grown into a city of 16,000 in three years." Wherever he went the surprise and delight were the same. "There is no poor soil along the C. P. R." And then the mineral wealth and the scenery, the mountains, the forests of cedars, the mighty rivers, with their majestic canyons. The North-West and British Columbia are the veritable wonderland.

It is a good sign when a country's public and professional men have a taste for letters and find time to gratify it. In this respect Canada, if it cannot set itself up in comparison with its great motherlands, has, at least, not forgotten their good examples. The list of our statesmen, barristers, (including occupants of the Bench), and members of the Civil Service, who have engaged with credit in the pursuit of one or other branch of literature, is not altogether unworthy of our origins, traditions and destinies. The palm belongs, we believe, to our French compatriots, some of whose most distinguished *littérateurs* have also reached high positions in political life. The *doyen* of the literary guild in this province (as Mr. Lighthall reminds us in the "Songs of the Great Dominion") is the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau. How little the burden of years has impaired the clearness of his mind or the silver fluency of his tongue, was made opportunely evident by his oration on the inauguration of the Cartier-Brebœuf statue. The mastery of language, the scholarly thought, the exuberant patriotism, the veneration for the mysteries of religion, which impressed the vast audience gathered on the banks of the historic Lairet, were the same that had thrilled and delighted an elder generation around the tomb of Garneau.

While the "Old man eloquent" is thus, with pristine vigour and learned grace, appealing to the

piety and patriotism of his people in presence, as it were, of the very cradle of New France, a younger son of Canada, who has served his country in the highest position to which one of its citizens can aspire, has been laying before his enlightened compatriots the treasures of a more recent, but not less significant, past—the story of Canadian (as distinguished from French or British) conquest in the North-West. In our last issue (No. 52) we gave an inadequate summary of the events covered by the Hon. ex-Governor Masson's admirable work. "Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest" is not only a credit to the learned and estimable author, it is invaluable to the student of our history.

A NEW YEAR.

With this number the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED enters on its second year, and, as may be seen in the proper place, a change has taken place in the title of the administration. The Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company will henceforth assume all the duties and responsibilities of the firm of G. E. Desbarats & Son, Mr. G. E. Desbarats holding the position of Managing Director. To what we have already said as to the aims of the periodical—aims indicated in its name—and the manner in which the publishers have endeavoured to carry them out, there is little to add. We shall continue to do our best to make the journal a fair and full representation of the natural wealth, scenery, places of historic interest, sporting facilities, health resorts and public and private enterprise of the Dominion. But this task we can discharge worthily only when we are assured of the sympathy and co-operation of the authorities and people of the Dominion. We appeal, therefore, to the patriotic devotion of all to whom these lines may come to assist us in our undertaking, which, we feel assured, only needs fair play to render it of real and enduring benefit to our great country. We promise to do our part, and if our readers and the public only do theirs, our combined efforts are sure to be fruitful.

CARTIER-BREBŒUF.

The celebration of the National Festival this year will be memorable in the history of the French-Canadian people. The erection of a monument to Jacques Cartier on the very spot where he wintered more than three centuries and a-half ago, was the happy conception of M. Amedée Robitaille, President of the St. Jean Baptiste Society of Quebec. The idea had often before, doubtless, occurred to patriotic Canadians. It is now about forty-five years since, through the exertions of the late Mr. F. B. Faribault, an enthusiast for all that concerned our historic past, the Mayor of St. Malo collected a mass of interesting information bearing on the career of his distinguished townsman, of whom all Bretons, and all Malouins especially, are justly proud. Not the least valuable of the gifts that were then conferred on Canada was a copy of the famous portrait of the illustrious explorer, so familiar to later generations. We, who see those features under so many different circumstances,—on bank bills, in advertisements, and as simple ornamentation, can have no notion of the surprise and delight with which its advent to these shores was hailed by Mr. Faribault and his friends nearly half a century ago. Nevertheless, though familiar, the lineaments of the brave mariner, to whom Canada owes so much, have lost nothing by frequent reproduction. It was meet

that the pioneer hero of the Canadian people should be a well-known figure to every Canadian child. No school boy or school girl has to-day to be told for what reason the representatives of Church and State, of business and professional life, of agriculture and manufacturing industry, gathered in such numbers at Quebec on the 24th ult. and following days. When they heard or read the impassioned periods of Abbé Paquet, his outbursts of sacred eloquence and appeals to the higher sentiments of patriotism; when they listened to or perused the glowing tribute of that veteran statesman and man of letters, the Hon. Dr. Chauveau, to the glories of the past, and especially to the spirit of noble enterprise and pious zeal which impelled the explorer and the missionary to abandon the ease of home for the trials and dangers of the ocean and the wilderness, they knew that the centre of so much admiration and merited praise was that very Jacques Cartier whose face they had known so well, whose attitude and thoughtful expression have so often excited their wonder. It is well for a people, when it has heroes so great and so good, that the children may be permitted without fear to exhaust their curiosity in asking about their lives. To such a type of heroism Cartier essentially belonged. His career makes a capital boy's story—lacking no element of interest, novelty in scene and character, perils by land and sea, the dramatic conflict of motive. But its interest is a hundred fold increased when it is remembered that his romantic voyages and discoveries, his bold navigation of strange waters, his interviews with the denizens of the forest, his unfailing observance of religious duty, his naming of places after the festivals of the Church, his setting up of the Cross and the arms of France, thus giving all who might come after him to understand that his royal master was already in possession of the region—that all these records of valour and skill and successive adventure, form the opening chapter in the history of Canada and the Canadian people.

It so happened that the same storied spot on the banks of the Lairet, where Cartier and his companions had spent the winter of 1635-36, was, at a later stage in our annals, the chosen home of the missionaries who came to evangelize the Indians. Of the roll of honour of these martyrs and confessors, one name was selected to serve, in conjunction with that of Cartier, for the commemoration of Religion's share in the building up of the Canadian people. Thus the two names—Cartier-Brebœuf—stand for what is most characteristic in the settlement, growth, and expansion of the French race on this continent, the union of religious enthusiasm with exploring enterprise. If we follow the traces of their advance from point to point westward and northward and southward, over the as yet untrodden expanse of North America, we shall seldom find the black robe long in the rear of the adventurer, and we shall often find him indicating the way, which the trader, the soldier or the man of science was subsequently to make his own. The story of her missions is and will ever remain a most salient and glorious feature in the development of New France. What a train of thought is suggested by that concourse of last week on that spot of clustering memories! In the New World our shrines are few, and the spirit of new-world life is not favorable to their preservation. But Quebec and its vicinity abound in vestiges of the past. Every footstep one treads is haunted by association with names and deeds that are historic.