



LADY STANLEY.—Lady Stanley, of Preston, whose portrait graces the present issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, K. G., who died in 1870. Her brothers are the present Earl of Clarendon, Colonel George Villiers, Grenadier Guards, late Military Secretary to the Governor-General of India, and now Military Attaché at Berlin, and Francis Villiers, in the Diplomatic Service. The Countess of Latham and Lady Amphill, the widow of the late Lord Amphill, better known as Lord Odo Russell, are sisters of Lady Stanley. Her Ladyship's father was ambassador at Madrid, and successively Lord Privy Seal, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and three times Foreign Secretary in the British Government. Her Ladyship married Colonel Honourable F. A. Stanley, M. P., Grenadier Guards, now His Excellency Lord Stanley of Preston, in 1864, and became the mother of ten children, nine of whom are still living. Her eldest son, Edward, who is expected shortly in Canada to take up the duties of A. D. C. to his father, is a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, from which regiment His Excellency has selected the whole of his staff. The son's engagement to Lady Alice Montagu, daughter of the Duke of Manchester, has just been announced. Lady Stanley has one daughter, a pretty girl of about fourteen years of age. There are three ladies in Canada with their Excellencies—the Honourable Mrs. Colville, wife of the Military Secretary and sister of Captain Streatfield, who was Military Secretary to Lord Lansdowne; Mrs. Bagot, wife of Captain Bagot, Private Secretary, and Miss Lister, Lady Stanley's cousin. The hostess of Rideau Hall seems to enter thoroughly into every phase of Canadian life, and to make herself quite at home amongst all classes of Canadians. She has accompanied her husband wherever he has been since their arrival in the Dominion, and has worked indefatigably to make herself acquainted with all the institutions and features of our great Dominion. On the other hand, Lady Stanley may rely on the constant welcome, the esteem and the affection of Canadian families throughout the Dominion, as her gracious predecessors, Lady Duferin, Princess Louise, and Lady Lansdowne before her.

HON. J. G. HAGGART.—The new Postmaster-General, although still in the prime of life, is an old parliamentarian, having first tried his fortunes for the Ontario Legislature in 1867—the year of Confederation. He is of Scotch parentage, and was born at Perth, Ontario, on the 14th November, 1836. For several years he was chief magistrate of Perth, where he is a well-to-do mill owner. He entered the Dominion Parliament in 1872 for South Lanark, and has been returned consecutively ever since through five electoral contests. His Parliamentary services have been steady, and his use to his party of such avail that he was taken into the Cabinet last summer as head of the vast department of the Post Office.

MOUNT CARROLL, WITH SNOWSHED.—In the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of the 22nd September, No. 12, we published a view of Mount Carroll, of the mighty Selkirk range. To-day we give another view of surpassing boldness and wildness, a mass of rock towering a mile and a quarter above the railway in almost vertical height, its numberless pinnacles piercing the very zenith. Its base is but a stone's-throw distant, and it is so sheer, so bare and stupendous, and yet so near, that one is overawed by a sense of immensity and mighty grandeur. This is the climax of mountain scenery!—In passing before the face of this gigantic precipice, the line clings to the base of Hermit Mt., and, as the station at Roger's Pass is neared, its clustered spires appear, facing those of Mt. Carroll, and nearly as high. These two matchless mountains were once apparently united, but some great convulsion of nature has split them asunder, leaving barely room for the railway. All of the difficulties of the railway from snow in the winter occur between Bear Creek and the summit on the east and for a similar distance on the west slope of the Selkirks, and these have been completely overcome by the construction, at vast expense, of sheds, or more properly tunnels, of massive timber work. These are built of heavy squared cedar timber, dove-tailed and bolted together, backed with rock, and fitted into the mountain sides in such a manner as to bid defiance to the most terrific avalanche. At the foot of Mount Carroll is built what is called Snowshed No. 1.

WEST OTTERTAIL MOUNTAIN.—We are here on the western slope of the famous Kicking Horse Pass, so praised by the exploring engineers. The valley is formed by the Wapta or Kicking Horse river. At the left the highest peaks of the Ottetail Mts. rise abruptly to an immense height; and, looking south, a magnificent range of peaks extends in orderly array toward the southeast as far as the eye can reach. These are the Beaverfoot Mts. At the right, Mt. Hunter pushes his huge mass forward like a wedge between the Ottetail and Beaverfoot ranges. The river turns abruptly against his base and plunges into the lower Kicking Horse canyon. The names Ottetail and Beaverfoot are beautiful, and it requires no great stretch of the traveller's eye to acknowledge the truth of the red man's fancy in thus calling them.

JACK ASHORE.—We have no hesitation in saying that our readers have not had the pleasure of seeing a finer picture than this in any of the foregoing numbers. At first sight it might answer for the scene of meeting of Little Em'ly and Steerforth, on the Yarmouth sands, only the handsome rascal that blighted the home of the Peggottys was not clad in sailor's garb, nor bore the manly heart of honest Jack. There is no tragedy here, only the sweet story of love, under the brooding heavens, and in sight and sound of the summer sea. The two old hulks, at right angles to each other, with their thatched roofs and dangling shutters, the dismantled hulls in the offing, and the spars and canvas on the level beach, form the framework, and are the silent witnesses of the sweet interview after the long cruise. Jack is arrayed at his best, in regulation trouser, jacket and cap, dashed to one side; cape spread, with woman's taste, around his neck and shoulders; his left hand resting on his hip, while his right, behind his back, holds a willow wand, looped at end, like a lover's knot. The sailor boy is well to look upon, but what shall we say of Susan? Full in the midst of the picture is she, seated on a wicker chair, in white apron, stomacher and coif, mending a snow-white net, the work forsooth of her own skilful fingers, and as delicate as lace. Susan is listening to Jack's tale of the sea, pending the sweeter hour of sunset when they shall talk of something else that is nearer to their hearts. The girl's face is one of wholesome English beauty, full of health and soul, as we often see them on the storm-beaten coasts of the Serpentine.

MANITOBA RAILWAY WAR.—Once more we are enabled to give our readers the first and only pictorial history of the railway warfare between the Manitoba Government and the Canadian Pacific. The photographs from which the sketches are made were taken on the grounds and sent us. The first represents a C. P. R. engine across the North Pacific and Manitoba, showing the extension on the Portage la Prairie side, of the C. P. R. track. The second shows the C. P. R. engine, the C. P. R. special police, the "Fence," and the hand car on the N. P. & M. The third gives the C. P. R. running two engines down the track to the crossing of the N. P. & M. The fourth shows the C. P. R. engine just dumped alongside the first, of which the cabin and smoke stack can be seen on the farther side.

CANOE LAKE.—This drawing, by T. Mower Martin, R.C.A., represents the southern entrance to Canoe Lake, which is situated on the south branch of the Muskoka River, something over a hundred miles north of Lake of Bays, where the settlements may be said to end. As it is so far away and unapproachable, except by canoes, it is still in its original wild state, and is noted as being the centre of a good hunting and trapping district, where bear, mink, otter, fisher, and even beaver, are still to be found. The artist camped on the point to the left of the picture, finding on his arrival a fresh moose track along the sandy beach, which he followed some distance without success. While camping there a deer hunt by wolves took place, the deer taking the water back of the point. Immediately on reaching the lake the old wolves of the party pulled up short, knowing it was waste of time and energy to go farther, but the young and inexperienced ones dashed into the water and struck out for fifty or a hundred yards, when they gave up in despair.

LA CLOCHE MOUNTAINS.—After calling at the Hudson's Bay post of La Cloche in travelling toward Garden River and the Sau't, the steamer passes by almost innumerable islands, mostly covered with trees, pine, spruce and birch predominating. On looking back toward the mountains, the spectator is struck with the wonderful difference the perpetually changing foreground makes in the pictures presented, while the barren, gloomy La Cloche Mountains remain much the same, until, turning of a deeper and deeper neutral blue, they sink behind the islands and are things of the past.

LITERARY NOTES.

A second edition of "Fleur de Lys," by Arthur Weir, is shortly to be published. This is the best proof of popular favour.

Three Rivers is going to have a new bi-weekly paper, called *Le Trifluvien*, to be thoroughly Conservative in principles of church and statecraft.

The *Index of Current Events* is the name of a new weekly published by Mr. Henry Dalby, of the *Star*, for the purposes of research. It will be found invaluable for editorial work.

Arthur Weir is receiving substantial honours. Five of his poems and a biographical sketch of two pages' length have appeared in the eleventh series of Edwards' "Modern Scottish Poets," just out. We shall give further particulars next week.

A little book entitled "The Battle of the Swash and the Capture of Canada," something in the style of "The Battle of Dorking," has been issued in the United States by Samuel Barton. It gives an account, supposed to be written in 1930, of the bombardment and destruction of the city of New York by a British fleet in May, 1890.

Special attention is called to the sketch in this issue entitled "The Drunkard's Daughter," modestly signed "H. C." From a wide experience the editor is bold to say that a better piece of satirical writing, with an ending of God's own benediction upon the repentant and reformed, has never come under his eye. "H. C.'s" story is a little masterpiece.

RECEPTION TO LORD STANLEY IN TORONTO

BY THE LANCASHIRE LADS AND LASSES.

On Tuesday, 11th September, at about 5.30 p. m., the Vice-Regal party drove from the Public Library to Linden Villa, the residence of Ald. Hallam, to receive an address from the Lancashire Lads and Lasses.

Here an agreeable surprise awaited the distinguished visitors. As Lord and Lady Stanley, accompanied by Miss Lister and Col. Colville, his aide-de-camp, alighted from their carriage a splendid brass band struck up "God save the Queen." As they passed under a beautiful floral arch bearing these devices, "Welcome," "Stanley for Ever," "Prosperity to Lancashire," "Our Queen and Country," "Canada our Home," they were met by Ald. Hallam, Mr. Henry W. Neville, Mr. David Smith and Mr. Owen, who escorted the party through a regular avenue of people all of whom watched the procession with uncovered heads.

His Lordship was led to a neat little dais richly carpeted and adorned with exotics and deep-coloured foliage plants. On this were three seats provided for Lord and Lady Stanley and Miss Lister.

As soon as they were seated handsome bouquets were presented to Lady Stanley and Miss Lister by two of the alderman's children, Annie and Douglas Hallam, each receiving a kiss from the pleased recipients. After three ringing cheers for the Governor-General, Alderman Hallam read the following address which was artistically illuminated and engrossed on vellum with designs emblematic of the trade and commerce of Lancashire.

THE LANCASHIRE ADDRESS.

To His Excellency the Right Honourable Sir Frederick Arthur Stanley, G. C. B., Baron Stanley of Preston, Governor-General of Canada, etc., etc.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY:

We, the undersigned, on behalf of the Lancashire lads and lasses residing in Toronto and vicinity, have much pleasure in tendering to you and Lady Stanley a most hearty welcome to our midst.

We are delighted that her Majesty, our beloved Queen, has for the first time appointed as Governor-General of our Dominion of Canada a Lancashire nobleman, a scion of the ancient and distinguished house of Stanley.

We beg to assure your Excellency that we have found a good home in Canada, that we are happy and contented, proud of our adopted country, and though far away from dear old England, that we have not lost any of our love or veneration for our native land and her time-honoured institutions.

We desire through you to express to her Majesty our devoted loyalty to her crown and person, and our earnest prayer that she may long continue, in harmony and peace with all nations, to reign over that vast Empire on which the sun never sets.

Again extending to your Excellency a cordial Lancashire welcome on the occasion of your first visit to the Queen City of the West, we bespeak for you a prosperous and successful term of office during your administration as her Majesty's representative over the Dominion of Canada.

THE REPLY.

Lord Stanley, in reply, said:

MR. HALLAM, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I am extremely indebted to you for the kindness of your address. I cannot find words to express my feelings of gratitude. The Governor-General of this Dominion is supposed to be an absolutely impartial being, one who knows neither class, nor nationality, nor politics.

A Lancashire Lad—You are a good old Tory. (Laughter and applause.)

Lord Stanley—But notwithstanding all this there are times one cannot disassociate himself from early recollections, and when not even the most rigid constitutionalist can say that he is in error. On this occasion there is in my heart a warm response to the kindly greetings from my Lancashire friends. (Applause.) A great many people seem to form their ideas of Lancashire from those who come from Wigan or Warrington on a wet day. (Laughter.) Now it does seem a difficult problem to solve why it is that every Lancashire man has such a strong devotion for his country. I have often tried to solve it but failed; and I find that it is just as strong here as it is in Lancashire. Distance is disappearing more and more every day by means of the steam-boat and railroad, and we may be said to be very much nearer our old homes now than we would be years ago. I am prompted to say that Lancashire men have the genius of coming to the front and holding their own no matter where they are to be found. With all diffidence to the Mayor and the other gentlemen who are not as favoured in this respect as we are—(laughter)—I say that those two qualifications