

The Dominion Illustrated.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is published simultaneously in MONTREAL and in TORONTO. MESSRS. ALEX. S. MACRAE & SON are in charge of the Toronto office, 127 Wellington street west where they will continue to receive subscriptions and advertisements, and attend to our interests in Western Ontario.

We solicit sketches, drawings and photographs from all parts of Canada. We want to illustrate every part of the Dominion; but must have the coöperation of those who have the material at hand.

Subscribers wanted everywhere at \$4.00 a year, or \$1.00 for three months, payable in advance. Special terms to clubs, and a handsome commission to canvassers. For further particulars apply to the Montreal or Toronto office.

Correspondents sending manuscripts which they wish returned, if not accepted, are requested to enclose stamps for return postage.

Our Toronto friends are informed that we are engraving a fine group of the Council of the Toronto Board of Trade; also, a large composition photograph, giving portraits of all the members of the Ontario Legislature, Cabinet Ministers and Lieutenant-Governors since Confederation.

We are also preparing views of the recent type-writing contest held in Toronto; engravings of St. James' Cathedral, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, and other places of interest in the Queen City, to be published in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, together with the above-mentioned groups, during the forthcoming exhibition.



Canadians stare, as if unbelieving, and Americans shrug their shoulders, with a sneer of lip, when told that the territorial size of the Dominion of Canada is greater than that of the United States. Yet here are the figures: The Australian colonies have an area of 3,075,000 square miles; the total area of the British Empire is 9,001,986 square miles. The United States of America, including Alaska, have an area of 3,603,844 square miles. The area of Canada, exclusive of Newfoundland, is 3,610,257.

Comparisons are always invidious, and it is not in accordance with good taste to make them, either with nations or with individuals; but, in view of the Americanizing tendencies of certain leading papers in the several provinces, it is well to state, with all the earnestness of truth, that, in no single phase of social or private life, have we anything to learn of our neighbours. A Chicago paper handles the point without mincing: "In twelve months more murders and murderous assaults are committed in the saloons on South State and South Clark streets, in this city, on the first day of the week, than are committed in the whole of Canada in 365 days."

A dry goods man, who keeps track, from year to year, of the punctuality and degree of help given by his 1,600 employed hands, says that the best women are more faithful than the best men,

but that the mean record of the men is much above that of the women. In certain branches of work and trade women are better fitted than men, but when the sum total is cast, the conclusion is viewed with regret that the artificial needs of modern life should force women to toil outside of their own roof-tree.

This is specially true of factories where men and women work side by side, and very young women are thrown into contact with men, from morning till evening, and even after the hours of toil. The evidence given before the Royal Labour Commission, now in the hands of the printers, will open the eyes of honest people. Though the subject was handled gently, and rather by insinuation than otherwise, enough was told to prove the thousand pities that there is such a mingling of the younger sexes.

Man is not essentially carnivorous, and yet he will eat meat whenever he can get it. To say nothing of the Scotsman, bred on oatmeal; the Frenchman and German, who have meat on Sundays only; the Italian and Spaniard, who live on fruit and olives—look at our own Blackfoot runner. He lived, in the bison days, almost wholly on stringed meat and maize. He could stand more hardship than any whiteman, and was known to tramp 300 miles, over the worse trails, in four days, breaking down the horses that had started with him.

If it is the best show of wisdom to hearken unto the words of the wise, we may well weigh what the General Manager of the Bank of Montreal has to say on the present business and money situation. He holds that what we want is a period of rest and freedom from anxiety as to any great or revolutionary fiscal changes, so that we may have the opportunity of consolidating and building up the many and diverse industries which have sprung up within the past ten years.

There is a standing objection to reformatories—be they called gaols, schools or refuges—in that they are penal, and the working classes are all dead against them because they put penal work in competition with their own. It is different with the industrial schools which have been established in several parts—here at Montreal; at Mimico, in Ontario; at Halifax, and even in the younger provinces. There the lads are taught a trade, whereby they may later earn an honest livelihood and set up a comfortable home.

The paltry and selfish way in which the majority of *two* in the United States Senate, backed by the leading papers of their party, have managed the whole debate and the final vote on the Fisheries Treaty, has brought several of our Canadian papers to change their tone in regard to this question, which they came, at length, to view as a national one. The *Globe* led with its wonted strength in this defence of the rights of Canada, and other journals have followed in its wake. It is a good mark that betokens the living force of Canadian patriotism.

If proof were wanted of the need of a field for literary and artistic production, such as is furnished by the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, it would be found in the columns of fantasy, entitled "Vaux de Vire," which appear in the present issue. The letter press is by one of the leading literary men of the Dominion, John Hunter Duvar, of Prince Edward Island, and it is from his own clever drawings that our artist has made the

sketches which embellish the text. As an intellectual and æsthetic treat, we take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the contribution.

Hardly less interesting, and confirming the same train of thought, is the poem addressed to Wilfrid Chateaucclair, author of the "Young Seigneur," by Mr. John Reade, published in this number. The editor welcomes his time-honoured friend the more readily, as it gives him the chance of showing his readers a sample of the perfect sonnet—the breadth of grasp, the loftiness of thought, and the thorough music of rhyme and metre, which, notwithstanding the rise of a number of clever writers within the past decade, leave the author of "The Prophecy of Merlin" still *facile princeps* among Canadian poets.

THE WEALTH OF OUR FRUIT.

The season is far enough on to enable us to make an estimate of the fruit crop throughout the Dominion. Time was, and not so very long ago, when this source of food, industry and revenue was of poor account, but of late years an extraordinary impulse has been given to it, and it is safe to say that, outside of distinctly tropical fruit, Canada is quite able to supply itself with the luscious offspring of tree, bush and vine. Fruit grows in every part of the country, but there are several favoured regions, with reputations unsurpassed even by the treasures of the Rochester Valley, the gardens of Maryland, or the laden slopes of California. Our Niagara district, with the neighbouring stretches on the Erie shore, have been aptly described as the Paradise of Ontario, with a richness and variety of fruit, even the smallest, which betoken some of the most fertile soil and some of the finest climate in the world. The valley of Annapolis and Grandpré, in Nova Scotia—the classic land of Evangeline—are equally renowned, especially for their toothsome apples, while the Island of Prince Edward and the County of Prince Edward, clustered around Picton, on the Bay of Quinte, are aglow with the hues and fragrant with the smells of the daintiest flowers and fruits. Despite its name for cold weather, the old Province of Quebec quite holds its own in these same products, as the great exhibitions in this city invariably show. The Côte Beaupré is one long range of orchards, swinging over the St. Lawrence; the Eastern Townships—rightly called the Garden of the Province—the Argenteuil Valley and the Island of Montreal, are all prolific of fruit exactly adapted to the peculiar conditions of the climate. Canada has the finest table apple in the world, and it is not generally known that the Island of Montreal, and, notably, the Royal Mountain behind it, yields the best of these—the Fameuses—giving rise to the theory that there is the original *habitat* of this great fruit. Cherries and plums are grown in plenty and with science, bearing a special flavour that recalls their ancient importation from France. All the varieties of berries are also to be found—with the exception of the black-berry—which cannot be had in Canada, of the sweet, melting taste of the Southern or Middle States, from Pennsylvania to Missouri. The special Canadian berry is the blueberry, the Saguenay variety of which cannot be excelled in any market. With regard to Canadian grapes, not grown under glass, but beneath our elevated blue skies, the improvement within the past fifteen years is something approaching the marvellous.