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Our New York Letter.

November in New York corresponds to the English May in the matter of picture galleries. An important collection of art objects, as well as pictures, has been opened this week at the Union League Club, the *tour de force* in which is the Boughton collection, which attracts the greatest attention. The American Art Gallery's exhibition, like most other exhibitions, contains good, bad and indifferent. The feature of the show is a most astounding set of daubs by Baron Harden Hickey, or some such name, representing the parallel scenes in the lives of Christ and Buddha—each picture being a double one, divided by a line down the centre like a stereoscopic slide. For staring bold faced daubs this series has never been approached by the mildest flights of the New England Art Club. And experts in Religiology (if one may coin the word), pronounce the subject matter as hopelessly incorrect as the drawing. In miracles and other episodes, according to Baron Harden Hickey, our Saviour seems to be simply a second edition of Buddha—revised. Indeed the Baron's pictures of Buddha remind one of a discussion I had with the sacristan of Santa Croce, the so called Westminster Abbey of Florence, second in repute of all the Franciscan churches. He had been showing me, in the monastic building, behind the church, pictures of St. Francis performing nearly every miracle of our Lord, from the feeding of the four thousand downwards. "But you have not yet shown me the crucifixion of St. Francis," I said, as he was showing me out. He shook his head. "They have the crucifixion of St. Dominic at St. Maria Novello," I said, departing from the truth to hear what he would say. But the good man was not argumentative—only saddened. He had never been in the famous Dominican church, though he was sixty years old, and he believed me and felt that the Dominicans had gone one better.

The *Tribune*, a paper I very much like, which, thanks to G. W. Smalley, is generally pretty well informed about English affairs (except in election times, when a certain vote has to be considered), has this astounding *multum in parvo* of ignorance in this morning's issue: "The *Prime Minister of Australia* suggests the forming of an Australian nation; the movement of Home Rule in Ireland is daily growing stronger, and leading Canadian newspapers advocate annexation with the United States. If England wants to avoid trouble from all these scattered dependencies, it might give them up voluntarily and confine its government to the little tight island in the channel." Really Mr. Smalley ought to see this. What's the good of publishing

his letter in a paper in which the editor does not know—what any schoolboy ought to know—that on the mainland of Australia alone there are five separate and independent colonies. What would Victorians have to say to Sir Henry Parkes being *Prime Minister of Australia*? Secondly, the whole of the Gladstonian party, from the good old man himself downwards, have been most unfortunate in the art of conveying impressions, if Home Rule means separation. Thirdly, there is no paper of the smallest importance in Canada which advocates annexation to the United States. The Liberal Premier of Ontario told me that he did not know of a single constituency throughout the length and breadth of Canada which could be contested on the annexation ticket, and I really don't see how the most enthusiastic advocate of the Home Rule movement could call Ireland a "scattered dependency."

Edmund Clarence Stedman, the famous poet and critic, has been chosen to fill the first course for the new chair of poetry, created in the John Hopkins University, by the liberality of Mr. Lawrence Turnbull. He will lecture on the Poetic Art rather than on individual instances.

Richard Henry Stoddard is to write the preface to the American edition of Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of the World" to be brought out almost immediately by Funk and Wagnalls, which will be published simultaneously in the Sunday issue of the New York *Herald*.

At the last meeting of the Author's Club, Bill Nye, the humourist, told a capital story. He said that when he and James Whitcombe Riley went South in their lecturing tours they never took any new "live" jokes with them, but hunted through witters as old as Douglas Jerrold for all the most notorious "chestnuts" they could find, the particular delight of the inhabitants in small Southern towns being to recognize a joke and tell the lecturer afterwards that it was in that very town that it happened. I need hardly add that this is a libel, though it is very funny.

There is not much news about the Canadian colony this week. Dr. Ferguson, Professor of Pathology at the Brooklyn Hospital, who was a nine-days wonder last year, when brought to the bar for the dissection of Mr. Washington Irving Bishop, has just returned from his honeymoon to a house in 38th street, that is hardly to be matched by any house its size, even in New York, for the exquisite daintiness of its furniture. The big Cape Breton Islander has married a daughter of Mr. Armour, one of the partners in the great pork-packing house of Chicago and Kansas City.

Bliss Carman, the young New Brunswick poet, who was fortunate enough to succeed poor John Eliot Bowen as literary editor of the *Independent*, has taken up a flat with Ed-

mund Collins, the Newfoundlander, who made a name for himself in Canada.

C. G. D. Roberts, the Nova Scotian poet, was in New York for a day or two this week on his way to deliver the address in the Tremont Temple at Boston before the Maritime Provincials settled there.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Miss Helen Gregory on Her Travels.

Miss Helen Gregory, M.A., Mus. Bac., who contributed several bright and readable letters to THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED last year is now on her way to Japan. The *World*, of Vancouver, says of her arrival in that city: Among the passengers by the Abyssinia on her next trip to Japan will be Miss Helen E. Gregory, M.A., Mus. Bac., of Trinity University, Toronto, who, by the way, is the first lady on whom the degree of Master of Arts has been conferred by that University. Miss Gregory arrived yesterday, and will spend a few days in becoming acquainted with British Columbian scenes and topics. She has just completed an extensive tour through Manitoba and the North-West Provinces, visiting some of the Norwegian and Icelandic settlements. She has gone to the end of every branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Manitoba and the North-West, in addition to driving upwards of 600 miles by carriage. The result of these extensive travels was a series of articles which have already appeared in the Toronto *Saturday Globe* and other Canadian journals. She now goes to Tokio, Japan, with a view chiefly to preparing articles for the New York *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. One of the greatest events she expects to see will be the opening scenes of the first Japanese parliament elected by the people, and the installation of the first ministry under responsible government in that country. Miss Gregory is furnished with letters of introduction from Sir John A. Macdonald and Hon. C. H. Tupper to the Lieutenant-Governors of the North-West Provinces, and she also holds letters from the Marquis of Lorne and the Marquis of Salisbury to the British Minister at Tokio, the Swedish and Norwegian ambassador and the Bishop of the Anglican Church in Japan. Miss Gregory's literary contributions, so far, have been received with most favourable comments, and her description of the interesting people across the Pacific will, no doubt, be read by many in this Province with delight. It is just probable that British Columbia and Vancouver may be the subjects of one or more articles from her facile pen.