

# The Dominion Illustrated.

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## HAPPY NEW YEAR!

At the end of the year 1888, during which the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED made its appearance before its readers, we feel pleasure in looking forward during the new year to a still wider acquaintance and good friends, in all and every part of the Dominion, and to them we offer, in advance, a host of greetings, blending them with the hope that, while we shall do our utmost to give them the best paper that can be published, they will give us a hand in spreading the range of a truly National Work.



The new Minister of the Interior may be said to have an inspiration. There is only one herd of genuine buffalos left in the Northwest, the property of Major Bedson, of Stony Mountain, Manitoba. This he was said to have sold to an American ranch, but there seems to have been a hitch in the transaction, and Hon. Mr. Dewdney now feels a bent to secure Mair's "Last Bison"—the whole herd—for the National Park at Banff. A more thoughtful and timely official act could not be performed.

Lady Herbert of Lea is said to have met, the other day, in New York, in the garb of a Little Sister of the Poor, a young lady who was, a few years ago, one of the wealthiest and most sought-after belles of London, relinquishing that station to accept the humbler one in which she now moves. Lady Herbert herself is well-known, not only in letters, but also in charities to the poor, and we believe she is closely related to the Secretary of the British Legation, at Washington, and acting Minister *ad interim*.

The secular ages of flowers are no longer a secret. It is said that the oldest rose bush in the world, of which there is authentic record, grows in a churchyard, and against the old church at Helderheim, Germany. Eight hundred years ago, so the records say, Bishop Hepilo caused a trellis to be built on which it was supported. To-day the main stem is thicker than a man's body. The Seminary, here in Montreal, has vineyards, apple, pear and plum trees, in full growth and mellowest flavour, that were brought over from France before the Conquest.

Similarly, the old Puritan Endicott planted a pear tree which is still standing, very much alive, in the village of Danvers, in Massachusetts, though the governor himself be dust. It is the oldest cultivated fruit-bearing tree in New England, is of the variety Bon Chretien, and was brought from old England. The Governor was the forefather of the present Secretary of War Endicott at Washington, whose lovely daughter was lately united in wedlock to the Honourable Joseph Chamberlain.

It is well that those who care for the lining of their stomachs and want to escape slow poisoning should be positively assured that there is no brandy *at all* in the fruit of the grape coming out of France. The vines have been worm-eaten and not replaced. The same thing is true of the best wines. And the fullest proof of all is that the use of strong liquor in France has of late years progressed at a greater ratio than in any other country. The results are made apparent by the fact that, from 1870 to 1885, the number of suicides from drunkenness had increased six-fold, while cases of madness, traceable to the same cause, have increased from 9 to 16 per cent., and accidental deaths have increased 20 per cent.

There is nothing for square teaching like an occasional dip into statistics. Thus the *Star* shows that, of the total direct provincial revenue derived by the Quebec Government from taxation, Montreal pays \$322,217, and the whole of the rest of the province \$277,231. Montreal pays the biggest half of the direct provincial revenue, yet has only three representatives in the Legislature among sixty-five. Montreal has one-sixth the population of the rest of the province, yet is entitled to less than one-twentieth the representation. If the figures were obtainable, something of the same disparity would appear in Toronto's wealth and population and her representation.

The editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has personally the word of the oldest statistician in Canada, whose official standing gives him access to the best sources of knowledge, in all the Provinces and the United States, that, in the last eight years, Toronto has grown in size, population, and other ways, more than any town in North America. He adds that he has no doubt the special census lately taken is strictly accurate.

Montreal will have to look to her laurels. Her exceptional geographical position, at the head of navigation, upon which she has relied so long, still makes her advantages impregnable, but there is no denying that she has not availed herself, as she should have done, of the natural resources by which she is surrounded. Why, only the other day, at a public meeting of the City Council, some one scoffed at the notion of employing the enormous and available Lachine Rapids as a motive power, when we have force enough there to set awlright all the machinery of Canada.

The people of Quebec are again bringing forward the feasibility of the navigation of the St. Lawrence throughout the year. It is not a question of sentiment, but a grim struggle with the forces of nature, as the fearful disasters of only last week's snow storm plainly show. The demands of the Quebec Board of Trade are, however, reasonable enough, but they should put the limit of safe navigation from the 1st April, instead of the 1st March, to the 1st December. The building of a lighthouse at the Traverse and the laying of the cable from Anticosti to Belle Isle Straits are public works which will be excuted in any case.

Of the three great old Englishmen who were lying low a few weeks since, as we then stated, and who were all at the edge of death, all are out of danger—Dr. Newman, the oldest of the three; Lord Tennyson, who has gone to Cannes,

Das land wo die citronen blühen,  
for the winter; and John Bright, a little the youngest, who is still weak indeed, but with good

chances of recovery. It is no small nation that can lose three such distinguished men.

Our friend R. S. White, M.P., for Cardwell, has imagined a new way of getting a good table article, and of encouraging the dairies of his constituency. He gave ten dollars for the best thirty pounds of butter displayed on the Orangeville market on December 19th, the butter to be his own. This makes the price a fraction over thirty-three cents a pound, which is pretty stiff, when in Montreal we can get the soundest butter for thirty cents.

We like to hear a ringing voice, such as that of Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, at a late meeting of the Canadian Institute, of Toronto, when he lectured on "The Progress of Canada." After speaking of our historic greatness, our constitutional institutions—the freest of the world—our immense territory and growing population, he instanced the Mackenzie Basin and its great resources; the rise and progress of Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia; the creation and prosperity of the Canadian Pacific Railway; the superiority of Ontario to the best States of the American Union, and the future greatness of Vancouver, and other factors in Canada's progress.

## CANADIAN LETTERS.

We received, the other day, a marked copy of a Boston paper, which, under the main heading, "Books and Authors," had a long article of a column and a half, entitled, "Out of Nazareth." This was signed by Wm. Morton Fullerton. The first sentence gave the key note of the whole, in rejecting the insinuation of Professor Richardson, of Dartmouth, in his book on American Literature, that "the poetic prospect in the Atlantic Colonies, prior to 1700, was more discouraging than it is in Canada to-day." And then, turning the tables, Mr. Fullerton says that this is the sort of *obiter dictum* which Professor Richardson may at some time think to have been a bit rash. One continually comes upon such by-the-way aspersions against Australia, and it is not so very long since some Englishmen were making equally unintelligent attacks upon America, expressed with even more bitterness. Flings of this sort are natural enough; but in proportion to the temptation to make them, they should be guarded against. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" is a question that really hurts nobody but him who asks it; for it betrays a certain provincialism and certain prejudices in the enquirer, and a too slight sense, perhaps, of how large the range of the possible is in this world.

Mr. Fullerton next waxes sarcastic, and adds that if one who knows anything of the work of a Canadian poet, Mr. Bliss Carman, for instance, should chance upon the "aside" of Professor Richardson's he will be likely to be annoyed by it. It is safe to say that Professor Richardson cannot be familiar with any Canadian poems, else he would not have compared the poetic promise of Canada to-day with that betrayed in 1700 by a people the nature of whose poetic expression may be satirically suggested to those who do not recall it by the mention of "The Bay Psalm Book" (few persons at that time could say with the Psalmist: "I will set no base thing before my eyes"); Mrs. Bradstreet's "Four Elements" and "Four Monarchies," and Rev. Michael Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom." The poetic prospect at that period,