

Mackenzie's administration in October, 1878; sat for Lennox and Addington in Canadian Assembly from 1863 until the Union; returned to Commons for Lennox in 1867, again in 1872; also on his appointment to office, and by acclamation in 1874; an unsuccessful candidate in 1878; he was elected for Huron, on resignation of Mr. Horton, the sitting member, on November 2, 1878; an unsuccessful candidate for Wellington County at general election in 1880; returned by acclamation for South Huron on the resignation of the sitting member, Mr. McMillan, in December, 1883; re-elected in 1887 for South Oxford; created a K.C.M.G. in 1879. A Liberal in politics.

THE DEPARTMENTAL BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.—The Eastern Block of Government Buildings is of the same style of architecture and of the same materials as the Main or Parliament Building. The building covers an area of 41,840 superficial feet: the frontage of the west side, facing the square, being 245 feet, and that of the south side, facing Wellington street, 319 feet. In this block are the Privy Council Chamber, the Governor-General's offices, the offices of the Minister of Justice, the Minister of the Interior, the Minister of Finance, the Secretary of State and the Minister of Inland Revenue. The Western Block is much more extensive than the Eastern, and, since the erection of the beautiful Mackenzie tower, more imposing. From a distance, this splendid tower is the leading feature of the massive pile of Public Buildings that crown the rocky promontory formerly known as Barrack Hill, disputing the pre-eminence of the Parliamentary Clock Tower. This roomy and well-lit block, which forms three sides of a vast square, contains the following departments: General Post Office, Militia and Defence, Customs, Railways and Canals, Public Works, Marine and Fisheries, Agriculture. The records and models of the Patent Office are stored in it, and form a museum of great value and interest.

THE "HUNT BALL" is taken from a painting by J. Stewart and, except that it represents the movements of the "German," might be taken as illustrating one of those popular evenings for which the Montreal Kennels are famous. Some of the faces might easily be taken for those of Montreal people, while, as "the latest fashions" are as well appreciated here as elsewhere, there is nothing in the dresses at all foreign to Montreal tastes. Here, as elsewhere, there is the same earnestness displayed by the votaries of the dance, while in the same side-scenes the non-participants are actors.

THE DALHOUSIE COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM.—In the Maritime Provinces there is no series of championship games as there is in the Upper Provinces. The team of which we to-day present an engraving has, however, shown itself to be, if not the best, at least one of the best teams in those Provinces. Its make-up is as follows:

Name.	Position.	Weight.
Logan	Forward	150 lbs.
Murray	"	143 "
Miller	"	161 "
Sutherland	"	145 "
Fulton	"	162 "
Campbell	"	153 "
Thompson (E.)	"	153 "
Graham	"	144½ "
Thompson (W.)	Quarter back	127 "
Fraser	"	129 "
Pitblado	"	129 "
McKinnon	Half back	139½ "
Laird	"	142 "
Patterson	"	140 "
Johnson	"	159½ "
Average weight, 146 lbs.	Colours, yellow and black.	

During the season just passed the exceptionally bad weather prevented as many matches as usual. The Dalhousians played five first-class matches, of which the following is a summary:—November 1, with Wanderers, Halifax, draw; November 13, with Officers of Garrison and Bankers, lost by one try to two rouges in Dalhousie's favour; November 15, with Wanderers, won by one try and three rouges to nothing. This was the first occasion on which the Wanderers were beaten since their organization, eight years ago. November 16, with New Glasgow; draw, with eight rouges in Dalhousie's favour; game played in mud ankle deep. November 20, with Officers of Garrison and Bankers; won by one goal, four tries and seven rouges to nothing. The defeat on November 13 was the first suffered by this team for three years, and, as will be noticed, it was amply revenged.

"MUSTATEM MOUTIAPEC" (Horse Roots) is another Cree warrior, and may be said to be a remarkable figure. His appearance, facial and otherwise, is unmistakably Indian, while his attitude—rifle in hand, ears open and eyes peering into the distance—is unquestionably that of "Ready, aye, ready!"

KENEPEQUOSHES AND KUSKITA.—It has been the custom before long to go the way of the buffalo and be numbered with the things of the past. However, according to the official reports of the Canadian Government this fate would appear to be a long way off, so far as concerns the aborigines upon this side the lines. "Kenepequoshes" (the son of the snake), whose portrait is presented, together with those of his squaw, "Kuskita-au-Musqua" (Black Bear), are Crees from the vicinity of Calgary. The tents, formed of skins and poles, show the nature of their homes, while the landscape generally indicates the rolling nature of the prairie country, unbroken for miles by tree or dwelling.

The original photograph was taken in the fall, which will be at once apparent from the appearance of the vegetation. The loading of the horse, two poles crossed over his back, and known as the "traverse," shows the primitive method of transportation, and the position of the squaw at the head of the animal indicates the menial condition of the Indian woman, for whom there would seem to be more woman's wrongs than woman's rights.

LOG ROLL-WAY ON THE ST. MAURICE.—Scenes connected with the great lumber industry will be more or less familiar to the majority of Canadian readers, and the illustration, "Log Roll-way on the St. Maurice River," will serve to remind many of them of what they may have more than once witnessed. The St. Maurice, with its tributaries, brings to the various points of distribution no inconsiderable quantity of timber in its various stages of preparation. In the picture there is given a pile which has been collecting from the ice up to the top of the bank all winter, and which, the moment the river breaks up, only needs to be set going to take its place in the mighty procession of logs which are guided by the booms and the raftsmen to their ultimate destination.

"FISH CURING AT GASPÉ" is realistically illustrated. The massive Percé Rocks at the entrance to the bay stand out in rugged relief, and, in the immediate foreground, a number of Canadian "toilers of the sea" are seen at work in the least dangerous part of their hazardous calling. A boat load of codfish has been brought in from the fishing smack in the offing, which the curers, under the direction of their foreman, are busy disposing of. They have evidently before them some specimens of magnificent proportions. Indeed, codfish are taken on "the Banks" weighing as much as 90 to 100 pounds, but when cut up and trimmed they lose about one-third of their weight. The process of fish curing may thus be described: One man hoists the fish to the table, where the first operator cuts its throat as it struggles. He also runs his knife downward from head almost to tail. Thus cut open, it is passed on to the next individual, who cuts off the waste. The fish is then salted and spread out in the sun, where it remains about ten days to dry. In case of bad weather it is turned skin uppermost, the water thus being prevented from getting to the flesh. After due exposure, the fish is considered to be cured, and further drying or packing of the product make it what is known as dry or green cod. The amount of loss in the preparation of the former will be appreciated when it is known that 112 pounds of the former are about equal in value to 200 pounds of the latter. For the Brazil market, where there is a considerable demand, the fish requires to be made especially dry. Although the Gulf and the Bank cod fisheries are such important elements in the industries of Canada it appears to be not unlikely that they will ere long meet with competition from the Canadian cod fisheries on the Pacific, to which there promises to be a considerable migration from the Maritime provinces.

The following descriptions of the two engravings, published last week, of Lake St. John and the Ouatichouaniche River, came to hand too late for publication in the same number:—

LAKE ST. JOHN.—The view of Lake St. John is from a photograph taken immediately in front of the new and commodious Railroad Hotel, adjacent to the Roberval station of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. Connected with the shore of this inland sea—itsself quite a natural and geological curiosity—are an immense number of weird Indian traditions, while its waters are the natural home of the far-famed and gamey ouiniche or land-locked salmon. Only in the clearest weather can the naked eye traverse the thirty odd miles that intervene between the village of Roberval and the Grand Discharge, where the mysterious Saguenay receives the surplus water of the northern reservoir on its way to the sea, to hand it over, in its turn, at Tadoussac, to the mighty St. Lawrence. Almost circular in form, and with its shores generally wooded to the water's edge, Lake St. John is penetrated every here and there with picturesque headlands, such as that shown in our illustration. In the distance is Snake Island. The steamboat seen lying at the wharf in the foreground runs in connection with the railway, making occasional trips to the Grand Discharge and to the mouths of the Peribonca, the Ashuapmouchouan, the Mistassini and the Metabetchouan, some of which are over half a mile wide at their mouths. Previous to 1888, Lake St. John was the centre of an almost inaccessible wilderness, but the completion of the Lake St. John Railway to Roberval has brought it within eight hours' travel by Pullman car from the City of Quebec and transformed it into a fashionable resort for tourists and sportsmen.

THE OUIATCHOUANICHE.—The Ouatichouaniche or Little Ouatichouan River mingles its dancing, laughing waters with those of Lake St. John. One of the smaller streams that empty into this inland sea, it is also one of the most beautiful. A substantial bridge crosses its foaming rapids, a few hundred feet from its mouth, and here the tourist is tempted to linger for hours at a time, his vision revelling in the wild grandeur of a succession of the most picturesque cascades.

The Nova Scotia Steel works received applications for 80,000 shares of stock for the \$25,000 offered to the public.

The smoke cloud that overhangs London is said to contain 300 tons of carbon. The waste involved in this is estimated at \$13,000,000 a year, and the damage to buildings at \$10,000,000 a year.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HALIFAX, February 14, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am not to be classed among the literary guild of Canada, and, therefore, have some delicacy in sending you this note, but I cannot withhold expressing my warm appreciation and admiration of your most excellent publication, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. I speak not alone of the artistic merit of its engravings, which are beyond praise, but of the literary excellence of its reading matter as well. Of most illustrated papers, the popular idea is that the pictures should be carefully scanned and the publication then laid aside; but so interesting and well-selected is the reading matter of the ILLUSTRATED that I find myself very often reading it through before even glancing at the illustrations.

The especial characteristic of the editorial matter and original contributions is the warm fostering tone of encouragement to Canadian literary effort. All who have done anything worthy of recognition in the way of literary work are sure to be kindly spoken of and duly appreciated by the loving hands of an editor who seems deeply imbued with the desire to advance the cause of Canadian literature. In this way the ILLUSTRATED cannot fail to have a stimulating effect among Canadian writers, especially the younger ones.

A great deal has been said in regard to the building up of a Canadian literature. Some take a pessimistic view and claim either that we have produced no great writers, or that the Canadian public is not disposed to favour, encourage or support literary endeavour. Others, taking the roseate view, are disposed to regard our present achievements in this line as eminently satisfactory. I certainly am compelled to believe that the development of a distinct literary growth is of grave importance to a well-rounded, national life—indeed, an essential. It would, therefore, be unjust and short-sighted to ignore any and all efforts made by the brightest minds in this Dominion to call into existence great thoughts, to embalm great deeds, and to awaken a patriotic imagination among the people. This, I take it, is the great aim of literary effort, and its vital importance in the work of nation-building cannot be over-estimated.

The means by which a national literature may be created will always be a matter of earnest discussion. It must be kept in mind that literature is essentially a growth. It seems to me, therefore, that nothing spasmodic or unusual is necessary. Canada has its fair proportion of bright minds, and as the years roll on there will gradually arise a finer taste and a greater demand for higher intellectual food. It is only necessary to foster and encourage the initial efforts, to dignify and enhance this kind of work, and in time we shall wake up and find ourselves with eminent men among us, who have not only secured the appreciation and homage of their own countrymen, but whose name shall be mentioned with respect and admiration wherever our language is spoken.

The DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is doing good work in this field, and, while not pretending to be in the charmed circle of literary life, I could not resist the desire to bear testimony to its efforts, and to sincerely, and with all my heart, wish it the greatest possible success.

Very sincerely,

J. W. LONGLEY.

J. TALON-LESPERANCE, Esq.,

Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Angels guard her strength and grace
In the cottage, palace, hovel!—
Oh, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it;
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain;
Power may with beauty flow,
Mothers first to guide the streamlet,
From their souls unresting grow—
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine streamed or darkness hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Women, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod;
Keep, oh keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother love imperaled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Fathers, sons and daughters cry;
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship of the sky—
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows ever more are curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world,