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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

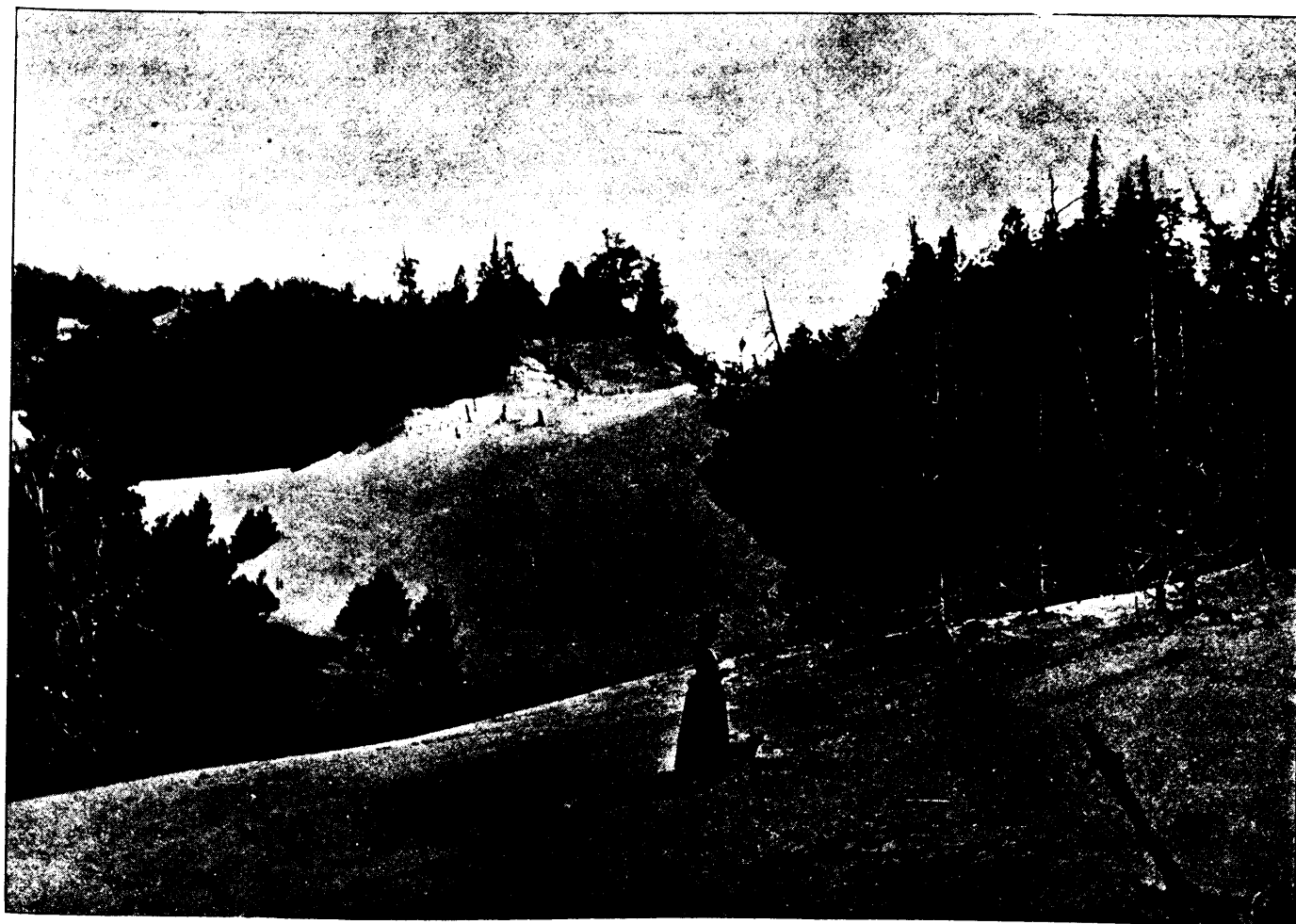
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The ease with which train robberies are still committed in some of the States and Territories of the Union is certainly not creditable to the authorities. The recent surprise of a south-bound train on the Santa Fe railroad by three men, who, after overpowering and robbing the conductor and porter, proceeded to "go through" the passengers—carrying off altogether about \$1,500—reads more like a sample of Turkish brigandage than an instance of real life in a law-governed country. This is the third example of such marauding in the course of a few months. It is time that Uncle Sam took effective measures for the protection of honest wayfarers. Whoever follows the thieves to the mountains and takes them captive will get \$1,000 from the outraged company, but he must be wary as well as valiant who will secure the prize.

Several of our French contemporaries have taken up the subject of our insane asylums with an earnestness which encourages the hope that the Government will soon deal faithfully and humanely with the question. This hope seems all the more reasonable as it is journals friendly to the powers that be which have been most outspoken in urging prompt and comprehensive reform. It is generally admitted that the farming-out system is antiquated and entirely incompatible with that treatment of the insane which medical science and humanity demand. *L'Union Libérale*, which has begun a series of elaborate studies on insanity—the work clearly of an enlightened alienist—points out that a system which consists in nothing more than detention, is out of keeping with the best usage of modern civilization. Public opinion was first drawn to the defects of our present establishments at the time of the British Association's visit to Montreal. Much indignation was directed against Dr. Hack Tuke who (whatever may have been thought of him in this province) is undoubtedly one of the foremost students of and writers on insanity in Europe, for having ventured to criticize institutions without respect to persons. That Dr. Tuke ever dreamed that his honestly expressed opinions would be regarded as deliberate and malicious insults to a most deserving order of self-sacrificing ladies we do not believe. His animadversions on lay institutions in his own land and in the United States were of a candour and severity less tempered with kindness than his comments at Montreal. Besides, the commission, subsequently appointed by the Government, took practically the same line of attack against what its members deemed deserving of reprehension. It is essential, indeed, to a fair and unprejudiced consideration of a subject in which we are all directly or indirectly concerned, that the personal element be eliminated from the discussion altogether. The matter is too serious to be made a pretext for bandying reproaches, or a theme for charges and recriminations against religious creed or political party. What is of moment is that al-

most all, without respect to church, party or nationality, are convinced of the necessity of a change in the system. The only point on which there is room for difference of opinion is whether the urgency of the circumstances is strong enough to justify the annulment of contracts entered into before either Governments or the public had awakened to the realization of the situation and to a full sense of the action which duty prompted them to take. The decision on that point rests with Mr. Mercier and his colleagues.

Our contemporary, *The Week*, calls attention to the anomaly of treating a Christianized Chinese lady in a Christian land as if she were merchandise. What a shock, it is urged, must such treatment have been to one who had accepted Christianity as embodying the broadest doctrine of human brotherhood! Nor would the contrast between religious theory and political economy, as practised by Christian people, be easy to explain away. It is not the first time that earnest advocates of foreign missions have had to protest against a proceeding which stultified their cause. It is to be hoped that the remonstrance of the Women's Missionary Society will prove more effective than preceding appeals in bringing about the desired change in the application of the law. The problem presented by Chinese immigration is one of admitted difficulty and it is a delicate duty, however discharged, that necessity has imposed on our Government. It is useless to argue that no such law should exist and that then there would be no trouble about its enforcement. After a careful investigation and fully weighing the pros and cons in the case, it was decided that some restrictive measure was essential for self-protection. What is wanted is a reform in the *modus operandi* which would save Chinese gentlemen from insult and Chinese ladies from treatment which is an outrage on civilization. There are surely a few persons connected with the Customs who are sufficiently enlightened and judicious to be allowed a certain discretion. Or are they all not so? And to the brutality which has already made our neighbours despicable in the eyes of cultured Chinese is there no alternative? In that case, should our missionaries to China escape the treatment awarded to the least favoured nation, we shall have reason to felicitate ourselves and them. Besides, is not China one of our markets that are to be? Let us be wary and void of offence. In Chinese ethical books there is a passage practically identical with our golden rule, on which the superior men of the race have been framing their conduct for two millenniums and a half. And did not another heathen say that the way through precepts is long, while through example it is short and effectual?

M. Gustave Molinari, editor of the Paris *Journal des Economistes*, whose name and reputation are familiar to many, his person, to several of our readers, undertakes to show, on the authority of a member of the higher circles of French commerce, that the McKinley tariff will do much more harm to the people of the United States than it will to the European nations trading with that country. In 1887-1888 the United States furnished \$519,298,000 of a total \$683,862,000 imported by seven European states—England, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, Spain and Italy. During the same year those seven countries supplied to the United States merchandise valued at \$264,300,000 in a total of \$2,723,000,000 imported to the United States. In the former case the proportion of the total value of goods imported by the seven European countries contributed by the United States was seven-tenths, while, on the latter, the value of the merchandise sent across the ocean to American ports was less than one-tenth. The closing of Europe to the United States will mean, therefore, the forfeiture of seven dollars for every dollar that Europe will lose by the closing of the United States. The cry of retaliation has already been raised not only on the continent but in England—two writers in the *Fortnightly* proposing the formation of a fund by means of a duty on United States corn, dairy produce, beef and other food stuffs, out of which bounties should be paid on all

similar foodstuffs from colonies or other countries receiving British goods free—the bounty being higher to free-trading than to protectionist countries. By this plan it is considered that England could retaliate on the United States without raising the price of foodstuffs for English consumers. When even England accepts the challenge of the McKinley bill, our neighbours may be sure that the nemesis in store for them from professedly protectionist countries will not be long delayed.

The many-sidedness and sharp contrasts of modern civilization are singularly exemplified by the variety of subjects, the discussion of which has for years past been attracting those œcumenical congresses whose transactions add so much to certain special domains of knowledge. Last year was exceptionally rich in these world-gatherings, the French exposition drawing men and women engaged in every pursuit that could be named from the limits of the inhabited earth. But every year has its tale of fresh themes that compel from afar the devotees of the sciences, the arts, the industries, whose development brings us nearer to the millennium. A conference on weapons of war will have peculiar interest for one class of thinkers and workers. Another will meet to deliberate on schemes by which war may be abolished or robbed of its horrors. The congress by which this year will be most memorable to men of science is doubtless the tenth International Medical Congress, which took place in Berlin and was attended by some six thousand general practitioners and specialists. It is the latter who gave these congresses their *raison d'être*. There was a time when speculations such as those of Koch, of Pasteur, of Lister and others were looked upon with disfavor by members of the profession, who deemed themselves practical men. Some of the grandest discoveries of our time, as of every age in the world's progress, have been made under the ban of suspicion, ridicule or apathy. But every victory won over prejudice by the patience and fortitude of the inspired and persevering investigator is a triumph for humanity. The men of knowledge and skill who assembled from east and west, from north and south, under the presidency of Professor Virchon, to learn the latest results of research in the noblest of all the sciences could not but be stirred to fresh exertion in the warfare against disease and death. Canada was represented by some of her best physicians and surgeons and the Dominion is sure to profit by their contact with the great minds of the old world. The first of these congresses was that which met at Paris in 1867. Here, as on so many other occasions, France took the initiative in a great movement. About five hundred medical men of various nationalities attended the opening congress and since then this parliament of the world's healers has been triennial. There are still (as was made deplorably evident a couple of years ago in connection with the fatal illness of the late German Emperor) unseemly jealousies to get rid of, but, on the whole, the effect of these conferences has been most salutary in bringing into friendly intercourse the benefactors of the human race of different nationalities. The cordiality with which the great personalities present were greeted as they appeared, without regard to origin, was not the least welcome feature of this latest congress.

Last year we presented our readers with portraits of the ladies who won the prizes at the beauty competition at Spa. A male jury of eight was appointed to award the 10,000 francs entrusted to M. Hervé du Lorrain for distribution among the three fairest of the group of twenty-one selected from the whole list of candidates. The arrival of the ladies, whose charms were to be the subject of arbitration, was made the occasion of much public rejoicing in the town honoured with their presence. The burgomaster presided at the examination and the proceedings were marked by dignity and decorum. Grace of carriage, taste of toilet, and courtesy of manner were taken into account as well as beauty of person. The religious authorities, however, did not approve of an exhibition which was considered out of harmony with female modesty, and might, it was feared, stimulate the vanity of

the thoughtless. Such displays have been forbidden in a number of Roman Catholic dioceses, and the churches generally are opposed to them. No interdict has as yet, however, been pronounced on the giving of prizes for ugliness, and an enterprising journalist thought he might without offence start a competition in which not the fairest, but the plainest, should be the winner. In such a rivalry ladies could hardly be expected to engage. Indeed, the plan adopted made the competition involuntary, for it was the subscribers to the organizer's journal (*Le Tourbillon*) who were to adjudge the prizes. The winner of the first prize, Mr. Oscar Browning, would not accept it. Personal spite, political prejudice, love of fun and mystification were the chief motives in the plebiscite. Mr. Gladstone and the Lord Mayor of London figured in the list of claimants.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON ON THE CLASSICS.

A discussion arose at the recent meeting of the Protestant teachers of this Province concerning specialism in education, which has been continued in the daily press. In the course of a letter to the *Montreal Gazette*, Dr. A. Aspinwall Howe, the venerable Rector of the High School, in explaining the difference between specialism that is profitable—specialism that is based on a broad knowledge of principles—and that which, being superficial, is to be distrusted, refers incidentally to certain remarks on ancient classical literature made by Sir William Dawson in his inaugural address, delivered thirty-five years ago as Principal of McGill College. *Aliquis latet error*. In the address in question, as printed, Sir William Dawson does not use the words attributed to him by Dr. Howe, does not characterize "ancient classical literature as fit only to be relegated to museums of chain armour and panoplies of the knight-errant of the middle ages." On the contrary, Sir William speaks of "the noble literature and language of the Hellenic races," races "gifted with a vividness of imagination, a delicacy of taste and acuteness of intellect, that have enabled them to transmit to us models in literature, art and abstract science that cannot be excelled. Certain grand prominent points in this literature (continues the Principal) are landmarks in the progress of the human mind. The greatest of epic poems, breathing at once the air of the east and west, bursts on us at the very threshold of Greek literature." Then he alludes to "the fathers of European history," to "a crowd of inimitable poets, dramatists and orators, many of whom still live as powers in the world of mind," to the "mathematicians, physicists, naturalists and metaphysicians, whose influence is still strongly stamped on our modern science." Of the Latin language and literature the Principal speaks in equally worthy terms as "connecting forms of thought and civilization which have altogether passed away with those which under various modifications still subsist, and linking the language, the politics and the jurisprudence of the present inseparably with those of the past. Its study (continues the author of the address) thus becomes, without taking into account the merely literary merits and beauties of the Latin authors, an object of undeniable importance to the professional man, the man of science and the English scholar. The large obligations that we owe to the literature of classical antiquity, as well as its present value, are thus sufficient to retain it as an important element in the higher education." But the new Principal of McGill (whose address is well worth reading in its integrity) thought it necessary to add to his praise of the classics these words of warning: "The only danger is that the time of students may be so occupied and their minds so filled with such studies that they may go from our colleges armed with an antique panoply more fitted for the cases of a museum than to appear in the walks of actual life." The metaphor is somewhat confusing in its rapid transit from the ideal to the real. But we know what it means and its sense is very different from what Dr. Howe's remembrance of it would imply. The Principal then goes on to say that "such results of the too exclusive devotion to ancient literature have undoubtedly given rise to

just complaint," but, while voicing that side of the controversy, he deprecates neglect of classical studies, emphasizing their value even as purely practical branches of learning. "No one," he proceeds, "who weighs aright their influence on his own mental growth can doubt this. Even those of us who have been prevented by the pressure of other duties and the attractions of other tastes from following out these studies into a matured scholarship, have to thank them for much of our command over our own language; for much breadth of view and cultivation of taste; for much insight into the springs of human thought and action, and even for some portion of our appreciation of that highest light which we enjoy, as compared with those ancient nations which with all their wisdom knew not the true God, and in consequence of that deficiency, appear in our more enlarged views, even in their highest philosophy, but as children 'playing with the golden sands of truth.'" Those who read the whole of the passage that we have quoted or indicated will not, we are assured, accuse Sir William Dawson of that cheap contempt of the classics which, as the learned professor of Greek in Queen's College has more than hinted, is usually associated with ignorance both of them and of other things. The address of the young principal of McGill is, to our mind, admirable throughout, and has no trace of that narrow specialism of which Dr. Howe bids us beware.

SOME SIGNIFICANT CONTRASTS.

In his famous article, "Kin beyond Sea," contributed to the *North American Review* in 1878, Mr. Gladstone brings out very clearly the points of difference between the British constitution and the United States system of government. Like all compromises the monarchy of Great Britain has, he concedes, its flaws— anomalies, and apparent self-contradictions. But as a whole, it has grown to fit the people fairly well and, compared with the professedly more logical republican régime of our neighbours, it is much more in consonance with popular aspirations. In fact, in many ways, the nation is more fully and honestly represented in London than in Washington. Dr. Bourinot, who has devoted many years to the study of the history and practice of our Canadian constitution, shows still more explicitly that in some important particulars where our neighbours diverged from, and we have adhered to, traditional usage, the advantage is with the British system. He acknowledges that upper houses appointed by the Crown may be less effective as co-ordinate authorities in the legislature than the federal and state senates. But in the relations of the executive to the legislature, the Canadian plan is decidedly more in accord with the principle of popular self-government and equal justice to all the functions of administration. The executive in the United States has no direct control over the legislature, in which it has no place—the clumsy expedient of the veto indicating its only power of intervention. On the other hand, there is nothing in the United States answering to our ministerial responsibility. The members of the cabinet have no seat in Congress, as our ministers have in Parliament, which, in its legislation, has the benefit of their lead and counsel. This distinction is of the utmost importance both from the standpoint of popular liberty and from that of the cabinet's many-sidedness. It is the regulator of the relations between the sovereign (represented by the Governor-General), the Senate and the Commons, "exercising functionally the powers of the first, and incorporated, in the persons of its members, with the second and third." Under our system, that which happens not seldom at Washington, a state of variance between the executive and the legislative authorities, is practically impossible. The President and his secretary may be in favour of a certain policy, while the majority in the popular house may be opposed to it. Such a deadlock occurred, in fact, quite recently when Mr. Blaine and Major McKinley (both Republicans) held different views on the subject of duties on sugar. Thus the Secretary of State (whose position corresponds with that of Prime Minister in Canada), having no seat in Congress, finds him-

self thwarted by his nominal ally, the leader of the Republican majority in the House. Now, if the Canadian rule, that ministers must be members of either legislative body, prevailed in the Republic, such an anomalous and unseemly conflict of opinion could not arise. The presence in the United States of delegates from Central and South America, with whom Mr. Blaine naturally wished to deal without restrictions on his freedom of action, made such opposition to his views peculiarly inopportune. In his excellent papers on "The Pan-American Conference," to which we have already referred, Senor Romero dwells almost pathetically on Mr. Blaine's position as that of a minister rendered powerless by his own party and forced to confess that he could not fulfil his promises.

Another point in which American differs *toto celo* from British and Canadian usage is that which concerns the Speakership. It may seem to us almost incredible that, as Dr. Bourinot informs us, "the Speaker himself is the leader of the party so far as he has influence on the composition of the committees." Yet how true this statement is may be disclosed to any seeker of evidence whenever the House is in session. Prof. James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," was asked by the editor of the *North American* (*more suo*) to give his opinion on the recent action of the Speaker in counting members who were present but did not vote as present for the purposes of a quorum. Mr. Bryce preferred not to meddle with American party questions, but he volunteered to give his views on the Speaker's office, and, in doing so, he contrasts the strict impartiality of the British, with the avowed and open partisanship of the American, presiding officer. "In Congress," he writes, "the Speaker is for many purposes the leader of the majority. The majority is often advised by him and usually reckons on him to help it to carry out its will. The hare might as well hope that the huntsman would call off the hounds as the minority expect the Speaker to restrain an impatient majority." Such is the deliberate judgment pronounced by an Englishman, whom our neighbours accept as the fairest and most thoughtful authority on the theory and working of their constitution, as to the American view of the Speaker's functions. How different is the record of the British Speakership. Prof. Bryce assures us that "in Parliament the Speaker and the chairman of committees are, and have always been, non-partisan officials." Whatever he may have been before, "the Speaker is deemed, once he has assumed the wig and gown of office, to have so distinctly renounced and divested himself of all party trappings that, if he is willing to go on serving in a new Parliament in which the party to which he belongs is in a minority, the majority is nevertheless, expected to elect him anew. Thus Speaker Brand, although he had once been whip of the Liberal party, was re-elected Speaker in 1874 by the Tory party, which had then gained a majority, and served on till 1883. The Speaker is not permitted, so long as he holds office, to deliver any party speech outside Parliament, or even express his opinion on any party question, and in the chair itself he must be scrupulously fair to both parties, equally accessible to all members, bound to give his advice on points of order without distinction between those who ask it. It is to this impartiality which has never been wanting to any Speaker within living memory, that the Speakership owes a great part of the authority and the respect it inspires." And what Prof. Bryce says of the English Speakership is equally applicable to the position of the Speaker in Canada. These points of admitted superiority in the theory and operation of our Canadian constitution bear witness to the folly of those who would exalt an alien system at the expense of their own and show that neither in freedom nor in order would we gain by exchanging our own mode of government for the rule of the Republic.

The Christmas number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, which will be ready early in December, will be the finest publication of its kind both in letter-press and illustrations that Canada has ever produced.



THE EARL OF ABERDEEN AND FAMILY.

From Down by the Sea.

Things have been very gay lately in the "city by the sea," the visits of the Governor-General and of His Royal Highness Prince George having necessarily created no little stir in social circles. We are not near enough to "the land of the free" to feel anything of the grand indifference to royalty and titled greatness possessed by our American brothers. We are still so small and unenlightened that the titles tickle our ears, and we feel honoured when our rulers or our potentates condescend to be entertained by us and graciously accept our homage.

Speaking of our American brothers, reminds me of a proposal made by one of them the other day, after witnessing the wonderful Oberammergau Passion Play. He offered to "transfer the whole thing for a winter show to Staten Island," adding, as an inducement, that he would "put a hundred instead of only twelve apostles on the stage." Evidently the directors of these old-time ceremonies need Brother Jonathan to "show them how to do things." But to return to our "sheep."

Halifax has been holding a "Nautical Fair" in aid of the "Seaman's Rest," which has been a great success, both financially and otherwise. Though the ladies tired themselves out with their indefatigable efforts, it was in such a good cause that I am sure their guardian angels will not allow any permanent harm to follow their exertions. Each booth in the fair was decorated to represent some part of a ship, and all the young lady-traders were most tastefully attired in sailor costume. The pretty little frocks were exchanged for more imposing gowns on the Tuesday following the conclusion of the fair, when a grand ball was given at Maplewood, that lovely spot at the Northwest Arm, by the officers of the Army Service corps. Chinese lanterns and gay marquees made the scene beautiful, and the inner man was satisfied by a choice repast, prepared by Street, the well-known caterer. His Royal Highness was, of course, the star of the assembly, and the hearts of many fair ones fluttered when close to the royal arm.

The students at our several universities are hard at work again after the summer slackening of the mental bow. King's College, Windsor, the oldest university of all, has opened with fair prospects in the autumn of its centennial year. We fear that the race of naughty fellows who shaved the president's horse, fished for his geese out of the bedroom windows, and committed other charming atrocities in the days gone by, is becoming extinct. These

docile and industrious young men remind one of the crew described by "Bab" of the immortal "Ballads" in the "Bumboat Woman's Story." However, I suppose the honoured president who to-day trains the young minds, would scarcely view the matter in the same light. I believe some of the initiatory exercises compulsorily performed each term by the unlucky freshmen, are entertaining in a high degree to all but the principal actors. I remember a short time ago hearing a rather amusing, though not original, practical joke, which was played upon a young man who came to King's prepared to reside in college immediately upon passing his matriculation examination. Some mischievous juniors dressed themselves up in degree gowns, and with much gravity conducted him to a classroom to pass an examination, which he supposed was in due order. A paper of most impossible questions was given him, through which he laboured as his abilities allowed him; a want of the necessary comprehension preventing his appreciating the obvious absurdity of the work he was called upon to do. In some cases, however, he displayed no little ingenuity in his answers. Here are some of the questions over which the unfortunate youth pored for hours:

- I. Define a parallel straight line?
- II. Parse *A mens*, and compare it with the English *A man*, and also *Amen* at the end of the prayers?
- III. Compare the careers of the two prophets—El Mahdi and El Wiggins?
- IV. Suppose in travelling by train from Annapolis to Windsor you were to get out at Kentville and walk the rest of the way, how much sooner should you arrive in Windsor than the train?

The answer given to this last question was very much to the point. He "had never travelled on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway."

The poor little W. & A. Railway does not deserve all the hard things that are said of it, though certainly there is room for improvement in the matter of speed. Perhaps you do not remember the story of a Yankee's first excursion by this line. Near Newport station the train had to be stopped to dislodge a cow which was standing on the track, which proceeding amused the Yankee vastly. Near Windsor Junction, about twenty-six miles further on, the train was again stopped. On going forward to ascertain the cause, our friend saw that the same thing had occurred a second time. "Wall! I'm dashed," he said, "if we haven't caught up to that — old cow again."

The road still continues to be popular, and it is scarcely to be wondered at, while such obliging and genial conductors as Joe Edwards and Addie LeCain retain their positions.

The following is culled from a late Halifax paper:—"The jury on the inquest to inquire into the cause of the death of ———, returned the following verdict: 'That ——— came to his death on Water street, in the city of Halifax, by tripping on a certain plank laid on the sidewalk to cover a hatchway, and, in tripping, fell through an opening in a fence into a pit or excavation for a cellar, and striking with violence upon a large stone, lying in the said excavation, the said being about eight feet deep, the said ——— received a blow on his neck whereby his spine was broken, and from which injury he died.'" From the foregoing I should judge that the man was dead! Whether the jury has survived the wonderful exertion of brain employed in manufacturing this verdict I do not know.

Societies seem to be the order of the day in the university town of Windsor. A Philharmonic Society educates the musical taste of the young people, and its members disperse sweet strains at concerts given every now and then for the benefit of the society.

The members of a Shakesperian Society meet every week at different houses. The anxiety of these students to learn the wisdom and poetry of the immortal bard is something delightful, and ere long I should imagine that their knowledge would equal the combined lore of Shakespeare commentators of all ages. The study of the play under consideration lasts from eight till nine, and the rest of the evening is devoted to the Muse Terpsichore. Of course those who prefer the Goddess to the Sage can show their partiality by coming to the place of meeting a little late. Seriously though, there is at least a most decided leaning towards elevating occupations that is not usual among young people of most communities. A French and a German class, formed within the last few months, are well attended, some industrious and ambitious students attending both. To the clever and kindly professor who is striving to leaven the tastes of the community in which he lives with drops from his own store of learning, our sweet-voiced poet of the Maritime Provinces, all success in his efforts. It will not be his fault, at all events, if the desired end is not gained.

Next time I shall talk to you about the sister province. My pen has run away with me, so that I have left no space for more this time.



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THE COMTE DE PARIS AND THE DUC D'ORLEANS.—The presence in Montreal of the representative of the royal line of France, the direct descendant of the sovereigns under whom Canada became a colony and the cities of Quebec and Montreal were founded, is an event of historic moment in which our readers are sure to be interested. We have been happy enough to secure excellent portraits of both the Comte de Paris and his son, the Duc d'Orleans. They are descended from King Louis XIII., whose second son, Philippe, was Duke of Orleans. The Duke's first wife was his cousin, Henrietta, daughter of the unfortunate Charles I. of England. His second consort and the mother of his children was Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria. His son was the Regent, who married a Bourbon. The Regent's son, Louis the Austere, married Jane of Baden, who bore him Louis Philippe, known as the Charitable. He had two wives—Louise Henriette de Bourbon-Conti and Charlotte de Montesson. Louis Philippe, that *Egalité* who figures so strangely in the pages of Carlyle's History of the French Revolution, was the son of the former lady. We need not dwell upon his career, which closed on the scaffold—the dire scaffold of the Reign of Terror, to which he had doomed his guileless kinsman, Louis XVI. The son of *Egalité* became King of the French after the Revolution of 1830, by which Charles X. was driven from France, and reigned till February, 1848, when he was driven out in his turn.

His mother was a Bourbon, daughter of the Duke of Penthièvre. He also married a Bourbon, a daughter of Ferdinand IV., of Naples, whose name he gave to his eldest son, the Duke of Orleans. The latter was killed in 1842 by being thrown from his carriage. He was only in his 32nd year, but he had married in 1838 the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and left two sons, Louis Philippe Albert, Comte de Paris, and Robert, Duc de Chartres. The other sons of King Louis Philippe were Louis Charles, Duc de Nemours; François, Prince de Joinville; Henri, Duc d'Aumale, and Antoine, Duc de Montpensier. This last, who was born in 1821, married the Infanta Maria Luisa of Bourbon, sister of ex-Queen Isabella, and second daughter of King Ferdinand VI. His eldest daughter, Maria Isabella, became the wife of the Comte de Paris, and the issue of the marriage is six children, two sons (Louis Philippe Robert, Duke of Orleans, and Ferdinand François, a child of six years), and four daughters, of whom the eldest is married to the King of Portugal. By the marriages of his uncles and aunts and his brother, the Duc de Chartres, the Comte de Paris is connected with several other of the Imperial and Royal houses of Europe and (till the revolution in Brazil) of America. The eldest daughter of Louis Philippe married the King of the Belgians, widower of the much regretted Princess Charlotte of England and cousin of Queen Victoria. One of his daughters married a Prince of the line of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; another married a Prince of Wurtemberg. The Duc d'Aumale married a Princess of the Naples Bourbons; the Prince de Joinville married a sister of Dom Pedro, ex-Emperor of Brazil, and the Duc de Nemours, the Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The Duc de Chartres (the Comte's brother) married his cousin, daughter of the Prince de Joinville, and the eldest of his four children (two sons, two daughters,) married Prince Waldemar, son of King Christian of Denmark, thus establishing a connection with the imperial family of Russia, the royal families of England, Greece and the faded glories of Hanover. So much for his family. As for his personal career, the Comte de Paris has lived the life of an amateur statesman, soldier and author. With

his uncle, the Prince de Joinville, and his brother, the Duc de Chartres, he served on the staff of General McClellan, in the American Civil War, of which he has written a history. His brother took part in the Franco-Prussian war in the *corps d'armée* of Brittany under General Briand. The later record of the Comte is well known. He succeeded to the representation of the older, as well as the younger, branch of the royal house on the death of the Comte de Chambord, and, notwithstanding his exile, he is looked upon by his royalist supporters as Philip VII. *Le roi est mort—Vive le Roi!*

TORONTO ART GALLERY.—The Ontario Society of artists have secured control of the Toronto Art Gallery,



ROOMS OF THE TORONTO ART GALLERY.

which they will make their permanent headquarters. They have long required a proper gallery for their exhibitions, and they owe their acquisition of this necessary feature of an Art Society to the enterprise of a private citizen, Mr. J. Enoch Thompson, who built the new Art Gallery last year in connection with the Academy of Music. The gallery consists of a *suite* of four rooms, with north and roof

gratifying the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. They have been pronounced capital as illustrations of Japanese life by a gentleman lately arrived from the land of the Rising Sun.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN AND HIS FAMILY.—This engraving is supplementary to the portraits which appeared in our issue of September 13, which also contained biographical sketches of the Earl and Countess. Our readers may remember that Lord Aberdeen (seventh in the list of earls) is a grandson of the famous Prime Minister under whom Mr. Gladstone first took office as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is now in his 43rd year. He was educated at St. Andrews and Oxford. He has since he came to maturity been a consistent Liberal, and has adhered faithfully to Mr. Gladstone in his changing fortunes. As Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for a short time he won much popularity, and proved a sage administrator. Lady Aberdeen, youngest daughter of Lord Tweedmouth (formerly Sir Dudley Coultts Marjoribanks), is a woman of rare gifts and is highly esteemed by rich and poor alike. She is president of the Haddo House Association, which trains young women for domestic duties. Since their arrival in Canada Lord and Lady Aberdeen have entered cordially into the life of our people, by whom they are deservedly much liked and respected.

FIRE AT THE ABATTOIR.—This engraving gives a vivid idea of the fire at the Western Abattoir, St. Henri, Montreal, which was first discovered at half past six on the evening of the 22nd ult. The alarm being given, the brigade was promptly on the spot, but the blaze from the burning fats and oils stored in the building made it virtually impossible to arrest the conflagration. The building destroyed was of brick, four storeys high, and the loss was variously estimated. The insurance amounted in all to about \$20,000.

SAND BANKS, PICTON, ONT.—Of all Nature's master pieces, this unique reach of white hills is among her most beautiful and weird. They are situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, about ten miles from Picton, in the County of Prince Edward, and visitors passing to them through Picton, thus have occasion to drive over one of the pleasantest roads in Ontario, bordered in summer-time with waving grain fields, gardens and groves of rich-foliaged trees of many varieties. Here are two fine views of the hills by a Picton artist, Mr. W. F. Johnston, who has taken first prize on work exhibited at the Art Association of Canada, Toronto. One shows the southerly limit of the hills, with the lake and its rocky shore in the foreground. The second view shows the lake in existence, and is a continuation of one of the hills, although there are arid reaches where no trees are found, only fragments of time-shattered limbs and roots. The hills are certainly a beautiful curiosity, and travellers from many parts of America come to visit them and rest awhile by the great shore.

FORT MISSISSAUGA, NIAGARA.—The fort shown in our engraving was erected to the left of Fort George and near the centre of the familiar point of land, after the retreat of the Americans in 1813. It was so called after a tribe of Indians who once had their habitation in the district. In its construction the brick and stones of the burned town were utilized. The tower is still standing, though dismantled, but its iron-studded gates lie open, the palisades that defended its trenches having nearly all disappeared. "Cattle and horses," as Miss Murray writes in *Pictorial Canada*, "now graze peacefully round these old memorials of war, and the lake bears friendly ships from shore to shore; but the inhabitants of Niagara have not yet forgotten what their fathers suffered when, in the frost and snow of December, 1813, helpless women and little children were turned into the street and their houses burned to the ground."

"Dear me, I hope it ain't serious!" said old Mrs. Bunker. "What's the matter?" "Ethel says in her letter that she and her husband had a row on the lake Saturday afternoon." "Pooh! that ain't r-o-w row. It's r-o-w row."



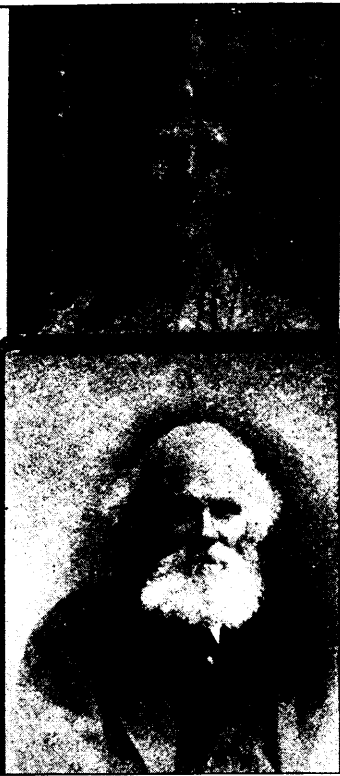
ROOMS OF THE TORONTO ART GALLERY.

lights, and is also provided with smoking and dressing rooms. The main room is 45x70. The gallery has already become a prominent feature in the artistic and social world of Ontario. Several fine exhibitions of paintings have been held there. At present Mr. Scott, the well-known art dealer of Montreal, occupies the north rooms with a fine collection of European paintings. The Ontario Society of Artists gives a ball there on the 30th to celebrate their taking possession.

SCENES FROM "THE LITTLE TYCOON."—These scenes from Willard & Spencer's "tuneful and amusing" comic opera, were taken by our artist for the express purpose of



Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.



Mrs. Page-Thrower.
The late Mr. Gray.



Madame Helen Hopekirk.

MRS. PAGE-THROWER AND MUSICAL FRIENDS.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

I was not very far out last week when I wrote that McGill would beat Montreal, for the prediction was verified. I am still of the opinion that it is the best of the three provincial teams, and, with another chance at Ottawa College, the result would be different from the last one. In past years McGill has been looked upon in a sort of secondary way by football men, and the statement that the Collegians could whip either of the other senior teams was received with a smile of derision; but all this is changed now, and McGill is a very important factor. They are a splendid looking lot of fellows on the field, and they are built with the thews and sinews of football men. All the material is there, but there is still lacking in a marked degree a very essential quality, and that is judgment. The College forwards were superb and their tackling was a sight for the gods, the way some of the heavy Montrealers went down being a decided surprise to them. Montreal, too, has a splendid forward division, but they are out-classed by McGill. Of course, there must be weak spots somewhere, and McGill's failing is in the back. That part of the team was slow and unable to take advantages of many of the opportunities offered, and nearly every attempt to run was followed by a loss of ground. A comparison of the three senior teams shows that McGill is strongest in the scrimmage, Montreal second, Britannia third; in the back division—Britannia first, Montreal second, McGill third; full back—Montreal first, Britannia second, McGill third. An analysis of this would apparently show that McGill should not occupy first place, but the excellence of the rushers and their superiority and effectiveness in tackling more than counterbalance their weak points. The McGill men should learn the fact that their quarter and half-backs are not quick enough to depend on running or dodging, and better results would be had if they paid more attention to kicking, for that rush of the forwards could always be depended on to gain ground. When the match started it was immediately apparent that it was going to be a fierce and hotly contested struggle, McGill starting off with a rush that was apparently bound to carry everything before them. A lucky pass and a splendid combined rush of the Montrealers sent the leather well into McGill territory, and this was followed by a series of hard and determined scrimmages. At last Louson got the ball near the College goal line, he was tackled sharply, but still he managed to plant that elliptical leather just over the line, securing a try. Miller failed to kick a goal. This seemed to put new life into Montreal, and they rushed things, while even the powerful scrimmage of McGill was forced back inch by inch, and at last a long punt of Campbell sent the ball over the line, and the rush was so fast that Donohue was forced to rouse. A few minutes afterwards Montreal secured a safety touch and the score was 7 to 0. And now McGill began to settle down to work in earnest, and, after a series of sharp scrimmages, the College got a try—7-4. After the kick off and a hard scrimmage, another rouge was obtained by Montreal, as well as a point from touch in goal, leaving the score 9-4 in favour of

Montreal at half time. In the second half McGill added a try and three rouges, bringing the tally up to 11 points to Montreal's 9. In this half the superiority of McGill was marked.

* * *

The result of this match will perhaps have a bearing on the championship which has not been looked forward to. McGill is now the champion, and it is questionable as to what the outcome will be of the protested Montreal-Britannia match. It was a peculiar decision of the council to order the match to be played over anyhow, considering that the challenge and not the series system is in vogue. It looked very much as if in the minds of the council McGill was not reckoned in the calculations, and that ordering the match to be played over would decide the championship. It looked like taking it for granted that the struggle would be between the Montreal and Britannia clubs. The question now arises as to whom the first right of challenge belongs. The season will be over on the 8th, it is true; but if it was time enough to order a match to be played over again, on the understanding that such match would decide the championship, it should be looked on in the same light, even if a club that was not calculated on should be the holder of the championship. To my mind it is a sort of injustice to the Britannia club. In the eyes of every football player they won their match with the Montreal club, and they were the protesting parties. If there is any such thing as precedence to be given in McGill's choice of opponents, it should most decidedly go to the Brits, for it should be remembered that Britannia was willing to play out the tie right on the ground, but Montreal was not; and as to the rumour that Montreal should have the privilege of the first match because the Britannias have already made two attempts,—such a thing is unworthy of Rugby men; but, after all, is only on a par with similar tricks that have not elevated other branches of sport.

Mrs. Page-Thrower.

COMING CONCERTS.

The importance of the first visit to Canada of so great an artist and organization as Herr Anton Seidl and the Metropolitan Orchestra of New York will be generally recognized. This being the twenty-first year of Mrs. Page-Thrower's active work in Montreal (in whose brain was first conceived and whose energy carried out the idea of bringing Herr Seidl and his orchestra to Montreal), it has also been thought well to give the portraits of Mr. George Gray (Mrs. Thrower's father), Mrs. Thrower, Mr. and Mrs. George Henschel and Madame Helen Hopekirk.

MR. GEORGE HENSCHEL, OF LONDON, ENGLAND.—Mr. George Henschel was born at Breslau, the capital of Silesia, Germany, on the 18th day of February, 1850. His musical talent was evinced when he was scarcely more than an infant, and at the age of five years he began his musical studies with lessons on the pianoforte. His first public appearance was made when 12 years old, and after prosecuting his studies in Leipsic, he visited Weimar, and there made the acquaintance of Liszt. His career since then has been one of constant development and success. In the spring of 1881 he married Miss Lilian Bailey, and about the same time was asked to take the position of director and conductor, and became the founder—musically—of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. On resigning this position he returned to London, where he now resides, and it was during the two visits to America since he became a resident

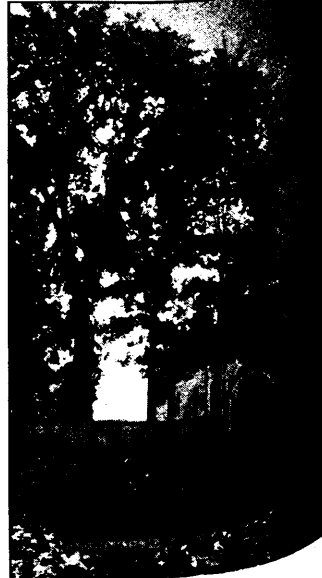
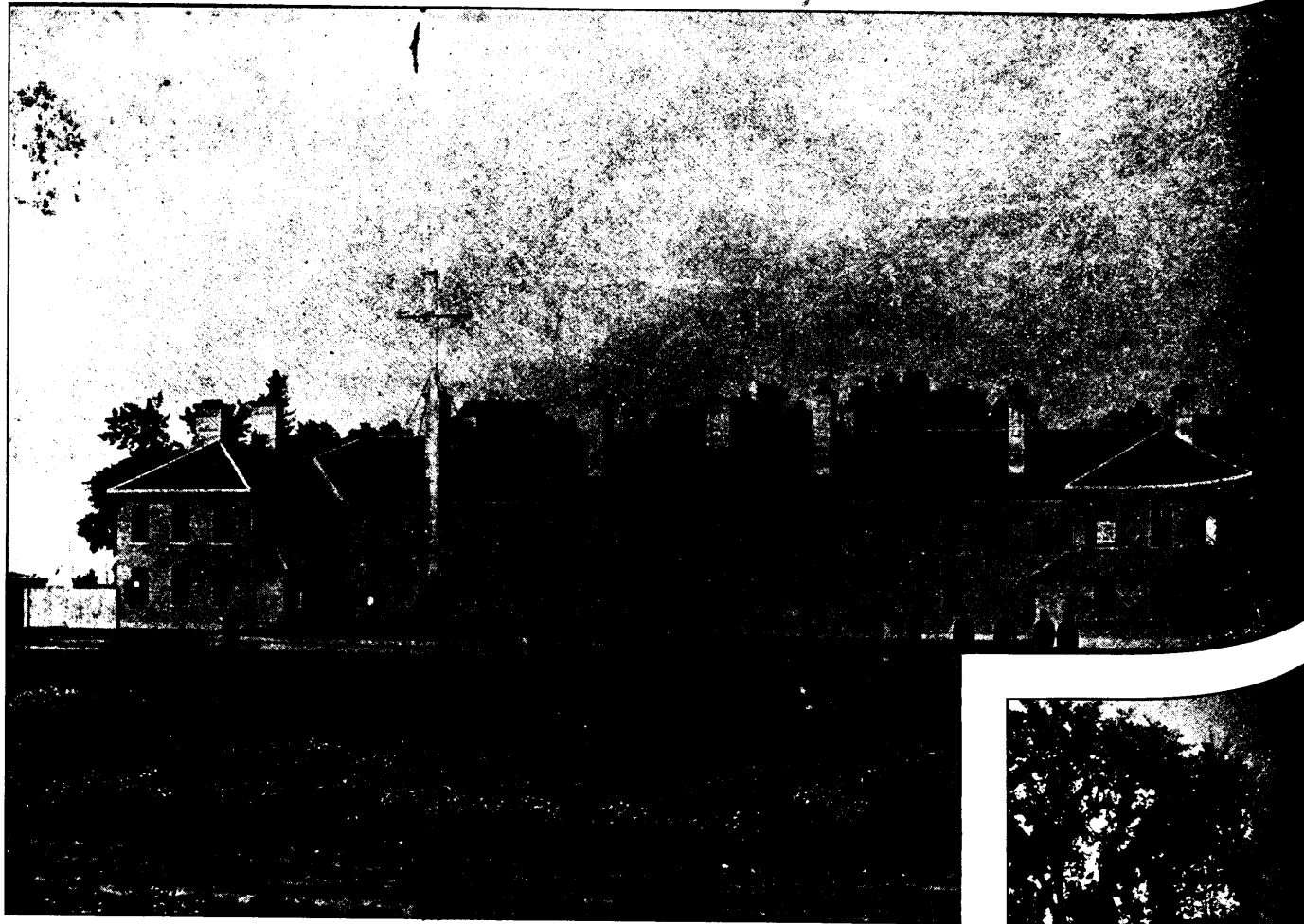
of the great metropolis, that the engagements were made by which Mr. Henschel's name is associated with Mrs. Thrower's management of concerts in Montreal.

MRS. HENSCHEL.—Mrs. Henschel (Lilian Bailey) was born in Columbus, Ohio, January 18, 1860. Manifesting a decided musical talent, she commenced the study of music when in her eighth year, and steadily pursued it under the best masters obtainable in her native city. In June, 1878, her mother took her to Paris, and placed her at once under the instruction of Madam Viardot-Garcia, with whom she remained until early in the next year. Her singing for the Philharmonic Society, London, introduced her to Mr. Henschel, who appeared in the same concert, and who, though he had for a long time declined to give any lessons, and was devoting his time to singing and composition, made an exception to his rule in her case. In the spring of 1881 she was married to Mr. Georg Henschel, and they have lived in Boston and London since that time. The portrait we have copied is one lately taken by Windon & Grove, London, a copy of which was sent to Mrs. Thrower.

HELEN HOPEKIRK.—This distinguished pianiste, whose success some three years ago was so marked, is a Scotch woman by birth. Since leaving America she has resided in Vienna and continued to study under the famous Leschetizsky. Her studies being completed, she appeared at a concert of the Vienna Philharmonic Society, and under the baton of the great Hans Richter played one of the solo parts of the Bach triple concert with such success that Herr Richter engaged her to play the same with his orchestra in London in May last. Madame Hopekirk returns to America and Canada early in the new year, and she and Mr. Wilson have placed the entire business management of the tour in the hands of Mrs. Page-Thrower.

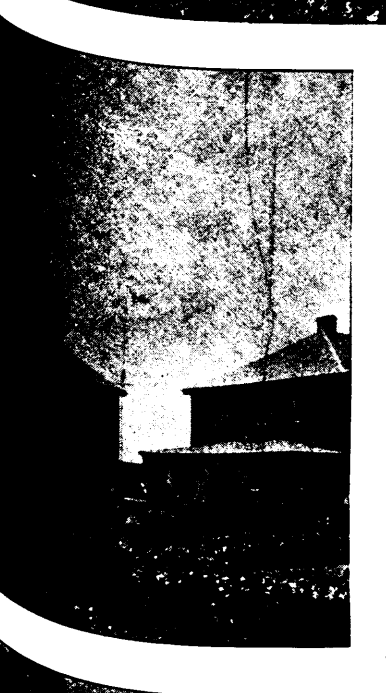
MR. GEORGE GRAY.—This gentleman, from whom Mrs. Thrower inherits whatever musical talent she possesses, was a professional musician, who began his career as choir boy in Eton College chapel, and he was frequently chosen to sing solos in the Royal Chapel, St. George's, Windsor. He was connected with the choirs of Westminster Abbey and of the Royal Chapels, St. James and Whitehall, in London, and had the right to use the title, "A Gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal." He was also connected with the choir of Ely and Armagh cathedrals (in which last Mrs. Thrower was baptised, having been born in Armagh December 29th, 1844.) In later life Mr. Gray held appointments in the choirs of St. Patrick's and Christ Church cathedrals and the Castle and Trinity College chapels, Dublin, and he was laid to his final rest in the close of St. Patrick's cathedral, beautiful floral offerings being sent by the Sacred Harmonic Society, of London, and many other friends who had known and respected him during his life. He was also the founder of the "Choir Benevolent Fund," a sort of insurance for singing men, which received Royal patronage.

Mrs. Thrower's work as a teacher of vocal music, and one interested in bringing the best music possible to Montreal, is too well known to require more than a passing notice, further than to say it is to her we are indebted for the appearance in Montreal of the artists whose portraits we give to-day, and to offer her our sincere good wishes that the advent of Herr Anton Seidl to Montreal (the only Canadian city that will have the opportunity of hearing the great artist this season) may not only be a great musical success but also show that our citizens appreciate her efforts by attending the concerts in large numbers.



Officers' Quarters, from the Barrack Square.
The Guard House and Barrack Guard.

The Co
"B" COMPANY, ROYAL



The Barrack Hospital.
The Barrack Gate and Guard House.

Residence.
INFANTRY, ST. JOHNS, P.Q.



COMTE DE PARIS.



DUC D'ORLEANS.

VISIT OF THE COMTE DE PARIS TO MONTREAL.

Husband and Wife.

Addressed to Rev. Amni Prince and wife, Bangor, Me.,
on the occasion of the late golden wedding,

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet.

—BURNS.

Again the day returns, the blissful day,
When we commenced our journey hand in hand;
I see thee still,—thou smil'st the same old way,
By which thy unspent love I understand.
Dear wife, the way was chequer'd; but the shade
Hath been as needful to us as the sun;
And e'en our sorrows the dear Lord hath made
Rich as our joys that to soft music run.
Now, though the sunset splendour warmly shines,
And brightens calmly through life's Western door,
We sigh not for the Past—though fair its lines,
But wait the glorious things that lie before;
When we—our work and warfare are complete—
Shall lay our crowns at our Redeemer's feet.

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

The Spur.

Stir, dullard heart! Wake, listless soul! Afire
With passionate delight, to feel, to see
The brave, far-reaching sky's virginity,
Immaculate, yet burning with desire!
Eye, purge thy lucent orb! O ear, within
Thyself withdrawn, come forth!—renew thy birth,
Move 'mid fresh glory o'er th' transfigur'd earth,
And to thee uncorrupting treasure win.
How canst thou let thy favouring day go by,
And all its golden freight slip in the sea?
Thou lovest Time to lose Eternity!
Wake, soul, and live! Thou dreamest but to die!
Thou tread'st a land of wonder, little knowing
What groves are blooming, and what streams are flowing.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

Through the Magazines.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

In the November number of this excellent monthly (now in its 38th volume) Mr. Herbert Spencer leads off with an article of rare interest on "The Origin of Music." It is really an afterthought, having been prepared as a postscript to the author's short treatise on the same subject in his "Essays Scientific, Political and Speculative," of which Messrs. Appleton & Co. are bringing out a final edition. The whole essay (including this appendix) forms an impor-

tant contribution to the Spencerian philosophy. Prof. Mendenhall deals with a question on which it is becoming more and more essential that we should have correct notions—"The Relation of Men of Science to the General Public." The paper was originally read at the Indianapolis meeting of the American Association in August last, as the president's retiring address. Prof. J. Norman Lockyer relates "The History of a Star"—a chapter in cosmic evolution largely based on spectrum analysis. Of a practical as well as scientific character are "The Use of Alcohol in Medicine," by Dr. A. G. Bartley; "School Life in Relation to Growth and Health," by Prof. Key, and the "Logic of Free Trade and Protection." This last article, by Mr. Arthur Kitson, is peculiarly opportune at the present economic crisis. In natural history there are two readable illustrated articles by F. Le Roy Sargent ("The Root Tip") and by A. G. Mayer ("Habits of the Box Tortoise"). We would call special attention to a paper by Mr. George Hles (also illustrated) entitled, "My Class in Geometry." It is a contribution to the art of teaching (scientific teaching) which should be in the hands of all who are engaged in educational work, and it is a pity it could not have been read at the recent meeting of Protestant teachers in this city. It illustrates ingeniously and pleasantly the variety of ways in which the reflective, analytic and inventive faculties of young people may be developed. "Human Selection," by Alfred Russel Wallace; "Some Lessons from Barbarism," by Elaine Goodale, a sketch (with frontispiece portrait) of Amos Eaton, and the "Editor's Table," etc., complete a number of comprehensive interest. The *Popular Science Monthly*, founded by the late Prof. E. L. Youmans, is edited by Dr. William Jay Youmans, and is published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., 1, 3 and 5 Bond street, New York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

The numbers of *The Living Age* for October 18th and 25th contain "The Progress of Weather Study," *National Review*; "Carthage," *Contemporary Review*; "In a Sunny Land," *All the Year Round*; "My Desert Island," *Macmillan's Magazine*; "A Mediæval Popular Preacher," *Nineteenth Century*; "On the Fighting Instinct," *Longman's Magazine*; "Goethe's Last Days," *Fortnightly Review*; "Carlyle and Old Women," *National Review*; "A Tragical Tertulia," *Murray's Magazine*; "Mahomedans at the Dock," *Public Opinion*; "Eh, but It's Queer Altogether," *Temple Bar*; "A Prince of Condé," *National Review*; "A Physiologist's Wife," *Blackwood's Magazine*; "In Ceylon," *Gentleman's Magazine*; "John Bull Abroad," *Temple Bar*; "The Defensive Position of Holland," *Time*; "The Last Days of Heine," *Mac-*

millan's Magazine; "Discovery of an Early Christian House at Rome," *Chambers' Journal*; "An Old Letter from the Baltic, by Lady Eastlake," *Murray's Magazine*; "Parallel Passages from European and Asiatic Writers," *Asiatic Quarterly Review*; "Ober Ammergau: Behind the Scenes," *Spectator*; and the usual amount of choice poetry. For fifty two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,000 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., 31 Bedford street, Boston, are the publishers.

THE ARENA.

With the November number the *Arena* closes its second volume and first year. From the start it has been a success. It brought into sympathetic communion some of the most earnest and clear-seeing minds in the United States, Canada and Europe. With a staff of contributors that included Rev. E. E. Hale, Prof. Shaler, N. H. Dole, Miss Frances E. Willard, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rabbi Schindler, Mrs. Helen Campbell, Junius Henri Brown, Louis Fréchette, Helen Modjeska, Rev. R. Heber Newton and others of the foremost thinkers of the time, it was sure to have a *clientèle* both wide and select. Dion Boucicault's paper on "The Future American Drama" will be read with melancholy interest, now that the "premier of the Anglo-Saxon dramatic world" has gone where every individual plays a new part—that of his real, undisguised self. It is an inspiring forecast of a drama nobler than any that has yet been attained. Prof. Shaler (who is as many-minded, evidently, as the typical poet) treats of a very living question, "The African Element in America." A symposium on a topic which is the reverse of convivial, "Destitution in Boston," is shared in by Dr. E. E. Hale, Rabbi Schindler, the Rev. O. P. Gifford and other prominent divines. It has brought out some sad truths which have a bearing on other cities as much as on Boston. The Rev. Forrest A. Marsh, Miss Willard, Mr. B. O. Flower (the editor) and Mr. Marcus J. Wright contribute notes on such problems as woman suffrage, dramatic talent, the dispensation of justice and the share of men in women's shame. If the *Arena* contains no light reading, such as would satisfy those "lewd persons of the baser sort" who are provided elsewhere, it is equally free from heavy stuff, which is neither food nor medicine for the mind. It is addressed to thoughtful observers and students of their time, thinkers and workers, who will hail direction from acknowledged leaders but decline to accept the guidance of either tradition or fashion. Its criticism, in letters, as in art,

philosophy, political economy and religion, is without *parti pris* and is always original, well-weighed and independent. Subscription, \$5 yearly. Address, Arena Publishing Company, Pierce Building, Copley square, Boston, Mass.

CANADIANA.

The latest number of *Canadiana* is one of the fullest and finest yet issued. We are glad to see in print a paper on Father Marquette by Mr. John Lesperance, to which we had the pleasure of listening when it was read before the Society for Historical Studies. It is instructive, though necessarily brief, suggests further research into the significance of the great westward and southward movement of the Old Régime, and is marked by the author's characteristic graces of style. Mr. Henry Mott has managed to compile a really fascinating study out of what, to the uninitiated, would be the most uninviting of subjects. "Only a Catalogue" is the title. but of catalogues the name is legion. Some are virtually worthless, some are "jewels of price," and Mr. Mott was happy in choosing for his theme that thesaurus of bibliography which bears the impress of Mr. Gerald Hart's taste and judgment. Lovers of books, and all that is related to them (especially of those precious Canadian works of which only bibliophiles ever even catch a glimpse) will revel in Mr. Mott's account of that grand library, of which now, alas! the *disjecta membra* alone survive. In praise of books the essayist has added poems by Austin Dobson, George Martin and Henry Mott—this last written for the occasion of the final meeting of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, at which his paper was read. Mr. Douglas Brymner, Dominion Archivist, who always merits attention, writes of a monument to Tecumseh which it was proposed to erect on St. Helen's Island, and towards which a considerable sum was collected. The movement, which began in 1841, seems, owing to some mysterious interruption, to have proved abortive. For full particulars we advise our readers to consult Mr. Brymner's paper, which, in these days of patriotic hero-worship, is of more than curious interest. "Mabel's" study on the Chien d'Or legend is worth reading, as is also the survey of the de Levis manuscripts. A poem on the "United Provinces," contributed to the *Monthly Review*, and dated December, 1840, shows that the legislative union of the Canadas had its enthusiastic singers as well as the later and grander Confederation. How many Ottawas are there? "H. M." has discovered ten, besides the Queen's choice. *Canadi na* continues to do a good work in preserving from oblivion much that would otherwise be irretrievably lost. It is edited by Messrs. W. J. White and J. P. Edwards, and is printed by the *Gazette* Printing Company. The subscription is \$2 a year.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Those who are old enough to recall the first appearance of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" ever so long ago, will rejoice to find that kind and clever despot, now on the evening of life, exercising sway "Over the Tea Cups," with the old charm of tone and fruitfulness of speech still recognizable. "Life is," he says in the November *Atlantic*, "a *petit verre* (a metaphor which arose naturally out of some French reminiscences) of a very peculiar kind of spirit. At twenty years it used to be said that the little glass was full. We should be more apt to put it at eighty in our day, while Gladstone and Tennyson and our own Whittier are breathing, moving, thinking, writing, speaking, in the green preserve belonging to their children and grandchildren, and Barcroft is keeping watch of the

gamekeeper in the distance." And then he goes on chatting about old age in a gentle, chastened way, with touches of pathos now and then and occasional outcroppings of the old bitter-sweet humour. Most interesting of all to lovers of the "Autocrat" are the parting words of the series, a chapter of autobiography which those who have read the three preceding ones as they appeared—"Autocrat," "Professor" and "Poet"—will read with mingled sadness and hope, sadness that this delightful and instructive companionship is again interrupted, and hope that it may be resumed ere long and lost for many a joyous year. Mr. Frank R. Stockton begins a serial story, "The House of Martha," which has the much prized flavour in style, but in invention seems to be a fresh departure. Two contemporary contributions deal with a mediæval (F. C. Sewell) and an American highwayman. In "The Legend of William Tell" Mr. W. D. McCrackan traces the development of a myth long accepted as history back to the year 1477—more than a century and a half after the Swiss hero is supposed to have lived. Mr. Percival Lowell, who is an authority on the Lands of the Sunrise, tells the story of a Japanese Reformer. Under the heading of "Along the Border of Proteus's Realm," Edith M. Thomas gives some lake and seashore studies, for which she had received the first suggestion from the look and moods of Lake Erie. John Jay Chapman has tried his hand at translating the fourth canto of the "Inferno"—beginning "Ruppemi l'alto sonno nella testa Un greve tuono"—in which Dante congregates in a Pagan elysium the great poets, philosophers, warriors and women of renown, from Adam to Saladin, whose virtues were due not to Christian teaching but to the light of nature. His object is to produce some semblance of the effect of the original, and to that end he has adopted the poet's metre. It will, we believe, be conceded that Mr. Chapman has achieved no slight success, and his management of the list of names near the close of the canto is not the least happy feature of his essay. The remainder of the magazine (including the noteworthy review entitled, "The Christ in Recent Fiction") makes with the foregoing a number that is certainly not below the *Atlantic's* usual high standard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; New York, 11 East Seventeenth street.

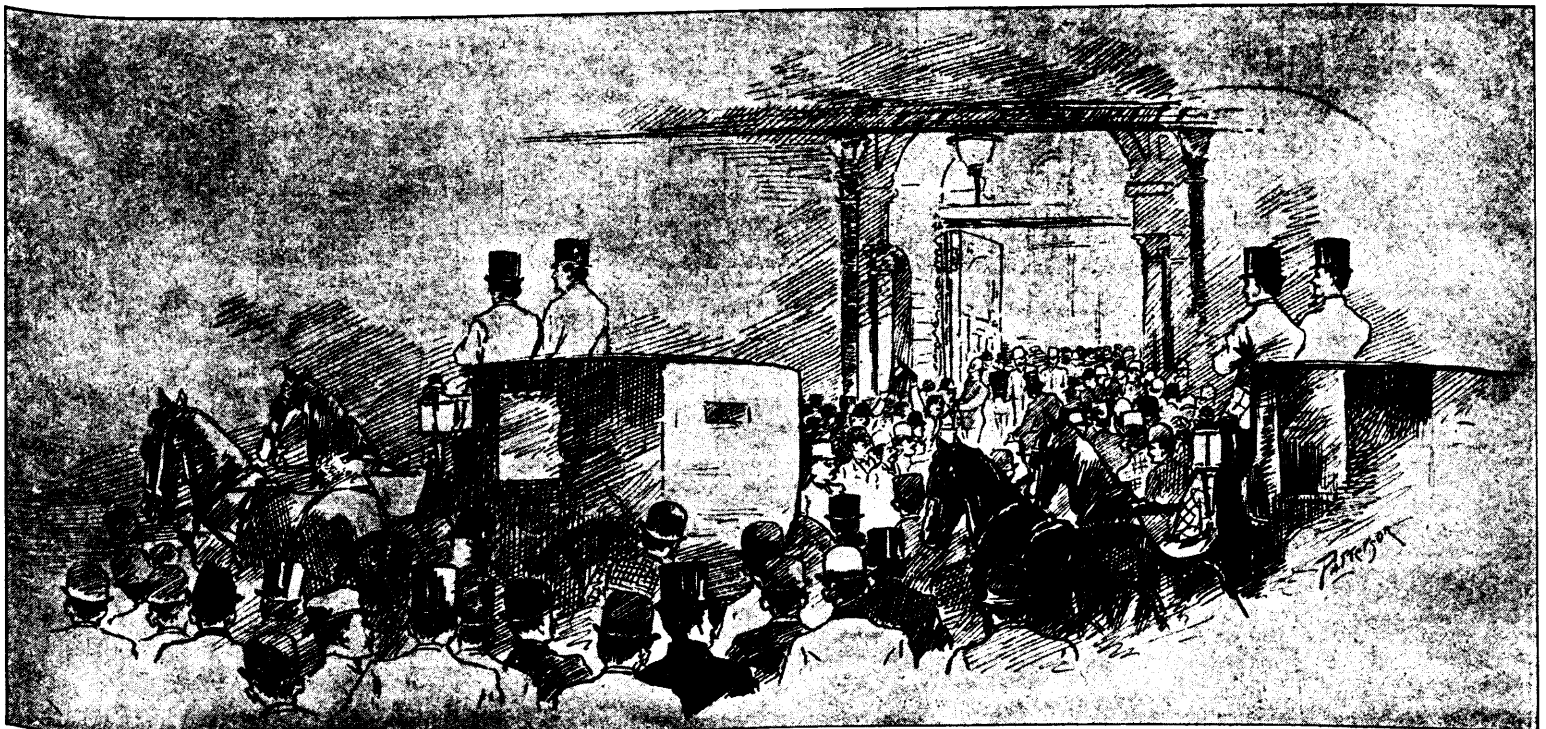
THE WEEK.

A study of a phase of industrial life not often portrayed is that of Mr. Archibald Macmechan in the last two numbers of the *Week*. "Life on a Cattle Ship" the narrator found trying enough, but not without its compensations. "It was," he says, "rough, hard, dirty work, and plenty of it, with coarse fare and coarser mates." He did not relish being at the beck and call of a rough Irishman,

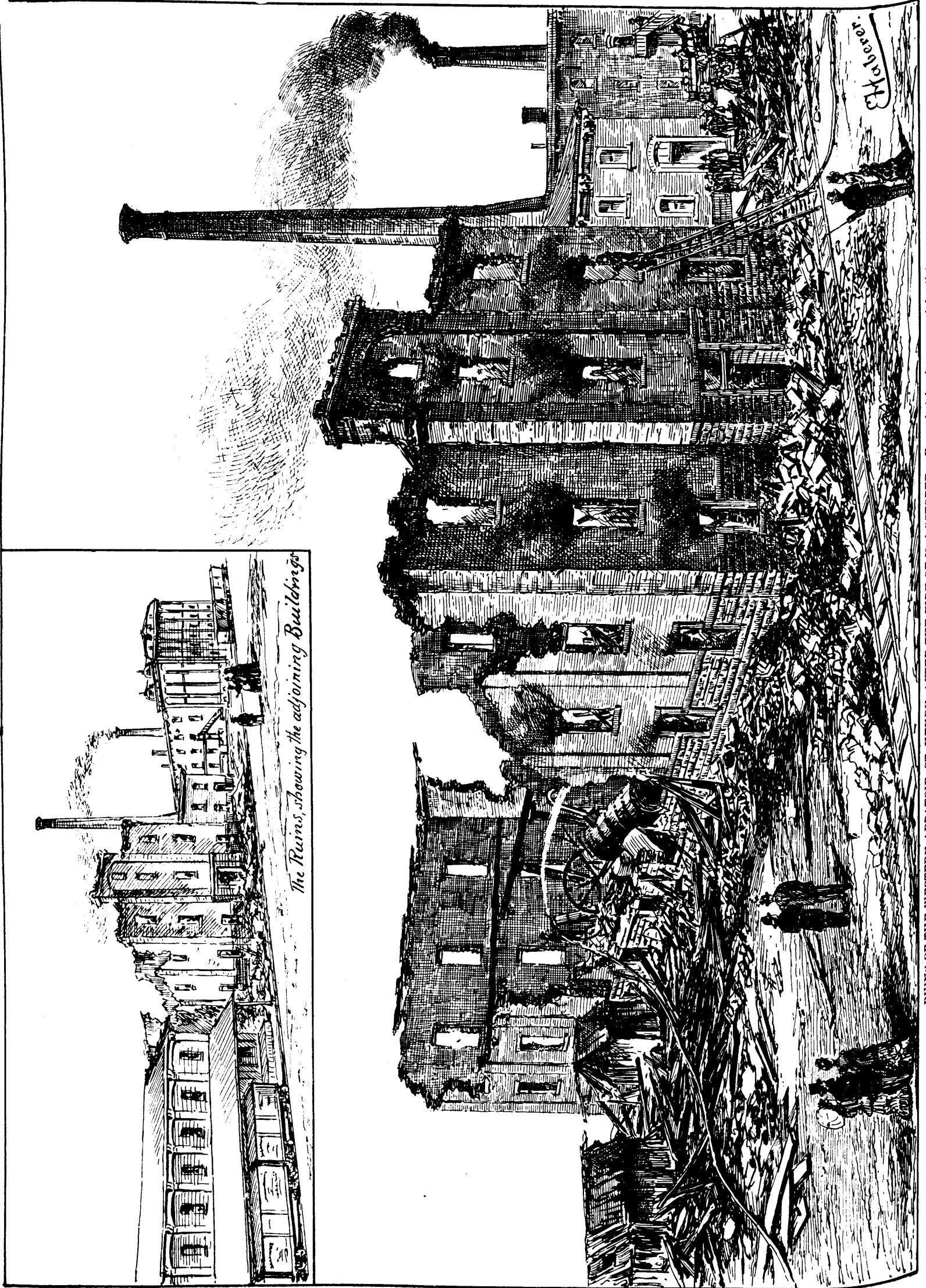
"after being the petty tyrant of a country school," and he seems to have had more than his share of keeping watch. But he made up for his loss of sleep at night by "long drowses on the sweet hay or the clean-smelling pine planks over the sheep pens." The Arcola had beautiful weather all the way across and, on the whole, Mr. Macmechan did not consider his experience much of a hardship. Whatever he endured was amply counterbalanced by breathing the wholesome sea air and looking at the strange sights of ocean and sky. The account of the trip is well worth reading. "N. K. J." (a young Toronto lady) is contributing her impressions of the Oberammergau Passion Play, which she witnessed last summer. Her description of the play and the chief actors is animated and instructive and, as her notes were taken on the spot, may be regarded as trustworthy. The Rev. M. R. Knight and Miss Emily Macmanus contribute patriotic poems, while Mr. J. K. Pauw gives a translation of Horace's love-ode, "Donec Gratus Eram" (III. 9). Mr. John Darby, of Ottawa, discusses the labour question. "Walter Powell's" London Letter is full of pithy gossip on literary, art and society matters, while "Z" sends the latest tid-bits of like news from across the channel. A thoughtful article on "Legal Reform," the "Rambler's," opportune moralizings, criticisms of recent books and music, and vigorous editorials on policies and events complete the bill of fare. The *Week* is worthy of support, and out of Canada would long since have had a pecuniary triumph as well as a *succès d'estime*. It is published by Mr. C. Blakett Robinson, 5 Jordan street, Toronto.



THE CROWD TEARING DOWN THE STUDENTS' FLAG.



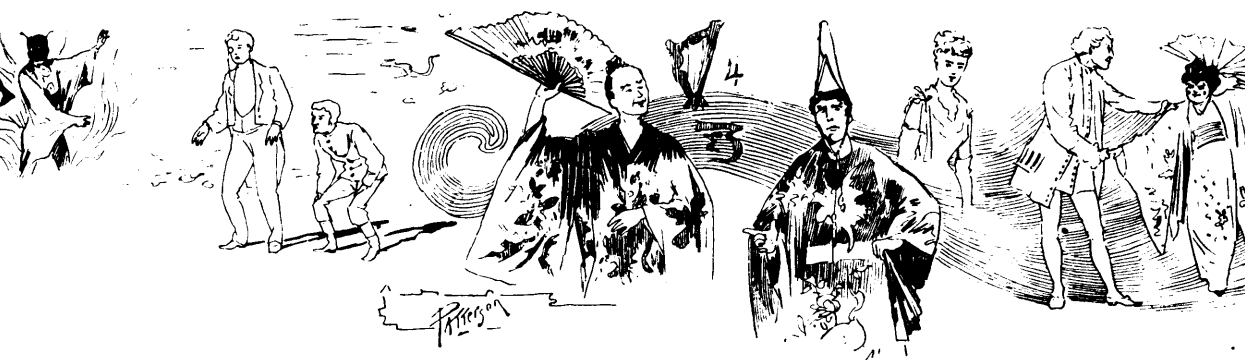
THE PARTY AT THE WINDSOR.
VISIT OF THE COMTE DE PARIS, 24th OCTOBER.



The Ruins, showing the adjoining Buildings

Blackburn

RUINS OF THE WESTERN ABBATOIR, ST. HENRY, AFTER THE FIRE OF 2nd OCTOBER. (From sketches by our special artist.)



SCENES FROM "THE LITTLE TYCOON" AT ACADEMY OF MUSIC, MONTREAL, 20th to 25th OCTOBER.
(By our special artist.)

On the Virgin Stalk.

By MISS A. C. JENNINGS.

Helena, too, when she heard him honourably spoken of, was pleased to remember, though her personal recollections of him were vague, that this was the man who had been her own especial friend.

But, although these thoughts were pleasant, they did not lend much vitality to her lonely life. The lingering, eventful days followed each other as she grew older, and she began to perceive that nothing happened to her, that the lovely surprises and triumphs and disclosures of youth were passing her by, unfairly, she thought, for she found herself sitting as a spectator at the show while she could still have loved and laughed and wept and enjoyed as keenly as the busiest actor there.

She had missed something, and Life's horizon was narrowing day by day.

But nobody knew or cared anything about these thoughts of Helena's. Her sisters believed that they were her very good friends, and they believed also that she was very well off; that it was nice to have so many pretty things made for their children by her ingenious fingers, and that by-and-by, in the natural course of things, Helena's fortune would fall to the little ones, which would be still nicer.

So her barren future was complacently settled by others without the suspicion of any secret rebellion in Helena's heart against this rather arbitrary plan of her destiny. For it is a truth, although not quite an agreeable one, that it is needful for each one of us to take his or her place and part in life and keep it against all invaders with what strength is in us.

If a generous nature makes one sacrifice of its own rights it will be taken at its word and taught further renunciation, but it will find few defenders chivalrous enough to say:

"Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean."

Brothers and sisters drift apart from the simple bond of family feeling in the intenser struggles of new and complex interests developed by individual hopes and aspirations. It can scarcely be otherwise, and yet this is not absolutely and invariably true; but, I think, those are exceptional people who, when they marry, or in any other way enlist in the world's marching ranks, do not forget their father's house.

All which means that the sisters of Helena Wylde were not more remarkable for what is called natural affection than the majority of human beings.

And inflexible Time began to whisper to Mr. Wylde in situations that he was growing old. His health was not

actually impaired, but the dull, grey winter mornings oppressed him and the long days of summer wearied him. He was tired of business cares and calculations and the routine of office duties; and a growing distaste for exertion, combined with an inevitable recognition of its necessity, warned him that nature was claiming a well-earned period of repose, and that the time was at hand when he would gladly see a younger man in the place he had so long successfully occupied.

But where should he find the "younger man," now that he had mentally resigned his labours, whom he could wisely and willingly invest with his discarded mantle?

His thoughts reverted wistfully to Harry Drummond. He felt sure that his old favourite would bring him the rest and comfort he needed. But he was not sure that Drummond would come cheerfully. He had taken kindly root and flourished in that foreign soil to which he had been exiled for so many years, and life in the warm, luxurious island was in many respects a pleasanter experience than a stern northern climate could offer.

Having once, however, allowed himself to meditate upon this subject, Mr. Wylde was not the man to relinquish his idea without a trial, and accordingly wrote to Mr. Drummond that he wished to consult with him upon an important change in the management of the firm which he had in contemplation, and was anxious to have a personal discussion about the matter, and suggesting that the voyage was not a long one. He added that if Mr. Drummond would agree to come and see his old-time friends they would try to make his visit something of a holiday for him.

Harry Drummond had fitted himself easily into his West Indian life, and had not yet grown dissatisfied with conditions which, sooner or later, vex and weary most men not to the manner born. And he was far from understanding Mr. Wylde's meaning literally, for the latter had not been explicit. But the younger man felt that there could be no question or hesitation on his part about complying with the request of his true and constant friend, and made his preparations accordingly.

It was April, a rather wild and stormy month for the proposed voyage. At that season the violent spring gales so prevalent upon his hazardous native coast were likely to be encountered, but that was not taken into account.

He had written to Mr. Wylde by the previous mail announcing the date of his departure from Barbadoes. He was coming north in one of the fine traders belonging to the firm, which was all but ready to sail direct for the port to which he was bound. He thought the opportunity one too favourable to miss, and his arrival might be calculated upon definitely.

In all his years of absence he had not, Mr. Drummond said, longed for home. He had been busy and prosperous, and, although he had not forgotten his youth, he had been

contented. But now that it had been put into his head, he found it so pleasant to think that his early friends had not forgotten him in almost twenty years, that he was as homesick as a school-boy, and had begun to fancy that a tropical sky was enervating him. A breath of the fresh wild north-westers he remembered so well would, he thought, set him up wonderfully.

Mr. Wylde seemed to forget his weariness and grow more cheerful, as people at his age do when some new hope or interest stirs the languid narrowing stream of life.

He talked a good deal to Helena about dinner-parties, a mode of hospitality he had of late much neglected, and suggested that she should give some dances and show Drummond some pretty girls who were not Creoles.

The weather was gusty and fitful, but the spring days grew longer, and great mountainous masses of dazzling sunlit cloud drifted majestically across the intensely blue sky at the pleasure of the variable winds, the snowy peaks and promontories parting and shifting to reveal the deep, cool azure caverns which lay behind their fantastic forms.

And the sea took on the lovely soothing colour so unlike its wintry hue. But it was the transition season, when fierce and sudden changes were not uncommon. The Billow was on her homeward trip, and Hugh Wylde, being one of her owners, and having besides that strong personal interest in her safety, felt that he should be glad to see her canvass furled in port again.

The vessel had a reliable commander and was in every respect well equipped and seaworthy; but when about the twentieth of the month a week of tempestuous weather set in he began to feel rather uncomfortable.

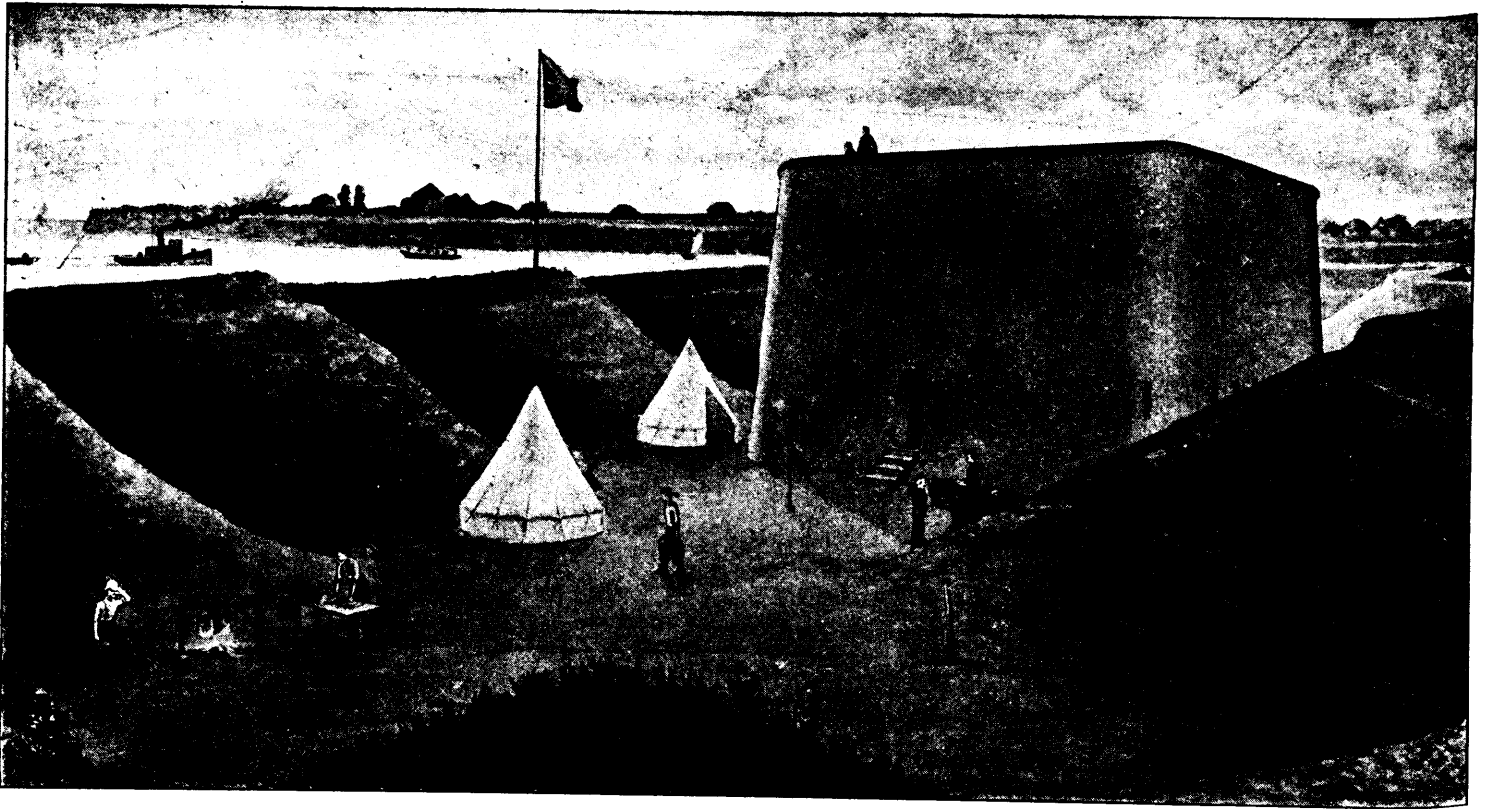
Some disasters in the fishing fleet were already reported, and a large foreign steamer, trying to run in upon the perilous coast without a pilot, had, in a dense fog, gone ashore below the light-house, and was beating herself to pieces upon a sunken reef which there lay in wait for the unwary.

On the twenty-fourth the violence of the wind had somewhat abated, and the water was less turbulent. There seemed a prospect of a lull in the conflict at least; but the fishermen of the neighbouring coves, who had mostly come in from the deep-sea fishing grounds for shelter would not yet prophesy fair weather.

Mr. Wylde kept a good boat in the cove below Cliff House, and Peter Schmidt, who was in charge of her, was an old pilot who had given up the active duties of his craft for a less toilsome life on shore.

The opinions of Peter were almost infallible, but he gave his employer no particular consolation at this juncture, although he knew well why he was consulted.

(To be continued.)



FORT MISSISSAUGA.

HISTORIC CANADA, II.

Fort Mississauga.

Fort Mississauga is situated on the lake front, and there the ruined remains of its thick, strong earthworks and massive brick tower are still plainly to be seen a few hundred yards to the west of the Queen's Royal Hotel. The earthen embankments were thrown up at the time of the building of Fort George in 1792, or immediately afterwards; but the huge tower in the centre of the enclosure was not erected until several years later, when it was built with bricks from the ruined walls of the houses of the town of Niagara, which had been set on fire by order of the American General McClure in the war of 1812. Though not so extensive as Fort George, this lake-shore fort was not less solidly nor scientifically constructed, and owing,

among other things, to the fact that the interior has not been turned into a farm, the outline of the bastions and other portions of the fortification is much more clearly and sharply defined. In fact, the projecting and re-entrant angles, the covered way and underground passages, the principal entrance with its massive double-plank gate thickly studded with iron bolts, the magazine and store-rooms, and all the other salient features of the stronghold may still be readily identified, and could easily be preserved from final destruction and disappearance by the outlay of a little pains and money. Even the old brick tower in the middle could be saved, if the necessary repairs were made on it immediately; but soon it will be too late, solid and exceptionally massive as it once was; it is rapidly crumbling, an eye-sore and a disgrace to the country. These old forts are not, of course, required for

purposes of defence, and still less for purposes of attack; they would be useless for either purpose if they were required. But surely it would not be too much to expect that they should be at least retained in their present condition as exceedingly interesting landmarks of our past history, even if they be not restored to something like the condition they were in three-quarters of a century ago. Economy is an excellent thing, but it is possible to carry it too far. No person, we are sure, and certainly no patriotic Canadian, would object to a trifling outlay on these venerable ruins. It would not cost much to bring them into a condition of which we would not be ashamed; at present they are but ghastly and forlorn shadow of former substance and greatness. Fort Mississauga is spelt in a variety of ways, as Mississauga, Mississauga, Missasaga, Massasaga, Massasauga, and half a dozen others.

Science and Art in Toronto.

[From an occasional contributor.]

TORONTO, October, 1890.

Despite the presence in our city of two old favourites—Robert Burdette and Roland Reed, the Woman's Congress, representing the Association for the Advancement of Woman, has been the event of the week. Invited by the city in the spring, the city, as represented by mayor and aldermen, received the Association with the consideration due to such distinguished guests, and, by tending them a public reception, testified the warmth of their welcome. The reception was held in the theatre of the Normal School, the Honorable the Minister of Education for Ontario thereby testifying his sympathy with the aims and objects of the Association, and in the same building comfortable committee rooms and other conveniences necessary to the work of so important a gathering were provided.

And work the Association did. "We shall have little or no time for junketing," wrote the energetic treasurer to the local committee. Indeed it has caused widespread regret that, owing to this fact, Toronto society has had positively no opportunity of meeting Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and other eminent women among the delegates, save at the crowded public reception. Several of the ladies—Mrs. Howe, Miss Mary F. Eastman, Mrs. Colby, and Mrs. Florence Kollock—are staying over Sunday, but each has some special engagement—such as preaching or speaking—which necessitates her delay, the rest of the party having gone to Buffalo to spend Monday there by special invitation, and giving Tuesday to Rochester, from which city, the home of Susan B. Anthony, the venerable and delightful, an invitation was telegraphed as soon as it was known our visitors had really arrived.

Seldom has Toronto had an opportunity of listening to such papers as have been read before them this week. No crude, ill-digested, speculative statements, but a dealing with the subjects proposed by those who know—women who, having already made their mark upon public literature, can deal with questions from the cultivated standpoint that alone has weight. When Julia Ward Howe talked on "The Practical Value of Philosophy," we knew we were listening to a master mind. When Mary Eastman spoke of "Woman in the State," we had to bow, willingly or unwillingly, to her logic and the clear perception that showed us the folly of our prejudices. "The Scientific Work and Influence of Maria Mitchell" was not less inspiring than interesting, and both in her success as an astronomer, and her immense influence as a teacher of that

abstruse study, formed a sufficient reply to the opponents of women's mental freedom, as well as furnished another instance, like those of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and George Elliott, of the gift a father makes to the world who gives his daughter the highest education of the time, irrespective of sex. A highly appreciative and critical paper on "Ibsen's Plays" was read by its writer, Mrs. Ellen Mitchell, of Colorado, and attracted, no doubt by the fame of the papers already given, a number of our literary men, such as Dr. Withrow, G. Mercer Adam, Richard Lewis, the venerable elocutionist and Shakespearian student, George Robinson, and Prof. Ashley, Toronto University, were present. Our university men as a rule have been conspicuous by their absence, whether governed by the indifference, not only manifested but testified to, by Sir Daniel Wilson in the matter, or for other clauses, cannot be said; but save by Prof. Clark, of Trinity, who represented the universities at the reception, no sympathy has been shown in a quarter where high intellectual gifts and attainments are supposed to be best appreciated. No doubt sex stood in the way. The paper on "More Pedagogy in Universities and Schools," written by Mrs. Bundy, of Illinois, and read by Mrs. Parker, the wife and assistant of Mr. Parker, the founder of the Normal School of Chicago, was a powerful and well supported plea for the education of teachers in *teaching* and a chair of Pedagogy (the second *g* was pronounced soft by the speakers, except Miss Eastman, who retained the older fashion*) was spoken of as a vital necessity in our universities. In Toronto University, though there is no chair, the principle is acknowledged, and the Education Department has for a year or two required that graduates who entered our High Schools as teachers, should take a Normal course in teaching of at least six months.

One or two notable incidents connected with the meetings of the Women's Congress are worthy of mention. One was the presence as a delegate of Dr. Martha Mowry, of Providence, R.I., the first woman medical practitioner in the United States. In Toronto she met the first medical practitioner in Canada, Dr. Emily H. Stowe, who became a member of the Association, which is a branch Sorosis, and through whose zeal and endeavour the Association became our visitors. Many of your readers will know that the theatre of our Normal School is richly decorated with

*The system sound is undoubtedly in accord with the best usage. Of course in Greek *g* is always hard, but in English words derived from Greek, it is hard only before *a*, *o* and *u*.—ED. D. I.

busts standing on brackets about the walls—representing devotees of the arts and sciences best known to English literature and history, beside royal personages of esteem. Here are Brougham, Nollekens, Cowper, Sterne, Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, Rowland Hill, O'Connell, Disraeli, Prior, Pope, Whewell, Lyndhurst, the Duchess of Kent, the Dowager Duchess of Gloucester, the Queen, Prince Albert—as English people best love to call him, Empress Eugenie, the Princess of Wales, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and a hundred more, all excellent and authentic likenesses. On Wednesday afternoon such a glory of sunshine rested upon the head of Queen Elizabeth that the President, poet as she is, stopped the proceedings in order to call attention to it, and accept it as a message of congratulation to themselves from one of the strongest-minded and ablest queens that ever sat on a throne. I must leave other able papers than those I have referred to untouched, space being too limited, and notice the last that was read at this Congress—"The Study of American History"—by Mrs. Kate Tennant Woods, Massachusetts, because in it the writer drew attention to the fact that while large sums are spent and great interest exhibited in the ruins and remains of the Old World, as it is called, enquiry has led to the conclusion that America is the Old World, and we know that Central America is full of the remains of peoples whose monuments equal in grandeur and value of any records yet discovered.

The perfect self-possession, grace and high breeding both of manner and speech of these ladies were very generally remarked upon. Except in an isolated case or two, there was no Yankeeism. English ears could, however, discover the slightest tincture of the dialectic peculiarities that had distinguished the forefathers of some—nay, most of these ladies; Mrs. Howe's speech was the perfection of elegant English as her manner is the perfection of breeding. It is evident that the learning these ladies undoubtedly possess is not a veneer put on over common or cheap education, and the most exacting could find no fault either with manner, speech or deportment.

Seeing that I have written so largely on the subject of the Association, believing your readers would be sufficiently interested in it, I must defer one or two other matters until another opportunity. I ought not, however, to omit saying that during the session of Friday afternoon a telegram was received, addressed to the president, from Lady Aberdeen, who was travelling in British Columbia, expressing her regret at her inability to be present, and wishing the Association a successful and agreeable visit. It is needless to say that the telegram was received with much applause.

OUR PERMANENT TROOPS, I.

"B" Company, Royal School of Infantry.

Royal Military Schools.

On the 25th of May, 1883, the Governor-General assented to an amended Militia Act, which had been introduced by the present popular Minister of Militia, Sir A. P. Caron, which provided for the organization of three companies of infantry, to be permanently maintained. The object was, in the words of the Act, "to provide for the care and protection of forts, magazines, armaments, warlike stores and such like service, also to secure the establishment of schools for military instruction." Such schools had previously existed in Canada, and, as a matter of fact, did exist at the time this act was passed. Their previous existence will be remembered by many, for they were in connection with Imperial regiments stationed in Quebec, Montreal and elsewhere. To secure attendance at these Imperial regimental schools did not require a commission in the militia. Any one could attend, and, upon getting a pass certificate, secured a certain money payment. Hundreds availed themselves of this privilege. The withdrawal of the Imperial troops from Canada in 1871, necessitated the Canadian Government organizing regular troops of their own, to garrison the Citadel at Quebec and Fort Henry at Kingston. To perform this work, A and B Batteries of Canadian Artillery were called into existence on the 20th of October, 1871. These batteries were to consist of two divisions—"Field and Garrison"—and were shortly after called upon to perform the "school duties" which had hitherto been carried on by Imperial troops. In addition to their true military designation, they were given the title of "Royal Schools of Artillery." To these schools went many officers of the militia force for instruction; but the infantry officers felt that an "artillery school" was hardly the place at which to get first-class infantry education. To meet this difficulty, the amended Militia Act of 1883 gave authority to call into existence three permanent companies of infantry. On the 21st of December, 1883, a Militia General Order, the substance of which is as follows, appeared in the *Canada Gazette*:

INFANTRY SCHOOL CORPS.

The formation of three schools of infantry having been authorized, the requisite number of militiamen will be enrolled and formed into one corps, to be known as the "Infantry School Corps."

The stations of these schools were to be: "A" Company at Fredericton, N.B., under Lieut.-Col. Maunsell, commandant; "B" Company at St. John, P.Q., under Lieut.-Col. D'Orsonnens, commandant; "C" Company at Toronto, under Lieut.-Col. Otter, commandant. Subsequent authority was given to organize a fourth company—"D" Company—and it was and is stationed at London, Ont., where splendid new barracks were specially erected. In 1883 a troop of permanent cavalry—"The Cavalry School Corps"—was organized, under Lieut.-Colonel Turnbull, and stationed in Quebec. In 1885 a company of mounted infantry was formed and stationed at Winnipeg, and in 1887 another battery—"C" Battery—was called into existence and stationed at Victoria, B.C. The three Batteries of Artillery—A, B and C—form the Regiment of Canadian Artillery, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Irwin. By the end of January, 1884, the required number of men were enlisted for the infantry and cavalry—the period of enlistment three years—and in the spring of that year their educational work began and has continued ever since. Some three years ago Her Majesty was pleased to bestow upon them the title of "Royal Schools." The course of instruction lasts three months, and there are three courses in the year. The officers attached for instruction live and mess in barracks and receive one dollar a day pay. The instruction is carried on by the permanent or regular officers and non-commissioned officers under the direction of the commandant. In addition to militia officers, militia non-commissioned officers and men can also be attached. They receive fifty cents a day pay. The pay of the regular Canadian private soldier is forty cents a day and a full kit. The only stoppages are 15 cents a day when in hospital and a trifling monthly stoppage for hair-cutting. Such is a brief outline of the organization of our small force of Canadian regulars—a portion of whose duty is that of "military schools" for our volunteers, the officers of which must qualify or lose their commission. To render the qualifying as easy as possible at the end of each regular course, special courses lasting about two weeks are given.

This issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED we devote largely to illustrating the Royal Military School in connection with "B" Company, Infantry School Corps, stationed in the Barracks at St. John, P.Q. A recent issue contained a view of the officers' quarters from the tennis ground and another taken from the river. The ground on which the barracks are built is memorable ground in connection with the early history of this country, and saw stirring scenes when occupied by the French, as it also did when assailed by an American force. The old French earthworks, which are still in a good state of preservation, and mounted a number of guns. The present barracks were erected in 1839, as we are informed by a brass plate on the hall of the officers' quarters, which bears the following inscription:

This Barrack for
3 F. Officers, 27 Officers, 12 Sergeants, 800 Men
and Hospital for 80 Patients
Was

Commenced June, 1839 Completed December, 1839.
Amount estimated £19,209 1 5/4 stg.
Amount expended, £17,231 5 7/2 stg.
Executive officer, Major Foster, R.E.,
Commanding Royal Engineers, Canada.
Col. Oldfield, K.H.

Old residents of St. John speak with feelings of pride when they tell of the famous British regiments which in turn have been quartered in the barracks, among them the 43rd and 71st. The late Col. Dyde once told the writer, of the gay scenes which marked the residence there of the latter regiment under Sir Hugh Dalrymple. Upon one occasion he with two or three friends had gone out on "guest night" to dine with the officers. A snow storm of extraordinary severity came on and they were not able to get back for several days. Every night became a "guest night," "and a jollier crowd," said the old colonel, "I never saw." Even in these latter days such an occurrence is not uncommon, and more than once, guests of "B" Company—Dinner—on guest night, have been compelled to remain till next day, because of an old-fashioned Canadian snowstorm.

In this connection let us say a word as to the hospitality of the permanent officers of "B" Company, Infantry School Corps. They are few in number, but a more generous lot of fellows it would be hard to find. Many an officer of the Montreal volunteer force has experienced it, and not a few of our Montreal citizens can testify that they have received a cordial welcome on "guest night" at the barracks, which is every Thursday night. At 6.30 the bugle sounds for dress, and at 7 p.m. the call to dinner is resounding through the corridors. Then the ante-room presents a gay scene—the permanent officers in their beautiful scarlet mess jackets and dark blue vests; the attached officers, some in scarlet and some in rifle green; the civilian guests in full dress. As the mess room door opens, the mess sergeant announces "dinner is served," the guests troop in, the band in the kiosk on the tennis ground, begins to play and continues to do so at intervals during the dinner. If the scene in the ante-room was gay, the mess room is even more so. The dinner table is beautifully laid, and is in season nicely decorated with flowers, while the officers' servants, acting as waiters, dressed in the regimental livery, (tail coat, with large brass buttons and scarlet vest and regimental trousers), move about quietly attending to the wants of the guests. The only toast drunk is "The Queen." Dinner over, the ante-room is once more occupied; then coffee and cigars; after which, cards for some, while others take to the billiard room. Any guest from Montreal wishing to do so can return by train, leaving St. John at five minutes to eleven, reaching his home by midnight. If he decides to stay all night, he gets a soldier's bed and a soldier's welcome. The band of the Company for its strength is an exceptionally good one. The officers, however, state that it is very difficult to keep it in good condition, as it hardly ever gets any outside engagements. The company is short of two lieutenants—Captain Freer, who rejoined his regiment, and Lieut. Roche, transferred to Fredericton, not having been replaced. The school suffers in consequence. A few words now regarding our illustrations.

THE GUARD HOUSE AND BARRACK GUARD.—The Guard Room is a new one—built some four years ago, the old one having been burned previous to the barracks being occupied by Canadian troops. It contains an officer's room, a room for the guard, a room for prisoners and four cells. The Barrack Guard consists of three privates, a bugler and a non-commissioned officer. Occasionally for instruction an officer's guard is mounted. Sentry-go is two hours on and four hours off. On a blustery cold winter's night sentry duty at this post is cold work.

BARRACK GATE AND GUARD HOUSE.—The approach to the Barrack Gate from the town is over a road which is said to have once been splendid, but now it is always bad, and in wet weather a perfect "slough of despond." Pedestrians fare better, as the Government have given them a good wooden sidewalk. The gate is shut at 9.30; "last post" at 10 p.m., and at 10.15 p.m. "lights out" is sounded. A sickly lamp attempts at night to show the homeward bound soldier where the gate is, being placed above it. As a beacon it is a poor one; as a light to dispel darkness it is not a success.

PERMANENT OFFICERS OF "B" COMPANY, INFANTRY SCHOOL CORPS.—In the centre of this group is the commandant, Lieut.-Col. D'Orsonnens, whose whole life has been passed in the military service of his country. He served as an officer in the Prince of Wales Rifles, in the Montreal Cavalry, and on the Niagara frontier during the time that Canada, owing to the American Civil War, kept a small volunteer force on the permanent frontier duty. Col. D'Orsonnens also served during both Fenian raids. He subsequently became Brigade Major at Quebec, from which place he was promoted to the position of Commandant of "B" Company, Royal School of Infantry. About a year ago he was appointed Deputy Adjutant-General of the 6th Military District. As a drill instructor Colonel D'Orsonnens is perfect, and as a Commandant of a School he is said to be about as perfect as it is possible for a man to be.

SURGEON-MAJOR F. W. CAMPBELL.—Dr. Campbell has had charge of the School since its formation, having been transferred to "B" Company, Infantry School Corps, from the Surgeoncy of the Prince of Wales Rifles, which

he held for twenty-three years. He saw service during the Fenian raids of 1866 and 1870. Both officers and men speak highly of the attention and kindness of their surgeon. That he has performed his duties well is proved by the fact that, notwithstanding a great amount of serious illness, the Company has had only one death since its formation.

CAPTAIN CHARLES J. Q. COURSOL.—Captain Coursol is the son of the well-known late C. J. Coursol, for many years M.P. for Montreal East and Police Magistrate. He was at one time a member of the Victoria Rifles, and was transferred to the Infantry School from the 65th Battalion, in which corps he held a captain's commission. He is an excellent officer and is beloved by his men.

CAPTAIN AND ACTING ADJUTANT CHINIC.—Captain Chinic began his military career as an officer in the 9th Battalion (Quebec). When the North-West Rebellion broke out, Lieut. Chinic was taking a long course (then a year—now nine months) at this School. A portion of this course entails attendance for three months at the Royal Military College, Kingston, and while there he was attached to the Battery of Artillery for messing. The Battery being ordered to the North-West he went with it and served with distinction. On his return he received his commission as an officer of the Infantry School Corps. He wears the North-West medal. Captain Chinic is an excellent adjutant. He is well up in his work and is admittedly a careful and painstaking officer.

QUARTER-MASTER AND HONORARY CAPTAIN FRENETTE.—Captain Frenette served with the 9th Battalion (Quebec) throughout the North-West Rebellion, and, therefore, wears the North-West medal. He is well up in his work, and does everything he can to make his fellow officers and the men comfortable.

"B" COMPANY, INFANTRY SCHOOL CORPS (ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY) ON PARADE.—In this engraving the Company with band are drawn up on the Barrack Square. The attached officers are between the band and the Company, and the permanent officers are on the right. As the Company is only allowed 100 men, it is never possible to put a strong Company on parade. There is always to be deducted from any parade, guards, prisoners, men in hospital, cooks, officers' servants, mess men, etc. Those acquainted with the work these companies have to perform say that an addition of at least twenty-five, or even fifty, men is urgently needed.

OFFICERS' QUARTERS FROM THE BARRACK SQUARE.—This is the reverse view of the officers' quarters from that published in a previous issue. The barracks consist of two other wings occupied by the men and running at right angles to the officers' quarters. When originally built, a fourth wing completed the Barrack Square, but it was burned down a number of years ago, and as it was an unsightly ruin, it was removed some six years ago. In the centre of the Barrack Square stands the flag staff.

HOSPITAL OF "B" COMPANY, INFANTRY SCHOOL CORPS.—The original Hospital of the Barracks was built outside of the Barrack Square, facing the river. It still stands, but is not occupied. It was made to contain eighty patients. Such large hospital accommodation was not required for a force at most (with attached men) of one hundred and thirty. The Government, at the suggestion of Dr. Campbell, fitted up the building at present used as an hospital. This was originally the commissariat store building of the barracks. It contains ten beds with room to increase to ten more. It is a model hospital in every way, and, in addition to two good sized wards, contains a surgery and the quarters of the hospital sergeant. Hospital Sergt. Cotton, who is in charge, may well feel proud of his neat and clean hospital. Surgeon Campbell says that he is a model hospital sergeant.

In conclusion, the Montreal volunteers take much pride in this military school; but while admitting its value where it is at present stationed, state that its value would be increased tenfold if it was where it ought to be—in the city of Montreal. They point to the visit which the School made to Montreal on the occasion of the review on the Queen's Birthday in 1889, and the enthusiasm which that visit created, as a proof of the assertion they make. The grounds which surround the officers' quarters have, under the horticultural guidance of Colonel D'Orsonnens, been changed from a scene of desolation to that of beauty, the like of which, it is claimed, is not to be seen at any other military school in the Dominion. In future issues we hope to publish illustrations of the other military schools.

The Commandant's residence occupies the north-east portion of the officers' quarters. The ground in front is arranged in a tasteful manner, and is luxuriant with flowers.

Shelley.

UPTON BISHOP, ROSS.

HEREFORD, G. B., October 16th, 1890.

SIR,—Something over a year ago since, I wrote from Nova Scotia a note, which you published, saying "Shelley was not drowned accidentally in the Gulf of Spezia." Sir Charles Goring's words to me are corroborated in "Talks with Trelawny," by R. Edgcombe, in *Temple Bar* of May, 1890. Some of your readers may be glad to know this.

Yours, &c.,

DAVID MOORE.

Our Farewell to Japan.

At last the fateful hour had come. We had said good-bye to the queer land, so restless itself with earthquakes and typhoons and volcanoes, so creative of rest, not to say languor in all who tread its lotus-bearing bosom, the land so mysteriously mixed up with the sunrise. For a few more hours we shall look upon the crumpled hills, and pass, perhaps, not a few of its great junks, like Noah's arks, rigged with the quilted window-blinds, dear to the aesthetic lodginghouse-keeper, and then our world for the next fortnight will be a world of waters, and moving upon the face of them the stately China, the greyhound of the Pacific. We have hardly had time to notice much about her at present, beyond that she is the younger sister of the Alaska and Arizona, erst the greyhounds of the Atlantic, square-rigged on her fore and mainmasts, and fore and aft on her others, with a full equipment of decks, hold, orlop, main, spar, promenade, pilothouse, with a saloon 30 feet long by 47 feet wide, and ten feet high, with a huge air-well in the centre eight feet higher, going right up to the roof of the social hall (30 feet by 18). There is a smoking room almost as large provided for our amusement, and if we become intimate with the captain, we shall find his cabin taking up the same space above the smoking-room and furnished like a drawing-room. She is Scotch built, but with her original plan modified to introduce the latest American ideas of luxury afloat, Mr. George Gould, the chairman of the American company to which she belongs, having made it his special care that no consideration should be given to cargo space, which conflicted with the utmost comfort of the passengers.

Our cabins are most luxurious, eleven feet wide and ten feet high, and furnished with a double berth below—like a bed, a berth above and a sofa opposite; and each cabin has a tap of fresh water. The berths are supplied with the most comfortable bedding that can be bought, and not one vibration can be felt from the enormous engines with their six double-ended boilers, which can drive her at the rate of eighteen knots an hour if need be, as they did on the historical trip from Hong Kong to Yokohama, which she accomplished in three days and twenty-one hours. From England to Suez, Suez to Singapore, Hong Kong to Yokohama, and Yokohama to San Francisco, they have given her the record for the fastest trip.

I go up to the beautiful promenade deck forty feet wide—without an obstacle—in front of the captain's cabin, and turn my thoughts on that fast receding land of wonders, which has been my home for a winter, a spring and a summer. What on the whole are my impressions of Japan? These you will gather from the series of illustrated articles to be published in this paper, to which this is a prelude. For now that the launching of the magnificent new C.P.R. steamers from Vancouver to Japan and China promises to be the Queen's highway for all the mail, passenger and light freight traffic to the Far East through Canada, Canadians will be taking unusual interest in these countries. Of China I shall have to speak anon. The remainder of this article I shall devote to the task of writing a few introductory words about Japan. As a great French writer remarked in the leading French *Review* the other day, in order to understand the Japanese you must consider them as children. They are mere children, as children delightful and intelligent and precocious; but as adults, by the western standards, ludicrous failures. They are never so fascinating as in their actual childhood, like the gaily-dressed little dots toddling about in No. 1 in the broad



Isezaki Cho, the theatre street of Yokohama. In the background will be seen one of the theatres, with its extraordinary rows of signboards, giving blood-curdling and wildly exaggerated pictures of the play in all the colours of the rainbow, blood predominating.

No. 2 is one of the shows of performing monkeys, so common in Japan, though the Japanese, out of common self-respect, ought to abolish them, for nothing more life-like can be imagined than their impersonations of the mannikins around them. In our engraving the monkey is playing the part of an old beggar woman. Her tale of woe has reduced the showman to tears. In the back-



ground his daughter is tum-tumming on a drum, and a group of Jinrikisha coolies are taking in everything with absorbing interest.

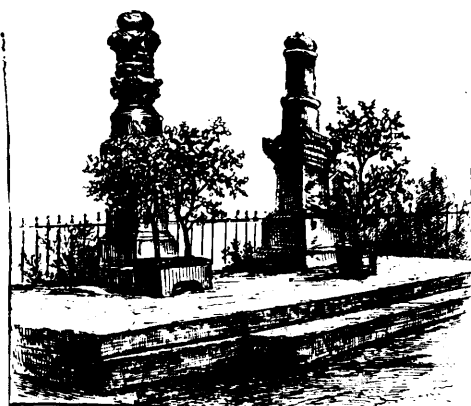
No. 3 represents the human watercart, still in use even in Semi-Europeanised towns like Yokohama. When ready to discharge his water he pulls a spigot out of the bottom with a jerk.



No. 4 gives a New Year's dragon dance. New Year's week is a prolonged holiday and debauch with the Japanese, and the streets are full of little bands of character dancers, one of the favourite subjects being the dancing dragon, counterfeited by a man with a huge round cardboard dragon's head, terminating in a horse-hair mane and a green or scarlet cloth to envelope the head and shoulders of the actor. He is accompanied by a drummer, a fifer, and a triangle player.



No. 5 gives the tomb of Will Adams, the English pilot,



cast away in Japan about 1600, who became the father of the Japanese navy under Iyeyasu, the greatest of the Shoguns, and, after his death in 1620, became deified as English Anjin. There is a festival in his honour every year at Tokyo.

No 6 gives a group of what the pigeon-English-speaking Japanese call religious people, *i.e.*, beggars for a Temple.



Just as I was in the act of kodaking him he discovered it, and, quick as lightning, clapped his hand over his face to avert the evil omen.
DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Enlightening "Sir Joseph."

LONDON, October 16.—Mr. Robert P. Porter, the head of the United States Census Bureau, spoke to-day to a London journalist on the McKinley Bill and kindred subjects. Speaking of the question of reciprocity with Canada, he said: "Canada is a bumptious and at times irritating little neighbour of ours, who wants to secure in return for a market of five or six million people one of sixty-four million. What Canada does or does not is a matter over which the American people don't spend many sleepless nights. To assume that the McKinley Bill was intended as an indication of unfriendliness to Canada is grotesque. On equal terms reciprocity with Canada is out of the question. The only way to secure the home market of sixty-four million is to become part of the Union."

Thank you, "Sir Joseph" Porter. You don't understand Canadians, *not much*, as they say in your language. So the object of the McKinley Bill is to make Canadians understand that unless they put their tails between their legs and crawl into the Union, on what terms they can get, they are to be starved into submission. No, thank you, "Sir Joseph" Porter, Canadians are *not built that way*, to use your language once more. We are "a bumptious and at times irritating little neighbour" are we? Why don't you say an irritating "*few*" country. This adjective would convey the circumstances better, and I don't suppose that you care any more about the Queen's English than about arithmetic, which, judging from your efforts in the census line, can't be much. We confess humbly that our population does not contain eight or ten million Africans, besides the sweepings of Europe. But, after all, it is no crime to have a smaller population, and we would rather have our six millions descended from the two greatest nations of modern history—Great Britain and France—than thirty millions mixed. If your sixty-four millions were Anglo-Saxons, with copious re-infusions of the original German stock, we might have ethnical reasons for wishing to join you. But when we reflect that we are a nation of pure Anglo-French descent, the heirs of men who chose to face climatic severities (duly exaggerated by certain parties for interested reasons), because they wished to take part in building up a nation and an empire under the old flag, we are at a loss to understand how you can imagine us willing to transfer the fabric built up with such pains and such cost to a new foundation which may prove of quicksand.

You may not have noticed, "Sir Joseph," that the same evening journals which announced your *Bull* (I mean in the Papal sense not the Irish), announced that the vessels of the great Canadian Mercantile Marine, trading with the West Indies, were filled to overflowing with West Indian orders, and that European maltsters will buy all the barley Canada produces at a figure equal or superior to what you have been in the habit of paying. And while I am finishing the interview, "Sir Joseph," would it be an embarrassing question if I asked if the British correspondent, into whose long and admiring ears you poured your heroics, was acquiring information for the *Daily News* or T. P. O'Connor's *Star*, or some other paper of the same Anglophile leanings.

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