QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY ILLUSTRATED.

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THE LIMESTONE CITY.

THE HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL FEATURES OF GOOD OLD KINGSTON.

Kingston is styled The Limestone City, but is better known to the world as good old Kingston, for it has been as staunch in its fidelity to the crown as its foundations of limestone are solid. It is, too, a historic place. More than two centuries ago count de Frontenac, governor of New France, steered his way through the mazes of the Thousand Islands and when the blue expanse of Lake Ontario loomed wide in the distance there was great rejoicing on his flotilla. Cataraqui, as Kingston was then known, was a mere resting place of the Indians, and here by prearrangement the Iroquois chiefs met the courtly Frontenac, who marked out a site for a fort, and in July, 1673, claimed for France a peaceful conquest and stronghold. The Fort was named Fort Frontenac and the French reigned in peace until an act of treachery brought forth the hostility of the Iroquois, who devastated the country around Cataraqui and began hostilities which ended in the massacre at Lachine and the capture and destruction of Fort Frontenac. De Frontenac was recalled and re-occupied Cataraqui, again building the fort. A tranquil half century followed but the conflict was impending between English and French as to possession of the new world. A British force of 3,000 men under Col. Bradstreet landed near Cataraqui in 1758, and besieged the garrison, which defended the post gallantly, but was forced to surrender, the French being given their safety and transport to Montreal. The fort was blown up and Cataraqui and Fort Frontenac passed into history forever. Kingston was founded, existing as a small post until the American war of Independence brought it into notice. Meantime all Canada had become British and quiet reigned. The incoming of thousands of United Empire Loyalists created a stir in the quiet settlement about Kingston, eastward and westward. Under these brave loyalists Kingston became a place of commercial importance as the centre of a rapidly growing settlement, and in keeping with its loyal spirit; it also became during the war of 1812 the Canadian stronghold of lake Ontario. Fort Henry was begun at this period, at first as a rude fortification with a heavy embankment, but within ten years it was built of stone at great expense. Fort Frederick, in the very centre of the harbor, was built of earth and stone. The market battery, a picturesque defence, was planted in front of the city hall with graceful walls of dressed limestone. Martello towers, a characteristic of Kingston, were planted in several parts of the harbor and frowning fortress and angry cannon seemed to offer an enemy a menace and discouragement at every point. The fortifications are now in charge of a permanent battery of Canadian artillery, occupying the Tete du Pont barracks on the very site of the original Fort Frontenac. The garrison officers here carry on schools of infantry and gunnery for the education of militia officers and men of all ranks; but the chief glory of Kingston in a military line is the Royal military college, beautifully located on Point Frederick, between Navy bay and the harbor, with substantial stone buildings and equipment which turns out talented young officers, fully the equal of those produced at Sandwich, England and West Point, N.Y.

But interesting as Kingston is in a military point its strength is now more in the line of letters and prosaic commerce. It is winning fame as an educational centre. Queen's university has over seven hundred students each session in arts, medicine, divinity, mining, engineering and agriculture. In addition to several fine buildings accommodating these various branches are a mining laboratory for crushing and assaying ores, and a dairy school, where classes are carried on in cheese and butter making. Queen's has not been endowed by munificent gifts of millionaires but by small donations and subscriptions of its graduates. The main arts building was given by the citizens of Kingston and is a beautiful specimen of Norman architecture. Kingston's high school, in building and attendance, is in the very front rank of such institutions in Ontario. The city also possesses a flourishing business college, conservatory of music and school of art. The manufacturing establishments include the locomotive and engine works, cotton and hosiery mills.

In its charities Kingston has an open hand. No city of its size in America can present so many benevolent institutions. Its general hospital is at the highest point of efficiency and the Hotel Dieu hospital, under charge of nuns of the Roman Catholic church, is beautiful in its appointments, and doing, like the general hospital, the humane work of a great district. The house of Providence, the orphans' home, the home for friendless women and children and the house of industry are worthy charitable institutions.

In its public buildings, notably the city hall and court house, Kingston is exceptionally well provided and the new armouries nearing completion, when finished will rank with the finest in Canada. Its churches are uncommonly fine. St. George's (Anglican) cathedral, nearly a century old, and St. Mary's (Roman Catholic) cathedral are well worth a visit.

The government dry-dock, costing three-quarters of a million dollars, is one of the finest on the continent, and Kingston being well located at the foot of Lake Ontario and at head of the river, holds high commercial importance. The trade in grain transportation from the west, the transference taking place here in barges, from large modern elevators, is a growing and prosperous industry.

Here also are located the provincial penitentiary, one of the best disciplined prisons on the continent and Kingston hospital for the insane, which is conducted with unvarying success.

At the general hospital may be seen a mound surmounted by a beautiful marble monument recording the death of twelve hundred emigrants from Ireland, and at Cataraqui cemetery, a beautiful resting place of the dead, lie the remains of Sir John A. Macdonald, to whose memory a monument with bronze figure has been erected in the City park, one of several parks which the city boasts of.

Upon Barriefield common, opposite the city, are the golf links, free to all comers. The athletic association has excellent ground, with wooden bicycle track. The macadamized road from Kingston to Cobourg is said to be the best century road track on the continent. The harbor is landlocked and safe for boating. There are rifle ranges for practice purposes, and two excellent horse tracks. The Midland Central fair grounds are amongst the finest in the province.

Taken all in all, there is no pleasanter city than Kingston in which to spend a portion of one's summer, for the cooling breezes of Lake Ontario preserve it from the depressing air found in cities generally, while its shade trees, plentitude of breathing space, its cleanliness and educational facilities are no common recommendations. From Kingston almost hourly trips can be made to the Thousand Isles. Daily trips are possible to the Bay of Quinte, or to the Rideau canal, leading through a labyrinth of islands and beautiful scenery to Rideau Lake and Ottawa, over 100 miles. Then stretching 120 miles to the north and its fishing and hunting are the Kingston and Pembroke and the Bay of Quinte railways, offering ample train facilities, in addition to easy movement east or west over the Grand Trunk railway or Canadian Pacific railway lines. As a sporting centre Kingston is an ideal spot. Its summer visitors resolve to come again and few ever regret contact with the kind, hearty and genial air of Kingston's public and social circles.

QUEEN VICTORIA, 1819-1900.

And ever when mid-May's fair lilies blow,
Our race will celebrate Victoria's name,
And even England's greatness gain a glow
From her pure fame.

THE GREATEST QUEEN.

A WOMAN GIFTED WITH QUICK FINE SYMPATHIES AND TACT.

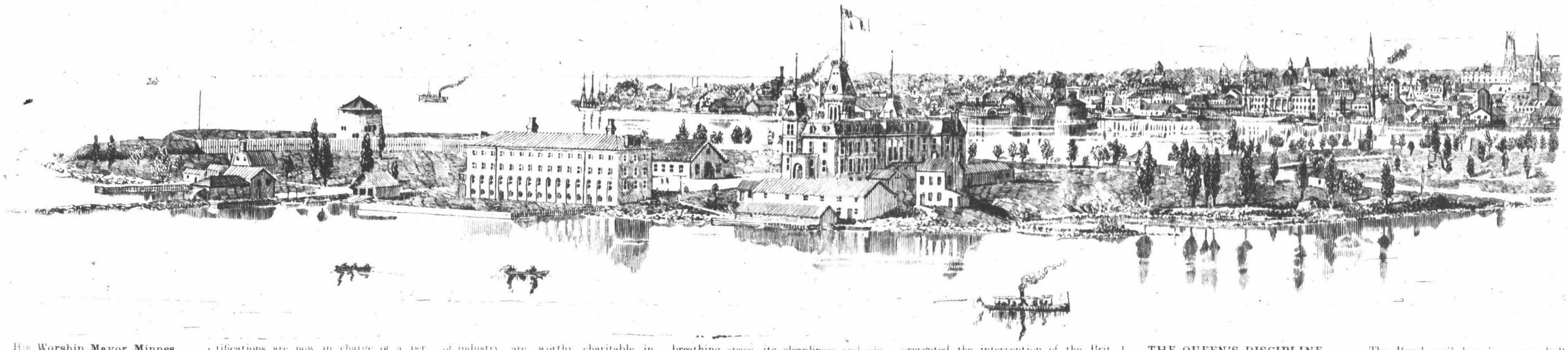
Queen Victoria was born May 24th, 1819. Her birthday gives timeliness to a tribute from her favorite novelist, Marie Corelli, in Saturday Evening Post. She writes:

"The Englishman is ever quick to sneer at woman's advancement in art, in literature, in scholarship and general intellectual ability, yet all the while 'tis a woman who rules him, and to a woman alone he is compelled to bend the knee! Off goes his hat at sight of the Queen! cheers break from his throat at the proclaimed words, 'the Queen!' 'knights and earls, and knaves, and churls,' bow their heads to 'the Queen!' And with all peoples and in all countries there seems to be only one queen to whom the article 'the' can be applied without further modification. Other queens are qualified in their estate by the land over which they rule—as, for example, queen of Italy, queen of Greece, empress of Germany, empress of Russia; but when 'the Queen' is said every one means England's Victoria. Of all queens the greatest, she is of all women the simplest, and herein gives matchless example to her sex. Above the splendors of her position and enthronement, she is pre-eminently woman in the sweetest and most womanly sense of the word—one who is gifted with quick, fine sympathies, and who has the supreme and exquisite tact which is, or should be, inherent in every true and unselfish feminine nature, combined with perfect self-command, flawless purity and a strong, personal potency for good. Throned and crowned and sceptred in the fierce light of the whole world's constant observation, she yet remains as unaffected and sincere of soul as the most unsophisticated of her subjects and is in very truth one with them in the ordinary round of their daily existence.

"Are we bereaved of our best-beloved? So is the queen. Have we suffered from evil-speaking and mis-judgment? So has the queen. And in our joys is she not equally one with us there?

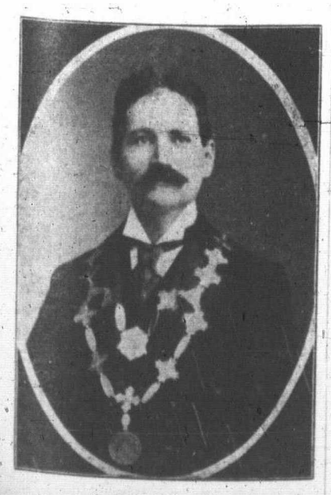
"In all quiet, natural and innocent pleasures the queen is one with her subjects; it is only in social vice and folly that she takes no part."

"God Save the Queen" is no mere formula; it is the prayer of a mighty people, a people of various climes and colors and creeds, all differing in opinion but all banded together in one great family of union and defense under the one mother whose love has never failed them and never will fail them, Victoria, the greatest queen in the world!



His Worship Mayor Minnes.

James A. Minnes, mayor of Kingston, has done much towards ensuring the success of the Queen's birthday celebration. He has, since his occupancy of the chief magisterial chair, done much to put forward the claims of Kingston as a popular resort as well as a business centre. In connection with the celebration he has attended all committee meetings, and as chairman of the general committee is always on the alert for suggestions that tend to make the gathering a success. He will prove a warm hearted, attentive host, and will ably sustain the good name of Kingston for hospitality. Mayor Minnes is popular with all classes of citizens and no doubt will send the visitors away with golden opinions of Kingston and her generous citizens.



JAMES A. MINNES, MAYOR.

An American Tribute To The Queen.

Queen Victoria has a great deal more to do with affairs of state than most people suppose. The ministry may change, and premiers may come and go, but for threescore years the woman on the throne has never allowed the sceptre to pass from her hands—not even to the husband she adored. One morning—June 20th, 1837—she, among the other poor relations of the king in Kensington palace, was awakened just as the day dawned, and was informed by the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chamberlain and the marquis of Conyngham that she was queen of England.

His grace, the archbishop, says that "she appeared in a loose white nightgown, her night-cap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders. Her bare feet were in slippers, tears were in her eyes, but she was perfectly collected and dignified." She was seventeen then; she is eighty-one now, and in all that time she has never shrunk from responsibility; she has never surrendered a position that she has once taken, but with infinite tact has moulded an empire to her own will.

Every American should remember with gratitude that it was queen Victoria who prevented the intervention of the British government in behalf of the confederacy during the war. When confederate envoys were taken from a British steamer by an imprudent Union naval officer, lord Palmerston wrote a despatch to the British ambassador at Washington that was equivalent to a declaration of war. The queen kept it over night, and then returned it to her prime minister with every offensive phrase erased.

Queen Victoria is not only a sagacious but a courageous woman. On several occasions has she faced death without flinching. "Great events always make me calm," she once wrote in her diary, while speaking of a crisis that tested her, and through which she moved with a stately dignity, and her moral courage has been shown quite as firmly and frequently. This she has also explained in her diary as due to "a calm reliance upon a higher power."

Her majesty is profoundly religious. She believes in the efficacy of prayer. She is a regular bible reader, and frequently uses a well-worn bible that belonged to Gen. Gordon, and was presented by his sister to the queen, who acknowledged the gift in an autograph letter. At the same time she does not permit her religious convictions to influence the subtle intricacies of statecraft.

Although she has annually dispensed large sums of money for religious and philanthropic purposes since she ascended the throne, she has never contributed a farthing for foreign missions in any part of the earth; nor does anybody know to this day from her own lips what reason has prevented her. The missionary societies have ceased to ask or expect financial assistance from her majesty, and assume that her refusal to give them aid is due to public policy, for were it known in India, in Burmah, in Afghanistan and other heathen colonies of the empire that their sovereign was encouraging the overthrow of the native faith, it would excite the hatred and hostility of the high priests, whose influence is unbounded, and who might cause infinite trouble by their hostility.—William Elroy Curtis, in The Saturday Evening Post.

THE QUEEN'S DISCIPLINE.

How Prince Alfred Was Taught a Lesson.

Human nature is about the same in persons of high degree as it is in common folks. Circumstances may change its surface peculiarities, but do not alter its essential features. As Mr. Browning puts it:

"We are one flesh after all, and need
one flannel,
With a proper sense of difference in
the quality."

In speaking of the visit of queen Victoria to Ireland, the London correspondent of the New York tribune relates the following amusing incident of her last visit to Dublin about forty years ago: "Another thing which caused a good deal of amusement, not to the queen, but to the people, as she was driving through the streets on that occasion, was the manner in which she disciplined her son, prince Alfred, now sovereign duke of Cobourg, in the presence of all the populace. Prince Alfred was then, as he remains to-day, the least gracious and the least genial of all the queen's children. He was seated opposite to her in the carriage with the other children, and apparently did not respond as courteously as she wished to the salutations of the cheering crowds. She made some remark to him, which had the effect of bringing a sulky frown to his handsome features, and to cause him to put his cap on his head in a defiant manner, as if he would decline to bow any more. Quick as lightning, and without ceasing to bow herself to the right and to the left in the most gracious and amiable manner, the queen's hand flew out, and boxed the young prince's ears soundly, at the same time knocking the cap off his head. It was all done in a flash. But the way in which it was done, and especially the touch of human nature contained in the act, showing to the people that royal mothers have to punish their children just in the same way as less exalted mammas, took the people by storm and increased the enthusiasm and the cheering a hundredfold. The old women especially seemed delighted."

The Royal mail bag is a very bulky affair, and is first gone through by the private secretary. Letters from lunatics and beggars and people filled with impertinent curiosity are daily items in the correspondence, but all are sorted and answered courteously. Family letters are conveyed unopened to her majesty.

An Enthusiastic Worker.

This is the sixth successive year in which Lieut.-Col. W. M. Drennan has successfully conducted local celebrations on the anniversary of the birth of her most gracious majesty, queen Victoria. He is an energetic worker, full of enthusiasm himself and encouraging by his example those associated with him in conducting the celebrations. No one enjoys greater popularity than the gallant colonel, and his fame as a manager is not confined to local circles. This year he has taken particular pains to make the celebration a success, to afford many attractions and to ensure visitors a warm reception and a happy visit.

CITY CLERK DRENNAN.