



LUMBER YARD, OTTAWA.—This spectacle, familiar, doubtless, to some of our readers, seems like a refutation or a defiance of those alarming rumours which during the last ten years have grown more and more frequent and emphatic, touching the gradual but certain extermination of our once seemingly boundless forests. The scene in our engraving prompts no fear of timber dearth; rather it suggests an inexhaustible store away to the north of us, as dense and seemingly limitless as those woodland ranges of northern Europe which thousands of years of civilized industry have left practically unimpaired. It is well for us at any rate to take heed to the monition of "those who know," monitions that have been sounding almost continuously in our ears for nearly a decade, but which do not seem to have made any difference in the movement of our timber or the efforts to get rid of it, though a little has been done in Western Canada for the creation or renewal of forests in the treeless prairie. Whatever be the issue of the agitation, such pictures as this must always be of scientific and historical as well as industrial interest, as illustrating resources and activities which have been associated with the most remarkable period of Canada's progress.

SLIDE FOR SHOOTING TIMBER ON THE DECK OF BARGES.—This scene of activity is in continuation of our previous illustrations of the lumbering industry. The old and ordinary proceeding is more tedious and laborious than that depicted in our engraving. The ocean-going ships have to be loaded by another method. After the men have selected the cargo each stick of timber is lifted by means of a chain slung from a spar on deck and brought to a level with the receiving port on the vessel's bow. Resting on a roller there, it is easily shoved in and stowed away. If the cargo is of deal planks, the latter are brought alongside the timber ship in large barges, moored fore and aft of the ship and the deals are thrown in through the ports. After the load has sunk the vessel to the lower ports, these are closed and the loading is resumed through those higher up. Like all the phases of lumbering, the scene is a striking one.

ESPLANADE, FROM THE UNION STATION, TORONTO.—The view here presented embraces almost the entire system of improvements with which the Esplanade has been associated. In general features it is not unlike the scheme of comprehensive suburban railway accommodation that has been devised in connection with the proposed enlargement of Montreal so as to make it continuous with the island. What is here depicted is less comprehensive, though, as we have already shown, it takes in a large circuit, and is a reconstruction of no slight significance from every point of view. Whatever may be said of Canada's progress as a whole, no person can doubt that our cities have found the secret of manifold development and of a growth in beauty and convenience in accordance with their expansion. The progress of Toronto during the last ten years has been continuous and remarkable.

OLD BURYING GROUND, ST. JOHN, N.B.—Every city of life has its city of death not far away. In the midst of life we are in death, as the Scripture warns us. The old necropolis of St. John is one of the most interesting of such God's acres in the Dominion. As we mentioned in a previous issue, the history of the place, as distinguished from the town, has associations with the romance and the tragedy of nearly three centuries. In fourteen years, indeed, St. John will be commemorating the arrival of the first vessel in its harbour. On St. John the Baptist's Day, in 1604, a small craft, comparable, perhaps, to some of our little modern coasting schooners, made its way into those sheltered waters. It was no common craft; for, as a historian says, it bore with it the germs of an empire. Imperial men, too, stood on its deck—men who have left their names on the most remarkable pages of our early annals—Champlain, De Monts, Poutrincourt. With its advent began a series of events of the utmost importance, for it led to the foundation of Port Royal and Quebec, of Acadia and Canada. Even at that remote date the races that were for a century and a half to divide North America between them were jealously watching each other's movements in the New World. Foray and raid and Indian massacre darkened the path of colonization and crimsoned with innocent blood the cross of the missionary. Intestine feuds gave tragic variety to these contests. The deeds of Latour and Charnisay are recorded in sober history and lend dramatic action to the inventions of fiction-writers. Then the days of French rule passed away and a middle period succeeded, which lasted from the Treaty of Utrecht to the American Revolution. It was this last aftermath of the great international quarrel that brought the St. John with which we are familiar into existence. It dates from 1783-84. The first shipload of the Loyalists arrived on the 10th of May, 1783. St. John is proud of its Loyalist origin. The monuments of the founders are preserved with jealous care, and the student of the past finds delight in pursuing, like "Old Mortality," his researches among the tombs that bear historic names. The scene in our engraving might have been conceived by the artist to represent human life. "In the garden there was a sepulchre"—so has it been since death began its work among the sons of Adam. Side by side with the activity, the movement, the gaiety,

the hopefulness of life, there is the silence, the ceaseless silence, of the grave. Taste and skill and affection make the homes of the dead fair to contemplate, and in summer the hallowed ground is beautiful with flowers, so that the mossy carpet, with its many memorials, becomes a resort of pleasure-seekers as well as a shrine for piety and unforgetting love. Our engraving represents a good view of the actual scene.

INTERIOR OF PARISH CHURCH, THREE RIVERS.—The scene here depicted is one of a class with which our Roman Catholic readers are familiar. Notwithstanding a general resemblance, there is, however, room for great variety in architectural and decorative detail. Three Rivers was one of the first spots in Canada to have a settled congregation. Not to speak of possibly earlier visitors—and the nature of the locality could hardly fail to attract the attention of any one ascending or descending the river—Pontgrève and Chauvin are known to have stopped at the mouth of the St. Maurice in 1599. In 1603 Champlain, accompanied by Pontgrève examined its suitability for a military and trading post. The first plot of ground occupied was the *Plateau*, now the centre of the city. In 1615 regular religious services began to be held at Trois Rivières, so that, ecclesiastically, the parish church has an antiquarian interest on a par almost with Quebec and surpassing Montreal, whose first services date from 1642. The city's religious wants were supplied by the Jesuit Fathers from 1634 to 1671; by the Recollet Fathers from this latter date to 1776, and since then by eleven curés. It has been an Episcopal See since 1852, Monseigneur Lafleche being the present bishop. The Church of the Assumption serves as a cathedral as well as a parish church. The actual incumbent is M. le Curé F. X. Cloutier, and his assistants are the Rev. Messrs. Houde and Lamothe. The church is a fine edifice, and much taste has been shown in making the interior worthy of its sacred purpose. In the foreground of our engraving is shown the row of stalls set apart for the marguilliers (matricularii) or churchwardens—a position which was the source of much rivalry in the early days of the Province. Opposite to it (though not represented in our picture) is the pulpit. The altar is elaborately decorated, and the baldquin that surmounts it is of a sumptuous character. The carved columns, cornices, coronal, etc., may also be discerned as features of the ornamentation. Altogether, this church interior, though surpassed in richness by other churches in the Province, has an effective and imposing *coup d'œil* and fairly illustrates the devotion, generosity and taste of the French Canadian people in connection with their faith and worship.

MATERNAL HAPPINESS.—This picture is surely its own interpreter. The mother is happy because her little boy is happy, as he takes his ease in his hammock, and the sympathetic friend rejoices in the joy of them both. It does one good to have glimpses of such scenes which remind us that there are some memories of paradise still in the world, and, with the memories, some hope of "Paradise Regained."

"ROUND-UP," COWBOYS' CAMP.—As we pointed out some time ago, the cowboys of the North-West have a comprehensive association duly organized for the protection and promotion of their interests as a class. It is the council of this association which has charge of the annual "round-up," to which all the stockmen in the country send delegates—the number being in proportion to the extent of their herds. Each cowboy delegate brings with him several horses, so that, when the whole force is assembled in camp, it might pass for a troop of guerilla cavalry. Sometimes 300 men and 600 horses are on the ground, and the scene presents no small animation and some interesting features. Minor "round-ups" are held at intervals during the year, generally in the fall. On the latter occasion the branding of the spring calves takes place. If this were not done, the young steers and heifers would stray about ownerless after leaving their mothers. Our engraving gives a vivid picture of one side of the cowboy's life.

PENINSULA HARBOUR, LAKE SUPERIOR.—In this engraving our readers have an example of the way in which, not seldom in our Canadian West, marked beauty or sublimity of scenery is combined with health-giving qualities, with facilities for sport and recreation, and with physical resources that invite the attention of the far-sighted capitalist. Already Peninsula Harbour has attracted persons belonging to all these classes. The situation is greatly in its favour. It is the first point touched by the Canadian Pacific Railway, going west, on Lake Superior. Generations ago, Admiral Bayfield pronounced it the finest harbour on the lake shore, having no reefs inside or out, and having a depth of 25 feet of water almost to the water's edge. Owners and captains of vessels consider it the safest on the lake, being perfectly protected by Refuge Island, and having an inside and outside channel, equally free from dangerous shoals. The scenery is bold and picturesque, having the characteristic features that have made the northern shores of Lake Superior so dear to the artist and nature-loving tourist. The air is pure and bracing and well calculated to give tone and nerve to those who have become enfeebled by two close application to business in the crowded and dusty city. A sail on the lake or a fishing tour will invigorate any frame that is not hopelessly emaciated. The nights are delightfully cool. To the disciple of Izaak Walton the vicinity is a veritable paradise. The streams that empty into the Bay yield the speckled trout, in the quality and quantity of which they rival the famous Nipigon. Mr. Langevin, of the C.P.R. Company, was able to whip out 78 lbs. of real beauties in 35 minutes—the average being 2 lbs. Mr. Simpson, of

Winnipeg, caught three fish that weighed an aggregate of 12 lbs. Two other gentlemen (Dr. P. and Mr. H. W.) were fishing off the Slippery Rocks, when the former hooked a three-pounder. He called to his companion for the landing net (as it was a poor place to play a fish) and they observed another fellow closely following the captive. Quick as thought, the net was passed under and the "loose fish" was made fast, without receiving a scratch. These are not mere local fish stories (says our informant) but are authenticated by men who "dare not lie." The convenience of its site, the depth of its waters and other harbour facilities, the purity and freshness of its atmosphere, constantly renewed by the lake breezes, and the fine sport afforded by its adjacent streams, are not, however, the only recommendations of this promising locality. Several well defined quartz veins, containing a good show of gold and silver, have been discovered in the neighbourhood during the last few years; and, although for lack of capital, they have not yet been developed, mineralogists claim that the indications point to large and valuable deposits of the precious metals throughout the entire district. Thousands of furs are brought down the Big Pic river from the interior every spring. Peninsula Harbour has only to be made known to become a rendezvous for tourists, sportsmen, invalids, and those who require rest and recreation. There are thousands who would prefer the wild and rugged highlands of the coast and immediate interior to the heat, dust and fashionable rout of Saratoga and Coney Island. Once its varied advantages are known, the future of Peninsula Harbour is assured.

SICAMOUS LAKE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Sixteen miles west of Craigellachie, where the last spike of the Pacific Railway was driven in by Sir Donald Smith on the 7th of November, 1885, Sicamous, the station for the Spallumcheen mining district is reached, at an altitude of 1,300 feet in the Gold Range. It takes its name from the Lake and Narrows—the latter of which are crossed by a draw-bridge. The district around Shuswap, Sicamous and Okanagan lakes is one of the most remarkable in our Pacific province. The approach to it from the east is through a dense growth of immense trees—spruce, Douglas fir, cedar, balsam, and other varieties—all of gigantic size. Caribou and deer abound in this region, and the streams afford ample supplies of capital trout. "The Eagle River," wrote an English tourist, who had visited the district, "leads us down to the great Shuswap Lake, so named from the Indian tribe that lived on its banks and who still have a reserve there. This is a most remarkable body of water. It lies among the mountain ridges, and extends its long narrow arms along the intervening valleys like a huge octopus in half a dozen directions. These arms are many miles long and vary from a few hundred yards to two or three miles in breadth, and their high bold shores, fringed by the little narrow beach of sand and pebbles, with alternating bays and capes, give beautiful views. The railway crosses one of these arms by a draw-bridge at Sicamous Narrows, and then goes for a long distance along the southern shores of the lake, around the end of the Salmon Arm."

OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.—This is a characteristic view of the much-discussed shores of Britain's oldest colony. The schooner's captain doubtless knows where the break in the inhospitable-looking barrier is to be found, and beyond which lies secure haven. Suddenly to the voyager the rocky wall will open, and through a narrow passage, made apparently by some great rending convulsion of nature, he will steer his course through great precipices, once crowned by formidable batteries, till, when about half way through, the city is seen safely embosomed in its recess away from the swell and dangers of the ocean. The inner scene has already been depicted in previous numbers.

King's College, Windsor.

The *King's College Record* for June is worthy to be preserved by all students of our history—of our educational history especially. It is the centennial number. Sonnets—"April in the King's Meadow" and "The Three Elms," by W. R. K.; "Windsor as a University Town," by H. P. Scott; "Historical Notes," all of interest, by F. W. V.; "The Faculty"—the Rev. Charles Edward Willets, M.A., D.C.L.; George Thomas Kennedy, M.A., B.A.Sc., F.G.S.; Charles George Douglas Roberts, M.A., F.R.S.C.; Howard Parker Jones, M.A., Ph.D.; the Rev. Fenwick Williams Vroom, M.A.—by C.G.A.; "Our College Clubs and Societies," by S. F. W. Symonds, Kings College, with editorial matter and correspondence, make up its letterpress. The illustrations add to its value as a memorial number. The *Record* is a fine type of college paper. Always marked by literary enthusiasm and proud patriotism, by judgment and good taste, it worthily represents the oldest of Canadian universities.

A Triumph of Surgery.

Professor Tillman, of Leipzig, has presented to the Berlin Surgical Congress the case of a patient who was regarded by the medical authorities as hopelessly consumptive. He removed the anterior chest wall and the entire lower wing of the left lung which was affected, and thus accomplished a perfect cure. Professor Tillman now considers consumption curable, and the Congress views this operation as a triumph of surgical science.