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overshadowing all. We visited the House of Parliament, and were much impressed by the National Public Library, which is very magnificent. It is made entirely out of Canadian wood; most beautifully carved, no two pieces being of the same design. The library is circular in shape, and contains in the centre a very fine marble statue of Queen Victoria. Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, is two miles distant, and it is in this town where the premier—Sir Wilfred Laurier—lives. We had the pleasure of seeing his house and also Rideau Hall. Ottawa has followed Washington in attempting to make itself worthy of the position to which it has been raised, and already ranks as one of the handsomest and best kept cities of the Dominion. Like Washington, too, Ottawa has become the scientific centre of the country, while the presence of the Governor-General makes it, during the sitting of Parliament, a centre of cultivated and fashionable society. It is, strange, but in all countries the cities in which the governments sit, bear a totally different aspect to other towns. Even in our own country it is very marked. Take Edinburgh and Glasgow for instance, the old seat of the Scottish government, or Dublin and Belfast, and even London, from Highgate to Westminster, then from the Bank eastward, and all is totally different. Then return to the centre where we are now assembled in the Grand Old City. There is nothing comparable in the world, and if you could put your ear to the keyhole of the City of London, you might hear the throb of the civilized world, as might have been witnessed lately during the American crisis (applause). I should say that more cables were received and despatched during that time, asking one question, "What will the Bank of England do?" than ever in history. I have seen no town or city in all my travels so well kept as the old city of London (cheers). Toronto, called the Queen City, and mainly Protestant and of British stock, is the capital of Ontario, and has made great progress during the last few years, there being splendid wide streets, all at right-angles. It lies on the north shore of Lake Ontario and is of great commercial importance.

The grain elevators at Fort William are of huge dimensions, they are situated all over Canada and America, and generally belong either to railway companies, banks, or rich companies. They are a great benefit to the farmers, for here they can bring their wheat and sell it at the market price of the day to the company to whom the elevator belongs, and they are paid cash down. The companies then being the owners of the wheat, sell it at various times to different parts of the world. I could not quite find out why they were termed elevators—I asked, "Why not lifts?" But they are not lifts; the grain is brought to the ground floor by the farmers in wagons, and it is then drawn up by suction through large pipes, and stored on any floor required. Sometimes there are as many as fifteen floors or more; so you see there is no waste of labor. If it were carried up by lifts it would require moving at least four times by manual labor, but by suction all that is obviated.

In Winnipeg the main street is 100 feet wide, and the population 100,000. The town is flat, being only 750 feet above the sea, and the country all round is very level. It is the capital of the province of Manitoba, formerly known as Fort Garry, and the population in 1871 was only 100 people. It is situated at the confluence of the Red river and the Assiniboine river, and for many years the chief post of the Hudson Bay company. Here I held a most interesting conversation with the mayor, and when I told him that he spoke like an Englishman, he said, "Yes, I was born in Brixton road, and came here in 1868 to sell brushes" (loud applause). After a time he said he bought a piece of ground, and built a shop, which he then thought was too far out in the country, but it is now in the very heart of the city, being only a few doors from the town hall, while his huge wholesale warehouse is quite half-a-mile further out. The streets extend for miles all round, and I may here remark that Winnipeg seems laid out to accommodate a million people. No doubt it will become the greatest city in Canada, being in the very centre, 1,500 miles from St. John, and 1,500 to Victoria. Here is situated the Alexandra hotel belonging to the Canadian Pacific railway, one of the finest and best hotels in Canada and America. Winnipeg will become the great radiating junction for all the railways in Canada; in fact it will become the great engineering works of the Canadian Pacific railway, who have already 170 miles of train-yards and sidings. It was here we visited the great Ogilvy flour mills, eight storeys high, and where we saw the wheat going in at the bottom, and after passing through 100 processes (which divided it into 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choice) flour came out at the bottom into bags and dropped into railway trucks. We only saw about six men at work, the whole being controlled by machinery, with the exception of the work of tying the bags. The total capacity of the elevator belonging to this company is 2,300,000 bushels and the daily turn-out at the mill is 3,000 barrels of flour.

Before leaving the subject of Winnipeg and its associations, let me tell you, ladies and gentlemen, a story that was told to me of the time when scarcely any emigrants found their way thither. The story goes that a Scotch farmer arrived at Winnipeg, and the Government offered him as much land as he could plough round in a day. The canny Scot, having taken two or three days' thought it over, walked over the best part of the land which was practically cleared, and then started ploughing at 6 o'clock in the morning, making a very wide sweep with his plough. At 6 o'clock in the evening the Government officials told him that the day was up, and asked him

what he meant by making so wide a circle without finishing it? The wily Scot replied: "Oh, there's twenty-four hours in a day, ye ken, and I shall be quite round by tomorrow morning." (Laughter.) That man afterwards became one of the richest and most progressive farmers in the Dominion.

The Wonders of the Dominion

Calgary is a town of a few years of age, and has a population of 15,000; it is 3,428 feet above the level of the sea, so you will understand the train had mounted considerably in the 850 miles we had come from Winnipeg, for there was never a tunnel, and scarcely a cutting, unless we passed them at night, the ride being through prairie lands and wheat-fields. You will observe the Bow River and the Rocky Mountains in the distance, and in leaving here we commence the ascent of the Rockies, and begin to see the wonders of creation. The Canadian Rockies are the culminating scenic portion of the mighty Rocky Mountains, called the "Backbone of America." Four great ranges are crossed by the Canadian Pacific Railway—the Rockies proper, the Selkirks, the Gold Range and the Coast Mountains, the latter standing like a great bulwark along the shores of the Pacific. The entrance to the Rockies is by the "Gap," and it seems that the train has reached an impasse and that there is no way by which it can surmount the lordly line of heights drawn up across its path. Suddenly, however, it takes a sharp turn and finds itself between two walls of vertical rock, and a passage is forced to the world of mountains beyond. It has found, and followed, the course of the Bow River, and keeping to the valley which that stream has worn for itself in the course of ages, the track turns northward and runs between the Fairholme Range on the right and the Kananaskis Mountains on the left. Close by the Kananaskis Falls of the Bow are taking a mighty plunge, the roar of which is distinctly heard from the track. At this point are the "Three Sisters," a trinity of noble peaks. At the base of the Cascade Mountains, Banff, a few miles away from the railway track are the anthracite mines of Bankhead, operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which supply the country from Winnipeg to Vancouver. The Banff Hotel is owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway, is situated on a rocky elevation on the south bank of the Bow River, near the mouth of the Spray, 4,521 feet above sea level. This splendid hotel commands a view, perhaps unrivalled in Canada; the refinement of its appointments, and the completeness of detail marking the whole establishment. It ranks among the finest summer hotels to be found anywhere, and here we rested a week, driving to many interesting places.

Canadian National Park Banff, is a national reservation of 5,732 square miles. It is the largest in the world, and is under the control of a park superintendent. Public improvements of all kinds are being constantly carried on, to the great advantage of both residents and visitors.

In a large area of 2,000 acres is a magnificent herd of 56 buffalo and calves. Buffalo are now nearly extinct (there used to be millions) owing to their being killed for the sake of their hides, and the Canadian Government have

therefore considered it necessary to preserve them.

To the east of Laggan run two mountain valleys, both of which are noted for their exquisite scenery. Paradise Valley, the nearest to Lake Louise, lies between Mount Shoel and Mount Temple, while the Valley of the Ten Peaks, as its name implies, is lined by ten great peaks, and holds at its head Moraine Lake. From this valley can be seen Mount Temple, Mount Lefroy, Mount Aberdeen, Mount Hungabee (which means in Indian, chieftain), Mount Victoria, all of them being from ten to twelve thousand feet high. Moraine Lake, near Laggan, is two miles long, and half a mile wide, in which there is excellent trout fishing. The Government have recently constructed a splendid carriage road from Lake Louise to Moraine Lake. Mirror Lake, Laggan, is another of these beautiful gems, which has no visible outlet, its waters escaping through an underground channel to Lake Louise 1,000 feet below. The waters of this lake rise or fall, as the inflowing stream pours its flood into the lake more or less rapidly than they are carried off.

Lake Louise Chalet is charmingly situated on the very verge of the water in the midst of the evergreen wood. The Canadian Pacific Railway built a lovely chalet, which has since been enlarged to a great hotel. Telephonic communication exists between it and the station, and telegrams may be sent to any part of the world. Here we stayed one day and night in absolute peace and quietude, the beautiful little lake being completely shut in by huge mountains, and there being no habitation except the hotel. Swiss guides in the Rocky Mountains are brought to the resorts in the Canadian Rockies by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

The Great Divide is six miles from Laggan, and here the summit of the Rockies is reached and the Great Divide is passed, 5,266 feet above sea level. It is marked by a rustic arch spanning a stream, under which the waters divide by one of those curious freaks with which nature occasionally diverts herself. For the two little brooks have curiously different fates, though they have a common origin, both rising from the same spring and glacier. The waters that dive to the east eventually mingle with the ice-cold tides of Hudson Bay, while the rivulet that turns to the west, finally adds its mite to the volume of the Pacific.

Romance of History

Mount Stephen, the most elevated station on the Canadian Pacific Railway line, takes its name from the first president of the company, Lord Mount Stephen; while the next westward slope, Hector, recalls Sir James Hector, and from here the railway descends rapidly to the Kicking Horse Valley. The scenery in Kicking Horse Canyon is sublime and almost terrible. The line clings to the mountain side at the left, and the valley off the right rapidly deepens until the river is seen as a gleaming thread, five or six hundred feet below. Kicking Horse Canyon also preserves Hector's memory, for the "kicking horse" was one that inflicted upon him serious injuries during the Palliser expedition. The story is a curious one, as it shows on what chances the success of an exploration may depend. The expedition was encamped on the banks of the Wapta, where a

pack horse broke three of the leader's ribs by a kick. He lay unconscious for hours, till his Indians thought him dead, and prepared to bury him, but as they bore him along he regained his senses. When he recovered he went to inspect his grave that had been dug some little way from the camp. Then, fired by curiosity, he determined to search the valley in which it had been intended to leave him for ever. He explored it further, and found it a practical way of crossing the mountains. Thus was the Kicking Horse River brought to light, and received the name of the vicious animal, which all unintentionally had led to so important a discovery. Takakkaw Falls, near Field (John Valley), are eight times as high as Niagara (1,200 feet), but, of course, the volume of water is nothing in comparison. Field is the station for these falls.

Illecillewaet Glacier, like nearly every other observed glacier in the world, is receding. It is reckoned that the sun drives it back on an average 35 feet a year, and recovers this much from the bonds of ice. However, after the ice has gone, the Moraine remains, and it will be many centuries before the great rocks, carried down by the glacier, are reduced to dust; and the land thus reclaimed supports renewed vegetation. Nestled in a niche of the narrow valley, a few yards from the railway station, and surrounded by the beautiful evergreen trees that everywhere thrive in this region, is the charming hotel, Glacier House, which has become so popular that the Canadian Pacific Railway have found it necessary to enlarge the original structure, erect new buildings, and increase the capacity of the annex, so that now over 100 guests can be accommodated.

I noticed that a Surgeon-General in the Army wrote recently in the visitors' book: "My wife and I have traveled for nearly forty years all over the world, and are both agreed that the scenery at Glacier House is the finest we have seen in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America." After that I did not write anything.

Mount Sir Donald is 10,000 feet high, and rears its mighty head more than a mile and a half above the railway. This monolith was named after Sir Donald A. Smith (now Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal), who was one of the chief promoters of the Canadian Pacific Railway. I have not mentioned Lord Strathcona before, but he gave me four letters of introduction—one in Quebec, Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, where I met many important men, all eager for greater combination.

The Great Glacier is about a mile and a half's walk from the hotel, and is said to be greater than all of those of Switzerland combined. It is the centre of a group of glaciers, embracing more than 200 square miles; and the portion seen from the hotel is 10 square miles.

Yale is the head of navigation, and was formerly an outfitting point for miners and ranchmen; only 231 feet above the level of the sea. So you see how rapidly we have descended.

At Spuzzum the road crosses the river over a suspension bridge, 110 feet above low water. Yet it is said that in 1881 the river rose to such a height, that it was only by the greatest exertion that the bridge was saved from destruction by driftwood. A short way below this

river the railway crosses it by a cantilever bridge, 530 feet long, the centre span being 315 feet wide.

Scenic Grandeur

Fraser Canyon is one of a great number of canyons. These canyons are narrow ravines by which the immense rivers find their way to the sea, and where the river, perhaps a few miles before, was a mile wide. It is here compressed into a deep ravine, through which it pours at immense speed. The largest of these is the Albert Canyon, 2,200 feet above the sea, where the train stopped. Most of the passengers got out to view the grand scenery from a platform specially prepared, and looked down upon the river, which is 300 feet below the railway, compressed into a boiling cauldron, scarcely 20 feet wide. Between the mountains on each side there is simply the river and the railway, and the total width of the pass is not more than 40 feet.

The population of Vancouver is 50,000, the city being the Pacific terminus of the railway. Until May, 1866, its site was covered with a dense forest; from May to July its growth was most rapid, but in July a fire spreading from the surrounding forest, swept away every house, but one, in the place, and with that one exception, every building now seen has been erected since that time. Vancouver will become to Canada, what San Francisco is to America; it will become the great seaport to China, Japan, and Australia. The Canadian Pacific Railway have a splendid line of steamboats to these places, which take the safest, shortest, and most pleasant route to the Orient. The salmon fishing near Vancouver is most interesting. I do not mean so much the fish as the salmon-canning industry at the mouth of the Fraser River, where I saw the salmon in huge heaps, placed just as you would see heaps of turnips or mangolds in a field. Men were lifting them with a kind of pitchfork on to slabs, behind which were hundreds of men and women (principally Japanese or Chinese) who manipulated them from the natural state, until they were cooked and sealed up in tins ready for the market in a few minutes. I will not detail to you the whole of the process, as it might deter you from buying that delicious article.

Stanley Park, Vancouver, is a splendid pleasure resort; it is an immense natural park, where the trees are very wonderful, especially the cedars, which are of immense height and circumference. We drove all through the park in a coach and four, on which we were photographed, and I was afterwards photographed in the cedar tree. We left Vancouver by the steamer for Victoria, which is about 80 miles distant, and a beautiful steam through hundreds of islands.

Victoria has a population of 30,000 inhabitants, and is the capital of British Columbia, charmingly situated on the southern extremity of Vancouver Island, the climate being like that of the south of England, while the town is peculiarly English in all its characteristics. The Government buildings are magnificent, and there are many fine public and private structures. The streets are beautifully laid out, being very fine and wide, with a perfect system of electric tramways. Two miles from Victoria is the Esquimalt Harbor, which was formerly the British naval station, and the great rendezvous of the Northern Pacific fleet, but it has now been closed as a Government harbor, the Government thinking they can use the fleet better at some other point. Victoria has a park of 300 acres, no less beautiful than Stanley Park, Vancouver. I may here mention that in all the cities of Canada they have preserved parks and recreation grounds for the people.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: From Victoria we crossed into America to a place called Seattle, five hours by steamer. This is only half of our journey, which comprised about 7,000 miles; but as I am only to-night speaking of Canada, I will no longer detain you by detailing the 7,000 miles returning through America, or else I fear I should weary you too much. So I will say good-night to the New World, with its strenuous and progressive life in the cities, its great prairies and vast wheat-fields, its glorious mountains, valleys and rivers, and to all the kind-hearted and generous people we met, many of whom we can claim as old, and some as new, friends; and in the hope we may be spared to go amongst them once more. (Cheers.)

A Cordial Vote of Thanks

Mr. Briggs, who had been speaking for nearly two hours, resumed his seat amid continued cheering.

Mr. E. V. Huxtable, in moving a vote of thanks to the lecturer, said he was certain those present were all agreed that the lecture had been a most interesting and admirable one. Mr. George Briggs was an old and valued friend of the Club, of which he was a past president and a constant supporter. (Applause.) By his energy and liberality he had maintained the best traditions of the Club, and tonight they thanked him from the bottom of their hearts for a most interesting and pleasing lecture on the great Dominion of Canada. (Applause.) It was through the kindness and energy of Mr. Briggs that the members of the United Wards Club were assembled in one of the most beautiful and historic halls in the City of London, all the attendant expenses being paid out of his own pocket. (Applause.)

Mr. Harry Bird, C.C. in seconding the vote of thanks, said he felt bound to congratulate Mr. Briggs upon his success as a lecturer. He expressed a hope that he would follow it up with another at no distant date. (Applause.)

The vote of thanks was then carried with enthusiasm.

Mr. Briggs, in briefly acknowledging the compliment, expressed his warm thanks to the officials of the Canadian Pacific Company, for the loan of so many beautiful lantern slides. The proceedings were soon afterwards brought to a close.

The Church Women and Amusements

THE following is the text of a paper read by Mrs. Dickson at a meeting at Christ Church Cathedral schoolroom on Tuesday afternoon last:

As amusements form no mean part in human society perhaps a few moments will not be wasted in considering what attitude we as church women should bear toward the various forms of entertainment prevalent in this age.

In the world at large this question at once brings forward two distinct classes of people, with many intervening classes of varying shades of opinion. The one class would greatly restrict amusements drawing hard and fast lines between the harmless and the harmful recreations—these lines being drawn by their own self-constituted judges. The second class is the opposite extreme. It would leave all pleasures to the fancy of each individual, with no restrictions whatever. Between these two extremes may be found people of all shades of opinion.

Did not Christ by His presence at the marriage feast in Cana forever sanction pleasure and show us that we are not expected to withdraw ourselves from the world's festivities?

The great Anglican church, believing it to be the spirit of the Master, has left this important question along with many others, such as the drinking of liquor, to the consciences of her children with this one, all-comprehensive injunction, "Be temperate in all things, in your amusements as in your eating and drinking."

Is not the Church's injunction, "Be temperate in all things" more important, more restricting than some people would have us think? On the contrary, does not this broad command of the Church place greater responsibilities upon her children than specific commands, such as "You must not dance, play cards, or drink wine."

In the good old book, "Tom Brown's School-days," you remember the father's parting words to Tom when he was about to leave home for school. The anxious parent, thinking of all the varied temptations to which his son is sure to be subjected gives no specific commands, only this one injunction, "Never do or say anything that you would be ashamed to have your mother or sister see or hear." Did this not place far greater responsibility

upon Tom than a long list of "Do's" and "Don'ts." And so, does not the Church's command, "Be temperate in all things, place greater responsibility upon us than "Do not dance, play cards or drink wine?"

To whom shall we look for the keeping up of a high standard in all forms of pleasure if not to the women of the Church? If we sanction the playing of games for a stake, yes, or even raffling at the church bazaar; can we very much blame the young man who, after leaving home, fails to see any distinction between this and gambling on the race-track or placing his stake on the roulette table at Monte Carlo?

By the playing of games for a stake are we not cultivating false ideas of true amusement and creating an unwholesome excitement? Are we playing for recreation or for the stake? Were not the old Greeks nearer the true idea when they played for the laurel wreath only? Who can say that their games lacked enthusiasm and rest?

But far deeper than all this is the cultivation of a purpose in life, and the proper perspective of duties and pleasures. How much church women can do along these lines! For example, some right-minded women in a certain town in the States did not think the young people's dances were sensibly managed; accordingly these women began giving a series of well-conducted dances—the chief feature of which was that the dancing stopped at 12 o'clock sharp. In the same town a fortnightly whist club was started where playing began promptly at 8 o'clock and stopped at 11. Both these efforts were a decided success, and to this day the young people are reaping the benefit from them.

How much better thus to manage entertainments than to let pleasure over-ride everything as in one eastern city, where a lady remarked that it had become almost impossible to appoint a meeting for any philanthropic work without clashing with some lady's afternoon card-party.

But more important than all else and underlying everything is the cultivation of a distinct purpose in life. Let an individual once become thoroughly imbued with the accomplishment of some worthy object, and there is little danger that his amusements will not be right and be made subservient to the one great purpose of his life.

Can not church women do much toward directing the energies of the younger members into useful channels?

There comes to my mind the beautiful life of a young woman in the city of Philadelphia. This girl, brought up amidst all the luxuries that wealth and fond parents could give, for a time after her school days were over entered untrained into all the pleasures dear to the heart of a young girl. But being a girl who thought for herself, she soon tired of a life filled with nothing but dances, theatre-going, etc. Being a member of a large city church she saw about her much work that a young woman could do, and so, under the guidance of her rector, she has become his most-valued helper, and is dubbed by her friends, "The rector's curate." Although she still has some time for pleasure, you have only to look into her bright, cheery face to see how much happier she is than the young person who has no thought but the discussion of the last theatre play and the planning of her gown for the next dance.

By all means let us have amusements and plenty of them, but with our amusements let us remember the words of the great Apostle, "Be ye temperate in all things."

That medical inspection of school children is very far from unnecessary is evidenced by a London County Council report which shows that in some schools more than a quarter of the children are suffering from some physical defect or unhealthy condition. In some East End schools a third of the children are sub-normal, and have defects of hearing, while out of 700 infants at the time of admission only 20 had no obvious decay of their teeth, 357 had two or more teeth badly decayed, and some children of five years old had hardly anything but unwholesome stumps in their gums.

A well-connected woman, the daughter of an officer and the wife of a clergyman, now in gaol for forgery, was sentenced at Westminster Police Court to twelve months' hard labor for a long series of frauds on London policemen, railway officials and others. Her favorite plan was to profess great distress, declare that her purse had been lost or stolen, and, giving out that she was the wife of a suburban vicar, borrow money to take her children home.