

**The Land of Used-To-Be.**

BY JAMES WHITCOMBE RILEY

Beyond the purple, hazy trees  
Of summer's utmost boundaries,  
Beyond the sands, beyond the seas,  
Beyond the range of eyes like these,  
And only in the reach of the  
Enraptured gaze of memory,  
There lies a land long lost to me—  
The land of Used-to-be.

A land enchanted, such as swung  
In golden seas when sirens clung  
Along their dripping brinks, and sang  
To Jason in that mystic tongue  
That dazed men with its melody,  
O, such a land, with such a sea  
Kissing its shores eternally,  
Is the fair Used-to-be.

A land where music ever girds  
The air with belts of singing birds,  
A world that sows all sounds with such sweet  
words  
That even in the lowing herds  
A meaning lives so sweet to me.  
Lost laughter ripples limpidly  
From lips brimmed o'er with all  
the glee  
Of rare old Used-to-be.

O, land of love and dreamy thoughts  
And shining fields and shady spots,  
Of coolest, greenest, grassy plots  
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots,  
And all the blooms that cunningly  
Lift their faces up to me  
Out of the past, I kiss in thee  
The lips of Used-to-be!

I love ye all, and with wet eyes  
Turned glimmeringly on the skies,  
My blessings like your perfumes rise,  
Till o'er my soul a silence lies,  
Sweeter than any song to me,  
Sweeter than any melody  
Or its sweet echo, yea, all three—  
My dreams of Used-to-be!

**CANADIAN PRAIRIES.**

"If the horse could stand it," said S. A. Rowbothan, a well-known resident of Winnipeg, Manitoba, "a man could leave Winnipeg and ride 1,000 miles west and north-west over a level prairie before he would be obstructed by the mountains. This gives an idea of the vast territory lying west of Winnipeg, which, to the Eastern man, seems away out of the world. The soil of this prairie produces the finest spring wheat grown anywhere, and this enormous plain I've just mentioned will in a few years be the great granary of the world. Eastern people have a misty idea of our expansive territory. We are just commencing to grow wheat compared to a decade hence, though our crop two years ago was 30,000,000 bushels.

"We have but little snow, and in the many years I resided in Manitoba I never saw the tops of the bright prairie grass covered. Cattle fairly roll in fat, and we are becoming a great cattle country. While most of our settlers are from across the water, yet the number from the Western States is yearly increasing. We have no Wild West frontier scenes. There are no settlers killed over disputed claims, as has been an every-day story in the West for years. Our homestead laws require a three years' residence of six months each. Land may be pre-empted, too. Gold has been discovered in wonderfully rich quartz deposits a few miles east of Winnipeg, and paving mills have just been erected by Minneapolis capitalists. I predict a 'rush' to the Lake of the Woods district next year. Winnipeg has 35,000 inhabitants and is a thriving city. Our winters are cold, but we do not mind them. The atmosphere is dry and the days are clear, fresh and sunny, murky weather being almost unknown."



THE CANADIAN PRAIRIES.

**THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.**

The beautiful cut of the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, on this page, gives a very excellent idea of the noble group of buildings which crown Parliament Hill, where the laws of Canada are enacted and the departmental public business is performed. It is to our mind one of the most beautiful groups of buildings we have seen in the world. The position is one that sets them off to incomparable advantage. There is a beautiful path, about one-third down the hill, beneath the quivering foliage of the aspens and maples. To the left of the picture is seen the picturesque locks of the Rideau canal. The octagonal building in the centre is the magnificent Parliament library. In the distance to

the right is seen part of Ottawa, and still farther on are the famous Chaudiere Falls.

**THE FUTURE OF CANADA.**

BY REV. DR. SUTHERLAND

"As I pen these lines I stand again in fancy where a few months ago I stood in fact, on the summit of a lofty foothill of the Rocky Mountains. Behind me rose the mountain range, beyond which the sun was sinking toward the western sea, and I thought of the vast treasures embedded in these rocky fastnesses which the hand of human enterprise would one day bring to light; of the towering forests on the western slopes, vast enough to supply the markets of the world, of the teeming fisheries with food

supply for a continent, and fertile valleys where millions would yet find a home. Before me stretched the rolling foothills, and beyond these the distant plain, but imagination passed swiftly onward to where the Atlantic surf breaks on our eastern coast, and I thought of the splendid harbours and rich fisheries and mineral wealth of Nova Scotia, the fertile acres of Prince Edward Island, the pine forests of New Brunswick, the commerce of Quebec, the agricultural wealth and growing manufactures of Ontario; of our mighty lakes, those highways of commerce that link together the east and the west, and then again my eye rested upon the varied panorama of hill and vale and distant plain spread out at my feet. Far as the eye could reach there was no sign of human habitation, and no sound of human activities broke the stillness, but as thought took in the possibilities of the future I stood intently listening like one who

"Heard from far the muffled tread  
Of millions yet to be—  
The first low dash of waves  
where yet  
Shall roll the human sea."

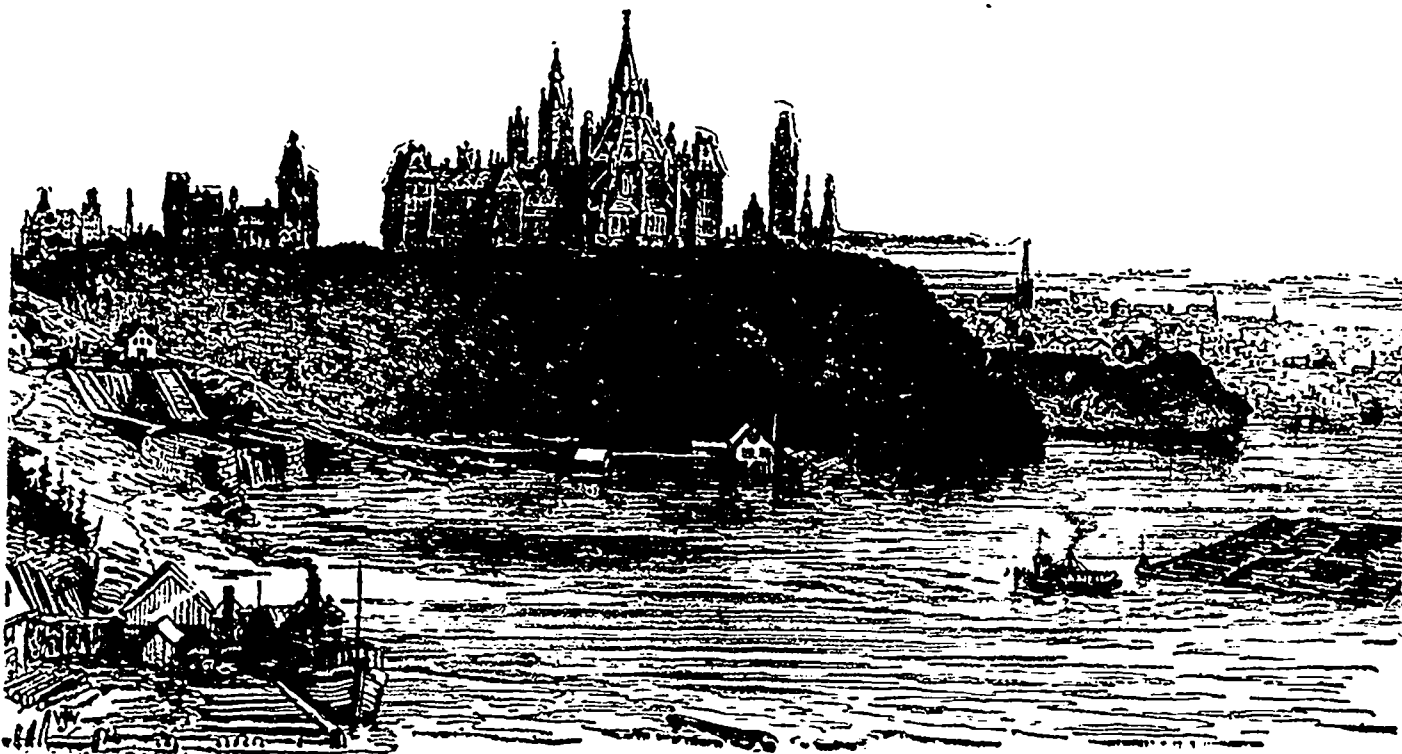
"In fancy's ear I hear the lowing of cattle from the hillsides, the hum of industry from a hundred towns and villages, the merry shout of children returning from school, and in the distance the thundering tread of the iron horse as he speeds swiftly across the plain. As I looked again the whole scene was transfigured. Everywhere quiet homesteads dotted the plains and nestled among the hills, the smoke of factories rose thickly on the air, a hundred village spires glittered in the rays of the setting sun, while golden fields of ripening grain filled up the interspaces and waved in the passing breeze; and I said in my heart: 'Lo, here is a Dominion stretching from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth, with the garnered experience of the centuries behind it, with no fetters of past abuses to cramp its energies or hinder its development, with no outside jealousies ready to take advantage of its weakness, or avaricious neighbour covetous of its wealth. Starting thus in the career of empire, with unfettered limbs and a hearty 'Godspeed' from the great sisterhood of nations, surely nothing short of persistent folly or deliberate wickedness can mar the future of its hopes.'"—A Summer in Prairie Land.

**MONKEYS AS MINERS.**

According to the Revue Scientifique, a French mine owner in the Transvaal has some monkeys infected with the auri sacra fames. It has happened in this way. The mine owner had originally two little monkeys, which were in the habit of accompanying their master in his visit to the mines. They saw the workmen gathering the ore, and soon learned to imitate them and to distinguish traces of the precious metal. Thus they became of use to their employer, who procured twenty-four others,

which, having been initiated into the mysteries of mining by the first pioneers, soon became so expert as to fill the places of five or six men. The monkeys are extremely honest, says the veracious correspondent of the Revue, for they have not yet been perverted by their human fellow-workers, and never try to purloin nuggets.

In some parts of the world monkeys are used as waiters, and are very successful, except that they cannot be prevented from "sampling the articles that they carry from the kitchen to the table."



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.