

Having studied law, he was called to the Bar of Prince Edward Island in 1866, and in November, 1886, was made Q.C. He was counsel for the tenantry before the Prince Edward Island Land Commission, presided over by the Right Hon. Hugh C. E. Childers, and represented the Island province before the International Fishery Commission of 1875. He was elected to the Legislature of the province in 1872, and in 1872-73 held office as Solicitor-General. He was leader of the Opposition for several years. In September, 1876, he became Premier and Attorney-General, a position which he held until 1879, when his cabinet resigned. In the succeeding general elections he lost the seat which he had occupied for seven years. In the general elections of 1882 he was elected to the House of Commons, and was again returned in 1887. In 1872 Mr. Davies married Susan, fourth daughter of the late Dr. H. V. G. Wiggins.

Mr. J. G. H. BERGERON, B.C.L., Q.C., M.P.—Mr. Joseph Gédéon Horace Bergeron is a son of the late Mr. T. R. Bergeron, notary, of Rigaud, P.Q. His mother is a daughter of Mr. Gédéon Coursol, notary, of St. Andrews, uncle of the late C. J. Coursol, Esq., M.P., for Montreal East. Mr. Bergeron was born on the 13th of October, 1854, and was educated at the Jesuits' College and McGill University, in which latter institution he took the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law. Soon after graduating he was called to the Bar of Quebec in July, 1877. Mr. Bergeron is a member of the firm of Archambault, Bergeron and Mignault. Mr. Bergeron has been connected with the newspaper press, and was for some years one of the directors of *Le Monde*. He was first returned to the House of Commons on the 9th of January, 1879, on the death of the late member for the County of Beauharnois, was re-elected by acclamation in 1882 and again in 1887.

A CANADIAN HUNTER IN THE ROCKIES.—Our readers have here a characteristic hunting scene. The mountain marksman, justly proud of his trophies, is for once standing at ease, instead of climbing or creeping after his prey. Something touching the chase of the Rocky Mountain goat (*Capra Americana*) our readers have already learned from the pencil of Major Peters. The pursuit of the Mountain sheep (*Ovis Montana*), or Bighorn (a name which, as our illustration shows, it well deserves) is not greatly dissimilar. In the evening the hunter ascends the mountain to the summits frequented by the Bighorn and encamps there all night, so as to be ready in the early morning to surprise them as they go down to their usual pasture grounds. It is a sport in which only daring hunters and good marksmen are likely to engage, as the toil is sometimes excessive, and calculated to exhaust all but hardy and trained climbers. The ptarmigan or white grouse, of which a specimen is shown in our engraving, is found far north, and is considered an Arctic bird. In Europe it is plentiful in Norway and Sweden. In Great Britain it is seen in the Grampians and in the Hebrides and Orkneys, and occasionally as far south as Cumberland, or even the mountain districts of Wales. The American variety abounds in the Rocky Mountains of Canada, and is not very uncommon in other parts of the Dominion.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF EPIDEMICS.

Every epidemic carries in its train curious exaggerations of many well-recognized characteristics, and these frequently call for appreciation and for treatment almost as much as the disease in which they originate. Perhaps one of the most striking of these mental perversities is to be found in the idea that the epidemic is to be treated by "common sense," or by nostras which have been largely advertised, or by specifics which are known to the laity mainly through their frequent mention in the daily press. Those suffering under this delusion feel that it is wholly unnecessary to seek skilled assistance, and they boldly dose themselves with remedies of whose power and properties they are absolutely ignorant. In Vienna it has already been found necessary to forbid the sale of antipyrin, except under doctors' prescriptions, as no less than seventeen deaths were attributed to stoppage of the heart's action owing to overdoses. The freedom with which the prescription of this remedy has been assumed by the public has long since been viewed with anxiety by the medical profession, and frequent warnings have already fallen upon deaf ears; and yet it is to be feared that if the epidemic of influenza should spread, many more examples of recklessness will have to be recorded. Mr. Labouchere, claiming to act "by the light of common sense," upon having "a cough, a headache, and an all overish ache," accompanied by sneezing, diagnosed the prevailing epidemic, and at once administered to himself "thirty grains of quinine," and to meet the cough he took "unlimited squill pills." He writes that the one "settled the fever" and the other "settled the cough," and that in four days he was quite well. Upon this last fact he is certainly to be congratulated, though we trust that others may not be impelled, "by the light of common sense," to follow him in such heroic measures, or to emulate his example by trying the effect of antipyrin in similar unlimited doses. It is serious enough to cope with an epidemic and its sequelæ, without having matters complicated by ignorant and reckless experimental therapeutics.—*Lancet*.

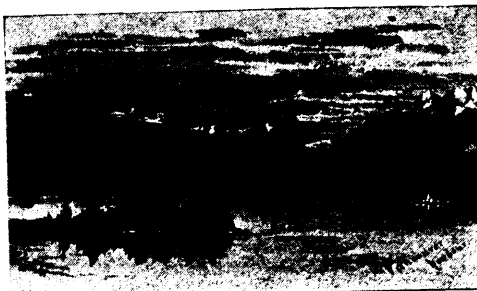
St. John (N.B.) people have reason to be grateful to Mr. Skinner, M.P., who has secured from the Minister of Customs free admission of all merchandise, and from the Minister of Militia, the use of the parade ground, for the next exhibition in that progressive city.

THE LIONS' GATEWAY.

Far up in the sky we couchant lie
On guard by the western seas,
Where the cliffs draw back from the narrow track
Of the tide and the ocean breeze.
Stern and grim on the mountain's rim
We crouch in our cloudy lair,
Behind the veil of the snow-mist pale
We are waiting and watching there.

When the foam flies fast as the gale rides past
Outside on the rolling bay,
Our challenge roars on the rocky shores
At the foot of our ramparts grey—
The waves retreat with a sullen beat
For they dare not pass us by,
And the Inlet's breast is a dream of rest
Where the white sails folded lie.

We calmly rise on the amber skies
When the sun and the sea have kissed,
And the glory fills all the circling hills
That glow in a rainbow mist.
When the radiance falls on our granite walls
And the purple peaks unfold,
We fling to the sky from our fortress on high
Cloud banners of crimson and gold.



And far below where the waters flow
The stately ships sail through,
For the fair surprise of a city lies
Where the forest giants grew—
She holds the key of an Empire free
Whose glory has but begun,
The nations meet at Vancouver's feet,
The East and West are one.

We gaze afar to the last faint star,
Ere its light in the dawning dies,
And a vision breaks ere the morn awakes
To our clear and steadfast eyes—
Like the flocking wings that the autumn brings
When the sea-gulls gathering fly,
To their haven of rest on the harbour's breast
Shall the fleets of the world sweep by.

The sap that stirs in our mighty firs,
Fed by the northern dew;
Though chilled by death, in carven wreath
Shall bud and bloom anew.
Barbaric kings when the bulbul sings,
Shall couch 'neath the polished beams,
Whose rugged length once slowly rolled
Down far Canadian streams.



And deep within our forests dim
The Spirit of Beauty dwells,
Where the long moss sways thro' the woodland ways,
O'er the foxglove's fairy bells.
To the dawn she springs on the starry wings
That were folded in darkness long—
The glorious theme of the artist's dream,
The soul of the poet's song!

Through our open gate shall the land await
The Orient's fragrant spoil,
And the golden grain shall flow forth again
To the millions who starve and toil.
Forest and field their wealth shall yield
To men who are strong and brave,
And still on high in Canadian sky
Shall the banner of England wave.

We sentry stand by Heaven's command
At the portal of her sway,
No threatening foe dare pass below
While her Lions guard the way!
Stern and grim on the mountain's rim
We crouch in our cloudy lair,
Behind the veil of the snow-mist pale
We are waiting and watching there.

Vancouver, B.C.

FLEURANGE.



The Hon. Judge Pagnuelo will be absent in Florida for two months.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Church is, we are happy to say, fast recovering from his recent illness.

General Twigge, of Vancouver, B.C., has been visiting Montreal and other points in Eastern Canada.

Mr. Peter McLaren, of Perth, Ont., will, it is said, succeed the late Senator Turner in the Dominion Senate.

Mr. W. R. Brock, of Toronto, is mentioned as the successor in the Senate of the late Hon. John Macdonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Chagnon, of this city, celebrated their golden wedding on the 25th ult. Mr. Chagnon was out in '37.

The Rev. Osborne Troop, of St. Martin's, has carried his congregation with him in his crusade against the pew system.

Bishop Courtney (Nova Scotia) is in New York doing duty for Bishop Potter. Mrs. Courtney and her youngest son have gone to the Southern States on a visit.

We learn with the utmost satisfaction that the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau is convalescent from his late serious illness. We hope that for many years to come he may delight his friends and readers.

Mr. Kelly, Mayor of Winnipeg, and Ald. Hendrick, of the same flourishing city, have been on a visit to Montreal. Chief Benoit did them the honours of the Fire Brigade, over which he presides.

The "Histoire de Boucherville," a work recently published by Messrs. Cadieux & Derome, of this city, is a valuable contribution to Canadian archaeology. The author is the Rev. Father Lalonde, S.J.

The Rev. Alphonse C. Larivière, son of the Hon. A. A. C. Larivière, has been admitted by Archbishop Fabre to deacon's orders. Abbé Larivière is engaged in pastoral work in the archdiocese of Saint Boniface.

Lieut.-Governor Royal's new council will be composed of Mr. R. G. Brett, Mr. John F. Betts, Mr. Benj. P. Richardson, and Mr. John Secord. These gentlemen represent Red Deer, Prince Albert, Wolseley and South Regina, respectively.

The Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart reviews the writings of Mr. J. M. LeMoine, our veteran *littérateur* and antiquary, of Spencer Grange, Quebec, in the columns of *Progress* (St. John, N.B.). We need hardly say that Pastor Felix does justice to Jonathan Oldbuck.

The following gentlemen took a prominent part in the programme for the reception of Archbishop Fabre at the Seminary on Thursday, the 27th ult.: Messrs. L. McDonald, A. Marcil, H. Galarneau, O. J. Tansey, R. Savault, James Shea, W. Ledoux, J. A. Hébert, A. Giroux, F. Scanlan, O. Martel, jr., and C. Leroux.

The Rev. L. J. Ware, well known as a scholar and lecturer, gave an instructive lecture on the 28th ult. in the Church of the Messiah, the Rev. W. S. Barnes presiding. The subject was Belgium, which the reverend lecturer dealt with largely from an antiquarian and artistic point of view. He gave a graphic description of Rubens's famous picture, in the Gallery at Antwerp, "The Descent from the Cross."

At a dinner given on Thursday evening, the 27th ult., by the Honorable the Speaker and Mrs. Ouimet, the invited guests were:—Sir Adams and Miss Archibald, Hon. Senator and Mrs. Lacoste, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Decelles, Hon. J. A. and Madame Chapleau, Mr. Perley, M.P., and Mrs. Perley, Mr. Walsh, M.P., and Mrs. Walsh, Dr. Ferguson, M.P., and Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. Chouinard, M.P., and Mrs. Chouinard, Mr. Corby M.P., and Mrs. Corby, and Mr. Joncas, M.P.

Mr. Bliss Carman has been appointed to an important and responsible position on the editorial staff of the New York *Independent*. The journal is to be congratulated that has the benefit of Mr. Bliss Carman's services. The *Independent*, we need scarcely say, is one of the ablest papers on the continent and of universally acknowledged literary worth. We wish our esteemed contributor success and happiness in his new sphere of labour. To attain that end he has only to be true to himself. There is no more richly endowed nature on either side of the bounding line.

In an article in *La Minerve* of Monday last on the literary character and moral tendency of Victor Hugo's writings, the following lines to a crucifix are cited as an instance of the sentiments which actuated Hugo in his better hours—hours which, in the critic's opinion, became rarer and rarer as his career drew to a close:

Vous qui pleurez, venez à ce Dieu, car il pleure.
Vous qui souffrez, venez à Lui, car il guérit
Vous qui tremblez, venez à Lui, car il sourit.
Vous qui passez, venez à Lui, car il demeure.

Some time ago Mr. George Murray sent us the following translation of these lines, which both our French and English readers will, we are sure, be glad to see:

WRITTEN BENEATH A CRUCIFIX

Come to this God, ye mourners! for He weeps:
Come, ye who suffer! He will heal your pain.
Ye tremblers, come! His pity never sleeps:
Come, all who pass! Christ waits, and will remain.