

Furs to the value of \$25,000 were shipped from Victoria by J. Boscowitz & Sons on a recent Tuesday.

Surveyors are at work locating a line of railway from the forks of the Kaslo River to the town of that name.

A road is to be built this summer between Nicola and Granite creek, in the Simalkameen district at a cost of \$4,000.

The farming section of Cariboo district had been favored with plentiful rain and the crops gave promise of a bountiful harvest.

A Victoria photographer has been sent to the Behring Sea by the Imperial Government to take views of the various seal rookeries.

The orchards throughout the Okanagan country give promise of large crops this year. No insect pests of any kind have as yet made their appearance among the trees.

The warm weather in the vicinity of Golden, has freed the mountains of snow, and there is now nothing in the way of the prospectors getting around in the mountains.

The government steamer Quadra which was seriously damaged a short time ago by running on a rock has been placed in the docks at Esquimalt for repairs. It is estimated that the damage will amount to \$10,000.

There is more activity in placer mining in British Columbia this season than for many years and the result should be a considerable increase in the production of gold. Some of the most important hydraulic enterprises will not, however, be sufficiently far advanced to yield returns this season.

The construction of a canal connecting Okanagan and Dog Lakes appears to be more probable than has hitherto been supposed. The scheme has the strong approval of the C. P. R. The canal would add thirteen miles of navigable water and render the mines at Fairview and the coal beds at White Lake, especially, easy of access.

Westminster Columbian: "There arrived in the city yesterday, by the train from the east, a Norwegian family of immigrants, consisting of an old woman, a young girl and two boys. They were from Norway direct, and were destined for Lopez Island, Was., though by some mistake their tickets were made to read Westminster. They had only \$10 among them and could not talk a word of English. Mayor Townsend interested himself in behalf of the strangers, and by the courtesy of H. Y. Thompson, who was in town, passes were secured over the Great Northern to Whatcom, where the steamer leaves for Lopez Island. The little party left this morning on the Great Northern for their destination, where they have friends expecting them.

### Evening in the Woods.

Much as we all enjoyed our long days of *dolce far niente* I think evening was the time we all loved best. As soon as it began to grow dusk, we piled up a huge fire of brushwood and logs and sat around the blaze until far into the balmy summer night. Mingled with the crackling of the sinuous pine-legs, we could hear the weird cry of the whip-poor-will like the wail of a lost

spirit, and the monotonous dip, dip of the raftmen's oars on the great river, and then at all nature seemed resonant, we too felt that it became us to unite in the harmony, and presently from around our camp fire would rise in clear high notes the words of those quaint, old French Canadian melodies, which have a unique and indescribable loveliness. And often from far across the water we could hear the deep bass of some belated fisherman, lending depth and strength to the chorus of the well known song "En Roulant Ma Boule."

How the memory of that camping party lives through the long winter days, with its golden sunshiny hours in the deep wood and on the glistening river. The fragrance of the scented pine comes to me as I write: and even in the busy town it forces perplexing questions upon me—is not this untrammelled open air existence the true life? Does not the contemplation of nature lead us to the contemplation of nature's God? Many indeed are the pleasant thoughts and memories of our camp by the deep blue Ottawa, a passing glimpse of purest content and healthful happiness in the Canadian woods; where—

"Our cares dropped from us like the needles shaken  
From out the gusty pine."

—From "A Feminine Camping Party," by MAUD OATLEY, in the Dominion Illustrated Monthly for July.

### The Bells of St. Boniface.

In John Greenleaf Whittier's poem, "The Red River Voyageur," he speaks of the bells of St. Boniface:—

The bells of the Roman Mission  
That call from their turrets twain,  
To the boatman on the river,  
To the hunter on the plain.

The visitor to Winnipeg, looking across Red River to St. Boniface, and seeing the brick cathedral with unfinished tower, would not understand the allusion. But in the old days the cathedral was a wooden building with twin towers, similar to those of Notre Dame at Paris and Montreal. The wooden cathedral was burned in 1860, and the present building took its place.

But as to the bells. They are sometimes popularly spoken of as the travelling bells of St. Boniface, and well they may be, for they have crossed the ocean three times. They were cast in London to the order of Bishop Provencher, the first bishop of St. Boniface, and sent by sailing vessel to York Factory on Hudson Bay, the usual route for goods destined for the Red River country. The voyageurs refused, on account of the size and weight of the packages, to convey them over the portages between York factory and Norway House, and they remained at York; but the following year the bishop arranged with Andrew McDermott, one of the pioneers of Red River, to bring them on. When the church was burned in 1860, the bells were destroyed. Bishop Tache, who had succeeded Bishop Provencher, being in England the next year, saw the founder, who agreed to re-cast them if the metal was sent to England. This was done, and the new chimes were again shipped for York Factory. But the ship was caught in a storm and driven to St. John's, New foundland. The bells were

sent from there to Portland, Maine, by vessel, thence by rail to St. Paul, Minnesota, and from there over the prairie by ox cart, several hundred miles, to St. Boniface, where they were hung on a timber framework beside the church.

The writer while serving as an officer of the first Red River expedition at Fort Garry, in the winter of 1870-71, frequently heard the bells of St. Boniface calling, not only to the boatman and the hunter, but to the settler, who was then beginning to crowd aside the voyageur and the hunter.—J. JAMES BELL, M.A., in Canada.

AT THE time of writing the elections for the British House of Commons were in full swing. This election involves the settlement, for a while at least, of the question of whether or not Ireland is to have Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone, at the head of the Home Rule party is making the greatest effort that has ever been made to get the people to pronounce in favor of it, while Conservatives and Anti-Home Rulers of all kinds are working to maintain the present condition of affairs. It is not yet (July 10th) definitely known what the result of the elections will be but it is pretty certain that Home Rule will win, although whether the majority will be large enough to be workable is not so certain.

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