

and False Creek on the south, the city is easily accessible by water, thus affording excellent opportunities for bringing in cheaply all kinds of supplies.

With her streets all planked or gravelled, with good sidewalks, locomotion around the city is both easy and agreeable at all times, while the streets and buildings are lighted with both gas and electricity. The Canadian Pacific railway has recently completed and opened one of the finest hotels on the continent, while there are numerous other hotels and boarding houses in the city, affording accommodation at prices to suit the means or tastes of every visitor. In the western portion of the city there is a public park of 1,000 acres in extent, on which the city has expended \$30,000 in making rides and drives. From various points on these roads can be obtained some of the finest views of the Inlet, of English Bay, and of the mountains on every side.

A road is now in course of construction connecting Vancouver with one of the richest agricultural districts in the province, situated within a few miles of the city, at the mouth of the Fraser river. The farmers from there will, on the completion of this road, be able to reach, with ease, one of the best markets on the coast for their produce, while the trade will add considerably to the volume of the business of Vancouver.

Ample educational facilities are afforded by three public schools, located in the eastern, western and southern portions of the city respectively. Besides these there are several private schools. The Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and Congregationalists, all have places of worship, and some of these denominations are about erecting additional churches in other parts of the city.

THE DEMOCRATIC WAGGON.

Composed for the DeSoto Democratic Club by
J. H. WAGGENER.

Air: "WAIT FOR THE WAGGON."

Come, all ye sons of freedom,
And help to swell the throng,
We're going to the White House—
So come and go along;
Cleveland is the driver,
With Thurman by his side,
So jump into the waggon, boys,
And all take a ride.

Chorus:—Jump into the waggon—
The Democratic waggon—
Jump into the waggon,
And all take a ride.

Our waggon is a good one,
It's large and safe and sound—
The best in all the country
That ever has been found;
The seats are made of Hick'ry wood—
They're easy, long and wide.
And lined with Jackson's overcoat,
So come and take a ride.
Chorus.

We want a crowd of jolly boys
To help us win the fight
Against Protection's Robber Kings
That rule us with their might;
We're armed with Truth and Justice, too—
We ask naught else beside,
So jump into our waggon, boys,
And all take a ride.
Chorus.

We're going to down the Rads again,
Hoosier Ben and all;
Levi Morton's lengthy purse
Can't save them from the fall;
So if you'd like to have some fun
And see 'em run and hide,
Just jump into our waggon, boys,
And all take a ride.
Chorus.

[The Americans have always been famous for their campaign songs, a feature in which they, singularly enough, follow the French. These songs are generally good-natured—in striking contrast with their newspaper paragraphs—and clever. The example given above will afford the reader a smack of that kind of literature. The two first stanzas are not at all bad.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]



Sir Donald Smith is out of danger, but his convalescence will be slow.

Mr. George M. Pullman is building himself a winter palace at the Thousand Isles.

Hon. Mr. Chauveau has returned to the city after a three days' visit to the Baie des Chaleurs.

Gen. Lennox, of England, arrived in town on Saturday night, and is staying at the Windsor.

The Governor-General has consented to become a patron of the Dominion Artillery Association.

Sir George and Lady Stephen leave for Europe on August 18, where they intend passing the winter.

Prof. Goldwin Smith has left Toronto for a month's visit to Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh J. Macdonald will spend their summer with Sir John Macdonald at Rivière du Loup.

Miss Mary Tillinghast is one of the most successful among the women who have made a business of decorative art.

From the gifts received at his jubilee, the Pope is going to send a present to every cathedral church in the world.

Hon. Cecil Parker, nephew of the Duke of Westminster, has arrived in Canada and will go west over the C. P. R.

The leading woman physician of England, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, is said to have an income of \$50,000 a year from her practice.

The Empress of Austria never goes anywhere without a fine picture of St. Elizabeth, which she always hangs up in her bedroom.

Mr. Sanford Fleming has gone to Winnipeg to confer with Mr. Owen Jones, of New Zealand, regarding the proposed cable to Australia.

Mme. Meissonier, wife of the celebrated painter, is dead after a brief illness. She was the sister of Steinheil, a painter of religious subjects.

His Honour Lieutenant-Governor Royal arrived in Montreal from Regina, N. W. T., and proceeded to Vaudeuil, where he intends spending a few days with his family.

Lord Randolph Churchill is a descendant of Wanchil de Leon, who came over with the Conqueror. He was Lord of Courcil, in Normandy; whence the name of Churchill.

Lady Cardigan, widow of the English earl who led the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, is threatened with imprisonment for debt. She has large estates, but dislikes parting with ready money.

There has arrived in Winnipeg a very interesting personage, Rev. John Sinclair, a full-blooded Cree Indian, who is stationed as missionary on English river, east of the Hudson Bay post at Isle à la Crosse.

Hon. J. R. Thibaudeau has sold his residence, Mille Fleurs, near Montreal, for \$12,000, to Mr. Daunay, a French-Canadian millionaire, who has resided in the United States for a number of years.

Col. Otter, of Toronto, has forwarded his report on the subject of the Lundy's Lane memorial. It is understood that he recommends the erection of a monument or obelisk on which should be inscribed particulars of the engagement.

Professor Frewan, professor of natural history in the College of Agriculture, Salisbury, and consulting botanist to the British Dairy Farmers' Association, will leave England by the next steamer for the purpose of making a study of the agricultural resources of Canada.

Her Majesty is just now deeply interested in a group painting of herself and family, the work of several artists. This picture will be placed in Windsor Castle among Her Majesty's collection of paintings representing various events of interest which have occurred in her family since her accession to the English throne.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone celebrated their golden wedding on the 25th of July. Testimonials in the shape of letters, telegrams and presents poured in upon them in hundreds. The couple were given a reception at the residence of Earl Spencer and presented with portraits of themselves painted by Frank Hall and Hubert Herkomer.

Lord Albemarle, the Waterloo veteran, is a small, spare man, with bright eyes. He wears a black velvet skull cap. He is now 89 years old and is the sole survivor of the eighty-four officers who sat down to the Duke of Wellington's last Waterloo dinner. He is given a reception every year on the anniversary of that "world's earthquake."

TOM MOORE'S GRAVE.

Michael MacDonagh, in his pilgrimage, thus writes: I reached Bromham Church, in the county of Wilts—the spire of which I had seen a mile off—with a mind at peace with everybody, and tinged with a melancholy appropriate to the object of my visit. I walked through the little village of Bromham without meeting any of the inhabitants, and, ascending a few steps, passed through a wooden wicket into the little graveyard which surrounds the church. With quick steps and eager eyes I went among the tombs to the left of the church as I entered, passed around to the rear, and there in a few seconds my eye caught the name "Moore" on the slab that marks the grave of the poet. The grave lies about three feet from the gable of the church, and is of a very simple and unpretentious character. It is marked by a long, narrow stone slab, lying flat, about two inches above the ground, surrounded by a strong and high iron railing. The inscription is as follows:

ANASTASIA MARY MOORE,
Born March 16th, 1813,
Died March 8th, 1829,

Also,

Her Brother,

JOHN RUSSELL MOORE,

Who died November 23rd, 1842,

Aged 19 years;

And their father,

THOMAS MOORE,

Tenderly beloved by all who knew

The goodness of his heart.

The Poet and Patriot of his country,
Ireland.

Born May 28th, 1779.

Sank to rest, February 25th, 1852.

Aged 72.

God is love.

Also his wife,

BESSY MOORE,

Who died 4th September, 1865.

And to the memory of their son,

THOMAS LANSDOWNE PARR MOORE,

Born 24th October, 1818,

Died in Africa, January, 1846.

Moore had five children, three daughters and two sons, all of whom died before him. Two are sleeping with him and his wife in this grave. John Russell, one of the sons who is buried here, was a lieutenant in the 25th Regiment; and the other son, Thomas Lansdowne Parr, was an officer in the French service, and was interred in Africa, where he died.

The grave looks as if it were being carefully attended to, the stone evidently being periodically cleaned, and the lettering of the inscription kept clear and distinct. Plucking a few ivy leaves from the gable of the church which overshadows the grave, I passed around to the door of the sacred edifice. On entering I found myself at the end of the church near the portion evidently set apart for the choir, for there was music scattered about on the seats fronting a small organ which stood between two large windows. One of the windows is of stained glass, representing the Day of Judgment. Christ, attended by two angels blowing trumpets, is the central figure. Seated below the Redeemer is Justice, with sword and scales in her hands. To the right is an angel bearing an olive branch and welcoming the just, while to the left another angel with a flaming sword is banishing the unjust to the fires of hell. Above over all are twelve angelic figures carrying shields, on which are inscribed the words of Moore's sacred song, "Sound the Loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's Dark Sea," and below is the inscription—"This window is placed in the church by the combined subscriptions of two hundred persons who honour the poet of all circles and the idol of his own—Thomas Moore." There is another stained glass window, representing the Crucifixion, erected in 1866, "in honour of God and in memory of the widow of Thomas Moore, of Sloperton Cottage."