

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

By Rev. W. H. G. Temple, D.D.

Just as at Niagara the Canadian Horseshoe Falls far surpass the American Falls, so when the traveller approaches the Canadian Rockies, he gazes upon a sight stupendous, majestic, awful in its sublimity, far surpassing any view he can get of this range of mountains from the southern and American routes. There is nothing in the Old World so startlingly rugged and at the same time of so vast expanse. Thrown up vertically at various slant angles, and lying in vast plateaus of grandeur, with the most exquisite lakes nestling in their rugged basins, this magnificent mass of variegated rock defies description. Its altitude overtops, and its gorges underperspans, the same range after it leaves the national line in its southern trend.

This fact impresses the mind all the more forcibly, when travelling on the Canadian Pacific Railway, because of the much sharper contrast between the long stretch of level plain and the abrupt upheaval. The horizontal monotony gets to be almost unendurable, when lo! the "Gap," and the mountains are all about you.

After leaving Medicine Hat the faintest outline of the peaks becomes visible. At Calgary—a beautiful site and sight—after a gradual and deceptive ascent the coming glory seems more substantial. Then the approach is along the banks of the beautiful Bow River, past Cochrane well among the foothills, on toward an apparently impassable barrier of rock, suddenly through the gateway, when the surprise is as great as if one were instantly lifted in a balloon and deposited among the peaks of the Rockies.

Then twenty miles of bewilderment. The crags are tossed up multifariously. Near by is the Three Sisters—surely they must be Amazons—a trinity of warlike austerity. Over there behold Cascade Mountain. The sky-line is jagged. The facets overlap each other. Peak is lifted upon peak. Mountain seems to be flung across mountain. It is tumultuous tumbling in all directions. Then Banff.

Banff is a climax. It is also an introduction, for the Canadian National Park has its headquarters here. It is the largest national park in the world, being nearly half as large again as the Yellowstone. The scene from the Hot Springs Hotel is perfectly entrancing. The Bow River basin, as seen from this height, is a verdurous depth through which the river undulates like a silver thread caving with the wind. The giant masses of gray rock stand guard over it on all sides. The colors on the mountain-sides and in the valley shade into one another, as if an artist's hand had intermingled them. The clouds soften them. The clear blue of the sky behind and above brings out in relief the frieze of grandeur at the top of this marvellous picture-parlor. Banff is without doubt the superlative point among the Rockies.

At Laggan we leave the Bow River, and between Stephen and Hector reach the summit of the Rockies and the Divide. Here the altitude is 5,296 feet. A rustic arch marks the spot. A single stream here branches into two, the waters of one finding the volume of Hudson Bay, and the other emptying into the Pacific Ocean.

Now the Rockies merge into the Selkirk, and Glacier becomes the chief point of interest; for but a mile away is the Great Glacier, in which the Ill-cillewaet River has its source. It is enormous in size, being greater than all the glaciers in Switzerland put together. Under the rays of the sun the prismatic effects are wonderful, and in the moonlight the silvered crystals make one think of fairy land itself. The abruptness with which the fine

peak, Sir Donald, rises to a height of more than ten thousand feet makes the scene all the more wonderful.

And all along we have been surprised, astonished, sometimes dumbfounded at the ever-changing and never-lessening interest of the mountains which keep close to us, until we sit on the veranda of the Canadian Pacific Hotel in Vancouver, and look upon a picture of mountains and sea which seems to out rival all that we have ever seen before.

THE MAPLE.

In the April-time how red it glowed,
To caressing winds its tassels freeing,
All its veins astir with glad young life—
Flushing with the ecstasy of bidden!

Now the Autumn comes, with saddened eyes,
Takes her weary way along the edges
Of the forest; turning here and there,
Just to hush a bird-song in the hedges.

On the tossing trees she lays her hand,
Stillings veins too quick a rhythm keeping;
But the maple, thrilling at her touch,
Flushes once again—for joy of sleeping!

—Zion's Herald.

AUTUMN NECKWEAR.

The fashionable separate waist of the autumn and winter is to be tailored and, in all instances, finished with a little collar-band, and to meet the need this awakens a multitude of washable and removable collar shapes are on the market. There are silk and duck and pique stocks and linen forms among them. All are a little higher than the collar forms of the spring and early summer; also, in some instances, more elaborate, though severely plain in others. In the embroidered turnover collar combinations of eyelet and solid embroidery are the newest, while many deep lace flaps are appearing arranged on a half-stiff collar-band. These are to be worn with stocks. Again, there are standing collars embroidered almost to the upper edge, but without flaps, and an entirely new "winged" collar which has little rounded wings turning back from the centre of the front. The embroidery on these is all concentrated upon the wings, which are the feature of this style of collar. All the shapes that appear embroidered may be had, too, in fine, plain linen. Now, the tie worn with these is, of course, visible, as it bands the neck. What will it be? Ribbon, a made long tie, or (and this is said by merchants to be the real winter tie), the Windsor, which comes in innumerable varieties, in check, plaid, and plain.—Harper's Bazar.

A CHILD'S PART IN THE HOME-MAKING.

"Shall a child have prescribed duties in the home?" foolishly asks one of our magazines.

Certainly. We love only that in which we have an active part; hence the child's present and future good demands that it, regardless of age or sex, have its share in the home-making. It is not a question of expediency, but of proportion.

Just what and how large that part shall be cannot be decided by an outsider, for in no two homes are conditions the same. But this we know: the child's part should bear a certain proportion to the mother's. The child will be happier for taking a real and active interest in the care of the home.

A woman without servants should have more help from her children than those with servants. And, in allotting this, the child's age, health, and, to a certain extent, its tastes, should be considered. As a girl grows older her share should be gradually enlarged or changed until she understands something of the whole realm of housekeep-

BABY'S HEALTH.

Baby's health and happiness depends upon its little stomach and bowels performing their work regularly. If these are out of order Baby's Own Tablets will cure the trouble quicker than any other medicine, and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine is perfectly safe. Mrs. Frank Neill, Marksville, Ont., says "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles, breaking up colds and destroying worms, and always with the best success." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ing. She will bless her mother for it some day. Even the boy should have enough insight into "mother's work" to make him, one of these days, a sympathetic, helpful husband.

It is the spirit of helpfulness, of unselfishness, more than the actual work they can do, that is of value. For this reason it is sheer nonsense to pay them for their regular home duties. If it is desired that they earn money in order to know the value of it, let the pay come from unusual outside tasks. As neither father nor mother receives money for the daily home work, neither should the child expect it. This plan fosters a selfish love of gain which simply submerges the small amount of good it may do.

Whenever possible, a child's tasks should be those in which some pride may be taken for this makes labor a joy. Along with this is the habit of doing things right and doing them thoroughly. The success of after life depends almost wholly upon the formation of habits like these, and earliest lessons last longest.

Indeed, early beginning is the secret in all training. Teach the baby industry, system and neatness by requiring him to put away his toys in a certain place whenever his play is over. By and by he will put away his tools, books and belongings from sheer force of habit, and we will have a man with a neat office-desk, an orderly bedroom, and a well appointed workshop.

Let a child's constructive talent be put to use in the home-making. Things to make and beautify the house will develop a practical love of the beautiful and endear that particular spot to the growing boy or girl. A bit of landscape gardening, a pot of paint for the fence or out-buildings, a little carpentering will be better for a boy than several spelling lessons; while a girl's opportunities, from the making of sash curtains to the embroidering of a door panel, are simply innumerable.

But neither the richest nor the poorest home can afford idle children. It is simply a question of what and how large shall be the child's part. Each home is the hub of the world, the center for which all the circumference exists. Love of home and love of work are absolutely necessary to good citizenship, and, fostered in youth, make happy, useful, contented people of us, whether we be large or small.—Lee McCrae, in Mother's Magazine.

RENOVATING OLD SILK.

Old silk renovated in this way will retain its lustre and look as well as when new: Put two ounces of alcohol, a tablespoonful of mucilage or strained honey, a rounded tablespoonful of soft soap (dissolve a small piece of good quality in water), and two cups of soft water in a bottle, and shake until well mixed. Sponge the silk on both sides with the mixture, rubbing well, and then shake up and down in a tub of cold or cool water, neither rubbing nor wringing. Hold by the edge and flap off the water, pin the edges to the line, and while still damp iron between cloths or paper with an iron only moderately hot.—From Harper's Bazar.