



THE WIMBLEDON TEAM.—We present our readers in this number with portraits of the victorious Wimbledon Team. On the 17th ult. for the fifth time Canada's marksmen were awarded the Kolapore Cup. Of this prize, presented by the late Rajah of Kolapore, and first competed for in 1871, we published an engraving last week. It was first won by a Canadian team in 1872, the score being then 532 against 524, that of the United Team. The detachment was then commanded by Major P. W. Worsley, who kept a journal of each day's proceedings, subsequently published in the report of the Minister of Militia. The names of the team were Gunner Shand, Private Ferguson, Quarter-Master Thomas, Ensign Johnson, Private Bell, Capt. Wall, Corporal Larkin and Assistant-Surgeon Aitken. The Kolapore Cup was next won by Canadians in 1875, and again in 1881 and 1884. The names of the winning team this year are Private Armstrong, Quarter-Master Sergeant Ogg, Staff-Sergeant Ashall, Lieut. J. A. Wilson, Capt. S. Maynard Rogers, Staff-Sergeant T. Mitchell, Major B. A. Weston and Private R. McVittie. The scores were as follows:—

Distance.	Canada.	Mother Country.	Guernsey.	Jersey.
200 yards.....	245	242	239	238
500 yards.....	238	230	210	227
600 yards.....	204	212	183	183
Totals.....	687	684	632	648

Canada thus won by three points. The following are the figures of the individual scores:—

Private J. A. Armstrong.....	91
Quarter-master-Sergeant Ogg.....	89
Staff-Sergeant Ashall.....	88
Lieutenant J. A. Wilson.....	87
Captain S. Maynard Rogers.....	87
Staff-Sergeant T. Mitchell.....	84
Major B. A. Weston.....	84
Private R. McVittie.....	77

Total winning score..... 687

The Canadians also won the Colonial prize of £180, awarded to the team, exclusive of the home team, which makes the highest aggregate score in the competition for the Kolapore Cup. We may add that we have received from our special artist at Wimbledon a number of fine views of the camp, which we shall shortly publish with accompanying descriptions. These sketches will, we have reason to expect, be of unusual interest to our military readers. The following are the names of the team:—

1 Lt.-Col. Bacon, Commandant.	14 Pie. T. Horsey, 45th Batt.
2 Capt. Hood, Adjutant.	15 Major B. A. Weston, 66th Batt.
3 Private Robt. McVittie, 10th Royal Grenadiers.	16 Pie. J. A. Armstrong, G. G. F. G.
4 Staff-Sergt. T. Mitchell, 10th Royal Grenadiers.	17 Lt. R. Blackmore, Jr., 63rd Batt.
5 Lieut. J. A. Wilson, 33rd Batt.	18 Staff-Sergt. W. Ashall, 2nd Q. O. R.
6 Staff-Sergt. F. W. Curzon, 10th Royal Grenadiers.	19 Lieut. C. H. Dimock, 78th I. Att.
7 Lieut. W. Conboy.	20 Staff-Sergt. F. G. Corbin, 63rd Batt.
8 Capt. S. M. Rogers.	21 Sergt. M. C. Mumford, 63rd Batt.
9 Sergt. J. Rolston, 20th Batt.	22 Staff-Sergeant A. Pink, 43rd Batt.
10 Capt. A. P. Sherwood, 43rd Batt.	23 Lieut. W. A. Jamieson, 43rd Batt.
11 Corpl. J. Crowe, 1st Batte y 1st Brigade Field Artillery, Guelph.	
12 Major T. J. Egan, 63rd Batt.	
13 Quarter-master-Sergt. J. Ogg, Field Artillery, Guelph.	

C. P. R. STEAMSHIP UNLOADING TEA AT VANCOUVER, B.C.—No scene depicted by painter's brush, or described by poet's pen, could bring so vividly before the mind the change wrought by our great railroad as does this engraving, from a photograph of Vancouver harbour. When it is remembered that less than four years ago this stage of busy life, this meeting-point of two civilizations, was a houseless clearing in the Columbian forest, that, after rising with marvellous rapidity out of the wilderness, nearly every vestige of the ambitious little city was swept to destruction by fire, and that it has in a couple of years or so grown, phoenix-like, out of its ashes into a thriving commercial entrepôt of some 10,000 inhabitants, with all the signs of the age's progress visible in its architecture, its banks, its places of merchandise, its wharves, its broad streets, its churches, its hotels, its private residences, and all that gives an infant city promise of first rank in the future, our readers must surely admit that the transformation has been extraordinary. Its hotels are said to equal in luxury and comfort those of the great centres of the United States and Canada. Its harbour accommodation is such as to allow the largest steamers to discharge their cargoes, and the station, sheds and storehouses of the C.P.R. are on a scale and of an excellence in keeping with the other surroundings. Everywhere there are evidences of life and energy, and the destiny of Vancouver, as the mighty emporium that is to bind the East and West together by the bonds of self-interest, may now be deemed assured. "Down at the water's edge," writes one tourist who visited the place last year, "are long wharves where steamers from China and Japan, from California, Puget Sound and Alaska, are discharging or taking in cargoes; and at the warehouses along the wharves are lines of railway cars loading for the East with teas, silks, seal-skins, fish, fruit, and many other commodities. Here and there around the inlet are great saw-mills, where steamships and sailing vessels are taking in timber and deals for China and Australia, and even for

England." The tea trade between China and Japan and British Columbia amounted last year to 3,086,676 pounds from the former, and 6,919,799 pounds from the latter, country, with respective values amounting to \$568,457 and \$1,148,501, or a total of \$1,716,958. And yet it is only just beginning.

SPENCE'S BRIDGE, LOOKING UP THE FRASER RIVER.—It is at the point indicated in our engraving that the old waggon road up the Thompson Valley to the Cariboo gold country crosses the river. Here, too, the railway crosses the mouth of the Nicola, the valley of which is a fine grazing region, the home of prosperous ranchers. Lower down the scenery becomes more striking. The train moves along a sinuous ledge cut out of the bare hills on the south side of the stream. The headlands are penetrated by tunnels, the ravines spanned by lofty bridges, and the Thompson, green and clear, whirls along its winding torrent course, the banks of which present a wondrous variety of form and colour.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—This is a gala season to New Brunswick's commercial capital. Of the central event and its appropriate celebration, we hope to have more to say in an early number, which will be devoted to the illustration of that handsome and thriving city. Meanwhile, we give six fine views, from photographs by A. Stoerger, of points of special interest from the standpoint of history, scenery or commerce. "The Market Slip" (South Wharf) is noteworthy as the spot where the Loyalist pioneers landed on the 18th of May, 1783. That date is looked back to as the birthday of the city. The site chosen for it was the Menagwes of the Micmacs, one of the resorts of the Divine Glooscap. Of course, it must be remembered that New Brunswick had a history long before the years of the Revolutionary War and the landing of the Refugees, who had been driven from their homes for their loyalty. Its annals, indeed, even as a settlement of European origin, may be traced back to the beginning of the 17th century. De Monts was in the neighbourhood of the future city in 1604, and the strange career of the La Tours, father and son, is in part associated with the locality. The defence of Fort La Tour by the heroic wife of the adventurer against Charnisay's traitorous attack, is one of the most romantic incidents in Acadian story. For a hundred years afterwards the Bay of Fundy was crossed and recrossed by the vessels of the French and English rivals, and the River Saint Jean had its share in the bitter struggle. The Treaty of Utrecht, which stands midway in the era of contest, while making England nominal mistress of most of the country, failed to secure the allegiance of the French. In 1755 took place the much discussed Expulsion, which Longfellow made the theme of one of his finest poems. By that time Halifax, founded in 1749, was a town of some importance. A few years later all New France passed under the British flag, and the New Englanders, freed from the apprehension of French reprisals, aimed at nothing less than their independence from the Mother Country. But there was a remnant that remained true to the old land, and to that remnant British Canada is largely indebted for its settlement and growth. The history of St. John during the century or so that has elapsed since the landing of its Pilgrim Fathers has been marked by steady progress. The site of the present city (including the lately annexed Portland) was then a dense forest, save for a little clearance, where stood some log huts. In 1785 Parr Town and Conway (as the constituent parts were first called) were incorporated and Gabriel Ludlow appointed mayor. In 1833 a semi-centennial celebration was held amid much rejoicing. In 1883 St. John completed its century of existence. It was then still suffering from the terrible fire of June, 1877, though already much had been done to repair the injuries caused by the destroyer. This present summer has witnessed the enlargement of the city by the union of St. John and Portland on terms satisfactory to both communities. St. John has a noble harbour. Two of our engravings give views of the north and south ends, showing the clustered shipping and the city spread out beyond. Another presents a vista of one of the principal thoroughfares, King street; others show the Custom-house, and the two fine bridges (suspension and cantilever), which are among the attractions of the vicinity; while the sixth shows a locality interesting no less for its historic association than for the strange and varied life of which it is the stage. Crowded usually with small coasters and fishing craft from all the posts of the great estuary, the water of which, at high tide, nearly touches the wharves, the Market Slip is the constant resort of curious sight-seers, while the spot is held in veneration by the citizens as the rude cradle of their race.

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE IN ALGIERS—THE BARRIER.—In spite of precautions taken last year to protect the cultivated fields of Algiers against the ravages of grasshoppers, the inhabitants have this season been engaged in a like offensive and defensive war. There is, it seems, a regular commission, appointed by the Government, for the investigation of the subject, one of whose duties is to devise protective appliances and to superintend their operation. After due inquiry, Cyprus was found to have the best system of dealing with the pest. This consists of a barrier of linen erected on poles in the path of the enemy's advance, the upper border of which is adroitly turned over in the direction from which the insects are expected, and at the same time oiled in such a way as to preclude them from taking any hold. The invention is one of the simplest in the world, but it is equally effectual. The preliminary exploration is, however, the most serious feature in this method of defence, for it is evident that unless the barrier is

set exactly in the line of march of the destroyer, it will be of no service whatever. Bands of Arabs are, therefore, despatched all over the country to discover in what localities the grasshoppers hatch their eggs, prizes being awarded them on a fixed scale according to the quantity collected. Of course, if it were possible to find all the deposits of eggs, nothing more would be required. But, though at the rate of a franc and a half the double decalitre, the sum of 578,340 francs was paid for this service, the voracious insects appeared again in force, and it was necessary to have recourse to the barrier. Our illustration represents the horde of devourers arrested by the contrivance referred to and falling to the ground in thousands, often trying in vain to surmount it. The picture, which we reproduce from *L'Illustration*, clearly reveals the character and energy of the foe with which the agricultural community of Algiers has to strive, and is also a picturesque setting forth of the scene of this warfare between man and insect. The plague is a very old one in the East and in North Africa, and is not unknown in the New World, as some experiences in Manitoba, not yet forgotten, sadly bear witness.

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.)

VII.

COL. BAKER'S RANCHE—BAD WEATHER—ENGLISH SPORTSMEN—GOLDEN STUBBLE FIELDS—PALACE HOTEL—THE CAPTAIN—PARTICULARS OF KOOTENAY DISTRICT, CLIMATE, RESOURCES, AND CAPABILITIES—DEPARTURE FROM CRANBROOKE—ARRIVAL AT DONALD.

At Cranbrooke, Colonel James Baker's ranche, we received the warmest of welcomes, and were soon drying our garments, which a mackintosh had not very effectually protected in my case, over a huge fire in the sitting room. The house proper consisted of a long low log building, entered by a hall its full width, whose walls were decorated with numerous saddles, bridles, and other equestrian appointments; from this, one door opened upon a succession of bed-rooms, occupying all the available space upon that side of the building; the other upon a typical or rather ideal sitting room of a gentleman settler in the wilds of British Columbia. This apartment was very large and filled with chairs, lounges, tables, and bookcases; a gun rack, with nine handsome rifles and various implements of the rod and chase, occupied a prominent position against one wall, almost opposite to a writing desk of business-like proportions, whose pigeon-holes were filled with papers and documents.

The crowning feature of the whole room was an enormous fireplace at the end, quite large enough to accommodate the proverbial ox, in which full length cordwood sticks were reposing. Above its high mantelpiece a noble cariboo's head reigned monarch of all he surveyed, as no doubt his owner had done in his day, and below this was the spiral horned skull of a small white-tailed deer, killed near the ranche. The floor was covered with rugs and matting, the walls adorned with coloured pictures from the *Graphic* and *Illustrated News*; while the windows commanded an extensive view to the west of rolling mountains and wooded plains, with the beautiful Selkirk Range lying in the distance, a faint grey-blue mass on the horizon. The rain continued to descend in torrents until late in the evening, and we congratulated ourselves heartily on being under a roof. We found the same party of Englishmen at Cranbrooke we had met and camped with in the Kootenay woods, with the addition of Mr. Forbes, part owner of the then celebrated yacht Puritan, like ourselves enjoying Col. Baker's hospitality; and passed a most agreeable evening discussing various adventures by land and water, and relating our personal experiences in the Pacific Province. We learned that they had only arrived two hours before us, having crossed the Kootenay River after we parted and followed a different trail up the opposite side of the valley. The following morning we were introduced to one of the numerous phases of ranche life in the departure of these gentlemen with numerous pack-horses and packers on a hunting expedition to Montana. Another Englishman, who had been shooting for two months in the Rocky Mountains with a solitary guide, and had turned up the previous evening drenched to the skin, made his exit with four more horses a couple of hours later.