

The Bridge.

BY MARY GORDON DUFFEE.

Our hearts were glad, our songs were gay,
As on we sped that winter night,
With cloudless skies above our head,
And all earth bathed in soft moonlight.
The Warrior's waves were silvered o'er,
As 'mong the parted hills it swept,
And 'mid the forest's lonely shrine
It seemed the angels worship kept.

From shore to shore the bridge's span
Stretched like the fabric of a dream,
While o'er its massive pillars fell
The glory of the moon's pale beam,
We felt the thrill of that sweet hour,
And from our hearts rose melody,
While, far beneath, the river ran
Its journey downward to the sea.

Fond memory wove a magic spell
Of other scenes and other years,
Of those who loved us, and who left
Us parted in the realm of tears.
We thought how like the fate of all,
The river and the bridge were type,
With some still standing on one shore,
And many crossed to perfect life.

With some still in the shadows drear,
And "they who walk with Him in white,"
While, like the river's ceaseless flow,
One hour in darkness, next in light,
Ran the full measure of our days
Through many winding, weary years,
Sometimes with sunny skies above,
Too oft with clouds and bitter tears.

Can we forget that winter eve,
The bridge, the river and the shore,
The songs we sang, the words we said?
Nay, they shall linger evermore!
And down the days to come will dwell
The memory of that evening dream,
Set to the music of the South,
And sung beneath the moon's soft gleam.

To Hudson's Bay.

J. B. Tyrrell, geologist of the Canadian geological survey, left Edmonton on one of the most remarkable exploring trips that have been undertaken in Canada in the interests of science for many years. His project is to traverse the Barren Grounds from Lake Athabasca to Hudson's Bay by one route and return by another route through the same region within the present year. The Barren Grounds are of immense area, extending from the basin of the Mackenzie and of Hudson's Bay; then to find water flowing north-eastward which will take him into Hudson's Bay. All that he has upon which to base the supposition that there is a practical route is Indian report, and as the Indians have ceased to travel through that region this does not seem to be the best possible authority. However, Mr. Tyrrell is so confident of success that he not only expects to reach Chesterfield Inlet this season, but also to return to Lake Athabasca by another and more southerly route, also across the Barren Grounds. In his travels he is accompanied by his brother, J. W. Tyrrell, who accompanied Lieut. Gordon's "Alert" expedition to Hudson's Bay some years ago, and who then acquired a knowledge of the Esquimaux language, which he now hopes to turn to good account while travelling through the Esquimaux country. Besides the Messrs. Tyrrell the party will include John Flott, of Prince Albert, and four Caughnawaga Indians as canoe men.—Edmonton *Bulletin*.

one to discover a Northwest passage through the Arctic Sea. This led to several partial explorations of the region, chiefly by rescue parties, but the only white man who ever travelled through and described it was Samuel Hearne, who in the last part of the 17th century penetrated from Fort Churchill to the Coppermine River, which empties into the Arctic Sea, and returned to Churchill.

Three years ago Warburton M. Pike, of Victoria, B.C., made an excursion into the Barren Grounds from the eastern end of Great Slave Lake towards the Arctic Ocean in search of musk ox, and added materially to the information existing regarding the region. Mr. Tyrrell's route is far distant from that of Mr. Pike, and as projected goes across the least known part of the whole region, furthest from any trading post, and where no white man but Hearne has ever been. The route to be followed by Mr. Tyrrell will cross that of which Hearne has left an account at right angles, so that Hearne's observations will be of little use to Mr. Tyrrell. His route as laid down is as follows: Leaving Edmonton to reach the Athabasca River at the Landing by trail, 90 miles. Thence he goes by canoe down the Athabasca River 400 miles to the lake of the same name; thence to the east end of the lake and up the river that enters it from the east 300 miles. This part of the route is along a much used trade route and is therefore well known, but at a certain point on the river entering Lake Athabasca Mr. Tyrrell will leave that stream by one of its tributaries entering from the north. From that point nothing is definitely known of the country for the thousand miles which Mr. Tyrrell will have to travel to reach Chesterfield Inlet, a northerly arm of Hudson's Bay, which is his objective point on the bay. He expects to follow the river which he first takes up to the height of land between the basins of the Mackenzie and of Hudson's Bay; then to find water flowing north-eastward which will take him into Hudson's Bay. All that he has upon which to base the supposition that there is a practical route is Indian report, and as the Indians have ceased to travel through that region this does not seem to be the best possible authority. However, Mr. Tyrrell is so confident of success that he not only expects to reach Chesterfield Inlet this season, but also to return to Lake Athabasca by another and more southerly route, also across the Barren Grounds. In his travels he is accompanied by his brother, J. W. Tyrrell, who accompanied Lieut. Gordon's "Alert" expedition to Hudson's Bay some years ago, and who then acquired a knowledge of the Esquimaux language, which he now hopes to turn to good account while travelling through the Esquimaux country. Besides the Messrs. Tyrrell the party will include John Flott, of Prince Albert, and four Caughnawaga Indians as canoe men.—Edmonton *Bulletin*.

A Novel Philanthropic Idea.

THE HELPING HAND VISITORS' CLUB.

"Oh! how I wish I could get out of the hot city for a little rest and change this summer! I can't afford to pay cash for my board; but, in-

deed! I'd be very glad to sew or do any kind of work about the house for it," exclaimed a bright young woman to a sympathetic customer with philanthropic inclinations, whom she was serving. "No; I've no one I could visit," she continued, in reply to the natural suggestion that she might visit a friend.

A few days later the customer was calling at a charming little home in a pleasant suburb, when her hostess, apropos of some pressing duties, said:—

"If I know of some nice young woman who would like to spend a week or two in the country, and who would come and stay here and help me a little with my work each day, I would board her without charge, and be glad of the chance! It would really be a mutual benefit; she would have an inexpensive outing—a genuine outing, too, for I could easily arrange matters so that she might have a good portion of each day for recreation and to enjoy this bracing air and picturesque scenery—and I could get "caught up" in some of my sewing, and have some rest, too; and each would be giving a full equivalent for value received. You're always studying up some plan to help people who try to help themselves, can't you suggest something for my case?"

She of the philanthropic inclinations immediately bethought herself of the bright young woman in the stifling city shop. They talked the matter over, and in less than a week the city girl was enjoying the longed-for country surroundings, while her hostess was equally happy in the prospect of getting "caught up" in her work and having some rest. The experiment proved a perfect success; and thus was sown the germ which has grown into the Helping Hand Visitors' Club, a unique organization, formed on the plan carried out in the first experiment, through which those who have homes in the country and who would like to receive a Helping Hand Visitor for a sojourn of any specified length can be put into communication with respectable self-supporting women in cities—clerks, seamstresses, milliners, etc.—who, though anxious to spend a short vacation in the country, cannot afford the necessary expenditure for board.

Undoubtedly, there are many who would be glad to receive these young women into their homes on the condition that in return for board and lodging they would render some service in sewing or housework, leaving themselves, of course, sufficient time during the day to enjoy the pleasure of walks, drives or other recreations.

A Central Bureau has been established in New York for furthering the purposes of the club, and extending its development in all directions.

Philanthropic women interested in forming local branches for carrying out this great work, housekeepers wishing to receive Helping Hand Visitors, or young women desiring to spend their vacation under such conditions, are invited to address the Secretary of the Helping Hand Visitors' Club, 15 East Fourteenth Street, New York, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply.

The Dundee block on Main street, Winnipeg, was sold in May to Mr. Jerry Robinson, a prominent retail merchant, for \$60,000.