

hauled taut by a donkey engine. When the tow was under way the distance from the foremost tugboat to the rear of the crib was 3,000 feet. Some seven or eight years ago some cribs of piling were towed from St. John to New York, but no such large scheme as this was ever tried before. Other cribs are now being constructed up the river in Queen's County, where Mr. Leary has purchased thirty square miles of timber land. The timber is of no great value except for such purposes as that for which a large portion of the present tow will be used—that is, for cribbing the river front of the Astor lands on the Harlem River, where Mr. Leary has a big contract. The timber includes pine, spruce, tamarac and fir. Mr. Leary saves several thousand dollars in freights by towing this raft, which would furnish cargoes for seventeen small schooners. There is said to be an unlimited supply of such timber in New Brunswick, and the experiment (which schooner men engaged in the piling trade naturally regard with disfavour) is likely to be repeated. With practice it is expected that the difficulties and delays which attend every unwonted undertaking at first may with care and skill be avoided.

THE ROBESVAL LUMBER COMPANY'S MILLS, LAKE ST. JOHN.—This scene shows what enterprise and energy are accomplishing in that old-new north, so long awaiting development at our doors, but only recently endowed with those advantages of communication with the outer world, without which no community, however thrifty, can expect to prosper and progress. We have already, in connection with the opening up of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, given extracts from the writings of Mr. S. Drapeau, the Hon. M. Boucher de la Bruere, Mr. Arthur Buies and Mr. J. M. LeMoine, illustrative of the physical resources, colonization, industries, scenery and sporting facilities of the great region thus made accessible to the people of our cities. The portion of the lake shores, which is the *locus* of the industrial undertaking here illustrated, is among the most charming in the whole entourage. It has long been noted, moreover, for its splendid water power—a privilege which naturally attracted the attention of capitalists. Mills on a minor scale have been in operation here for years, but the Roberval Lumber Company has given a fresh impulse to the progress of the district, which is gradually transforming it into one of the most important industrial centres in the whole region.

### July Musings.

June, the threshold to the charmed world of summer, has come and gone, leaving behind it pleasant recollections of meeting once more with old friends of the garden. Linger still with us is the queen of them all—the rose—her dainty fragrance still hovers over the garden as though she were loath to take leave of the worshipful courtiers who bow at her shrine.

Happy the possessor of a garden filled with the genuine, old-fashioned cabbage roses, whose perfume is so much more powerful than those grown in hot houses, and from which the rose-jar can be replenished, while others less fortunate have to depend on the florist to save petals that are too often killed.

While many new and beautiful varieties of roses are added yearly to our store, the moss-rose seems to have almost vanished from our midst; and yet, what fairer flower could one wish to see? As a German poet has beautifully expressed it, its birth was given by the Angel of the Flowers, who, falling asleep beneath a rose-tree, awoke and, grateful for the sweet shade, told the rose to ask what she would and it would be granted her:

"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,  
"On me another grace bestow.  
The spirit paused in silent thought—  
What grace was there the flower had not?  
'Twas but a moment—'twas the rose  
A veil of moss the angel throws;  
And robed in Nature's simplest weed  
Could there a flower that rose exceed?"

And so we breathe a sigh of regret for June, with its many charms. But July brings its own sweetness as well, and we could not well spare its sultry days, which ripen for us such infinite variety of fruit, and cause the seed so carefully sown in the earlier months to spring forth, tall and strong. And then, there are days in this month which combine both summer and a faint touch of autumn days, when simply to exist is joy, when the beauty of Nature speaks to the heart and compels even the would-be atheist to acknowledge the all-powerful hand of One who can create such wondrous loveliness.

A summer loveliness! What a world of hidden beauty lies in these simple words! If the days are lovely, what of the evenings? Evenings when the glories of the heavens seem to vie with those of earth. When, between daylight and starlight, the arched floor of heaven is slightly covered with roseate clouds, and in the west the faint, luminous light left by the departed sun lingers like a halo round the place. Then there comes to view the magnificent star of the evening (Venus) who for a time reigns supreme in the vast expanse. Later rises the moon, veiling the lesser light of the planets and increasing the sublime beauty of the heavens. Sound there is none, save the slight rustling of the trees as their thickly-foliaged boughs are swept by the passing breeze. It is at such moments that the soul, loosed from the shackles of the day, holds its closest communion with the Great Father-Creator, whose untiring, watchful and tender carefulness seems to shine at such times so clearly into the soul, which gives back an answering throb of love.

MORDUE.

### Yachting on the St. Lawrence.

The St. Lawrence Yacht Club was only organized in the spring of 1888, and it has attained such a measure of success under such adverse and exceptional conditions as to make a decidedly interesting organization. Although Montreal is a sea port, it is so because it stands on the banks of a river, and no matter how great a river is, the facilities which it affords for yachting are not such as to make the development of the sport possible upon a grand scale, or even easy upon any scale. Practically, the yachtsmen of Montreal are restricted for home cruising and racing to the waters of Lake St. Louis, and although there is plenty of room for a ten mile course on this sheet of water, it is unfortunately so thinly spread out over certain shoals and shallows that the limit of draft for boats intended for general use upon it is between 30 and 40in. This, of course, prevents the general use of boats as large as those which make up the smaller regular classes on the coast and the lakes, and of course restricts the development of the sport greatly.

Then, too, although Montreal is connected with the sea by a 30ft. channel, with the Great Lakes by a 12ft. channel, and with the Hudson with a 4ft channel, the position of the city, the nature of these channels and the character of her yachting waters combine to isolate her yachtsmen to a very decided degree. The stimulus of outside racing can never be looked for, and that best of object lessons, a good sound beating from a foreigner, can never be administered to local self-satisfaction and ignorance. This isolation also by limiting the market for boats, and by making it difficult to obtain yachting supplies, makes the sport a comparatively costly one, and increases greatly the worry and bother of fitting up boats. Up to the present time, also, the facilities for hauling out, repairing, fitting out, or building new boats have been as inadequate as under the general conditions they might be expected to be.

That, however, yachting did not make greater progress than it has done in the vicinity of Montreal during the past twenty years, was less because of the disadvantageous natural conditions than because the artificial condition under which racing was carried on were such as to make development impossible. There was a yacht club with its headquarters established upon a low reach of the river but the principal yearly function was a moonlight excursion on a steamer, while its members were, generally speaking, so exhausted by their attempts to comply with the regulations as to uniform as to be unable to do anything else. Four or five sweep-stake races were sailed yearly on Lake St. Louis under the auspices of the local boat clubs, but there was no classification, few rules and less race management. Shifting ballast was allowed, there was no limit upon anything, dexterity, in building a wall of sandbags up to windward was the principal thing brought out by the racing. In those golden days of Montreal yachting, a 19ft. cat-rigged boat, designed and sailed by the present Commodore of the St. Lawrence Yacht Club, made an extraordinary record. She won in two or three years of steady racing nearly every race she entered, and her prize winnings during her racing life amounted to more than her first cost.

During its active existence of only two seasons, the St. Lawrence Yacht Club has secured a membership of 108, has enrolled upon its squadron list 30 boats, which class as yachts, 28 that class as skiffs, and 31 steamers. It has reduced chaos in the matter of classification into something approaching order, and class and series racing has been introduced. Shifting ballast and unlimited crews have been killed, the best measurement rule that could be found adopted, and during the season the great question of classification is to be fairly grappled with.

The most important result of the club's work, however, apart from reviving the flagship interests of Montrealers in the sport, is that a beginning has been made under the club's auspices, at the building up of a fleet of boats adapted to all local conditions and in accordance with the best modern practices.

The club's fleet was last season more remarkable for its variety than for anything else. A two and a half beam boat, built to race under the length over all or mean length rule of New York Bay, was fairly matched by a three beam, inside ballast sloop from the Great Lakes, and between them these two boats made the racing in the second class; the rest were out of it. In the third class a 19ft. compromise cutter was raced against a very light clinker-built 20 footer, and was shamefully beaten. Indeed, the principal interest of the season centred in a duel between the Yukwa, a 20ft. Sauvé skiff, rigged and fitted like a canoe, and a wider, deeper boat, the Ureda, rigged as a sloop.

This year, however, two new compromise boats, the Chaperon and the Valda, have been added to the fleet, and the Breeze, a deep Cuthbert boat, has had her ballast put outside and been completely fitted up for racing. The Chaperon is a very fine boat, but the Valda, the 21-footer, Mr. Duggan has designed for himself and had built under his eye by a local builder, is the more interesting craft of the two. She is clinker built, and her hull is extremely light, while it is to all appearance as strong as is necessary. She has a very broad, flat keel, with 800lbs. outside and about 1,600lbs. inside, and is probably as roomy, comfortable and capable a little craft as can be built on 21ft. waterline and 30in. draft.

The first class skiffs were for the first two years of the club's existence the best racing stock it had, but this year but one addition has been made to it, the Freyja, a most beautiful three-man canoe, which Sauvé has recently finished for Mr. W. S. Wallace, who last year in the Yukwa made

such a splendid record for himself and his boat. The newly-formed St. Lawrence Skiff Association promise to make their 22ft. three-men canoes (they are in build, rig, appearance, fittings and lines racing canoes) a very popular type of boat on the St. Lawrence.—*Forest and Stream*.

### The Royal Military College.

The closing exercises of the Royal Military College, Kingston, took place on Thursday afternoon, the 26th June. The Commandant, Major-General Cameron, read his annual report in the gymnasium in the presence of a large and fashionable audience. He stated that the instructional staff had confirmed the high opinion he had of them last year. He alluded to the departure of Major Davidson and Major Rigg, and said that he could not too strongly emphasize the fact that the prevalent system of admitting cadets with insufficient mathematical training is a source of embarrassment to them while in residence, a serious interference with the freedom which the professors should enjoy to arrange the details of their instruction in a natural and dependent order, and a grievous check to general progress. One of his most pleasing duties during the year was conveying to Sergeant-Major Morgans the medal bestowed by Her Majesty in recognition of eighteen years' irreproachable and soldierly conduct. The general conduct of the cadets has been satisfactory. Following are the names of the graduating class in order of merit:—H. Campbell, L. Amos, R. E. Leckie, R. Morris, C. M. Dobell, F. Anderson, J. Anderson, A. Matheson, T. Browne, J. Houlston, W. Cook, E. Morris, G. G. Rose, F. B. Emery.

Senior of second class—Sergeant D. S. McInnes. Senior of third class—Cadet W. Dumble. Senior of fourth class—Cadet B. Armstrong.

There were the usual brilliant exercises on the campus during the afternoon. The *élite* of the city enjoyed the scene. The cadets paraded, showing marvellous steadiness and good training. The gymnastic performances were interesting and the marine explosions thrilling. The prizes were presented amid great applause. The winners were cheered time and again.

The cadets met their society friends at a closing ball on Tuesday evening. The affair passed off as pleasantly as the warm weather would permit, and even the heat was considerably modified by the ingenuity of the cadets who had charge of the decorations. Adjoining the ball-room was the drawing-room, tastefully draped with flags and bunting and decorated with military emblems, a prominent feature being a life size figure of "Leo, the Royal Cadet," with a sword in his hand as if leading a charge against the Zulus. Just opposite the drawing-room was a sitting room, whose central attraction was a rookery covered with wild flowers and mosses and a huge block of ice whose grateful presence lent a delightful coolness to the air which was most acceptable. At the same end of the hall a large Union Jack curtained off steps leading to a window, through which many of the heated dancers retired to the roof of the portico to enjoy the beautiful view of the lighted city, the moonlight on the water and the refreshing breeze which came down the lake. The celebrated "Pullman car" was located in the same old place at the head of the stairs, and was, as usual, "taken" all the time. Many other resting places there were all artistically decorated and comfortably furnished, especially the refreshment room at the east end, where ice cream, lemonade and other light refreshments were served all evening. There were over 300 guests.

### Photographing the Selkirks.

We have already given an extract from the recently published work of the Rev. Prof. William Spotwood Green, F.R.G.S., "Among the Selkirk Glaciers." Mr. Green was accompanied by the Rev. H. Swanzy, another expert mountaineer. Their crowning feat was the ascent of Mount Bonney, a peak measuring 10,622 feet (barometric reading), and, next after Mount Sir Donald, the highest in the group. The ascent was a fatiguing, stiff and risky piece of work, but the coming down was the tug-of-war. The outlook obtained from a curved peak on which they halted before attacking the summit promised some valuable photographs, but the elements were that day out of sympathy with scientific investigations, and an untimely squall frustrated the fruits of the camera. The view from the curved peak was superb. A perfect ocean of peaks and glaciers all cleft by valleys, and the main peak of Mount Bonney still rising in a dome of snow to the eastward. The weather looked threatening. Most of the landscape was bathed in sunshine, but there were heavy clouds hanging about the peaks, and one drifting towards us looked so lowering that we feared a thunderstorm. The first thought was to hurry up with the camera, but ere it could be fixed, the clouds broke in a furious shower of hail, accompanied by strong wind, and the photograph taken under such circumstances was decidedly of a shaky appearance. The gap through which Mr. Swanzy had ascended was distinct enough, but the distant view was all doubled and confused. The prospect from the summit was shut out by a projecting cornice, but Mr. Swanzy was not going to be baffled a second time. By the aid of a rope held by Mr. Green, he ventured out on the ledge, pushed down a portion of the cornice with his axe, and set up his camera. This time the wind left him unmolested, and he reaped the reward of his daring. Then they had to face the toughest problem of the day, the getting down. Our own artists have taken several fine views of the mountain region.