



OUR CARTOON explains itself. It was suggested by the difficulty the Minister of Finance experienced in placing five millions of dollars of the loan recently effected in England, even at a very low rate of interest and for a fixed period of several months, until the amount should be required. This financial event brought out the abundance of money in the banks, and the real ease of the money market, in spite of the croakers.

GORGE OF THE NICOLET RIVER.—The spot we illustrate is about a mile east of the Danville road, and goes to show that geological research frequently leads into picturesque regions. What are termed in the scientific report black limestones, dipping under "highly metamorphic schists and hard quartzose rocks," make a boldly cut "canyon," through which the foaming Nicolet rushes to its fate. The Eastern Townships are full of such pictures.

HARD COAL DOCKS.—This is one of the scenes at Fort William, a Hudson's Bay Company's post of 100 years. The fur-house of the old fort is now used as engine house for the great Coal Docks, and one of the largest grain elevators in the world overtops all. The Kaministiquia River, a broad, deep stream, with firm banks, affords extraordinary advantages for lake traffic, and immense quantities of coal, lumber and grain are handled there.

WINNIPEG POST OFFICE AND PARLIAMENT HOUSE.—The wonder is that we should go so far to find such public buildings in a city which, eighteen years ago, was a speck in the boundless prairie. Winnipeg began well. It was laid out at once on broad principles of street setting and house building, and the result is that, even now, it may be called the Canadian Chicago. Its public edifices are unsurpassed in the Dominion, as a glance at these two engravings will convince any one.

HON. WILFRED LAURIER, B.C.L., Q.C., P.C., is issued of an ancient family, and was born at St. Lin, 20th November, 1841. He was educated at L'Assomption College, and called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1865. He obtained the degree of B.C.L. at McGill, in 1864, and was created Q.C. in 1880. He was editor of *Le Devoir* for a short time. He sat in the Quebec Assembly, for Drummond and Arthabaska, from 1871 to 1874, then went to the Commons for the same constituency. He was sworn in one of the Privy Council, as Minister of Inland Revenue, September, 1877, and resigned with the Mackenzie Government in 1878. Being defeated for his old counties, in 1877, he was elected for Quebec East, a seat which he has held ever since.

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.—An instance of simple and natural allegory and a further proof of the healthy work of our modern schools. The child, lolling on a silken lap, is the ubiquitous, inevitable, irresistible and everlasting Cupid, god-king of love. And on mischief bent always. He lies on the knees of Innocence, a study whose grace of outline, purity of expression and beauty of features deserve an almost reverent examination. This little gem is by J. Perrault, one of the chief artists of France.

BANFF HOTEL—NATIONAL PARK.—The Rocky Mountain Park and the Hot Springs are a medicinal watering-place and pleasure resort. This park is a national reservation, 26 miles long N. E. and S. W., by 10 miles wide, embracing parts of the valleys of the Bow, Spray and Cascade rivers, Devil's Lake and several noble mountain ranges. No part of the Rockies exhibits a greater variety of sublime and pleasing scenery, and nowhere are good points of view and features of special interest so accessible, since many good roads and bridlepaths have been made. The railway station at Banff is in the midst of impressive mountains. The huge mass northward is Cascade Mountain (9,875 feet); eastward is Mount Inglismaldie, and the heights of the Fairholme sub-range, behind which lies Devil's Head Lake. Still further eastward the sharp cone of Peechee (in that range) closes the view in that direction. This is the highest mountain visible, exceeding 10,000 feet. To the left of Cascade Mountain, and just north of the track, rises the wooded ridge of Squaw Mountain, beneath which lie the Vermillion lakes, seen just after leaving the station. Up the Bow, westward, tower the distant, snowy, central heights of the Main range about Simpson's Pass, and most prominently the square, wall-like crest of Mount Massive.

Of the hotel itself, a traveller writes as follows to the *Gazette*:—"A well appointed omnibus was awaiting our arrival, and twenty minutes' drive over a fine government road rising gradually higher and higher, took us up the knoll on which the C. P. R. hotel is situated, commanding most extensive views up the valley of the Spray River, up and down that of the Bow. The hotel is admirably planned in the form of the letter H, the design being in the Schloss style of the Rhenish provinces, characterized by octagonal turrets, with the addition of wide verandahs, with open galleries above them. At the ends of two of the wings these galleries are enclosed with glass and form delightful smoking and reading rooms. The interior of the building consists of a large central hall, forty feet square, whose angles are cut off to form entrances on the ground floors, off which corridors branch to the different wings. The principal stairs are admirably contrived and concealed from view in the two

opposite angles of the hall; a reading room, parlours, large and small dining rooms, breakfast room, offices, with the bedrooms off the corridors, occupy the remaining space on the ground floor. The principal drawing room is on the first floor; it has three sets of windows, from which the most beautiful views may be obtained, and opens on to a large gallery over the north verandah. The basement contains a billiard room, bar, and the machinery for the electric light, with which the hotel is beautifully illuminated throughout by incandescent burners. A detached building encloses the boilers for steam heating, together with a large bath house, in which are ten handsomely appointed bathrooms furnished with mineral water led from the hot springs on the central spur of Sulphur Mountain, 800 feet above the level of the river, by iron pipes. Below the bathrooms there is a fine plunge bath adapted for swimming purposes. These rooms are divided into separate sections, with different entrances for ladies and gentlemen, and by them visitors can enjoy the full benefit of the hot springs without any exertion. The hotel is finished throughout in red and yellow Douglas fir and white pine, oiled and varnished. The walls and ceilings are of grey plaster, which will be eventually coloured. It is thoroughly warmed with steam heat and has, in addition, large open fire places, in which huge logs can be burnt. No modern appliance has been omitted from the building, which is well supplied with hydrants and hose distributed all over the house in case of fire. It will accommodate 280 visitors and is managed by a large and efficient staff, under the direction of an experienced and competent superintendent. There is also a good livery in connection with the hotel, from which excellent riding and driving horses may be obtained. The terms are \$3.50 per diem, but arrangements on a lower scale can be made with those coming for a lengthened period. Tickets from Montreal to Banff and return are to be had for \$90, \$45 only each way. As the distance covered is over 4,000 miles, it will easily be seen that the fare is reduced to the lowest possible rate."

KANANASKIS FALLS.—Approaching Kananaskis the mountains suddenly appear close at hand and seemingly an impenetrable barrier, their bases deeply tinted in purple, and their sides flecked with white and gold, while high above, dimly outlined in the mists, are distant snowy peaks. The Kananaskis River is crossed by a high iron bridge, a little above where it joins the Bow, and the roar of the great falls of the Bow (called Kananaskis Falls) may be heard from the railway. The mountains now rise abruptly in great masses, streaked and capped with snow and ice, and just beyond Kananaskis station a bend in the line brings the train between two almost vertical walls of dizzy height. This is the gap by which the Rocky Mountains are entered. Through this gateway the Bow River issues from the hills.

A ROMAN BEAUTY.—This is a work by Paul Thumann, a german artist of renown. The face is unmistakably Roman, as one acquainted with that people will see at once; and it is dark, as the Italian faces, but as were not all Roman visages, of classic cast. Even however, with this frame work of raven hair and the sheen of those black eyes, the forehead, cheeks, and chin are of the whiteness of Parian marble, and looking at their beauty, we recall Horace's passion:

Urit me Glycerea nitor
Splendens Pario marmore purius.

The editor is asked by a Quebec gentleman whether he argues that Balzac is the greatest of French novelists? Decidedly not. Balzac was an analytical genius; not a story teller. He had not the serenity of true art.

Every member of the Royal Society of Canada is entitled to one copy of the yearly volume of the "Proceedings and Transactions". In the first years, he got four, but the reduction was made in favour of learned bodies for the purposes of exchange.

The Rev. Mr. Haweis wrote a grave article for the *Universal Review* upon the morality of ballet performances, and the editor, without consulting him, illustrated it with numerous bewitching drawings of gaze-clad subjects. Consequently there is trouble.

Another chapter of Canadian history has received fresh illustration. Parkman published in the *Atlantic Monthly* the history of the Rocky Mountains and therein are comprised, of course, the explorations and discoveries of the native-born Canadian—de la Verandrye.

"Ik Marvel" the author, has a habit of jotting down valuable thoughts as they occur to him, but it is said that often, when he has been unable, after a few minutes' search through his note books, to find the particular thought he wants, he angrily casts the book into the fire.

Sir John Millais, in an interesting article in the *Magazine of Art*, pronounces against blind adoration of the old masters. He says time and varnish are two of the greatest among the old masters, and that the only way to judge an old picture is to ask, What was this like when it was new?

The Montreal Society for Historical Studies will offer a valuable medal for the best paper on the history of Canada from 1760 to 1794. The Society also designs starting a monthly magazine to publish its transactions, papers and researches, and keep abreast of all inquiries into Canadian history and antiquities.

WAS IT FATE?

A ROMANCE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

By W. S. HUMPHREYS.

I.

"Woman overboard!"

The dread cry rang loudly on the evening air, sending a thrill of horror through the breasts of the many passengers gathered on the deck of the beautiful steamer Quebec. The vessel was just on the point of leaving her wharf at Montreal to make the trip to Quebec, loaded with a merry lot of tourists desirous of visiting the Ancient Capital and "seeing the sights."

But all laughter is hushed as the cry is raised, and all eyes are turned in the direction indicated by the sailor who had witnessed the mad action, and who at once gave the alarm.

And there, but a few yards from the vessel, is seen, floating swiftly down with the current, a human form. It is seen but for a moment, then disappears.

But, almost immediately, another cry is raised: "Man overboard!"

The same man gives the alarm—one of the hands belonging to the steamer.

The passengers and crew crowd around him, and with a multitude of questions desire to obtain what information he possesses.

But he answers not a word. He simply points to a rapidly moving object, fast leaving the ship in its wake, and then deliberately walks in the direction of the captain's cabin for instructions concerning the launching of a boat.

All is confusion and excitement on board the steamer, which is now in motion, going in the direction of the man and woman who have so recklessly thrown themselves into the rushing St. Lawrence.

For a few brief moments only does silence reign, then, in clear, trumpet-tones, is heard the voice of the gallant captain:

"Lower a boat—quick!" and there is a hurrying forward to obey the command.

But the accident has been seen on shore, and already a skiff, manned by two stout rowers, is widening the gap that separates the floating man from the vessel.

The boat is lowered from the Quebec and joins in the pursuit, cheered off by the anxious watchers, who crowd the side of the steamer.

And now the man who gave the alarm is pounced upon by many of the passengers, and while they keep their gaze upon the floating objects in the water, they rapidly question him concerning the identity of the parties who have thrown themselves overboard.

"All I know," he says, "is that the young woman got on board a few minutes before the boat started. She brought no baggage with her, except a small satchel, which she grasped tightly in her hand. She looked around for a quiet spot, and having found it, hid her face in the folds of her shawl and appeared to be buried in thought. Having nothing to do, I kept my eye upon her, her actions appearing to be mysterious. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, just as the vessel started, she darted to the side of the steamer, stepped upon the rail, and deliberately threw herself into the water. Her actions were so rapid that I had no time to prevent her rash act. I then gave the warning cry, and threw overboard a life-preserver, and was on my way to warn the captain, when I was once more startled, this time by a man, who had evidently seen the woman's suicidal act. Where he came from, or who he was, I do not know, but what I do know is, that he also, without apparently a moment's thought, threw himself into the river, and swam after the woman."

"But see," said one of the passengers, "the woman is now floating on the top of the water." And so it was. She had once more come to the surface, and was evidently trying to keep her self afloat.

Would the man reach her, or would either of the