

THE ROYAL PARTY ON BOARD THE ABYSSINIA IN VICTORIA HARBOUR.—Our engraving shows a scene to which our readers can hardly be considered strangers, as we have already published an illustration of the Abyssinia. The Royal party were gathered on the main deck as the great Pacific steamer came in view. As it neared the wharf, the Lorne, a handsome and very powerful steamer—the most powerful plying in Victoria waters, we believe—put off to take the illustrious guests from the Abyssinia. It was gaily decorated for the occasion, and flags fluttering from gun-wale to masthead bore witness to the loyal enthusiasm of the island capital. Our representative had an opportunity, during the brief trip to the landing, of some conversation with His Royal Highness, and our artist was not idle. On disembarking the Duke and Duchess were received by the Mayor, John Grant, Esq., M.P.P., and other leading citizens, including officers of the Army and navy, members of the Dominion and Local Legislatures, members of the City Council and other persons of note. A guard of honour from "C" Battery, under the command of Lt.-Col. Holmes, was drawn up and the band played the National Anthem. After appropriate formalities, the Duke and Duchess, with their suite, were conveyed in carriages to the Government grounds, where a large crowd had already assembled. As the Royal party passed through the gates a salute was fired—an impromptu, it is said, due to the ingenuity of the contractor, who let off twenty-one successive blasts from the outer wharf. "The holes in the hard stone had," says the *Victoria Times*, "been loaded with dynamite and electric fuses connected, and, as the Ducal party passed, the sharp reverberations rang out with almost military precision of time, every shot going off splendidly." The weather was glorious, veritable queen's weather, worthy of the name of the city and of the visit to it of the children of our gracious sovereign.

IN THE ORDNANCE GROUND.—In this engraving our readers are reminded (if, indeed, there was any danger of forgetting it) that the Island of Vancouver, with its lovely metropolis, is British soil. But, as we have pointed out elsewhere, the name of the capital is sufficient evidence of that fact. There is, however, a certain Old-World, Horse Guards look about this scene that calls up associations essentially British.

GOOD ACRE LAKE, BEACON HILL PARK.—Our readers have here a glimpse of one of the most admired features of Victoria's charming recreation ground. The scene is one of a picturesqueness not to be disputed.

BEACON HILL PARK.—This is one of the most charming spots in the vicinity of Victoria. It consists of three hundred acres of land, a considerable portion of which has been laid out and ornamented. But its chief value lies in its situation and the delightful views that it commands on every side. All tourists who have visited Victoria have spoken of it in enthusiastic terms. Beacon Hill Park is, moreover, the centre of many historic associations, as it was there that all the great festal gatherings connected with events of importance in the progress of the city took place. The visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught has added fresh memories to a record in which Lords Dufferin, Lorne, Lansdowne and Stanley, with other celebrities from near and far, are conspicuous figures.

THE RACE FOR THE QUEEN'S PLATE IN THE DRIVING PARK.—Our engraving shows a scene which indicates that Greater Britain, whether in Australia or the far west of the Canadian Dominion, still clings tenaciously to English sports. The Jockey Club is one of Victoria's newest institutions, and the gathering on the Driving Park racecourse on the 23rd ult. was its first spring meeting. As far as numbers were concerned it was a marked success. The weather was delightful, a clear atmosphere tempered with a breeze of freshness, filling the air with ozone. There were from three to four thousand spectators, and, for a racecourse gathering, remarkably select. In fact, the judges were quick in adjudicating on the society that should occupy the grand stand. In this respect there could be no improvement. The event of the day was the race for the Queen's plate. The entries were: Gerty, Young Beaulph, Beeswing, Ploughboy, Rocket and Young Brady. From the first, the honours were divided chiefly between Beeswing, Gerty and Young Brady, and when they appeared on the track they increased the public confidence. They were pretty animals, all of them, and no doubt owing to the superior handling of the jockeys, the horses started away fresh and fiery. Beeswing led at the start, and held that position with tenacity. They all kept well together; deception and fraud had gone far away and honour taken their place. Each man's ideal was to place his horse first opposite the judges. Gerty made a splendid move forward and closed in, conveying the impression that she was going to fulfil the wishes entertained of her. But there was a horse there named Young Brady, admirably mounted and a sure traveler, to whom Gerty gave place and ran in for third place. When the horses passed the judges' stand (there was no winning post or flag) it was Beeswing first, Young Brady second and Gerty third. Beeswing and Brady were close travellers and kept close together when once they got near one another. Time, 3¼.

ROSE TREE.—British Columbia, as our readers are aware, is famous for its roses, and this is not the first time that the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* has had the pleasure of showing some specimens of what it can do in bringing them to perfection. This wide-spreading, heavily-laden tree is by no means the least worthy product of the soil and sun of our western province and of the taste and skill of its people. It is, indeed, an example of rose-growing

that would charm the heart of that great English amateur, the Rev. Reynolds Hole, who wrote "A Book About Roses."

T. N. HIBBEN & Co.—Thirty-two years ago the Pacific Coast, where now flourish Vancouver, Port Moody, New Westminster and many other of those vigorous western towns, was an uninhabited wilderness. The huge trees of the Pacific Slope occupied the surface now filled by pretentious stores and warehouses and almost princely mansions. Victoria, however, though far from being what it is to-day, had even then acquired the dignity of a town. Its inhabitants, moreover, showed even then a taste for literature, and the desire for good reading matter was gratified by Mr. T. N. Hibben, who, in 1858, established the first stationery and book store in the place. From his intimate knowledge of the details of his business and of the tastes of the people, his success was assured from the first. But it was not on either of these that he depended; his aim was to lay, broad and deep, the foundation of a thoroughly stable business, and as a result his memory is now looked back upon with respect as that of a man who was ever honest and open in all his dealings. The establishment is to-day carried on under the firm name of T. N. Hibben & Co., on the same enterprising and fair-dealing lines as those on which it was founded. Thirty-two years have seen many changes in the affairs of Victoria. From a comparatively small place, nothing more than a Hudson's Bay trading post, in fact, it has grown into a handsome, rich and influential city, whose citizens are noted throughout Canada for their mental culture and refinement. Hibben & Co.'s business has grown along with the city, and has contributed to it in no small degree by supplying high class literature and carefully fostering the taste for it. Victorians were never without the current literature of the day; all that was necessary was to ask for it and it was found to be in stock. Few, if any, western cities or towns, however enterprising they might be, can tell such a story. But then there settled in Victoria a class of educated people, who could not dispense with that mental food which is necessary to the refined intellect. The view shown in our engraving is not that of the ordinary stationery store of a new western town. It has every appearance of the substantially fitted and thoroughly equipped establishments seen in many of the old country cities, and it is equal to them in every respect. Here can be found every requisite for the office, the library and the store; books from the simple paper-covered primer to the most important classic; from the cheap novel to morocco-bound volumes of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and hosts of others; journals from the local newspaper to England's proud *Thunderer*; periodicals from the *Boys' Own* to the *Graphic*, *Harper's*, the *Century* and others innumerable. The hymn and song book are both here; but while the wants of the most fastidious are supplied, everything is conducted with a view to cultivating a taste for pure literature. There can therefore be found nothing in this store that may not be taken into the home. Here the office can be fitted out from the waste paper basket to the easy-going Caligraph Typewriter, which is becoming quite popular in Victoria. The various big publishing houses of England and America, as well as the British and Foreign Bible Society, are represented here, and their publications are always to be obtained. In a word, it is a model stationery and publishing establishment—a credit to its founder and its present proprietors.

PROVINCIAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY IN BEACON HILL PARK.—This is an excellent institution, intended mainly to illustrate the great natural resources of British Columbia. It contains specimens of the fauna and flora of the province, of its geology and mineralogy, and is in the course of becoming a most useful and creditable institution. The zoological garden—devoted to the preservation of animals indigenous to the province, is of considerable educational value.

RESULT OF A DAY'S SHOOTING.—This engraving is its own interpreter. The hunters have evidently not been idle, and their spoils show a considerable variety.

TO A ROSE.

Brightest flower before me,
From thy heart their flows
Odors wild and pleasant,
Lovely, lovely rose.

Delicate thy petals,
Beautiful and fair,
Innocent and modest,
Type of beauty rare.

Yet, though every virtue
Thy whole nature shows,
Thou art nothing, nothing,
To another rose.

JOSIAH H. GARDNER.

ISOCHROMATIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

When Mr. H. N. Topley, of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, was in town the other day, he exhibited to the leading photographers of Montreal some of his isochromatic photographs, one in particular showing all the colours of the chromatic scale. After a thorough examination they expressed the opinion that these were among the finest photographs they had seen.

HONOURS FOR A TORONTO DOCTOR.

The degree of doctor of philosophy has been conferred by the Johns Hopkins University on Mr. T. Logie, a graduate of the University of Toronto. He matriculated at Toronto in 1883, and in each succeeding examination won the scholarship in modern languages and the president's medal in the final year. He has spent the last three years in Europe and at the Johns Hopkins University, where he became successively university scholar, fellow and fellow by courtesy. Dr. Logie has been appointed to take charge of the Romance languages in Williams College, Mass.

AMONG THE SELKIRKS.

In our last issue we briefly referred to the volume—"Among the Selkirk Glaciers," recently published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The author of it, the Rev. William S. Green, F.R.G.S., accompanied by the Rev. H. Swanzy, another skilful mountain climber, undertook to make a map of the elevated region that comprises the glaciers—a region as yet unexplored by men of science. They fixed upon four inches to the mile as the scale of their map and their task, we may be sure, was no easy one even for expert mountaineers. They managed, however, to ascend Mount Bonney—next to Mount Sir Donald, the highest in the range. A more formidable task awaited them after they reached the summit—that of getting down again. The situation of unhappy visitors to the fabled Avernus was, in a manner, reversed, save that the facility of the ascent in this case was only comparative. The following is the account of the adventure:

At 4 p.m. we commenced the descent, and going as fast as possible, between glissading and running we were soon down to the col, beyond which the curved peak rose to the westward. As the evening sun was now shining on the side of the peak by which we had ascended, we felt that, soft as the snow had been in the morning, now it would be all slush and the bad bit consequently much worse than before. We thought anything would be better than to attempt such a descent, so we determined to try and turn the peak in flank and cross the steep slopes of snow, plastered on to its face, which we had carefully considered during our ascent.

Accordingly, we bore away to the left, descending to a shoulder of the ridge below the peak. On reaching it we found ourselves on the brink of the precipice overlooking the glacier-filled valley to the westward, and it too was topped by a cornice. Farther to the right the *névé* we were on curved downwards, and though nearly vertical in its face, there was no actual cornice. It looked an exceedingly uncomfortable bit of work, but our only choice lay between it and what seemed the worse descent over the summit of the peak. The question was, could we reach the snow slope below the brink of the precipice? and having reached it, would it bear our weight? H. buried himself as deeply as possible in the snow, and when he considered himself quite firm I turned my face to the slope, and holding on to the rope kicked my toes in and went over the brink. I took the precaution, too, of burying my axe up to its head at every step. Just below the brink there was a projecting crag. This I thought would give a firm footing before testing the snow slope. I got one foot on to it, and was taking it as gently as possible when the rock gave way, a large piece of snow went with it, and fell on the slope twenty feet below. I stuck my knees into the snow, but felt my whole weight was on the rope. Then I heard a swishing noise in the air, and glancing downwards saw that the whole snow slope had cracked across, and was starting away down towards the valley in one huge avalanche. H. hauled cautiously but firmly on the rope, and getting what grip I could with toes, knees, and ice-axe I was quickly in a safe position, and the two of us standing side by side, watched the clouds of snow filling the abyss below, and the huge masses bounding outwards. We listened to the sullen roar, which gradually subsided, and all again seemed quiet except that a few blocks of consolidated snow went careering along, down the glacier, for some time after the great mass of the avalanche had come to rest. This route was manifestly impracticable. There was now no choice. We must retrace our steps to the summit of the curved peak, and go down by the same road that we had come up. We had eaten nothing since a few mouthfuls at 11 a.m., so between anxiety as to what lay before us and hunger, we felt far from happy. Never did anything feel more weary than that plod up the snow slopes to the peak. There we sat down to rest; I searched my pockets and found a small packet of tea and one cigarette. H. ate the tea, and I enjoyed the cigarette, and feeling our nerves in a more reliable condition, we commenced the descent.

As far as it was practicable, we went down by the crags avoiding the snow, and made each step as secure as possible by shoving tons of loose slates and shales over the precipice. Then we had to quit the rocky ridge and cross the little snow-filled couloir to the other ridge. The snow on this was the chief danger, for it would not bear the slightest weight and it covered up the sharp loose slates. The axes were no use to us, so taking off the rope, we tied them together and lowered them down, then making a bowline hitch on the other end of the rope, we hung it on to a crag, and, with its help, scrambled down fifty feet to another firm foothold. A smart chuck brought the end of the rope free, and hitching it on again, we reached with its help the more secure portion of the ridge, and felt once more happy, for all danger was past.