



ST. THOMAS, ONT.—This is one of our younger cities whose growth has been due to the rapidity with which the railway movement has covered the country with a network of intercommunication. It has derived advantages from a variety of routes converging in it as a common centre. The Southern first, then the Credit Valley, and lastly the Loop Line, all helped to build up the place and add to its prestige. The car-shops of St. Thomas are famous, and it has one of the handsomest stations in the Dominion. For scenery, St. Thomas and its neighbourhood compare favourably with any of our great centres of population and industry. It is a question, however, whether in the struggle for subsistence scenery has much to do with colonization. A fine view but nothing to eat would not pay. In Canada scenery and soil and situation so often combine to make the chosen home of thousands at once pleasant to the eye and good for food that many of our productive hives of various toil buzz and hum in the midst of attractions where old Greek gods might have dwelt. But not even saints had anything to do with the making of St. Thomas. The name is supererogatory. It was not a saint but a soldier—a St. Martin, in his way, perhaps—who left St. Thomas his name. St. Thomas, indeed, is in the heart of the Talbot country, as *Picturesque Canada* informs us, and as Mr. Smith has made known with elaboration of statistics. A fine prospect which comprises much of the city is obtainable from Kettle Creek Bridge, itself not unworthy of study. You can almost make out some of the more important architectural features. But it is better to draw nearer. There is the Collegiate Institute, for instance, which is said to be one of the best institutions of its kind in Ontario, as well as the imposing Gothic pile of Alma College. Religion thrives here as well as education. The Church of England people have their Trinity and other churches, and the Presbyterians their Knox Church. Altogether there is ample scope in St. Thomas both for the sightseer and the student of our progress, and we are sure our readers will enjoy these glimpses of its beauty and of the thrift and taste of its people.

KETTLE CREEK RAVINE.—This engraving gives one of the numerous very fine views to be had in the immediate vicinity of St. Thomas. It shows a good stretch of backwater, above the old Turvill Mills, looking north towards the M.C.R. bridge. This view was very difficult to obtain, the conditions being so exacting that three distinct attempts were made before our photographers succeeded. The stream quietly finds its way until, at Point Stanley, eight miles distant, it enters the lake between very high bluffs.

LOOP LINE BRIDGE.—This single-track iron bridge spans Kettle Creek Gully to the north of St. Thomas, and on the Glencoe branch of the old G.W.R., but now merged into the G.T.R. system. This Loop Line was originally designed in 1874 to head-off the then unbuilt Canada Southern, but failed, so that St. Thomas became the possessor of two lines, east and west, where only one had been expected. It is now utilized more particularly for the transportation of through freight. The London and Point Stanley road crosses just east of the bridge, and one station serves for both roads.

ALMA COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS.—Although young in years, Alma has already acquired a reputation and a success that are by no means local. Chartered by act of the Ontario Legislature, it has from the very first been conducted under the broadest views possible, in proof of which its Board of Management and Faculty of Instruction have been largely representative of all the evangelical Churches. This growing institution, at present intended for the higher education of women only, started out in 1881 with an attendance of but 40 pupils, and prospered so rapidly that during the present year a new building, 30 x 40, five stories in height, has been added, at a cost of \$20,000, under the name of "McLachlin Hall," in honour of one of its most active promoters. One of the secrets of Alma's almost phenomenal success, with a present attendance of almost 200, is that the institution is not run for a profit, but furnishes a literary, scientific, musical, artistic, or commercial education at cost.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—The recent extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Montreal eastward to St. John, N.B., completes the span of that great route from ocean to ocean. It is the only line in America which crosses the continent on its own metals, and it opens a new gateway to the East for our possessions on the Atlantic seaboard. The length of the railway from St. John to Vancouver, B.C., is a little over 3,500 miles, and the journey is made in seven days. The commercial capital of New Brunswick, thus brought prominently before the public, has of late added to its territory by a union with the adjacent city of Portland, and the population since the consolidation is about 45,000. This makes St. John the fourth city in size in Canada, the larger ones being Montreal, Toronto and Quebec. The harbour is the only one north of Baltimore which has never been frozen over, and this fact, together with the advantage of being nearer to Europe than most competing ports, gives ground for a strong claim that it shall be made the winter port of the Dominion. Three great railway systems centre in the city. These are the New Brunswick, which gives

connection with the leading points in the United States, as well as with the River St. Lawrence below Quebec, the Intercolonial (Government road), which traverses Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, ending at Quebec, and the Canadian Pacific, which extends to British Columbia. By the last-named, the former distance from St. John to Montreal, by way of Quebec, 752 miles, requiring 31 hours for the journey, is shortened to 481 miles, and the direct run is made in from 15 to 18 hours. This will have a very important effect on the trade of the two cities. It will be remembered that nearly the entire business portion of St. John was destroyed by fire in 1877, the area laid waste being about 250 acres and the loss about £6,000,000 stg. The burnt district has since been rebuilt with most substantial structures, and the city is now as prosperous as at any time in its history. The leading manufacture of the place is lumber, of which the exports last year were valued at nearly £600,000 stg. Shipbuilding, which was formerly carried on very extensively, has declined of late years; but its place is more than supplied by new and important industries, including the cotton factory, which employs 500 hands; the car works, with 300 hands; rolling mills, foundries, and manufactories of various kinds. The union of the cities and the connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway were considered events of sufficient importance to justify a ten days' summer carnival and electric exhibition, which took place in July last, and included parades, aquatic tournaments and out-door displays of various kinds, views of which appeared in this journal. The exhibition showed all the uses to which electricity can be put as a motive, mechanical and illuminating power, as well as its application to business, domestic and scientific purposes. The festivities, it may be recalled, attracted large numbers of visitors from all parts of Canada and the United States. The result is that St. John (the new St. John, which includes Portland) is now a familiar spot to many persons resident all over this continent. The celebration of last summer marks, therefore, the beginning of a new era in its history, and it may be confidently hoped, a fresh starting-point in its prosperity. Its annals carry us back to the early years of romantic adventure when Acadie was deemed a grand field for the aspirations and enterprise of the gallant sons of *La Belle France*. The pages of its varied story take lustre from the exploits of DeMonts, the rivalry of La Tour and Champlain, the border wars between New France and New England, and the long struggle which ended only when Great Britain became undisputed mistress of the land. Then for St. John another chapter began which had "The Loyalists" for its heading. The settlers who found refuge there at the close of the Revolution were veritable "Pilgrim Fathers." The fortitude and fidelity that sustained them in their battle for what they believed to be the right, stood them in good stead in the early years of the little town. After its incorporation and the organization of civic government it thrived apace, and its progress, though occasionally interrupted by unforeseen disaster, was, on the whole, steady till the terrible fire of nearly thirteen years ago laid it in the ashes of desolation. In spite of that grave drawback, it soon recovered its old activity and hopefulness, and when its hundred years of life were completed, could look with complacency on the status to which it had attained. Meanwhile Portland Heights had been growing from a suburban retreat into a thriving city of some 15,000 souls. Why not unite? This question had been proposed years ago, but obstacles intervened or sufficient ardour was lacking to bring the union to pass. Still the interest of the sister towns became more and more closely interwoven, till at last the question was modified into "*Quis separabit?*" Who will keep them apart now? They are one for ever. And besides their commercial and industrial advantages, no fairer towns ever joined their fortunes together. The scenery of St. John is not surpassed, perhaps, in Canada. Not long since we gave views of Lily Lake and other scenes in its neighbourhood. We now present our readers with some of its more noted public buildings, evidence of the thrift and taste of its people.

MOUNT ELEPHANTIS, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.—This is one of the giant guardians of Lake Memphremagog, and, in some respects, one of the most interesting of those ancient sentinels. The scenery, in which it is a prominent feature, is among the most charming in North America, and has attracted tourists and artists from all parts of the continent. Our engraving is a companion picture to several illustrations of the same lovely lake and its surroundings which we published some months ago, with a graphic description by Mrs. Clark Murray.

THE ART CRITICS.—Happy critics that are above criticism. They are sure to be honest at any rate, and, perhaps, their judgment may be as sound and true as that of older pretenders. The artist's children, it may be, for they are evidently at home and have taken possession impreguably. "Every painter," says a great critic, "ought to paint what he himself loves." If our conjecture be correct, Mr. Overman has made his choice wisely, and it is one which all, expert and inexpert, can approve. As to execution, it is not unsuccessful. The boys are very real boys, but not commonplace. There is character in each little figure and face and plenty of promise. It is not the first time they have examined that portfolio. They have their own ideas of art for all we know, and one of its purposes is surely to amuse and edify good little boys.

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults. . . . And thus it appeareth how seldom we weigh our neighbour in the same balance with ourselves.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

MADGE.

A CANADIAN HOYDEN.

Langwood field, with the long grass almost hiding the great rocks strewn through it was the delight of all the children in the quaint old Canadian village of Barrtown, so called because years before a crusty old English officer, Col. Barr, disappointed by want of appreciation in the War Office "across the sea," had chosen to settle there. His mansion was built on one of the points of land jutting out into the river, and was one of the curiosities of the place, composed as it was of almost round stones or boulders. Col. Barr, after a troublous lifetime, trying to subdue Canadian forests into English lawns and flower-gardens, and the rugged nature of the people around him into civilization, died at last, leaving his name to the surrounding hamlet of Barrtown. The field of which we speak lay to the south and was shut in from the village street by a high fence. Here the children of the neighbourhood held high carnival, playing "duck on the rock" and other games. In one corner of the field was a little low house where Joe Langwood took daguerreotypes and tin-types (photographs were then unknown), and many wondering childish eyes often watched his efforts to make a graceful picture of some of the country lads and lasses, whose favourite attitude was standing side by side and hand in hand. Joe knew how to please them, by touching up with gilt the watch chain or finger ring, or the places where they ought to be; and the delight of some of the raftsmen who often passed through the village on their way to the "shanties," was to have little dots of gold painted on their pictures to represent ear-rings.

The room or "gallery," as it was called, had an effect on the imagination quite as intense as the cycloramas now so prevalent in our large cities. All around the four walls was a painting on canvas, representing scenes in country life, the farm-house, with rows of trees bordering the avenue leading down to the gate, which opened on to the main road, the school-house with children flocking in, more trees, and a wonderful cascade falling from nowhere in particular and escaping under the floor, as the children thought.

Joe was a character. Nothing in the world pleased him better than an argument, no matter what the subject—"the prospect of an Atlantic cable," etc.—and his "profession" often suffered while he was across the street at the corner village store settling some affair of the nation. His wife was a dear old soul. Sometimes worried beyond all measure with her husband's "shiftlessness" and the trials of making both ends meet in feeding and clothing her large family; but mostly rising above her troubles, singing in a quavering voice or reciting poetry as she went about her work, or sat in the corner of the living-room at her favourite occupation—patching. I can see her yet, seated in her low rocking chair, with the sun streaming in through the many-paned window, touching up the silvery hair, slightly disarranged by the glasses pushed up on her forehead, when a patch became more troublesome than usual, or, what did not often happen, a friend dropped in.

One summer day she was sitting all alone at work when she heard the sound of low sobbing. Listening intently, and finding that it came from the direction of the field, her motherly heart made her feet hasten, fearing that some of her brood were in trouble. Up the slight incline, through the long grass, guided by the sound, she went, until she came to a large rock. Hidden behind it she found a girl about twelve years of age, with swollen features and eyes red with crying.

In the little old stone church to which she went on Sundays the minister (one of the old school, who seemed to think his doctrine more enforced the more he stamped and banded) had said something one day about the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." To-day it was a "weary land" to Madge Scarth, the wildest girl in the village, and she had come to her favourite hiding-place to sob out her troubles. In a rage, an old Irishman had told her that "she looked just like an Injun." Madge's idea of Indians was prompted by those whom she had seen going about from door to door