



**HON. SIR J. S. D. THOMPSON.**—The Minister of Justice is of Canadian birth, born at Halifax, on the 10th November, 1844, and educated there. His father was a native of Waterford, Ireland, and Queen's Printer and then Superintendent of the Money Order System of Nova Scotia. Sir John Thompson was called to the Bar of his native province in 1865, and made a Queen's Counsel in 1879. His first public act was his service as counsel on behalf of the U. S. Government, acting with the American Commission, sitting at Halifax, under the Washington Treaty. He next went into provincial politics, and was made a member of the Executive Council and Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, in 1878; was First Minister from May to July, 1882, when he was appointed a Judge of the Provincial Supreme Court. In 1885 he was made Minister of Justice of Canada and went to the House of Commons as Member for Antigonish. He wrought his mark from the first, took part in the work of the Joint High Fisheries Commission, at Washington, and was rewarded with a knighthood.

**THE NEW LEBEL RIFLE.**—This weapon, just introduced into the French army, is said to be the best of any in use. The reservoir is composed of a tube adjoining the barrel; the cartridges are set end to end; a round spring propels them backward into a trough A which, on rising, passes them on from the reservoir, when the moveable breech is put in motion. When the trough A is raised, an arresting claw G is set backward of the last cartridge remaining in the magazine or reservoir. A lever L, terminated by a button, is used to check the action of the repeating movements. When the lever is pushed forward the trough stays up, and the weapon works as a single-barreled gun, in which the cartridges are introduced by hand.

**OLD BONSECOURS CHURCH AND MARKET.**—This engraving deserves to be carefully kept as the remembrance of a scene that has passed away, of a landmark that has been swept off, in spite of the remonstrances of the press and public, who demanded that so-called modern improvements should not entail the destruction of the monument. The market has been spared, but the church, the oldest in Montreal, and hallowed by the most precious associations of two centuries, has virtually ceased to exist, and the memory of that relic survives only in our picture. The steep Norman roof; the airy and graceful steeple, with the Gallic cock turning and creaking on the top; the rickety houses cuck on the rear, like spider webs against a wall; all these are reproduced in the illustration. There is also a more agreeable view of the port of Montreal to be found there than the reality now presents, since that hideous embankment—that eye-sore of a dyke—built at the cost of over \$50,000, for fancied resistance to the ice of the St. Lawrence, obstructs the sight, and spoils the appearance of that fine line of revetment wall which once was the brightest object that struck the eye of the traveller arriving from up or down the river.

**LAC BRULÉ.**—Here is another of those beautiful scenes in the fishing waters of the Laurentian Club, particulars of which we gave a fortnight ago. Whatever "Burnt Lake" may mean, the woods around its margin are thick and tufted; the waters are bright; the rocky, moss-clad islets break the windings; and that queen of all the craft that floats, the birch-bark canoe—a perfectly finished one, too, by the way—glides through the peaceful solitude.

**LAKE MONROE.**—To the same series belongs the view of the Laurentian Club camp on Lake Monroe, so called, doubtless, from one of the members, if not from some old settler of that wilderness. This is a gloomier picture than its companions. It is fishing weather. The skies are laden with clouds; the woods are black with shadows; rain is falling on the lake, and two birch barks are being set into position for a trial of the finny depths. There is a dog in one boat; a punt, down the shore, lying empty; and, in front, stands forth the substantial log-house, with an out-house beyond, where the club have their quarters.

**LA BELLA MANO.**—A thoroughly Venetian picture, to which there may be a sonnet attached, by the poet-painter, Gabriel Dante Rossetti. The title of the painting suggests a study of beautiful hands, and the reader will judge for himself whether those of the fair ablutionist are anatomically correct, or whether they are not lengthened beyond the tape. The three faces of girls are worthy of comparison. The drapery of the two figures in the foreground is a model of grace, while the bric-a-brac on the wall and furniture of the background must, in the colours of the original painting, be very rich and mellow.

**DELILAH.**—This name is written "Dalila," in the Vulgate and other versions, but she was a Philistine, all the same, and sits there on her bed, upheld by wolves' snouts and overspread with a lion skin, plotting the destruction of her giant lover. The pose is superb. The curve of the bare left arm, with its broad bracelets and chains; the outstretched right arm and hand holding a bodkin; the crossed legs made pivotal ready for a spring, and the bad, hireling eyes, lengthening out the covetous, oval face, all show that the harlot is about to succeed in her third attempt upon Samson, shave his seven locks, and get the money of the princes of the Philistines in reward for her treachery. The whole story is found in xvth Judges.

## FATAL FALL FROM A BALLOON AT OTTAWA.

In commenting, last week, upon the accidents so frequently attendant on holiday demonstrations, I little thought that within a few days I was to be an eye-witness of a most horrible tragedy. The very shocking disaster which occurred during the Central Canada Fair at Ottawa has probably been made known to many of my readers through the columns of the daily press. On the second day of the exhibition, one of the principal features of the programme was the balloon ascension, and the descent of the aeronaut therefrom by means of a parachute. The charming afternoon and the features of the fair had attracted to the grounds over twenty thousand interested spectators. During the period of the balloon's gradual inflation all eyes were centred on its growing bulk. At last away it goes. But what is that man doing that he should cling to its soaring surface? Can it be that before he had presence of mind to let go, he has been swept away with it? The crowd is horror-stricken. The balloon is now eight hundred feet in the air. Still clinging to the encircling seam, the doomed man swings himself vigorously to and fro, as if testing the possibility of a slanting jump into the basket beneath. But he is too far from it. At last he throws his hands up in despair and sinks. His hat falls off, and he raises his hands to his head as if to protect it. The seconds seem long, and the fatal fall seems slow. Although he strikes the earth some distance away, the thud can be heard upon the grounds. At the age of twenty-two, Thomas Wensley thus meets his death. It has often been said that in a panic men are worse than cattle. The many children present were at the mercy of a crowd that was running rough-shod over everything. Thousands crowded in the direction of the fall. But the victim had been immediately carried to a neighbouring house, so there was little in that direction to be seen. The temperament of a panic remained in the crowd during the rest of the afternoon. In returning to the city, people would rush across the road, in front of horses, and then rush back again, without any apparent reason. At the boat the pushing was so great that many were in imminent danger of being crowded into the water.

The only evidence in connection with this fatal flight that would be conclusive can never be obtained. Circumstances seem to indicate that the ascent in the manner described was premeditated. It is stated by persons who were standing near the balloon when it started that due warning was given to let go. Even ten or fifteen feet from the ground the young man might have jumped without sustaining any very serious injury. The aeronaut, Mr. Williams, called out imploring him to let go. He no doubt thought if Mr. Williams can hold on to the parachute, he himself could hold on to the balloon. A rope within the canvas could be held easily enough when the canvas was loose, but if the canvas tightened, as it subsequently did, it must necessarily force his fingers off. Thus was achieved a feat of which the fame will never be enjoyed by its performer. And the cloud of mystery in which it is enveloped is deepened, rather than relieved, by his premonition in a recent dream that he was flying through the air. But now he sleeps

The sleep that knows no waking.

ACUS.

## SONNET.

Sweet-throated minstrels of the airy seas,  
Through whose inhabitable waves ye rove  
From covert-isle to continental grove,  
Whose songs are lifted on each billowy breeze  
Like surging murmurs, which the land-winds seize  
And bear across the hills behind the cove,  
There, like the cooings of some lone, lost dove,  
To soothe the soul with plaintive lullabies—  
Ye warblers gay, that fill the leafy trees  
With music, suitable to services  
In Nature's temple, teach me how to move  
Her untouch'd heart with strains of purest love,  
That by such soul-inspiring melodies  
She, listening, may learn and, singing, I may please.  
Montreal. SAREPTA.

## CANUCKIANA.

In the groves of Hochelaga, Felix Couillard was taken for a bird. He noticed a beech tree heavily laden with nuts. To get some he climbed up in the tree. Two sportsmen with guns passed, and hearing a noise in the tree, fired, amid the yells of the unfortunate nut-seeker. They brought him to the ground, and sent him to the hospital.

From the hills of Abbotsford, on the Yamaska, where stand the famous Gibb orchards, with a glass fifty-five steeples are seen and, on a bright day, the Citadel of Quebec; Mt. Johnson; the line of the Richelieu; Belœil Mt.; the "Pinnacle" of Frelighsburg, the Green Mountains and the Adirondacks.

A Kingston clergyman explained to his congregation that in Winnipeg whenever a one cent piece is found on the collection plate it is assumed that a person from Ontario has been to Church. This is libellous, says a Toronto paper, because everybody knows that Ontario people place five cent pieces on the plate, largely because there is no smaller silver coin. Still, in Toronto, as in Winnipeg, the collection plate is generally bright with coppers.

The Detroit River opposite Amherstburg lies wholly within Canadian territory. It is therefore, says the N. Y. Herald, a question whether the Dominion Government might not exercise a greater control over American lake commerce than Americans could over Canadian. That commerce is greater than five times the tonnage of the Suez Canal.

Living in St. Paul, Minn., to-day, is Charlotte Latturelle, probably La Tourelle, a French-Canadian woman, born in 1776, or 112 years ago. For the past fifty years she has supported herself by making and selling mats. She went to St. Paul in 1835, at that time an Indian village, when not a house was visible. Her first husband was a fiddler. Her second is now 85 years old, well off, residing in Oregon, but she will not live with him, but prefers to support herself. Her mother lived to 120 years.

Professor H. Montgomery, of Dakota, has found the remains of an extinct race, which he has called the Mound-Builders. He excavated 21 mounds, last year, and each averaged fifty feet in diameter, with a range of from twenty to ninety feet, and was five feet high. Seventy-one skeletons of human beings were taken from these mounds.

As these mounds are plentiful throughout Canada, and present the same problem to us, it may be well to add that the professor is of the opinion that these skeletons belong to a Mongolian race, not such as the Chinamen of to-day, but a larger-sized people. Some of them were six feet in length. Buried in these mounds were also skeletons of bears and other animals, and, as altars of clay were found, it is believed these animals were offered as a sacrifice, and that many of the mounds were sacrificial.

The Cascade Mountains include the largest forests of fir, pine and cedar timber in the world, covering an area of 60,000 square miles, of which four-fifths are forest. The red and yellow firs are from 25 to 40 per cent. stronger than the white pine. Sticks of almost any length and thickness can be obtained. The ordinary dimensions are from 2½ to 4 feet in diameter, and 150 to 250 feet in height. Larger trees, cutting 25,000 to 35,000 feet of dimension lumber, are not uncommon.

This is significant. A large number of farmers residing in Dakota have petitioned the Federal Government to open, for homestead settlement, township 1, range 6, west of principal meridian, Manitoba. Their reasoning is that the excessive taxation at the rate of four and one-half cents on the dollar, together with the fact that everything a man possesses, from a steam engine to the watch in his pocket, is subject to assessment, renders farming or cattle raising as a business unremunerative. They are glad to be once more under the British flag, which they heartily regret ever having left.