



**SIR. J. P. R. A. CARON, K. C. M. G.**—The Minister of Militia is the eldest surviving son of the late Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. He was born at Quebec in 1843, and got his schooling at the Seminary of Quebec, Laval and McGill Universities, taking the degree of B. C. L. at the latter in 1865. He took to the bar in the same year, having studied law first at Quebec, and later at Montreal, with the late Sir John Rose. He reached the purple in 1879, and is a member of the extensive law firm of Andrews, Caron and Andrews, of Quebec. He first entered Parliament in 1873 for Quebec County, which he has represented ever since through six electoral trials. He was sworn of the Privy Council and made Minister of Militia in November, 1880. He has held that portfolio to the present, and for his services during the rebellion of 1885 he was created a K. C. M. G. The Minister's name may be given in full—as the families of French Canada fancy the enumeration—Joseph, Philippe, René, Adolphe, and in the circle of intimates he is known as Adolphe.

**THE ROCKING STONE**, situated on the property of Archibald Kidston, Esq., at Spryfield, five miles from the city of Halifax, in the Province of Nova Scotia, is composed of granite and is estimated to weigh 464 tons. There is a lever placed under one corner by which it is easily rocked. On the opposite side it can be moved without the aid of a lever by a boy of 12 or 14 years of age.

**THE NATURAL STEPS OF THE MONTMORENCY.**—A by way through the fields from the Falls of Montmorency leads the tourist to the Natural Steps which, as the reader may judge for himself from the engraving, is a scene of the wildest grandeur. Here the eddies of the Montmorency Falls are stronger, swifter, and thicker with foam. The strata of rock, forming the walls of the river, and bearing the likeness of stairways, are composed of thin layers, and are worn into all manner of fantastic shapes, with arched ways, colonnades, and rounded masses that bear the shape of towers. The noise is deafening and the churning of the spray has the ominous simpering of impending fate. And yet the tables of these rocks are the pastimes of fishermen in quest of speckled trout, and many is the scene of love and courtship enacted there, in which young people from all portions of America have taken part.

**MOUNTAINS AT DONALD.**—Donald is a charmingly situated town in the shadow of the Selkirk, the headquarters for the mountain section of the railway, with repair shops. It is an important supply-point for the mining country about it and at the great bend of the Columbia below. Leaving Donald, the railway crosses the Columbia to the base of the Selkirks. A little further down, the Rockies and Selkirks, crowding together, force the river through a deep, narrow gorge, the railway clinging to the slopes high above it. Emerging from the gorge at Beaver-mouth, the line soon turns abruptly to the left and enters the Selkirks through the Gate of the Beaver River—a passage so narrow that a felled tree serves as a foot-bridge over it—just where the river makes its final and mad plunge down to the level of the Columbia. A little way up the Beaver, the line crosses to the right bank, where, notched into the mountain side, it rises at the rate of 116 feet to the mile, and the river is soon left a thousand feet below, appearing as a silver thread winding through the narrow and densely forested valley. Opposite is a line of huge tree-clad hills, occasionally showing snow-covered heads above the timber line. Nature has worked here on so gigantic a scale that many travellers fail to notice the extraordinary height of the spruce, Douglas fir and cedar trees, which seem to be engaged in a vain competition with the mountains themselves. One sees ahead, up the Beaver valley, a long line of the higher peaks of the Selkirks, *en échelon*, culminating in an exceedingly lofty pinnacle, named Sir Donald, with which our readers made acquaintance in former views, at Glacier House. Again, from Mountain Creek bridge, a few miles beyond, where a powerful torrent comes down from high mountains northward, the same view is obtained, nearer and larger, and eight peaks can be counted in a grand array, the last of which is Sir Donald, leading the line. This stately monolith was named after Sir Donald Smith, one of the chief promoters of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Farther to the left, looking from the hotel, are two or three sharp peaks, second only to Sir Donald. Roger's Pass and the snowy mountains beyond (a member of the Hermit range, which is called Grizzly, from the frequency with which bears are met upon its berry-bearing slopes), are in full view. Again, to the left, comes Cheops, and in the foreground, and far down among the trees, the Illicilliwaet glistens. Somewhat at the left of Cheops a shoulder of Ross Peak is visible over the wooded slopes of the mountains.

**THE BANK OF TORONTO**, of whose building in Toronto we give an illustration this week, is one of our flourishing banking institutions. Its charter was obtained in the year 1855 with an authorized capital of \$2,000,000. Up to the year 1870 the paid up capital remained at \$800,000. In 1874 it was increased to \$1,500,000, and in 1875 to \$2,000,000. The Rest has gradually increased until it has now reached \$1,350,000. This Bank does a large and in-

creasing business at Toronto and other places in the Province of Ontario, and at Montreal, in the Province of Quebec. It is ably managed, and may be classed as one of the most stable of our monetary institutions.

**MONTREAL PORT FROM THE C. P. R. ELEVATORS.**—The elevators of the C. P. Railway are situated on the river side at the Dalhousie Square Station, and from their great altitude they afford wide views of the harbour of Montreal and the whole city. In front, looking west, you have the wharves and Commissioner street, with the outline of the unsightly dyke; on the right is the freight shed of the railway, its stone offices, old Bonsecours Church and market, Notre Dame Church, the Custom House, and the head of the Lachine Canal; and to the left we have the broad St. Lawrence, with the market boats of the Richelieu and Ontario Line, dredges, elevators, and the lines of the railway connecting with the ships.

**VIEW FROM THE RICHELIEU PIER.**—This pier is at the foot of Jacques Cartier Square and hill, and there it is that the Quebec boats of the R. & O. line are moored when in port. In summer this wharf is crowded with freight. In front lies the immense, but swanlike "Vancouver," queen of the Dominion Line. In fact there are two Dominion steamers in the picture, as you can tell by the bands on the funnels. Beyond, where the dome of the Customs rises through the smoke, is the outlet of the canal and headquarters of the Allan Line, a scene of bustle and activity, night and day, in the height of the shipping season.

**SECRETS.**—We trust our young readers will like this picture. There is a scene of hearts from nature, which few girls have not gone through, whether high-born or simple maids in their flower, as we have them here. Janet and Lizzie have got through their household work. Or rather, Janet has finished her work and, having lit her taper, is slipping off to her room, when Lizzie overtakes her in the lobby, where she had been watching from an open door, and then and there pours the sweet, pretty story into her comrade's ear. The features of the two girls are open and full of genuine feminine expression, stamped with honesty. The play of the light upon the eyes is admirable in effect, bringing out the latent mischief that lurks in those innocent orbs. Ah, well, girls! It is not much that makes you happy; go to, now, and dream of your golden secrets.

**DOMINION ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION COMPETITION.**—These views were sent us from near Toronto, where the firing took place, by Mr. W. W. Fox, of the *Mail*, to whom we beg to tender our thanks. The competition was completed by the firing of the two batteries of the first brigade at Woodbine. Number one represents a trial shot; number two, a detachment of the London Field Battery waiting its hour to fire; and number four, another group of the chief officers of the Artillery Association.

**FRENCH COURSING.**—One English sport after the other is being adopted in France, and the English words employed in each are pretty well kept also. The full page of views which we give to-day represent the coursing of greyhounds after hares, at a place called Bagatelle, outside of Paris. The harriers are French, but neither their names nor any account of the pedigrees are published in the report. The reader will be able to review the several well-known scenes—the dogs in leash; the slipper who, by the skilful twist of his double leash, starts the hounds well together; the central event, where the two best, having outrun or out-generalled the others, are making for the last plunge; they fly, they leap, they curvet, and the umpire follows on horseback; at length one dog gets the better of his rival; he reaches the hare; seizes him; kills him outright at one jawbreak; the flag corresponding to the colour of the winner's woollen collar—red or white—is raised aloft on a signal from the umpire, and the coursing is over. The French do not pretend to have any such coursing events of greyhounds and harriers as take place yearly at Liverpool, for the Waterloo Cup, or at Kempton Park, near London, for the Champion Stakes, but they have taken up the sport for the past ten years, and the new Paris Coursing Club means to have a number of meets during the coming winter. Neither are there such hounds in France as the invincible Master MacGrath, owned by Lord Lurgan, and for which he refused seven thousand sterling; or Coomassie, the lady who fetched two thousand at her master's death. There are several kinds of harriers—the Russian, the Persian, the Spanish or "Galgo," and the Arabian of the great tents on the sands, but none of them can rival the English greyhound in pluck, instinct and speed.

### LOVE'S SUMMER.

How like the summer is our love so sweet,  
Fulfilling those fair promises of spring,  
Convey'd by Hope in happy whispering,  
When days dragg'd slow that now fly all too fleet.  
The rare heart-rapture, when our spirits meet,  
Chirms as the echo-music zephyrs bring  
Across the pines when neighbouring woodlands ring  
With joyous hymns, harmoniously complete;  
The tender thoughts and fancies bright, that flow  
In waves of sympathetic feeling, gleam  
Like rippling splendours in a meadow-stream,  
Bank'd with gay blooms that, bending soft and low,  
Kiss their fair images in Nature's sparkling glass,  
And smiling raise their eyes to watch them as they pass.  
Montreal.

SAREPTA.

### RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

My dear friend, Mr. George Johnson, the Dominion statistician, has discovered that the plan of Imperial Federation is as old as 1764, at least, there being a book in the National Library at Ottawa, entitled "The Administration of the Colonies," by Thomas Pownall, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Provinces, Massachusetts Bay and South Carolina, and Lieutenant-Governor of New Jersey. He held that "the British Isles, with our possessions in the Atlantic and America, should be united into one grand marine political community."

We have two or three books in the English language that are vast storehouses of erudition, and from which the scholar can draw forever, without ever reaching the end. One of these is Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." That was Byron's constant resource. Another is Kenelm Digby's "Ages of Faith," a new edition of which, in four large and splendid volumes, is being published by O'Shea, of New York. Every conceivable event belonging to the Middle Ages is in this monumental work. What will add to the worth of the new edition is a full table of contents, which was unfortunately wanting in the first issue.

As an instance of Canadian scholarship, the reader will be pleased to have Dr. Bonar's well-known hymn set before him, in order to judge of the translation into Latin, by a Canadian:

#### THE VOICE OF JESUS.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto Me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,  
Thy head upon My breast."  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary and worn and sad;  
I found in Him a resting place,  
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold! I freely give  
The living water. Thirsty one,  
Stoop down and drink and live."  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"I am this dark world's light;  
Look unto Me—thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy days be bright."  
I looked to Jesus and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun!  
And in that light of life I'll walk  
Till travelling days are done.

The translation which follows is from the pen of  
W. H. C. Kerr, one of the learned men of Canada:—

#### VOX JESU.

Vox Jesu clamat: "Huc veni,  
Hic tibi requies!  
Recumbe meo pectori,  
Tu qui defessus es."  
Cui adsum, qualiter siem,  
Et quam miserimme,  
Et Hunc probavi requiem.  
Beatus unice.

Vox Jesu clamat: "Ego siem  
Viventis fons aquae;  
Procumbens bibe, agedum,  
Et vives tu in Me."  
Mihi bibenti igitur  
Reversae animae;  
Nam sitis mox restinguitur  
In vivo calice.

Vox Jesu clamat: "Caeci sum  
Hujus mundi lux;  
Nunc adspice, itinerum  
Sol oriatur dux."  
Adspexi, en! vaganti jam  
Sol Jesus emicat!  
Quo duce iter peragam,  
Dum vita maneat.

—KERR.

The address of Sir Daniel Wilson, at the opening of Toronto University, which the papers of that city published in full, will doubtless be reprinted in more lasting shape, as it deserves, being a masterly review of the aims, needs and results of the higher education. In the list of wants, however, which the learned president gives out, I look in vain for an allusion to a course of