TORONTO TO VICTORIA.

A Lady's Experiences and Impressions

While Crossing the Continent — Picturesque Scenery Along the Line and Those "Everlasting Hills."

BY MRS. GEORGE HENRY.

We left Toronto, April 4th, at night, and of course saw nothing of the country till the next morning, when we were near North Bay on Lake Nippising. From this place to Lake Superior we passed through the most desolate tract of land I have ever seen. Not wild enough to be grand, or even picturesque, but simply made up of little hills of rock covered with just soil enough to support a few stunted fir and poplar trees, and tempt an occasional luckless human being to try to get a living on them. To add to the attractiveness of the scene, the afternoon was cloudy, with miserable flurries of straggling snow-flakes. A genuine snow-storm which would have hidden the dreary landscape under a covering of "beautiful snow" would have been pleasant in comparsion. We were not sorry when night shut out the view, but turned with real gratification to the brilliantly lighted and handsomely decorated interior of our warm home-like car.

I woke with the early dawn and saw from my window Lake Superior stretching away to the south and west of us. The scene was wilder, the rocks larger than those of the previous evening; but there was not soil enough to tempt anybody to try to live there, while the numberless bays, inlets and pools of water sparkling and dimpling in and out among them made the scenery attractive as well as ground. When the sun rose and threw a flood of crimson glory over all, touching every peaks with brightness, and lighting every crested wave, I thought Nature had given to this savage scene a wild beauty of its own, compensating in a measure for the loveliness of forest and field which it has been denied.

After leaving Port Arthur, we travelled the remainder of the day through a strange mixture of rock and marshy land; had a fine view of

THE LAKE OF THE WOODS

by moonlight, and reached Winnipeg next day about noon. I was not much attracted by Winnipeg, but liked Portage La Prairie and Brandon.

For two days prairies, apparently boundless, spread out on either side of the track, presenting at this season of the year little but a lonely grey expanse of level earth, with the solemn blue sky bending over it. There were, however, several beautiful little lakes scattered along the way, to which the water-fowl were just returning, and there was a stir of life at the railway stations. At Medicine Hat and some other stopping places, Indians came to the depots with buffalo horns and other trophies of the chase to dispose of. Beyond Medicine Hat the prairies began to look green and were spotted with purple patches of the hardy little wind-flower.

We did not reach Calgary till late in the evening.

The next morning, we were aroused at the 'peep of day' by the announcement that we had passed 'The Gap.' We had retired at night with the prairie stretching wide and monotonous around us. Now we were among 'The Mountains.'

I looked from my window in the berth of the Pullman car and saw against the gray morning sky huge, dim, billowy outlines, which seemed to rise and float past, as our train swept rapidly along. By the time we reached Banff the sun was rising and everybody up and excited. All ceremony was laid aside, everybody was anxious to see and have everybody else to see, and like so many school children we rushed from window to window with constant exclamations of surprise and delight.

The sun rose in a cloudless sky and continued to shine all day. Such a day! I forgot I was no longer young, threw care to the winds, and determined to get all the enjoyment possible from the scene and occasion. We could not see enough from the windows and were soon on the platforms outside.

The thrill of emotion which passed through the whole being when I first saw myself encompassed by this infinitude of sublimity, can no more be described than forgotten. I understood then why none of my friends who had passed over the route had attempted to describe it. Every effort of that kind must sound tame and insipid to one who has seen it. There is nothing to which the passage through the mountains can be compared. Words which we apply to other objects seem to have

LOST THEIR SIGNIFICANCE

here. No flight of imagination, no effort of tongue or pen can give any adequate idea of the reality.

The Rocky Mountains are well named, for they are simply masses of rock, immeasurably vast, their bases by the attrition of centuries covered in places with soil enough to support a scanty growth of trees, their glittering ice-covered peaks cut or worn into shapes resembling towers, castles, cathedrals and all other grand and impressive things.

Some of these mountains present a bare front of solid grey rock rising almost perpendicularly to such a height, that their white crests can scarcely be distinguished from the clouds. Sometimes they leave a comparatively wide smooth road between them, or curve so as to make room for a little lake to sleep at their feet, then draw so close together that the track has to be notched into one of these gigantic walls, which we pass so near that we might almost touch it with our hands, while the mad river chafes and foams in the deep dark gorge far below. The roar of the train reverberating along the pass swells into thunder. The whistle of the engine sounds like a shriek of agony from some living thing in pain. The dark beetling rocks so high above our heads almost shut out the light of day. The awful grandeur of our surroundings becomes overpowering in its oppressiveness, and we begin to feel our inability to endure the mental strain. Just then in some crevice where the wind swept debris has formed a handful of soil, and a strong sunbeam has chanced to find its way, occurs a little patch of tender green, and the meek moss spreads its tiny fronds as fearlessly as it might have done in an Ontario meadow beside some sheltered pool. The effect is softening in the extreme, and more than once I felt the moisture spring to my eyes as we caught a glimpse of one of these points of brightness in a

WORLD OF FROST AND ADAMANT.

Thus amid a succession of wonders the day wore on, and the interest was still unabated. We continued to occupy the rear platform of the Pullman and watched with unflagging enthusiasm scene after scene of this indescribable panorama unfold to view.

The Selkirks were more admired by some of our company than the Rockies; but I liked the terrible grandeur of the Rockies best of all. Many of the Selkirks are covered with forests to their very summits, but not unfrequently over their dark green heads would be seen other and higher heads crowned with perpetual snow, or with bands of glacial ice bound around their giant brows, which dazzled our eyes with their brightness, and formed a brilliant contrast with the deep green slopes and dark ravines beneath. On some points where the sunshine lingered longest, the spring warmth had melted the snow, and little streams came leaping down their sides, looking to us like skeins of silk floss floating in the wind.

Night settled down upon us ere we emerged from the shadows of the Selkirks. The days have been without the clouds and without accident, and we unanimously pronounced it a "red letter day" in the calender of our lives. Were our companions more than ordinarily appreciative and intelligent? Or had the experience of the day brought what was best in the characters of all, and made us feel our relationship to each other, to our Father, and to the workmanship of His hands? In the morning we were comparative strangers, at night we were friends.

Fatigue made us retire early, but sleep did not visit my pillow for hours. The over-wrought mind refused to rest. So I lay with my blind drawn back to allow me to catch some glimpses of moonlight scenery, and thought as I looked, and listened to

THE ROAR OF OUR TRAIN

speeding through tunnels and over bridges, what a wondrous triumph of wind over matter it was which made it possible for so many human beings to make such a journey with ease and safety and realized as never before, the vigilance and wakefulness somebody must exercise to secure our repose.

Morning found us near Fraser River, and gave us a pleasant surprise by revealing to us that we had not yet left the realm of enchantment. We were still surrounded by mountain scenery, to the grandeur of which was added a surpassingly beautiful garniture of vegetable life. The lofty slopes of the Cascade Range were covered with luxuriant forests, and the openings and river banks so thickly set with flowering shrubs and plants in full bloom that the railway often seemed like a garden path. The river scenery was particularly fine, I think superior to anything we had passed. Now raging in narrow gorges or leaping in foaming rapids—now spreading into wide lake like expanses, gaining ever in size and force by the addition of lesser rivers and mountain torrents, the Fraser becomes at length a mighty stream—too deep for noise, too strong for rage, moving in silent grandeur towards the great Pacific.

The morning was cloudy and we missed the gleam of the sunshine on the mountain tops, but instead, soft masses rested in crowns on their brows, or hung in downy wreath around their shoulders, leaving their heads clearly defined against the still gray sky above. The scenery was less exciting, less overpowering than that of the preceding day, and may be our enthusiasm had partly expended itself. The gentlemen talked of tunnels and snow-sheds—of trestle and loop, and of the prodigious amount of money and labor expended in the completion of such a gigantic undertaking.

For myself I could only thank God that I have been permitted to "pass through the mountains." I envy not the man or woman who can spend a day among

THESE "EVERLASTING HILLS"

without being made better by the experience. I felt that my feet had trodden on holy ground, that I had been nearer the Presence Chamber of the Almighty than ever before, and must henceforth, feel more sensibly the overshadowing power of Him in whose fingers those piles of adamant are but as figures formed in plastic clay.

At Port Hammond, I was met by my son who conducted me to his new house on the bank of the Fraser. It is scarely three years since he started "The Nurseries" here, but already this garden in the wilderness not only blossoms like the rose, but literally with roses. I think British Columbia must be the home of the rose, for wild roses abound in the fields and along the river banks, and the most luxuriant growth of garden roses I have ever seen is at the Hammond Nurseries. A lovely little spot is this new home by the river, just within the borders of the enchanted land.

The mountains lift their heads in solemn grandeur along the north and west, while at the south only a few yards from our door the river flows and spreads an ever changing but ever charming picture before us. Canoes are always skimming its surface, and steam-boats passing every day. Looking away across the river we see Mt. Baker. Only a cold white point, the part above the line of perpetual snow is visible to us. At noon the sun cast blue shadows on its northern slopes, and at sunset all its snowy surface gather a roseate hue from the crimson west.

The roads about Hammond are good in the dry season, and the drives attractive to a stranger. The forest has a sort of gloomy grandeur unknown in our Eastern Woods. Between the great fir trees of which everybody has heard, are other trees which bend and writhe around among their stately trunks, their crooked limbs covered with bronze colored moss, or hung with grey lichens. In the deep shade the earth is hidden by a thick bed of moss, the openings abound with giant ferns, and every stump and rock is decorated with the graceful trailing dew-berry.

Between the mountains are low plains or prairies, called by the residents "the meadows" which are beautifully green the most of the year, but in the hot season when the snow on the mountains melts and runs down, they usually become inland lakes.

My husband who is an invalid joined me at Port Hammond, and on the seventh of August we resumed our journey westward. Fires which were raging in the bush filled the air with smoke, and prevented our enjoying the scenery.

The new city of Vancouver shows many indications of rapid improvement, but is

NOT JUST NOW A PARADISE

for pedestrians, who are interrupted at every turn by piles of building material to be used in constructing the numerous brick buildings now in course of erection. The streets too are being prepared for the laying of track for street cars.

The view across the inlet is said to be fine, but the fog and smoke only once during our two days' stay lifted enough to give us a sight of the white walled Indian mission on the other side, when the little cluster of buildings with its graceful spire looked, against the mist, like a temple in the clouds.

The B. C. Fruit Grower's Association held its first exhibit in Vancouver, Aug. 7th and 8th. We were agreeably surprised by both the excellence and variety of fruits, flowers and vegetables on exhibition. A novel feature to us was the Japanese plants,—so strange and yet so characteristic.

Nothing which we saw in Vancouver interested me more than the shipping in the harbor. It was my first view of an ocean steamer loading for China. In company with Mr. Fullerton, we gladly accepted the invitation of the gentlemanly captain of the Batavia to dine on board and inspect his vessel which left port next day for China.

The trip down to Victoria was nearly a failure as far as enjoyment of the scenery was concerned, and a part of the way, for all what we could see, we might have been taking a sail in the clouds. The Islander is a nice fast sailing boat. The saloon was attractive, the dining room and table well furnished, and a cosy little cabin in the rear; but if they take a hint from a lady, those in power will furnish more seats. If the day had been fine we should have tired with standing to look at the scenery.

As we progressed the air grew clearer, and the free ocean breeze swept back the land fog and smoke, and as if by enchantment a world of islands came out of the vapor clustering all around us. There is something very inviting in the appearance of those strange little mounds of rock and soil, which lift their green heads so peacefully above the unrest of the waves that wash the shores with ceaseless toil.

Through many windings and turnings we reached at length the wharf and found ourselves in Victoria, the queenly city of the west, just as night set in. Dr. Jones met us as we stepped on shore, and we were driven to his residence where we met a warm welcome and found a cheerful home.

Next day we enjoyed a pleasant drive out in the country, around Beacon Hill and through some parts of the city. We had heard much of Victoria, of the beauty of its location and scenery, and of what was of more importance to us, its pure air and health-giving atmosphere, and from what we have seen and experienced during our short stay in the place, we are inclined to give full credit to what we had heard.

NOTES.

WHY THE WIDOW WAS CRUSHED.

Speaking of widows marrying made me think of an incidient that happened near where I lived way back in the fifties. I lived next door to Dick Tolbot. He had five little brats. Dick went off hunting one day and shot his leg. It was mighty bad weather, and at last the doctors had to out off his leg to save his life. He lingered along for several months, and then died at last. I was there the night he died. His wife took on mighty bad. Some of the neighbors went to her to console her, but it did no good. At last I went to the seemingly heart-broken wife and told her that poor Dick was gone, and told her it did no good to "take on" so. "I can't help it," said she, and continuing, pointing toward her children, said:—"Just think that these poor children will have to come under a stepfather. It is more than I can bear."—*Chattanooga Times.*

PLAIN TALK.

With its a habitual ignorance of all subjects requiring work and study, the Rochester *Democrat* (Rep.) says that for 140 years previous to the sale of Alaska to the United States "Russia enjoyed undisputed soveignty over the waters of Behring Sea." Read what Secretary Adams wrote on the 22nd July. 1823, to our Minister in St. Petersburg in regard to Russia's claims to exclusive control of Behring Sea:—"The United States can admit no part of these claims. Their right of navigation and of fishery is perfect, and has been in constant exercise from the earliest times after the peace of 1783." How the *Democrat's* greatest statesman on earth will get Great Britain to acknowledge what we have disputed so emphatically, no one can tell; but if Mr. Blaine should engage in any such tremendous undertaking, we can readily imagine what kind of a hole he will leave his organ in.—*New York Post.*

CHARACTERISTIC OF SAM JONES.

Rev. Sam Jones spoke thus three days ago at a camp meeting near Louisville, Ky.:—

John the Baptist was the right sort of a man. He decided and chose for the right and for God. They didn't like it, and so John found himself in gaol. I expect some of his congregation went down and talked to him and said:—

"Well, John, I see they've got you in gaol?"

"Yes, here I am."

"Well now, that's too bad. I tell you you were a little too hard in some things you said, and Herod is hoppin' mad. He's a-talking about havin' your head."

"That's all right, let him take it; but he can't get my soul and heart away from God." Sure enough they did take John's head, but they couldn't budge him an inch from his duty. Such a man in any community now-a-days would be worth his weight in gold and in diamonds. Old Daniel was another such man. They got after him and said:—

"If you don't stop praying to God, and go to prayin' to the king, he'll put you in the lion's den."

"Let them do what they please," said Daniel, and down he went on his knees, and the next minute in he went. He knew that if he did wrong, he would go to hell; if he did right he'd go to heaven. God went down with him into the den, and the first thing Daniel knew a big lion went to sleep, and Daniel stretched himself by his side and pillowing his head on the shaggy mane of the brute, said:—

"This beats hell. I choose to serve God forever, and I stand in no fear of kings."

SHORT NAMES.

Not long ago a man went into a French village to register, as is required by the French law, the name of his newly born child. "What's the name?" the clerk asked him.

"Rose B."

"How do you spell it?"

"B."

"What? It it Bee, or Bey, or Bea? You must have some other letters to go with your B."

"Not at all, sir. The name is just B, no more."

The clerk was puzzled. It seemed to him quite ridiculous to inscribe a person by the name of B. The man, insisted, however, that there were no other letter with it, and never had been. He referred the clerk to other records containing the family name, and it was found to be the case that the family had always gone by the name of B.

The B family name is, perhaps, the shortest family name in the world—exception, no doubt, the I family, which is a pretty large one.

There is in Northern France, moreover, a village which has an exceedingly short name. It is the little commune of Y, in the department of the Somme, whose 200 inhabitants are never called upon to lose much time in the dating of their letters, and who probably could not be induced to exchange the name of their town for Constantinople, or Copenhagen, or even for Kalamazoo or Indianapolis.—*The Youth's Companion*

DOING GOOD.

"There," said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, "there is a man who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it He cannot talk very much in public, and he does not try. He is not worth $2,000, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find it out and give them a neighborly welcome and offer them some service.

He is on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him. I believe he and his wife keep house plants in winter mainly that they may be able to send bouquets to friends and invalids. He finds time for a pleasant work to every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one horse wagon when he has no other load. He has a genius for helping folks, and it does me good to meet him in the streets."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

GREAT BRITAIN'S PRIDE.

Impressive and Grand Spectacle.

Britain's Powerful Navy Starts for its Mimic Warfare—A Brilliant Sight never to be Forgotten.

NEW YORK, August 7.—The *Herald's* Portsmouth special says: Great chain cables were rising with a hoarse "clank, clank" through hawse holes, the anchors were being hove short, heavy streams were making round aureoles of water spray as the hose was turned on the muddy chains, long lines of bluejackets were running along the decks bending under the weight of ropes which were pulling heavy steam pinnaces from the water up to the high davits, fifes and drums on every deck were furnishing the inspiring combination of squeak and bang which takes the place of the double "heave ho!" on Her Majesty's ships, sentries were pacing the bridges, crowds of barefooted men in blue were washing the decks, the steam was escaping from deck pipes and side vents, and all up and down the fleet strings of brilliantly colored signals were flying to the mastheads, to fall with a despairing droop a few minutes afterward like so many shot pheasants. It made the prettiest of pictures in the dark of the morning, this bright colored deaf and dumb language of the deep, and to make vivid the fleet, and the sea, and all the world, came the lightly sleeping August sun. It rose out of a dark, gray ocean that was 95,000,000 of miles in extent, for the sun had slept in it. It lifted itself above

THE DARK BRIM EDGE

and rested for a moment like a blazing incandescent ruby on the waves. Its lurid light grew wider and fuller and rounder until it seemed a meteor of molten gold that was just dropping into the hot and hissing waters, and then full, round, shimmering, a solid ball of liquid, ruddy fire, it lifted itself clear from its tossing couch and laid down athwart the waste, a wide and shining pathway carpeted with Royalty's tapestry of red. "C. and D. are weighing anchor," answered a courteous petty officer on the "Howe" to the *Herald* correspondent. They are weighing anchors. There was no doubt of it, two squadrons, at least were about to move and the spectacle was awaited with interest. Battle ships at anchor, are very well, but they have the inert and unsatisfactory impressiveness of a stuffed bulldog. After all, it is the bulldog in motion, with his hair bristling, his teeth showing, his mouth opening like a porthole, that makes his reputation as a beauty, and the bulldogs had begun to move. The "Racoon," at five minutes to five, began to forge ahead of the fleet, whose line for the first time was broken. The cruiser moved majestically out of its place into the middle lane, and went

STEAMING GRANDLY AWAY

between the fleet. The "Inconstant" followed with impressive rapidity, her three masts perpendicular against the sky. Then with a rush and a roar came the big floating battery, the "Prince Albert," and the coast defence ships "Hotspur," "Gordon," and "Hecate." They had an effect that was nothing more nor less than weird, these great masses of metal tearing so actively through the water. It was weight irresistible and power beyond opposition the feeling they created. It was the sense one sometimes has in trying to sympathize with a panting locomotive, only it was the sense intensified to an infinite degree. The grandeest of all, by an accident of circumstances, was the outcoming of the "Cyclops." She came directly down the sun's path with all its blaze squarely behind her. She seemed to tower on high a strange living and breathing Frankenstein of the seas, as she shot through the gold flimed waves. She was all on fire through all her lines, with the sun's glare on the davits, rails, boats, ventilators, air tubes, smokestacks and smokeclouds as she came onward. But on her passing the lighthouse it left her, and

GROWN GRAY AND SOBER.

she churned her way rapidly to the westward, as if weary of inactivity. Now the torpedo boats began to come out of the harbor at full speed. They darted down the north line in squadrons of six and seven, like shoals of the fastest flying black porpoises, half in and half out of the water. They cut instead of mounting the waves. They were very fish-like, flying so fast and so low in the water. They thrust their noses into the billows as if they loved them and received the spray that dashed in clouds about their bows just as gladly as if the spray was their natural nutriment and they had not had their breakfast. A second group of them passed and was quickly out of sight. There was a great hole in the fleet line where C and D squadron had been. A and B were to go next, but not for some hours, and so the *Herald* correspondent shaped his course for Ryde, where he purchased one of the gilded waiters at the Royal Pier Hotel and sat down to breakfast. In the forenoon A and B went out, one by one, to eastward. The German Emperor, though expected at the Cowes regatta, was

TOO MUCH INTERESTED

in the navy to leave it long for the yachts, and the "Victoria and Albert" took him and the Prince of Wales outward with the fleet. The two big squadrons went out in single column line. The ships were too far apart in this form to be very impressive as groups, but after rounding Bembridge Point the head ships slowed down, the after ones caught up and the procession went down the Isle of Wight coast. It was a grand sea picture that nobody living along the shore permitted himself to miss. St. Catherine's Point is a high bluff that rises hundreds of feet in precipitous shelves from the shore. From its summit the ocean was a flat, stretch of wide waters, whose distances were indefinite and interminable. Five miles out in the blue the "Immortalite" was steaming out into the channel, a snow white, symmetrical, rapidly disappearing spot on the waters. Three miles behind her came the grand procession, far enough away from an observer to gain for the first time during the week the quality of compactness. It sailed along in

TWO LONG COLUMNS.

B squadron was headed on the shore side by the "Northumberland," Vice-Admiral Beal's flag ship, with the "Rattlesnake," the torpedo catcher, on her starboard beam. Behind came the "Monarch," "Hero," "Mersey," "Arethusa," "Irish Conquerer," and "Grasshopper." Abreast of these was the other line sailing evenly with them and headed by the "Anson," Rear-Admiral's flagship, with the "Curlew," a torpedo catcher, on her portbeam. Behind were the "Iron Duke," the "Devestation," "Collingwood," "Calypso," "Camperdown," "Magicienne," and "Nymphe." There was a wide of stretch of sea, and then came A squadron following the same track. The "Hercules," Admiral Lyeon's flagship, headed the shore line, followed by the "Ajax," "Invincible," "Black Prince," "Northampton," "Undaunted," "Galates," "Thames," "Mercury," "Melpomene," "Serpent" and "Sandfly." Abreast of them were the "Rodney," Admiral Tracey's flagship, the "Howe," "Rupert," "Warspite," "shannon," "Narcissus," "Medea," "Marathon," "Mohawk" and "Spider," and over the glittering diamond stretch of deep, calm ocean, these massive ships, transformed by distance into pretty, tiny toys, passed slowly, to be lost to sight where blue meets blue. The B squadron, otherwise the Achill fleet, goes to Blacksod Bay, in Ireland; thence to England, with the unreal ferocity of an imaginary war. The A fleet, the chief defending squadron, goes to Milford Haven. The C squadron, defending, goes to Lamlash Bay, and, also defending, to Plymouth. F and G will protect the vicinities of Hull and Leith.

THE MORPHIA FIEND.

How the Drug Lures its Victims to a Horrible Death.

Imagine an instrument about the size of a pencil case constructed somewhat after the model of a wasp's sting, and fitting into a tiny case which will go with ease into the muff, the waistcoat pocket, or the bosom of the dress. The instrument itself may be of gold, and the case may be fashioned like a jewelled scent bottle or other trinket, and hang suspended from a chatelaine with the most innocuous air. This is the injector, and a slight punctuation of the skin with the waspish point is sufficient to enable the required quantity of the magic liquid to be discharged into the system. Nor is the term magic an exaggeration, for not more magical was the effect produced by the pills which the travelers swallowed in the cave of Monte Cristo than that which results from the injection of morphia. It must be, however, observed here that there are three distinct stages of morphia absorption, and all of them brief in duration, the last one briefest of all.

During the first stage the results are purely pleasurable, they bring a draught of fresh life into jaded limbs. The faculties receive a sudden stimulus, the callous sense of pleasure is sensitive once more, the vision of the world cast on the mental eye is drawn in rosy lines, the whole appreciation of things earthly is that of one who is prepared to drain the cup of life to the bottom and enjoy it to the full. The subject lives in a glamorous sense of vague happiness, her half-closing eyes reveal the state of exquisite lassitude which laps her limbs, she feels that her one enemy is exertion, she is too happy to trouble anything, all that she asks is that her friends should be happy around her, even as she is happy. Her hold on eternity lessens as her desire for it decreases. "Why take thought for the morrow?" would run her new reading of the text. "Sufficient for the day is the happiness thereof."

In time, however, a change comes o'er the spirit of this rose-colored dream. Its continuity becomes broken by dreadful periods of reaction, during which the victim is oppressed by all the horrors of intense melancholy and weakness, and from which relief can only be obtained by continual repetition of the process of injection. The baneful habit acquires a firmer hold by counter-irritations. It is so easy to drive away the blue devils that are making themselves apparent, to check the reaction which has begun to set in, to change the dark shadows which are clouding over the vision of life into the rainbow hues of the morning, to transform the victim of 'melancholy, the prospective suicide,' into the laughing child of pleasure whose creed is that of the half-pagan Leo X.: "Let us enjoy what God has given us." So easy—but only by the constant use of the fatal drug; and as the former slight injections have lost their power larger doses of the stimulant must be launched into the system before the desired effect can be produced.

The result, however, of the increase of the quantity injected is to develop the feeling of lassitude until in time—such a brief period!—it completely overpowers the senses and the victim becomes practically lost to the world. She lives in a rose-colored world of her own, in which happiness reigns supreme, and which she would not leave if she could; for her reentry into the life she has forsaken can only be accomplished by passing through a period of intense mental and bodily torture. She knows that she is slipping to extinction in a soulless, mechanical way, like a clock which inevitably runs down when its motive power is exhausted; but her appreciation of abstract ideas has become blurred; life has lost its meanings, death its terrors. Better it is, she thinks, so far as she compares her condition at all, to fade slowly and happily out of life without a thought or a care to checker the last brief period of existence than to face the struggle by which alone she could be saved. Indeed, it is doubtful whether, even if she could be kept by force from the use of the stimulant, she would not feel its loss so acutely that she would die in horrible agonies almost as quickly.

By a curious perversion, therefore, of the original object, it has been reserved for modern science to bring into existence and use the dream of the ancient poets—the drug which conferred happiness uncheckered and unalloyed. Were it possible, however, to analyze the mental condition of the victim during the hours of reaction, it might be possible to realize also tortures of the damned in mediæval hell.

WIMBLEDON AND ITS DISCIPLINE

It must be remembered that a very large staff of soldiers, including officers, is annually employed by the National Rifle Association with the sanction and assistance of the War Office. Under these circumstances it follows that if volunteers choose to attend in uniform they should observe the conditions imposed upon soldiers as regards their dress and the respect due to their seniors. We have ample authority for saying that the conduct of the majority of the volunteers who frequent Wimbledon has a most injurious effect upon the conduct of the non-commissioned men of the army who are sent there. If volunteers attend in uniform they should do so with a full sense of the responsibility attaching to the wearing of their clothes. We frequently observe officers, sergeants, and men of volunteer corps smoking, chatting, drinking together on those terms of equality which they no doubt possess in civilian life. With this we are not concerned as far as it affects that force, but the result has been that many of the regulars employed have shown a tendency to copy the lax example set them by the volunteers. Possibly we may be met with the assertion that all this is absurd, and that our facts are based upon unwarrantable data. We make these remarks with the knowledge that the point we have referred to will undoubtedly be taken up very strongly before the next meeting of the National Rifle Association. Of course volunteers, even in uniform, cannot be compelled to observe the usages incumbent upon their comrades of the line; but the question whether volunteers, when attending this annual meeting, should not be permitted or ordered to do so in plain clothes. It is announced that at Bisley there will be no entrance fee for visitors. Thereby it is to be presumed that volunteers in uniform will not gain any advantage over civilians in plain clothes. If such be the case, we would advocate the system of abolishing all contests now fired in uniform, and making the meeting thoroughly civilian. At present the semi-military character of the meeting does no good to anyone, and is, we believe, injurious to the discipline of the military element employed at it.—*Admiralty and Horse Guards' Gazette.*

THE TEMPERANCE COLONY.

A Teetotaller's Paradise. The rule of the Seven Wise Men.

It is pretty generally known that a Mr. Spencer from England, has for the past twelve months or so, been here wrestling for the establishment of a "Temperance Commonwealth" on Malcolm Island, in Johnston Strait. We are not aware to what extint he can be said to have been successful; but we daresay the following article, which appeared in the editorial column of the London *Telegraph*, on the 6th instant, will repay perusal:—

MODEL colonies are sure of success on one condition—that they consist of a single person who never changes his mind. This was the sort of attempt at a terrestrial which was tried by THOREAU in the woods near Boston in America, and, as there was nobody else in the settlement, disputes and differences of opinion as to the management could not occur. Like the actual experiment made by EMERSON and other enthusiasts, however, and graphically described by HAWTHORNE, THOREAU's settlement failed in the long run. He wanted to live a life absolutely independent of every created being; yet for his house, and his boots, and a good part of his food, and all his books, he was as dependent on his neighbors as the veriest Philistine in New York. There have no doubt been instances of model settlements which have succeeded; the Shaker community on Mount Lebanon is an instance of what can be done in this way in the United Stases; and abodes of bliss, where people live on grapes and grain and unlimited enthusiasm are to be found scattered up and down California. It rather a new development to find the some sort of thing breaking out in a British colony. There are, however, few social experiments which this fearless nineteenth century is not destined to see inaugurated; and the very latest seems to be that of a primitive and quite-too-good-for-this-wicked-world sort of brotherhood, which has its home at Malcolm Island, near British Columbia. The locality in question is near Vancouver's Island, is covered with timber, and boasts several good harbours; besides which it is in the track of mail-steamers—its enthusiastic organiser calls it "in the King's Highway"—its dimensions are twelve miles long by two miles wide. This is just the sort of size for an experiment in a Milennial colony. The settlers will never become so numerous as to be able to withdraw themselves out of sight of the presiding spirits; while the fact that the island, like most islands, is surrounded with water will prevent much contamination of the innocent inhabitants by the outside world. We have spoken of presiding spirits, but, as a matter of fact, no spirits of any kind will be allowed on this island. When fully colonised, Malcolm Island will contain twelve miles length of teetotallers. In order to emphasise this feature in the scheme, the settlement is to dubbed "Temperance Colony," and woe to the dissolute individual who first attempts to introduce a grog-shop in the district! However, the emigrant—let us say a Caledonian farmer—who likes a drop of whiskey now and again, will find considerable facility for setting up illicit and secret stills, inasmuch as the island is heavily timbered. It must not be imagined that the prohibition of alcohol is the sole distinguishing feature about this startling novelty in colonial ventures. There are a number of rules to which the intending emigrant must signify his or her adhesion before being allowed to set foot on this Island of the Blest. "Each applicant for membership will be required to furnish references and sign a declaration that he will conform to the rules of the commonwealth." One of the regulations is that all land, goods, and produce shall be held in common for the benefit of all; nobody shall work more than eight hours a day, or four hours on Saturdays; the "Committee"—consisting of a council of "Seven Wise Men"—will take upon themselves the responsibility of providing work, medical attendance, food, and clothing, for each member and his family, as well as education for the children, and sick, pay and pensions to widows. Truly a delightful prospect! Like a prudent man, the Governor of British Columbia knows that such schemes have a tendency to go out like a candle, and, consequently, has made it a condition of settlement that each head of a family should have erected for him a house of the value of one hundred pounds. On this understands he will be given eighty acres of land free, and be spared from paying taxes for one year.

There never was a place of this kind started without an announcement being made at the outset that "climate is far superior to that of England." In summer it would certainly seem to be a good deal hotter, because the organisers talk hopefully of "planting vines and eating the fruit thereof"; but this may be a merely allegorical expression. The solidest fact about the colony is its teetotalism, its government by Seven Wise Men, its incipient Socialism, and the rules it makes for the theological tolerance. Thus we find that everybody in this happy community is free to hold any religious creed he likes. In the same spirit all literature of a non-demoralising kind will be freely admitted. A really sensible feature of the plan is to be found in the regulation that every lad is to learn some trade, and every girl is to be instructed in household duties, family dressmaking needlework, nursing, cooking, singing, "piano forte and etiquette." Are the Seven Wise Men quite sure about the wisdom of introducing etiquette into this Eden? If so, they probably know best the means of attracting that feminine element without which no colony can possibly prosper for very long. "No girl," we further read with some surprise, "will be considered a servant, but will fulfil her appointment as a learner." It may astonish some social reformers to find that the seven wiseacres of Malcolm Island do not taboo marriage. It is not written "as soon as the children of the members are old enough to perform the sacred duties of marriage, they will first give to the municipal board three months' notice, in order to give the board time to erect and furnish their residences"—and then then the nuptial ceremony can be performed? Of course no wedding presents will be allowed, because is not everybody's property everybody else's? If you give a silver teapot to a bride in Malcolm Island, it goes to the Seven Wise Men, and through them, probably, to the melting pot. This, however, is a mere detail. It will be of some intesest to "Grand Old Men" all over the world to hear that nobody in Malcolm Island will be expected to work after the age of fifty-five; but it is kindly added, "he may do it voluntarily." As to enemies, the community will have none. They will go in for strictly peace principles, recognising the universal brotherhood of man, and, as they themselves quaintly put it, they will "know no foreigner but his Satanic Majesty." We trust that the Malcolm Island Foreign Office will be able to keep him out.

Does any intending British emigrant take kindly to the idea of becoming a settler on Malcolm Island? If so, he should listen to a few heart-rending and disillusioning particulars as to the class of people who are wanted there. If he happens to be churchwarden, a beadle, or a gamekeeper, he is decidedly not required; nor will he be accepted with transports of joy if he should appear in the shape of a clerk, business or professional man of any kind, mechanic, coalheaver, or clodhopper. Malcolm Island possesses no coal to heave, and no clods to hop over. Apparently the only people who will be thoroughly welcome are individuals willing to conform to the rules of the fraternity, and to hew wood or dig for minerals. As there is "no agricultural land," let not the deluded field-labourer or depressed tenant-farmer imagine that here is an El Dorado. Apart from the faddist element, all ordinary professions and callings are tabooed; no doctors, no clergymen, or lawyers "need apply"; and, although "wages are high," the dismal announcement is made that "there is no demand for labour excepting for female servants." Yet did we not understand that the young women were never to be called servants in this earthly Paradise, where none is greater or less than another—save always the Seven Elders and Wisers? Perhaps when the female domestic, as we know her in Europe, goes out to Malcolm Island, some ceremony is gone through which at once emancipates her from the name of servant. The duties she has to perform will be the same, only the pill will be gilded by some such title as that of "learner." It would, no doubt, be a change for the hard-worked female servant of a London lodging-house, for instance, or a home where "no washing is put out" and there are "twelve in family," to find herself in a place where eight hours of toil were considered sufficient on an ordinary day and four hours on Saturday. What, we may ask, would the female domestic, newly emigranted from Europe, and not dowered with many intellectual resources, do with all her spare time? Would it be allowable to go over to the mainland and have a "spree"? Or are such vanities forbidden by the charter of the community? It is certainly not altogether fair to overcrowded Europe, thirsting for the delights of Malcolm Island, to say coldly that female servants are the only persons required there. The Australian colonists have been more generous, and have generally made an exception in favour of agricultural labourers; but not so the Local Council or Committee of the Columbian island. The world will wait with "anxious expectancy" to see what comes of the proposed scheme, which, like other schemes, is not in a position to decline a subscription from sympathisers.—*Telegraph, London, Aug. 6th 1889.*

THIS AND THAT.

The dentist is rather a jolly fellow for one who looks down in the mouth so frequently.

A sea captain who is the most reckless is the one who ought to receive the biggest salary.

It is a mistake to suppose that worth makes the man. Worth makes the woman; Poole makes the man.

Smith—What are you doing-a-days?" Brown—Nothing. Living on my wits. Smith—Poor fellow! Come and take dinner with me.

Mildred Fuller, daughter of the Chief Justice, is to study law under the supervision of her father. She is the fourth of the eight daughters.

Wicked suitor—"Did you go to dress parade this afternoon, Sal?" Sal—"I went to church." Wicked suitor—"Well, that's what I meant."

"There's one thing that's hard to understand." "What is that"? "Why it is that in this era of trusts it is so extremely hard to get trusted."

Mr., Filfer—What leads you to think I am so very strong? Neighbor's girl—I heard pa say he believed you'd make a shoplifter with a little training.

Neighbor's girl—"We're going to have watermelon and green corn for dinner." Our girl—"That's nothing; we're going to have my aunt and cousin for dinner."

The Uses of Words.—Lawyer's Clerk—"Will you take a chair, Miss?" Boston Girl—"No, thank you, I wouldn't know what to do with it. But I'll sit down if I may."

"By Jove, Charlie, that's awfully jolly cane you have there." "That's not a cane, old man; it's a loaf of French bread I promised to take home to my wife, don't chew know."

Lawyer—"The ante-mortem statement says——" Judge—"Hold on, now. We don't care anything about what Ante Mortem or Uncle Mortem says; what did the deceased say himself?"

Ebenezer—"Did you water the cows to-night, Hiram?" Hiram—"No, I forgot." Ebenezer—"You shouldn't have forgotten, but then we will water the milk, and that will do just as well."

Mrs. Freshpork (back to Chicago from honeymooning in Europe)—Do you remember that gorge up in the mountains, Arthur? Wasn't it just lovely? Mr. F.—You bet! I never ate a squarer meal.

A countryman had consulted a fortune-teller as to the future. "You'll be poor, kind sir, until you're thirty," was the prediction of the Pythoness. "And then?" "Oh! after that you'll get used to it."

Must Be Used With Discrimination.—Mrs. Cumso—Wouldn't it be grand if Dr. Brown-Sequard has really discovered the exilir of life? Cumso—Yes, indeed; but don't tell your mother anything about it.

McFingle—I see that two Frenchmen fought a duel yesterday. McFangle—Yes; but there were no duel from a Frenchman's point of view. McFingle—Why? McFangle—Because one of the duellists was killed.

A Prudent Plan.—Customer—Now you are quite sure you have given me the proper drug and not some fatal poison? Druggist's Apprentice—Well, I wouldn't be real sure. May you'd better take some of it in and see.

City Dame (who has bought a little farm)—Mary, all those fresh eggs are soft, so go out in the barn and see if some of the chickens haven't laid some hard boiled eggs; I'm going to have a salad. Mary—Yes, mum.

"You will let me go to your wedding will you not dear?" said one girl to another. "Upon my word, I can't promise. My folks are such in a rage about my wedding that I am not sure they will even let