

This is the actual solution of the result in Nova Scotia. But why talk about it? The Government have carried Nova Scotia! The people have endorsed the National Policy! The heart of the country is sound! What a farce! To such an extent have we carried the party machine that \$50,000 subscribed by a body of contractors can change the whole result of a popular verdict in an entire Province. But the hour of awakening has got to come, sooner or later. Sir John Macdonald has been very successful in his methods, but the evil results of the system he has so adeptly created and carried out will extend for generations after he has been laid in his grave.

NOVA SCOTIAN.

LOVE AND DEATH.

BACK to the years when the light of Love
Shone like a beacon to guide me on,
Shone with the strength of the morning sun,
Shone like a pillar of fire above
My path, I wander, and dreamily rove
Through Memory's halls, when the day is done,
And sadly I think of the years that are gone,
And the bright, bright web that my fancy wove.

For I was young, and my hopes were great,
But a hard, rough hand dashed my dream aside;—
She floated away on the hurrying tide
Of Death's dark river, ah, cruel fate!
And I, in my anguish, madly cried:
"Come now, O Death! nor tarry late."

B. M. J.

JOTTINGS ALONG THE C. P. R.

(Concluding article.)

PORT MOODY is situated at the almost extreme end of Burrard Inlet, a fine sheet of water, twelve miles in extent, and of varying width, an estuary, as its name indicates, of the Pacific Ocean. A range of wooded hills rises from its shores on both sides, in a succession of promontories; these, following the conformation of the inlet, appear to meet in some places, and convey the impression of a large lake, on whose broad bosom numbers of gulls floated like foam flecks. We had to wait half an hour until one o'clock for the boat plying daily (Sundays excepted) between Victoria and Port Moody. The *Princess Louise* is a paddle-wheel steamer of the solid, old-fashioned type, with excellent accommodation for her eight-hour journey. As she steamed down the inlet, it opened out to a width, in some localities, of two miles. The town of Vancouver, the future terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is nine miles from Port Moody. While the boat was slowly manoeuvred close to a fine pier, my eyes rested upon rows and rows of ambitious wooden houses, filling the background with their inflammable materials, and I found it well nigh impossible to realise that these ambitious structures had arisen, in four months, from the ashes of a conflagration, which had, on the 4th of June, 1886, left only one house standing to mark the site of Vancouver No. 1. The buildings numbered, in October, over three hundred, and they were (I was told) far superior in style and construction to their predecessors.* Mr. Harry Abbott's residence was almost completed; it is excellent in design, and the situation most delightful, commanding an extensive view across the inlet to some wooded hills beyond. We stopped for half an hour at Vancouver, to discharge a large cargo of hay and oats. Soon after leaving there we entered the Gulf of Georgia, extending for a distance of thirty miles between the mainland and a group of large islands lying outside of Vancouver Island proper, as it is approached from this direction. It was ten o'clock at night and very dark when we arrived at Victoria; I was met by friends, whose house lay on the James Bay side, opposite the business quarter of the town. The harbour of the capital is completely landlocked; its waters spread themselves into numerous minor channels and bays, over one of which a high wooden bridge led to my destination, not half a mile from the dock.

Victoria is a city of some 12,000 inhabitants, a very heterogeneous population of whites, Indians, and Chinese; the latter number over 1,200, and occupy an especial quarter of the town assigned to them. At one time the influx of Celestials was so great that the Government levied a tax of \$50 on every new arrival; this has had a repressive effect upon Chinese immigration. The race at present so much discussed impressed me as a quiet, orderly, inoffensive people, who make excellent servants, and reliable hewers of wood and drawers of water; indeed, they seem to do all the menial work in Victoria, except the skilled labour, and to be universally employed. Their contempt for women is most amusing, and in their domestic capacity, they bow only to the master of the house, often dismissing the mistress from the kitchen by a curt "too much talkee, talkee go way." They fulfil all their household duties in a regular mechanical fashion, and prefer to do so alone and unassisted, being cooks, housemaids, parlourmaids, and laundresses in one unique combination. The most rational objection offered to their introduction and employment in new countries arises from the undoubted fact that they are non-consumers, live upon nothing, spend no money in their adopted land, but accumulate large sums, and ship them promptly to China—a view of the question which has not yet been touched upon in the general discussion of Chinese immigration. The city of Victoria is beautifully situated on its landlocked harbour, and possesses many handsome buildings, among others, the new Bank of

British Columbia, the Driard Hotel, and several fine shops on Government and Yates Streets. The Parliament Houses and Provincial Offices, on the James Bay side of the harbour, display a curious style of semi-Oriental architecture; they are set in the midst of well-kept and luxuriant grounds, and are well worth a visit. There is also a handsome theatre, small, but complete, and an excellent club. Indeed, the fame of the Union Club, in Victoria, has gone abroad far and wide to the distant corners of the globe. Most of the buildings in the city, with the exception of those I have mentioned, are wooden, as are all the private houses. The majority of these, however, are really villas, each standing in its own brilliant garden, gay with flowering shrubs and plants, and it is surprising how artistic such wooden walls can be made by the application of a little taste and a large quantity of paint. The verdure of the turf, the presence of holly, ivy, cypress, laurels, and other English plants, the vast expanse of brown bracken growing in every available spot along the road and on all waste lands, together with the woods of oak trees to be met with in every direction, give a very English flavour to Vancouver Island. Beacon Hill Park, half a mile from the centre of Victoria, is a stretch of broken downs, rising in one part to a slight elevation, as its name indicates. It is covered in the spring time with English daisies (not our bold, self-asserting Canadian *Marguerites*); but in October, when I saw it, it was rich in the warm, brown tints of a wilderness of bracken, which splashed the ground with lovely dull russet hues. This locality was very suggestive to my mind of the Hampshire coast, and the view from the highest point was entrancing, showing part of Vancouver Island extending in a broken line of wooded hills in the bluest of blue distances, with the entrances to the harbours of Victoria and Esquimaux, mere streaks of silver disappearing behind two belts of land. Looking across the straits of Juan de Fuca, whose waters wash the gravel beach below, the eye rests upon the beautiful range of the Olympian Mountains in Washington Territory, their bases showing apparently this inlet of the Pacific. Behind lies the city, and country adjacent to it, a well cultivated, fertile land, dotted with pretty houses and cottages nestling in luxuriant fields and groves. This view includes Carey Castle, the residence of the Lieut.-Governor, crowning the whole district from its lofty elevation, and offering a glorious picture of land and water, not speedily forgotten by the casual visitor. Should the weather be favourable, the snow-capped summit of Mount Baker, in American Territory, may be seen, lying like a blue-gray mass upon the horizon.

The drives about Victoria are delightful, and offer every variety of scenery; one of the most interesting is to Esquimaux, three miles from the city, the naval station of the Pacific squadron during the summer months. The flagship *Triumph* and the gun-boat *Cormorant* were the sole occupants of the landlocked harbour at this late season of the year. The Dominion Government have almost completed here a dry dock intended to accommodate vessels of a very large size. It is four hundred and fifty feet long, and twenty-six feet deep, with a width of ninety feet at the entrance, and is built entirely of concrete faced with sandstone. The Island Railway, between Victoria and Nanaimo, was finished this autumn; the latter place seventy miles from the capital, is situated on high rising ground, and has a fine harbour, besides being the important centre of the coaling interest of Vancouver Island. The coal mined there is of the best bituminous quality, and is largely shipped to San Francisco, the Sandwich Islands, and China; 300,000 tons are exported annually to California, where it commands the highest price, in spite of the 20 per cent. duty levied upon it. Esquimaux is naturally the coaling station of the Pacific squadron. The climate of Victoria was most enjoyable in October; the days bright and sunshiny, but the nights decidedly chilly, the temperature acquiring after sunset that penetrating sense of dampness inevitable on the sea-coast of the Dominion in the autumn season. I believe it is considered to be similar in character to the English climate during the winter months, and suffers like the British Isles from a very heavy rainfall, with occasional frost and snow. Victoria is called England without its east winds, and all the plants and shrubs peculiar to the Mother Country grow and flourish luxuriantly out of doors. The spring is early, and flowers may be said to bloom in the gardens all the year round. House rent is cheap in Victoria, and the accommodation it provides excellent. A good detached cottage, standing in a pretty bit of ground, and representing the ordinary habitation of the owner of a fixed income, rents at \$25 a month. Living, I believe, is expensive; all the luxuries and necessities of life are double the price of their Eastern equivalents, except fish and game, both cheap and abundant. Wages are high, for one Chinaman costs \$25 a month, but when the individual is secured, the investment is satisfactory. Fuel is an expensive item, but the houses are heated only by stoves or open fires. Money seems to be no object in British Columbia. The subject of expense does not occur, and coppers do not circulate. The Victorians appear to possess all they require, and to live simply, unostentatiously, but most hospitably, as all visitors to the capital will testify.

In conclusion, I can only add that the journey from Ontario to the Pacific, over a road as well engineered, equipped, and managed as the C. P. R., can confidently be recommended to all with the full assurance that it will not disappoint their most sanguine anticipations. The varied character alone of the scenery they will enjoy in travelling through this portion of the great Dominion cannot be surpassed in any country of the world. Beginning with the fertile districts of Ontario, they will soon pass, on to the iron-bound rocky shores of Lake Superior, and leaving these behind, cross the boundless prairies of the North-west only to revel in the beauty and grandeur of the Rocky, Selkirk, Gold, Cascade, and Coast Ranges, and will feel with me, when they end their journey amid the rural English surroundings of Vancouver Island, that they have indeed traversed a continent, and alighted in another world, "on the far Pacific slope."

E. S.

* \$83,166 was spent in building at Vancouver between July and December, 1886.