

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Round the world with the morning sun
Rear the cannons, proudly telling
This is the natal day of one
Other Kings and Queens excelling.

Fast and far over land and sea
Echo the notes of love and pleasure.
Glad bells, ringing joyously,
Sweet the song to its fullest measure.

Best beloved of the Queens of earth,
All thy subjects trust and love thee;
Well they admire thy matchless worth,
Honouring only God above thee.

Wishing thee many returns of the day,
Millions send thee a greeting loyal,
And with reverence ever pray:
"God save the Queen and the Family Royal!"
Stayner, Ont. C. E. JAKWAY, M.D.

THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

NEW RAILROADS NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION—THE VAST WHEAT EMPIRE NORTH AND WEST OF ST. PAUL—12,000 MILES OF NEW RAILROADS PROJECTED.

Prosperity has come to the great West. Railroad building has commenced again. Over 12,000 miles of new railroads are projected and will be built in the great West next summer. The trains are even now running 600 miles west and north of St. Paul to Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba.

A new country, draining all its wealth into the United States, is being settled in the North-west—or really in the very centre—of the continent of North America. This vast new country is called the Red River Valley and Manitoba. In this country, comprising about 60,000,000 acres of wheat land, is Lake Winnipeg, 300 miles long; the Saskatchewan River, navigable for steamboats 1,200 miles; the famous Red River, navigable for 600 miles, and the city of Winnipeg, containing 7,000 souls.

The new wheat field is really from 75 to 150 miles wide and 800 miles long. It extends from Glyndon on the Northern Pacific down the Red River to Winnipeg and on to the north end of Lake Winnipeg. The entire valley around Lake Winnipeg and along the Red, Saskatchewan and Assiniboine rivers is found to be an alluvial wheat field. It produces the best spring wheat in the market. Minnesota wheat this year ranks No. 2, 3 and 4, while this wheat raised between Glyndon and the Saskatchewan River is graded by the Minnesota millers as No. 1. It is the Red River wheat which is being principally ground in the Minneapolis mills this winter.

The emigration going north and west of St. Paul is immense. It surpasses the old emigration into Kansas and Nebraska. The books of the United States Land Office show that 1,324,000 acres of this wheat land has been entered the past season. That is, \$270 farms of 160 acres each have been taken up in the United States portion. The statistics showing the amount of land entered in Canada are not at hand, but the whole country is being settled up by Mennonites, Canadians, Norwegians and even pioneers from the United States.

Ten million bushels of wheat were grown in the new country last season, from Glyndon to the Saskatchewan River, all of which finds its outlet to market through the United States. It is taken up the Red River in steamboats to Fisher's Landing and over the Canadian Pacific Railroad from Winnipeg through Pembina and Glyndon to St. Paul.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has already finished about 400 miles of its road. Trains are already running over their rails from Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, to Pembina and St. Vincent, where they connect with the St. Paul and Pacific. Over the St. Paul and Pacific roads, just completed, trains run by Fisher's Landing on Red River to Glyndon on the Northern Pacific, where by two routes passengers connect with the Milwaukee and St. Paul and the Chicago and North-Western Railroad at St. Paul.

From Fisher's Landing steamboats run into Lake Winnipeg, 600 miles to the north. The time from St. Paul to Winnipeg is twenty-four hours.

The Canadian Pacific is also building both ways from Winnipeg and also from Fort William, situated on Thunder Bay, in Lake Superior.

From Winnipeg east towards Fort William seventy miles of track are laid, and from Fort William towards Winnipeg 100 miles of track are in running order. The intermediate space between Fort William and Winnipeg being graded and the rails are purchased and lie in piles at Fort William ready to be put down next summer.

From Winnipeg westward the Canadian Pacific is graded 200 miles towards Battleford on the Saskatchewan River and cars will run through to Blackwood next September; in fact, 700 miles of the Canadian Pacific from Fort William through Winnipeg to Blackwood by September, 1879. What a vast empire it will open up!

The Red, Assiniboine and Saskatchewan rivers are all large rivers now navigated by steamboats. On the Red River, between Winnipeg and Fisher's Landing, are running six large steamboats, while on the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan are eighteen others. All the products coming through these great rivers running into Lake Winnipeg will continue to find a market in the United States until the Canadian Pacific is finished from Winnipeg to Lake Superior, 420 miles.

The valley of the Red River is often seventy miles wide. The soil is black, prairie-like soil, like Illinois. The average yield of wheat last year was twenty bushels per acre.

A tremendous emigration is moving into this Red River and Lake Winnipeg country. I have no doubt that 250,000 people will go there next year—mainly from Canada and Europe, the residue from Southern Minnesota and Iowa.

The Northern Pacific, now running from Duluth to Bismarck, will be finished on through to the Yellowstone next summer.

A new territory as large as Iowa, Minnesota and Illinois is now being opened up in the North. This country is so new and emigration is so in advance of the geographers that there are no maps in this country to be had. For this reason the accompanying draft, showing this north country, its large rivers, splendid lakes, great railroads and millions of acres of land, has been copied from an advance copy of a map now being made by Rand & McNally, in Chicago.

Why has not this great wheat empire been settled before?

Because there have been no railroads there.

For sixty years such men as Lord Selkirk have been trying to settle up the land known in the early geographies as Prince Rupert's Land, named in honour of Prince Rupert or Robert of Bavaria, a cousin of King Charles II. of England. The first colony was sent by Lord Selkirk in 1811 from Scotland. They settled in about Winnipeg, but were driven out by the Hudson Bay Company and fled to Lower Canada.

The next attempt was made in 1820. They were a band of 200 Swiss. They came to Lake Winnipeg by way of Hudson's Bay and landed at York, situated at the mouth of Nilson River. Down Nilson River they sailed into Lake Winnipeg. Three weeks' more sailing took them 261 miles through Lake Winnipeg to the mouth of the Red River. Here they settled, staying two years. Finding no market for their produce they followed some Missouri drovers up Red River into the United States. They finally settled all along the Mississippi from Galena to St. Louis, leaving behind them in the very geographical centre of North America one of the richest farming countries on the continent.

And now for the third time this Manitoba is being settled again, and this time from the United States. In previous years civilization tried to settle this country in advance of the railroads. Rich as the land was civilization could not live without an outlet. Now the railroads have gone before the people. The Northern Pacific, the Milwaukee and St. Paul and the Canadian Pacific are all working with a tremendous vim. When the grass grows in the spring 1,500 men will be at work on the Canadian Pacific, and the accumulation of wheat in the great basin will burst its way over steel rails southward and eastward to Fort William, on Lake Superior, in less than a year.

The steel rails to complete the Canadian Pacific from Fort William, on Thunder Bay, in Lake Superior, to Winnipeg, are paid for now, and lie piled up at the two ends of the road to be used in the spring. The railroad men at St. Paul tell me that 1,200 men will be employed grading the track between Blackwood and Battleford.

The Assiniboine River is navigable for 300 miles. It is a splendid river, about half as large as the Ohio. John G. Whittier sailed up this river after visiting the St. Boniface mission at Winnipeg twenty-five years ago. Speaking of his trip on his return, the poet wrote:

Only, at times, a smoke wreath
With the lifting cloud-rack joins—
The smoke of the hunting lodges
Of the wild Assiniboines.

At the mouth of the Saskatchewan, just before it empties into Lake Winnipeg, are a succession of falls. A railroad four miles in length is now running around these falls. From these falls the Saskatchewan runs 450 miles west before it branches. The length of the river is over 2,000 miles. It is only 350 miles shorter than the Nile. It is along this river that the Canadian Pacific Railway will run.

From Lake Winnipeg there is a chain of lakes and rivers to Fort William. The central lake is the Lake of the Woods. There are several rapids and falls along this water route. Still twelve steamboats are engaged carrying freight and passengers up and down these lakes and rivers, freight and passengers being transported around the falls. The Canadian Government will straighten the course next summer, put in a few locks, and then steamboats can sail for 1,300 miles up the Saskatchewan through Lake Winnipeg into Lake Superior, and from thence to Montreal, or canal boats can be tugged to tide water at New York.

This map shows the continuation of the Southern Pacific Railroad in California, seventy miles up the Gila River towards Tucson, the capital of Arizona. It is the general impression that the Southern Pacific is being built towards Santa Fe. They are now laying the track at the rate of a mile a day. As soon as the Southern Pacific reaches Tucson it is to run south to the old city of Tubac, in Mexico, and from thence on towards the city of Mexico. Tubac and Calabazas, in Mexico, will be reached by rail next summer.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is now being finished to Albuquerque, a few miles south of the old city of Santa Fe, from whence the mines are drawing it on to unite with the Southern Pacific at Prescott, near Tucson.

There is now momentum enough in Colorado to push these roads through to Fort Yuma and Salt Lake. It is for this reason that the Southern Pacific turns south into Mexico.

The Texas Pacific is now 412 miles long from Shreveport to Fort Worth.

Two very important north and south line roads are now being built in the centre of the continent. I refer to the north and south lines at Ogden and Denver. From Ogden the Utah Northern Railroad is finished 187 miles north beyond Fort Hill to Smoke River Bridge, which is only twenty-four hours' stage ride from Yellowstone Park. South from Ogden the Utah Southern is built 150 miles south to Salt Lake and Goshen. The contract is now let to continue this road on south 150 miles farther in the spring. This will take it into the richest mining region in Utah and make the chain of north and south roads 722 miles long, or nearly four times as far as it is from New York to Boston. This north and south line will in a year or two extend from Helena, Montana, to Fort Yuma, giving Ogden another outlet to the Pacific Ocean besides the Union Pacific. Grading is now going on at both ends of this great transcontinental line. Commodore Garrison tells me that the Colorado is navigable for 300 miles north of Fort Yuma. By a year from next September Salt Lake will have a new rail and water communication with the Pacific Ocean.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is finished now from Denver south through Pueblo to Alamosa and Albuquerque, 325 miles. Trains are running now on 275 miles of the road and will run to Albuquerque in the spring. The Colorado Central runs north from Denver to Cheyenne on the Union Pacific 181 miles, making a continuous north and south line 450 miles long, or twice as far as from New York to Boston. The Denver and Cheyenne people have surveyed a route from Cheyenne through Fort Laramie to the Black Hills. This road, about 300 miles long, or a road from North Platte up the Platte Valley to the Black Hills, will soon be built.

The Kansas Pacific, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and the Colorado Central are all now pushing through the mines towards Salt Lake. Railroad men in Denver say that in less than two years a railroad will be built through the rich mining country from Denver to Salt Lake. The shipment of ore from these regions will warrant the building of such a road now. This road, with the Kansas Pacific, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and the Utah Southern, will make a second Pacific road from the East to the head of navigation on the Colorado River above Fort Yuma.

The Canadian Government sees that the Canadian Pacific road must now be finished to give a Canadian outlet to this rich Red River and Winnipeg country. This is the reason that 1,500 men are now blasting the rocks out between Winnipeg and Fort William. Canada does not like to see her products going to market through St. Paul and Chicago, as they are going now. At Battleford the Canadian Pacific strikes the rich coal fields of the British Provinces. These coal fields make it necessary for the Canadian Pacific to finish the line west of that point, and the Canadian authorities say it will be finished to that point, or from Fort William to Battleford, in less than three years.

It is eighty miles from San Antonio, Tex., to Laredo on the Rio Grande, and 700 miles from Laredo to Mazatlan, a good harbour on the Pacific. This road is now surveyed. The Southern Pacific will cross it and then give St. Louis, Galveston and New Orleans another outlet to San Francisco. Next summer will see more railroads built than any previous summer has seen. More iron will be consumed, more foundries will be run, more mines will be worked and a greater prosperity will come to the country.

ELI PERKINS.

LORD DUNDREARY.

[WRITTEN FOR PUBLIC READING.]

LORD D. (sniffing a perfumed note.)—What a fragrant caw-caw she is! "Yours, Awabella." My Awabella! Not if I know it. (Sniffs note again.) Awamatic Awabella! What a pretty idea! "Awamatic Awabella." Pon my life, it would pay some fellow to follow me about and jot down my pretty ideas, like what's-his-name used to do with Dr. Watts. No, not Dr. Watts;—he with the "Bithy Bee" man, but the other fellow, Old Dictionary. (Reads note.)

"Dear Lord Dundreary,—

"Knowing your lordship's critical taithte, I have ventured to send you my Mental Photograph Album, in the hope you will kindly fill in one of its pages from your own pen."

"My own pen!" Why, why—what the dooth does she mean? Does she think I'd steal thome other fellow's pen! Her "Mental Photograph Album." Wants my photograph, I thuppose. Well, I can't blame her for that, you know. (Opens album.) "Question No. 1.—Whath my fav'rite name for a lady?" Now, Awamatic Awabella, that won't do. You ekthpect I'm going to fill in your own name;—you know you do, and then you'd have an action for breach of—breach of what-you-call-it against me. That's just how my brother Tham was caught. Augutha Gaddy, a vewy knowing girl, and who got up pretty early in the morning, pretended one day to be thick. So poor Tham (he wath such an impulsive fellow was Tham)—sends her a pot of pweserved peaches,

and composes a label like this, which he stwings on it:—

"Augutha, when you take this jam,
I hope you'll try and think of Tham."

"Think of him!" By George, she did think of him,—and so did old Gaddy and the whole crew, and, between 'em all, they scared poor Tham into believing he had wined Augutha's peace of mind, and that the only escape from £10,000 damages was to marry the girl at once. I don't want to be let in for a sewape of that sort.

"What's my favowite name for a gentle-man?" Well, I've always thought "Dundweary" rather a pretty name. It's so ew—ew—something or other—uniform—no—unicorn—no—euphonious.—Talking of names, who should I meet in the Park to-day but Perky Pilkington! Hadn't seen him for years. "Hallo, Pilkington!" I cried, "glad to meet you again, old fellah,—but how you have changed;—would hardly know you again!" "You're mistaken," says he, "my name isn't Pilkington." And the fellah bobs his head and passes on. Why, you see, his vewy name must have changed too; or, perhaps, after all, he was some other fellah! But then, if he wath some other fellah, how on earth could he have been Pilkington! And then if he wath Pilkington, why wathn't "Pilkington" his name? Unleth, of course, he had got married; but then he didn't look like that. Thome thing doosid odd about it all.

She next wants to know "what's my fav'rite widdle?" Now, hang it, when a fellah comes to think of it, I don't quite see why Awabella should take such a vewy tender concern in me. Confound it, I don't care what her fav'rite widdle is. She'll want to know next which is my fav'rite corn. And I never did think much of widdles. Never can see where the laugh comes in. And so I have to pretend to enjoy them so awfully and be a regular hip—hip—hippopotamus,—no, that's not it—hip—perre. The best widdle I ever heard, and that wath a good one; my bwother Tham uthed to ask it everywhere—said it was his own; that—that wath a good one. (Chuckles in relish of the riddle.) What was it? "Why?"—(I know it began with "why.") A good many of Tham's widdles used to begin with "why." "Why was?"—well, I don't quite wekember the fast part, but the anther wath awfully good: "Becaith it makth the buttercup." I always uthed to laugh when Tham athked that widdle. Poor Tham! Poor Tham! (Wipes away a tear.) Augutha Gaddy wath too much for him. "Gaddy!"—of couth, I wekember now. The anther wathn't "Becaith it makth the buttercup," but the buttercup. Knew it had something to do with—butter.

I may as well see what else she wants to know. Ah! "Who's my fav'rite poet?" Yeth, that's just what the girls are always asking me in quadrilles. I do hate questions of that sort. They thound so much like widdles. Only last night, little Laura Gushington was boring me with some doosid nonsense of this kind. Wanted to know if I didn't adore Tennyson? I told her no, I didn't care a—well, I let her know I managed to get along vewy well without him. Why should I adore Tennyson? I don't suppose he adores me. Perhaps, though, that's because he doesn't know me. And then, "Was I fond of Longfellow?" I told her again, no, nor of any other fellow.

And here comes No. 5: "Were you ever in love, and, if so, how much?" Well, I hope I may never make thuch an ath of myself as that. Poor Tham uthed to ask, "Have you ever had the measles, and, if so, how many?" Talking of measles—no, I mean of being in love—I suppothe that lovely Fwench widow I met at Lady Gelatine's last night will be dropping in here in a moment. She said she wanted me to help her in something or other, to belong to some idiotic society; but she would keep wattle away in Fwench, and I couldn't make her more than half out. I only hope her intentions are honourable. Ah! I hear a wing.

[Enter servant, who announces Madame De Mille Graces.]

MADAME DE M. G.—Ah, mon cher Lord Dundreary, que je suis heureuse de vous revoir! N'est-ce pas que l'on s'est bien amusé hier au soir chez Madame Gelatine? Ah! quelle musique! quelle belle soirée! Et, surtout, quelles belles femmes! C'est moi qui vous ai bien observé faisant la cour à la petite Anglaise, en sole verte. Ah, que vous êtes méchant, méchant!

LORD D.—Weally, this is a doothid painful position for a fellow to be in! I call it ex—ex—crushntorious. Madame, voulez-vous—je vous pwie, parler twès dithinctement et twès—slow? Mais, madame, ce qui theraît beaucoup—better thera parler Anglus. Madame, vous qui êtes tout-à-fait trop awfully charmante, pouvez sans doute bien parler Anglus.

MADAME M. G.—Ah, milord Dundreary est toujours gallant. But I will try for to speak in poor English. Eh bien, milord, il faut vous expliquer dat der is a société on de tapis pour l'abolition of what you call white keed glove, aux bals et aux soirées. Vous demandez, n'est-ce pas, pourquoi l'on veut un tel changement: ah! excusez-moi; you ask why we demand this great revolution, and we respond, "For de great cause of réforme morale."

LORD D.—More what, madame?

MADAME M. G.—Réforme morale. De moral reform.

LORD D.—Why, what a thttoo—thttoo—no, not thttoo—thttoo—pendous idea. As you would say, "Gwandiose!"

MADAME M. G.—Mais voici la théorie sur