



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.—This picture gives a good idea of the principal street of our young Chicago, with its ample width, tramways and elegant buildings. These are mostly of excellent stone and brick, and some of the stones are unsurpassed in either Toronto or Montreal. Winnipeg is lit at night by electricity, and is adopting all the "modern improvements" in the paving of its streets and the laying of its sidewalks.

MOUNT STEPHEN.—This great peak is the most striking feature of the Kicking Horse region of the Rocky Mountains. After climbing the eastern slope, and dipping over the highest point of the C. P. R. line, the traveller sees towards the north, stretched out between glacier-crowned mountains on either side, one of the grandest highland valleys in the world. To the left Mount Stephen rears its dome-like head 8,000 feet above the valley, and displays over its broad shoulder a grand cloak of shining green ice—a glacier 800 feet thick, overhanging a huge vertical cliff. The sight is indescribably grand. In our illustration is seen the little hotel at which tourists fond of fly-fishing and climbing can enjoy themselves and find comfortable quarters. The station here is named Field, and is at an elevation of 4,050 feet. Two miles beyond Field the line rises from the flats of the Wapta (or Kicking Horse), and after crossing a high bridge over the Ottetail river (whence one of the finest views is obtained), descends again to the Wapta, whose narrow valley divides the Ottetail and Van Horne ranges. The line, which has gradually curved towards the south since crossing the summit at Stephen, runs due south from here to Leachcoil, where the Beaverfoot River comes in from the south and joins the Wapta. At the left, the highest peaks of the Ottetail Mountains rise abruptly to an immense height; and, looking south, a magnificent range of peaks extends in orderly array towards the southeast as far as the eye can reach. These are the Beaverfoot Mountains. At the right, Mount Hunter pushes his huge mass forward like a wedge between the Ottetail and Beaverfoot ranges. The river turns abruptly against his base and plunges into the lower Kicking Horse canyon, down which it disputes the passage with the railway.

THE UNION STATION, TORONTO, of which we give an engraving, is one of the most important termini in Canada. Six lines of railway have a terminus here, viz., the Great Western Division of the Grand Trunk, the Toronto, Grey & Bruce, the Credit Valley (the two latter comprising the Ontario Division of the Canadian Pacific), the Northern, the Northwestern, and the Midland Divisions of the Grand Trunk. The main lines of the latter and of the C. P. R. also pass through the Union Station.

THE TORONTO POST OFFICE is situated on Adelaide street east, facing Toronto street, and was opened to the public on Monday, 20th April, 1874. The style of architecture is Italian. It is 75 feet in front by 60 feet in depth, and is 66 feet to the eaves, but a dome carries it 35 feet higher. The building is of richly wrought Ohio stone, three stories high, with a basement and a lofty attic in a Mansard roof. The front elevation is composed of a central brick, which is relieved with complex columns and pilasters, with polished caps and marble bases, and moulded cornices at heights corresponding with each floor. On each side of the central break is a recess bay, and beyond, at each outer angle, a tower having instriated pilasters and a continuation of the cornices, as on the pilasters of the central break. In the rear of the main building is another, one story high, with basement.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—As the contest for the election of a President and a Vice-President is now going on, and will last till the first Monday in next November, we have grouped together in the present issue the pictures of the four candidates that our readers may follow the issue with the interest that attaches to a knowledge of the human face. There is no need of giving the detailed history of these gentlemen, as all the papers did so at the time of their nomination and since. It will be enough to say that President Cleveland is seeking election for a second term, founding his claim on his administration, which is familiar to our readers. Mr. Thurman, the Democratic candidate for the second place, under Mr. Cleveland, has been in public life for over half a century, in State and Federal offices, and throughout has approved himself a statesman of the highest rank and, altogether, one of the ablest men in the United States. General Benjamin Harrison, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, is one of those available men whom the West is able to furnish in plenty, being thoroughly fitted, both in political experience and in honesty of purpose. If elected, he will make a good Chief Magistrate, although without a speck of brilliancy. The candidate for the Vice-Presidency is even more widely known than his superior, but not for the same services rendered. He is a gentleman of large means, of culture, and an intense partisan, who is expected to spend money freely, for his own and his party's behoof, in the decisive intervention of New York state. Whichever side wins, there is this assurance, that the American Union, in several respects the greatest nation of the earth, will be ruled by men of personal worth, who would do honour to any country.

FLOWER PEDDLER IN PARIS.—The flower selling trade is an important one in Paris, and, as our illustration shows, is not confined to fine shops on the boulevards. Hand carts, laden with colour and perfume, are wheeled through the streets by women, who sell their wares from door to door and to the pedestrians they meet. Thus it is that we see these two dainty Parisian ladies selecting corsage bouquets wherewith to set off their coquettish spring toilettes. The painting, by Louis de Schryner, was one of the most admired in the exhibition of the spring *salon*.

A RUSSIAN BEAUTY.—This is a study of a female head, by T. P. Chovmakoff, engraved by Parr. The excellent works executed by this talented Russian painter are well known in London, and especially in Paris, where the artist has been living these many years. They are chiefly female heads, of a very small size, done in oil colours, on mostly red wood. Our illustration shows the natural size, and is in reality a *fac simile* of one of Chovmakoff's pictures.

ALL ALONE.—We are pleased to be able to lay before our readers this etching by the late Allan Edson, lately cut off in his prime, and whose "reliques" fetched such good prices at public sale some weeks ago. The trunk of a hoary oak has been blasted by the lightning, and, like Lear in the play, stands still braving the elements and, although shorn of his boughs, gives shelter to the birds of the air and holds a nestful of eggs. As an etching the work is specially fine.

WILD TALK ON ART.

A FIERCE onslaught by Mr. Frederic Harrison on picture exhibitions is one of the most noteworthy articles in a late *Nineteenth Century*. We quote, to show the reader what idle talk a clever man may use. We defy any one to tell, after reading the passage, what the writer was driving at. After objecting strongly to the hotch-potch which the walls of a large exhibition inevitably present when "Holy Virgins, washerwomen, Rapes of the Sabines, scenes from Pickwick, Leda, Dr. Jenson with Boswell, and Lord Mayors in robes of office" are crammed side by side, Mr. Harrison says: "The discordant hubbub of modern picture exhibitions is the least part of the evil. It is the divorce of heart from the highest religious, social, intellectual movement of the age which is the root of decadence in art. It is the substitution of democratic licence and personal caprice for grand traditions and loyal service in the larger forces of life. Here is the root of feebleness, far more than in deficient training, crude *technique*, and picture Barnums. In all great epochs of art the painter frankly accepted certain great canons of religious, social, or artistic convention. He thoroughly felt his art to be the expression of the religious, social, and intellectual movement of his time. He took it to be his business to give that movement colour and form. His art was not at all self-sufficing and detached. It was simply one of the artistic modes of expressing what was deepest and most commanding in the spiritual world. The painter was the servant—the free, willing, creative servant, but the servant of the priest, the thinker, the poet, and the statesman. Pericles, Ictinus, and Pheidias laboured on the Parthenon in one common conception; a work by Lysippus, Polykleitus, or Zeuxis was an affair of State; a great statesman of Rome has identified his name with the Pantheon, one of the most original conceptions in the history of art. Giotto worked in the Arena Chapel under the eye of Dante, and apparently under his inspiration. Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, and Mantegna lived on the topmost wave of one of the most wonderful outbursts of the human intellect. Leonardo and Michael Angelo were two of its mightiest forces, even had neither ever touched a pencil. Raphael, Benvenuto, Titian, Valasquez, Jean Goujon, Rubens, Reynolds were the intimates and the equals of all that their ages possessed of brain, of knowledge, of force. Painting, which is a secondary and not a primary form of human skill, cannot sever itself from power, from religion, from thought, without becoming at once feeble and wayward. The note of too much of modern painting is to be at once silly and *bizarre*. It has flung off all guides, teachers and traditions; repudiates any sort of connection with religion, thought, or rule; decides everything out of its own head; and regards anything and everything as a proper subject for a picture, from the Day of Judgment to a mushroom."

ARKANSAS HERO-WORSHIP.

Mr. Garland, formerly senator from the state of Arkansas, and now Attorney General in the Cleveland administration, is very popular in his native state, as the following characteristic story shows, which we publish for its genuine western humour. Once upon a time two leading Democratic senators were at Hot Springs, and they wandered out into Garland county, Arkansas, and night overtaking them, they lost their way. They sauntered over to a rude settlement and asked for accommodation for the night, first informing the farmer who they were. He was glad to take them in, and such as he had he offered cheerfully. The house had but one big room, and the family ate, cooked and slept in that room. After a hearty supper of corn bread, bacon, coffee, milk, etc., and the comfortable smoke from clay pipes, the light was blown and the senators went to bed over in one corner of the room, and the owner of the place, his wife and children, took possession of the other corner. It seems that the man had several yellow hounds so thin and poor that you could almost see through them. One of them was under the bed occupied by the statesmen. The animal got to scratching himself vigorously, and the bone in his knee-joint made such a fuss that the guests of the night could not sleep. Finally one of the senators said to his companion: "You are on the outside of the bed; take a shoe and break that blame dog's back, if that is necessary to quiet him. The noise is painful enough; but if he keeps on scratching we will soon be full of fleas ourselves." Instantly the farmer was on his feet, and there in the dead of the night, he said, excitedly: "That er dog, gentlemen, is named Gus Garland, after the greatest man in this here whole state. I think as much of him as I do al-most of my young uns, and you can't tech a har on him—not if I'm round, at least." The jolly senators laughed and promised not to harm the canine, which scratched repeatedly during the night and prevented them from sleeping except in broken dozes.

TO LACLEDE.

ON THE SAD 17TH JULY.

Sad is affliction, howso'er it fall;
But saddest seems it when the Angel Death
Creeps o'er a threshold for the last faint breath
Of some dear darling, loved as best of all.
This is thy grief to-day. My heart and soul
Are with thee in thy sorrow, and I seem
Like one dumbfounded by a sad, weird dream,
That leaves no scope the feelings to control.
Thy tears are falling o'er thy lov'd one, cold,—
And agony of silence reigns around;—
Ah! to this silence let thy heart be bound,—
The brighter years are with that happier fold
That lives the heavenly life. Do not repine:
Thy daughter knows no grief,—the sorrow is but thine.

HENRY PRINCE.

BEYOND THE SEAS.

Beyond the seas there is another world,
Beyond this life there dawns another love,
So shall thy mystic sails, sweet isle, be furled,
And not a cloud be seen in heaven above!

The world beyond is all unknown to us,
Its lands too happy for us to conceive,
Its seas in ripples multitudinous
Together thousand sky-reflections weave!

One thing we know; the love that ever streams
Upon the world where change is not a death,
Is one with ours—our intermittent gleams
Are portion of the light which conquerseth.

Our love is hidden in glooms of selfishness,
We see not all we have, for we are blind;
We feel, at times, what never words express—
Things which of Heaven our spirits should remind.

We know not now, and is it therefore not?
Because we have not seen, shall we not see?
Poor heart!—thou 'rt wiser far since nought can blot
From thy fond faith the thought of what shall be.

The seas of God with blisses are impearled,
And over them he broodeth like a dove;
Beyond the seas there lies another world,
Beyond this life there dawns another love!

NORMAN D'ARMSON.

Sewanee, Tenn., July, 1888.