



THE FALLS OF NIAGARA, FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE.

NIAGARA FALLS AND THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

TORONTO is greatly favoured in having so many delightful pleasure and health resorts near hand. The most notable of these is the world's great wonder—Niagara Falls and the gorge of the Niagara river. These are brought within easy reach in very short time, by the splendid new steamer *Chippewa*, which crosses the lake in less than two hours, and carries 2,500 passengers, and by the new electric railway from Queenston to Chippewa. The tide of travel must be enormous, which can maintain twelve trips a day between Queenston and Toronto, now made by the steamers of the Niagara Line.

We have seen some of the grandest scenery of the Rockies and Sierras, of the Alps and Appenines, of Lebanon and Taurus, but we do not know any scenery that, for mingled beauty and sublimity, will surpass that between Queenston and Chippewa—including the marvels of the world's great cataract. The thrilling historical memories of Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane will stir the blood in every patriotic Canadian.

As the electric train climbs the steep escarpment at Queenston, we pass close by the spot where fell Canada's brave hero, Sir Isaac Brock, and from the summit his noble monument looks down upon the fair landscape of the country which he died to defend. As seen in the soft, afternoon light, we know no scene more lovely than that fertile plain, studded with farmsteads and smiling orchards, traversed by the noble Niagara river, as shown in the cut above.

The electric road follows the cliff so close to the edge of the precipice, that one can look sheer down through the climbing spruces and maples to the angry river, which rages and chafes far below. The road then makes a sweep completely around the famous whirlpool, giving views of it from every side. The finest of these, however, is from the airy-looking steel trestle-bridge which leaps across a narrow ravine directly to the west. Then soon come to view three of the most remarkable bridges in the world—the old and new suspension bridges, and the first great cantilever which was ever constructed.

Thank God that, as this angry stream has been spanned by these marvellous structures, across which throbs a ceaseless tide of traffic and of travel, so the deep chasm, through which once raged the angry tide of war, between the kindred people

who dwell upon its borders, has been knit together by golden ties of mutual interest and mutual trust.

As for the great cataract, words are powerless to express its grandeur. The view of the American Falls, shown in our cut, as seen from the electric railway, is one of surpassing beauty.

The Governments of Ontario and of the United States did a noble work in creating on either side a beautiful park for the preservation of the natural beauties of the scene. We hope that the scars made by running the electric road through this park will soon be healed by the kindly ministries of Nature. We would suggest that the space between the rails be sodded, as we have seen on suburban roads near Boston, and then only the two gleaming lines of steel will indicate where the road runs.

Many Canadians are unfamiliar with the beauties of those lovely islands—named from Lord Dufferin, whose far-sighted sagacity suggested the park reservation on either side of the river. These are now made easily accessible by the electric road.

We are proud that this railway is entirely Canadian in its officary, engineers, and manufacturers of its cars and electric plant. Our first visit was in connection with the Metropolitan Church Sunday-school picnic. About eight hundred pic-nickers, with a large excursion, were safely conveyed along this route.

We reprint, from the *Canadian Electric News*, the following items about this road:

"THE NIAGARA FALLS PARK AND RIVER RAILWAY.

"The road has made a good record, carrying 1,200 passengers from the Falls to Queenston in an hour and a half at one time. Though built primarily for passenger traffic, there is some likelihood of its also being used lucratively for carrying light freight, such as fruit, etc., down to Queenston, to be shipped to Toronto and other lake ports.

"The road in construction and management is wholly Canadian. Mr. W. A. Grant, who has been connected with the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific railways for a number of years, is the general manager of the road. He is a gentleman of courtesy and capability, and has risen rapidly to the place he now holds.

"The road was laid out under the direction of Mr. W. T. Jennings, C.E., of Toronto. The bridges are mostly of steel, or else standard railway trestles, and were constructed by the Hamilton Bridge Company. Safety is especially looked after by

placing guard-rails and rail-braces on curves, to prevent cars getting off the tracks, or getting away if they should go off along the precipitous banks which they skirt.

"At the whirlpool rapids there is an incline railway which is run in connection with the road, and which is worked after a novel though simple manner. There are two cars with seats in steps, made to hold from fifteen to twenty people. These are on the inclined rails, and are connected to each other by a double steel cable, which passes over a drum at the top of the slope, so that when one car is descending the other is ascending, and when one is at the bottom the other is at the top. Each car is provided with a large tank underneath the seats, and when the car is at the top, water—which is supplied from a neighbouring stream—is poured rapidly into this until there is sufficient to overbalance the car below, which has in the meantime been discharged when it reached the bottom. The capacity of the tank is sufficient to allow the car going down light to bring up the other loaded." This ingenious arrangement, common enough in Switzerland, is, we believe, the only one of the sort in Canada.

ROSE, THISTLE, AND SHAMROCK.

The adoption of the rose as a national flower by England dates from so long back that Pliny wondered if Albion took its name from its white cliffs, or white roses. In Edward the Third's reign, a gold coin was struck called a "rose noble," bearing a rose on one of its faces. We are all familiar with the flower, too, in the wars of the Roses.

Then the thistle! Tradition says that the thistle, with its motto, "Who shall dare meddle with me?" was first adopted as a symbol of Scotland under these circumstances: A party of invading Danes attempted to surprise the Scotch army by night. Under cover of darkness they approached the slumbering camp, when one of them trod on a prickly thistle, his cry of pain arousing the Scotch, who flew to arms, and chased the invaders from the field. From that day the thistle was honoured, and worn as the badge of Scotland.

The Shamrock, the badge of Ireland, has another story connected with it. Saint Patrick, instructing the Irish in Christian doctrine, found it hard to give them an idea of the Holy Trinity. He therefore stooped and gathered a shamrock, using it

as an illustration, and so satisfying the people, that ever since they have carried it as their national emblem. Queen Victoria also wears the trefoil in her royal diadem in place of the lilies of France.

God Save Canada.

BY DOUGLAS SLADEN.

BENEATH our northern skies
Behold a nation rise,
Born of two foes;
Destined, as earth grows old,
Glory and power to hold,
As those two rivals bold,
Lily and Rose.

God reared the lonely child,
Bred in the frost and wild,
For some great end;
Forest and waste untracked,
Snow deep and cataract,
Passes with glaciers packed,
Make her their friend.

Exiles for England's sake
Loved she, and bade them take
Half she possessed.
And, when the foeman came
Brandishing sword and flame,
Hurling him with wound and shame
Back from her breast.

Direly he felt thine arm,
Young Queen, at Chrysler's Farm
And Chateauguay;
And on the lofty shores,
Where vast Niagara roars,
Learned how the lion goes,
Standing at bay.

God save our Canada,
Long live our Canada,
Loyal, though free!
Steering her own stout helm,
No storm shall overwhelm
"A realm within a realm"
That rules the sea.

—Immigrant Inspector—"Did you contract to perform any species of labour before coming to this country? Immigrant—No, your Honour; I was promised a job in the Strate-Claining Department.

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