

OUR ENGRAVINGS

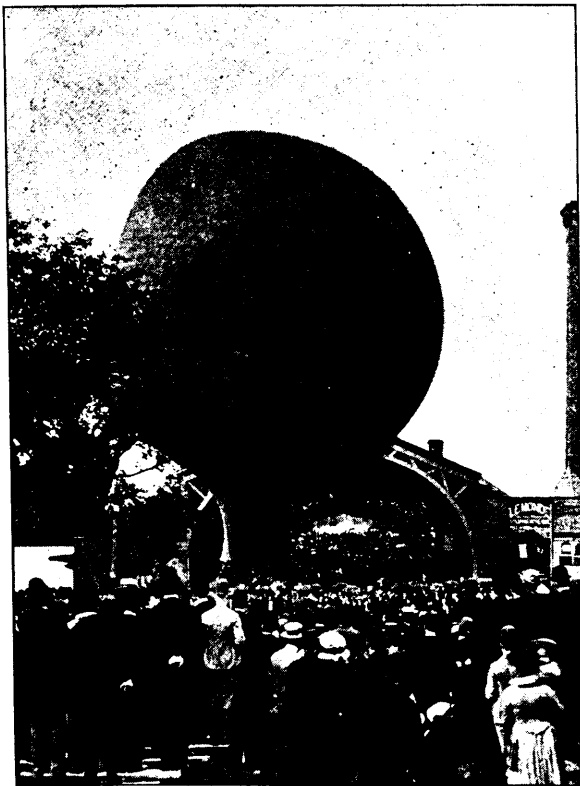
MOUNT BURGESS AND EMERALD LAKE.—Of the many illustrations of our western scenery that have appeared in this journal, there is not a single scene, probably, more strikingly picturesque than the view in this engraving. All the charms of mountain, lake and forest are here combined to form one of Nature's masterpieces. The quiet waters, with the wealth of luxuriant foliage reflected in their surface as in a mirror, the great bare rock masses towering overhead, and the play of light and shade alternately emphasizing and toning down the salient features of the landscape, all in turn attract the eye. It is a grand example of Nature's grouping, of the blending of the sublime and the beautiful, and the pleasure that it gives in its pictorial reproduction fully accounts for the enthusiasm with which tourists journeying overland to the Pacific have written of the Canadian route.

SQUAW AND PAPOOSE, NEAR YALE, B.C.—It is at Yale that the canyon of the Fraser ends and the river widens out. Here may be seen Chinamen washing gold in the sand-bars and Indians herding cattle in the meadows, and the villages of the Indians, each with its little unpainted houses and miniature chapel, alternate rapidly with the collections of huts where the Chinamen congregate. Our engraving shows an example—and a characteristic one of this part of the province. The woman, who is in the prime of life, is carrying her baby in the traditional fashion, and a fine little fellow he seems to be. The picture is an extremely effective one, the artist having placed the leading figures in an admirable position for bringing out both themselves and their environment to good purpose. It shows what photography can be made to accomplish in skilful hands, when taste and judgment preside at the operation.

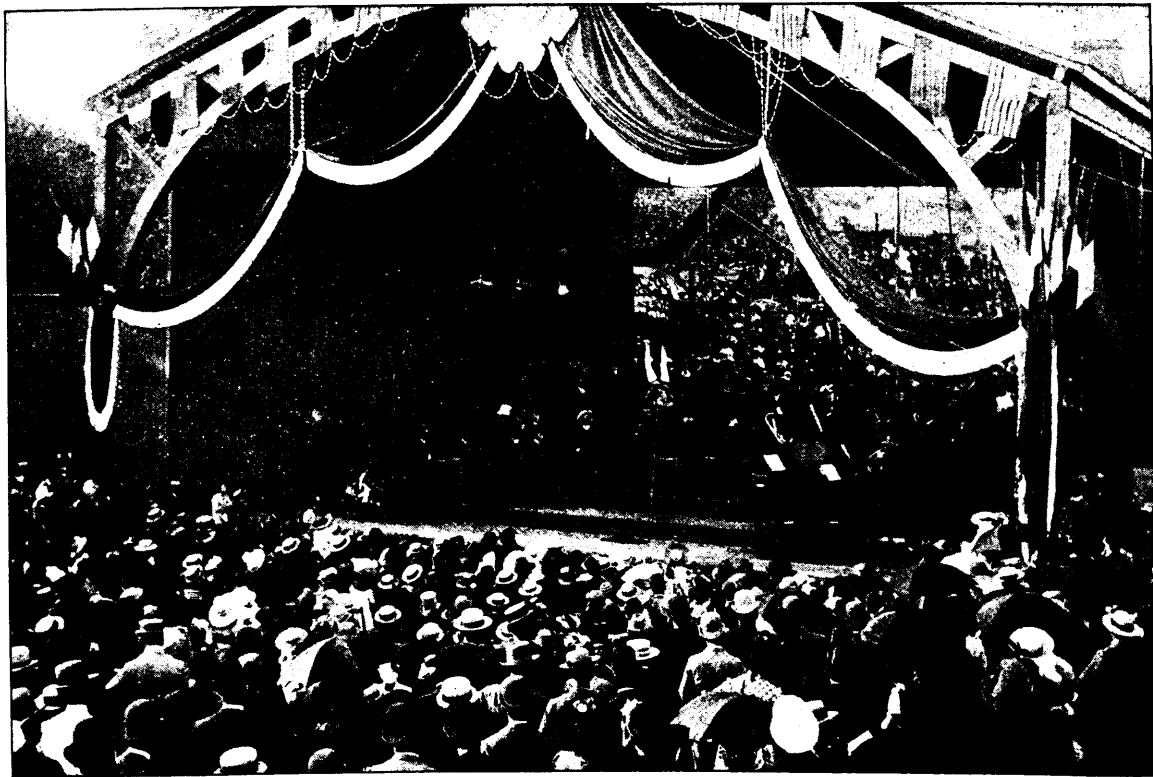
SOHMER PARK—VIEW FROM ENTRANCE, LOOKING TOWARDS BAND STAND.—Our readers may, from this engraving, form some idea of what Sohmer Park appears to one entering it for the first time. The contrast from the din and dust of the street just left behind is as extraordinary as it is agreeable. The person who is in need of rest or recreation, who loves fine music or fine scenery, finds himself or herself suddenly transplanted into the presence of all that can be desired in all these phases of enjoyment. The ground out of which the park was made was once one of the finest of those old gardens which are mentioned by Bouchette and a long succession of tourists as the glory of Montreal in the early part of the present century. It is thus described by a traveller, who was entertained in 1805 by the proprietor of that time: "This gentleman's house is situated on an eminence whence there is a charming prospect of an extensive tract of the river and several of its islands. Adjoining it is an extensive and well-managed garden, in which are to be found not only the plants seen in ordinary gardens, but many exotics—those of milder climates being preserved in a greenhouse." And then he describes the trees, the aviary, the wild animals kept in willing captivity, and a number of other attractions which added to the distinction of the establishment. Now, the main features which made the spacious garden one of the wonders of that distant day are still preserved in Sohmer Park, which has, besides, a number of attractions more in harmony with modern tastes, and more adapted to a variety of pleasure seekers. The natural charms of the site are unchanged. But beneath the ancient trees are luxurious seats for the tired visitors, with exquisite music, refreshments *ad libitum*, and a constant succession of all sorts of unusual spectacles to give a fresh turn to the thoughts of the citizen wearied with monotonous drudgery.

Of the character of these amusements for the gratification of eye and ear, it would be vain to attempt a catalogue, as they are practically limitless. But the frequenters of Sohmer Park know that there is never absent some fresh delight for those who are capable of being amused.

SOHMER PARK, VIEW FROM THE GROUNDS, LOOKING TOWARDS ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.—The fine river view, as here illustrated, which the frequenters of Sohmer Park can always have when the weather is favourable, makes it one of the most esteemed pleasure spots in Montreal. Nothing could be more charming than to sit under the trees in this



SOHMER PARK: A BALLOON ASCENSION.



SOHMER PARK—THE PAVILION: PRINCE KINIKINI PERFORMING.

memory-haunted old garden and to watch the stately ships go by with their living freight from all the ends of the earth. Now and then the shriek and roar and rattle of the railroad cars reminds the dreamer that he is still in the precincts of the city, and that it is the modern, not the ancient, city, of which his resting place and vantage ground forms a part. For just below, on the other side of the boundary wall, is the track line of the Pacific. But the interruption is only momentary. The harsh scream subsides, the day dream of *deux far niente* returns and the scene changes once more. Sitting there, with St. Helen's, Ile Ronde, the

old fort, the further side of the river, and away off the dim mountains stretching out before one, it is possible to imagine a long series of events, with great figures of the past as actors, unfolding before the eyes. St. Helen's recalls a host of memories, both of the old régime and the new, from the days of Champlain (to go no further back), who lovingly called it after his wife, Hélène Boullé, to that critical hour when Lévis, wounded in his patriot's heart, was tempted to forget a soldier's duty; and from that day, when Montreal is pictured as a little walled village of three or four thousand people, to the present, when it is a great city of a quarter million inhabitants. But we must leave to each visitor the privilege of making his (or her) own dreams. No dream at all, indeed, is necessary for enjoyment in such a scene, the living present offering all that heart can desire. The promenade here, shaded with venerable trees, is two or three hundred feet long. How broad it is seen in our engraving. The experience of last St. Jean Baptiste's festival shows that Sohmer Park can easily and comfortably accommodate a large multitude of pleasure-seekers. But no one need wait for a multitude to see and enjoy it. Some, indeed (and we are of them), prefer the quietude of a less crowded scene.

SOHMER PARK, MR. LAVIGNE AND HIS ORCHESTRA.—Our readers have here another view of the auditorium. Mr. Ernest Lavigne, who as a *chef d'orchestre* is conceded by those who know to have no superior on this continent, may be seen standing in front. An ingenious device of grouped mirrors at the back of the stage gives the impression of a long vista extending to the rear, which is really, however, a reflected glimpse of the spectators and listeners in front. This phase of the park's attractions must, however, be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. Apart from the special treats brought, with so much care and at so much cost from all parts of the continent, those who have heard the music of Mr. Lavigne's own band can bear witness that one might travel far and fare much worse, even in the great centres of musical art. Mr. Gilmore himself gladly acknowledged that the musicians of Mr. Lavigne's training could not be surpassed on this continent. To lovers of music the band is always, indeed, the great attraction of the park.

SOHMER PARK, THE ORCHESTRA PAVILION.—This engraving is meant to give an idea of the arrangements for musical performances and spectacular displays. The stage, the performers (Prince Kinikini, the Japanese equilibrist, showing some of his surprising feats) and the spectators are all visible

at a glance, and it is evident that nothing has been omitted which would add to the comfort and convenience of the public.

THE KITTEN.—This has been pronounced a charming picture, and we are not disposed to dispute that judgment. It is a product of that highest artistic feeling, that thorough sympathy with the picturesque, whether in nature generally or in the human face and figure, which with skill of touch made perfect by practice, enables the artist to conceal his art under the guise of a delicious simplicity. The girl is thoroughly happy. The field, or bank, on which she reclines is to her as soft as the most luxurious couch. She is at peace with all the world, and her gracious contentment finds expression in the smile that plays round her lips, disclosing teeth unspoiled by the sweets of civilization. The kitten is also happy after its fashion. It reveals its trustfulness by closed eyes and in that peculiar feline

music which, all the world over, is associated with the joys of the hearth, it gives vent to its tranquil joy and gratitude to its little mistress. We can almost hear it purring. The young couple reveal in attitude and expression that bright insouciance of the morning of life which, as the years glide by, becomes a memory hardly ever to be recalled. The artist, L. Viney, is known by some good work, of which "The Kitten" may be deemed a characteristic example.

THE ST. ANNE'S REGATTA.—The scene here depicted is a familiar one to our readers who are lovers of boating.