



FALLS OF STE. ANNE.—This miniature Niagara is one of the chief points of interest and one of the loveliest and most romantic of the districts which have made the Lower St. Lawrence so dear to the lover of nature. From the historic and religious standpoint, it is a feature in the environment of that remarkable place of pilgrimage—one of the few such hallowed spots of which the new world can boast—known variously as Ste. Anne de Beaupré, Ste. Anne du Nord, or, in the simple and affectionate language of the pious *habitant*, la Bonne Ste. Anne. The *Pèlerinage à Ste. Anne* dates back to the year 1658, and is thus by no means the most modern of such resorts of the faithful, even if we comprise the old world in our survey. Ste. Anne de Beaupré is situated in the county of Montmorency, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, 22 miles below Quebec, and the picturesque Falls are at some distance from the village. St. Joachim, at the foot of Cape Tourmente, is in the same circle of attractions. The whole neighbourhood is constantly visited by tourists in the summer months, and sportsmen are not lacking, as the Ste. Anne adds to its other charms that of being a fair salmon stream. This delightful region has been graphically described by Mr. Le Moine, in his *Album du Touriste* and other works, by Dr. Beers, by Mr. H. Sandham, and by the authors of *Picturesque Canada*.

LIGHTHOUSE, GODERICH, LAKE HURON.—This engraving gives a commanding view of the bold headland at the mouth of the Maitland river, of which the town of Goderich is pleasantly and advantageously situated. The chief town of the county of the same name, Goderich is one of the most noteworthy ports on Lake Huron. It is 78 miles north-west of London and is the centre of a large number of thriving industries, including valuable fisheries and several important manufactures. The salt works of Goderich, which have long been famous, afford employment to hundreds of persons and are a source of considerable wealth to the town and its vicinity. The place is as favored by nature as by the enterprise of its inhabitants. The harbour, which is protected by a pier and has the benefit of one of the best lighthouses on the lake shores, is ample and commodious. Being the only shipping point over a wide range of coast and a port of entry, it does a large trade, and has daily communication by steamer with Sarnia, Detroit and other places as well as by rail with London and Buffalo and thus with the whole of Canada and the United States. The scenery, of which our engraving supplies a characteristic glimpse, has many and varied attractions.

INDIAN CAMP, OPPOSITE GODERICH.—This fine engraving, from a photograph of Mr. Williams, of Goderich, depicts a scene which is not without significance. The scattered bands of Indians of the older provinces form a gradually disappearing link between the present and the past. The camp, pitched near the Maitland river, across from Goderich, and not far from the shores of Lake Huron, reveals what civilization and industrial training have done to reclaim the sons and daughters of the forest from the wild habits of other days.

A COLLINGWOOD SMACKER.—Adepts in naval architecture will admire the lines of this graceful craft. Its name is somewhat puzzling to the uninitiated. The forepart is associated with one of the glories of that Britannia who—as we are often assured with vociferous emphasis—“rules the waves.” But “smacker” seems to have a syllable—as the craft seems to have canvass—to spare. It looks like a two-masted sloop—in miniature. For speed we would commend it, but we would like to have our Palinurus exceptionally guaranteed before embarking in squally weather. Collingwood, Simcoe County, Ont., the native home of the smacker, has a fine reputation for hardy lake navigators, and has a creditable record for ship-building.

QUEBEC AND LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAY.—INAUGURAL CEREMONIES OF THE EASTERN EXTENSION.—The history of the Lake St. John Railway already covers some twenty years, but, before it is completed, the world shall have witnessed a conquest of wild nature comparable with the occupation of the prairies and mountains of the Northwest for the benefit of unborn millions. For, undoubtedly, the Lake St. John country, which is capable of supporting a population equal to that of any kingdom, or even empire, of the old world, is destined to be a mighty northern province in the generations to come. The foundations of its prosperity have now been firmly laid, and every year henceforth will witness an advance such as was impossible before the railroad era. The first attempt to supply the great desideratum was made by means of a wooden railway. The construction of it was begun in 1869, and it was carried as far as Gosford. In 1872 it was concluded, after fair trial, that wooden rails, though they might serve for an emergency, were not to be depended on for permanent use. The undertaking, on the wooden basis, was, therefore, abandoned, and it was not till 1879 that an iron road was commenced. At first its progress was provokingly slow, but in 1883, Mr. H. J. Beemer took the contract to Lake St. John, and in 1888 the line was completed to Roberval, a distance of 190 miles from Quebec. Several branches were still, however, to be constructed, the most important of which was that to

Chicoutimi, a distance of 65 miles, and it is the inauguration of this necessary complement of the main line which is represented in our engraving. Some of the figures—Monseigneur Racine, Bishop of Chicoutimi, the Hon. Mr. Mercier, and other prominent personages—will be recognized in the group. As this is primarily a colonization road, the Church has naturally taken it under its protection, and like places of worship, schools and other edifices and undertakings, has deemed it worthy of its benediction.

THE NATIONAL PARK, FROM BANFF STATION.—This earthly Paradise of the West is already well known by repute, if not by personal experience, to most lovers of the sublime and beautiful who have crossed the continent by the C. P. R., or read of the wonderland that it traverses. Banff, as our readers are aware, is a medicinal watering-place and pleasure resort in the Rocky Mountains, 4,500 feet above sea level. The village is about two miles from the railway station and is noted (apart from its scenery and sanitary attractions) for one of the finest and most thoroughly equipped hotels in North America. A steel bridge, visible in our engraving, takes the carriage road across the Bow to that abode of comfort and luxury. The village also contains some good inns. The park, of which our view shows in perspective the main features, is encircled by mountains, sloping up from the river valleys, till they tower far above in magnificent peaks. Northward is Cascade; eastward, Inglismaldie, and the Fairholme sub-range, with Devil's-head Lake beyond; while away off farthest to the east is the sharp cone of Peechee, which formed the subject of an engraving in our last issue. Squaw Mountain, with Vermillion Lakes at its base, is described just after leaving the station, while up the Bow are the central heights of the Main Range about Simpson Pass, of which Mount Massive is the salient point. The Bourgeau range and Sulphur Mount, along whose base are the Hot Springs, Tunnel Mount and Rundle Peak, are other features in this mighty circumvallation. The water system includes portions of the Bow, Spray and Cascade rivers, with their enlargements. From the point of view up the windings of the Bow and its tributaries the distance is some 30 miles, and the breadth across the valley is about ten miles. The scene once beheld is, as those who have visited Banff bear witness, a memory for a lifetime, and at this moment it is in its fullest glory.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—KABYLE WOMEN WEAVING.—Those who have wandered through northern Africa in company with Eugene Fromentin, Regnault or Fortuny, will meet with familiar forms and faces in this engraving of a characteristic Algerian scene. One of the most interesting departments of the Exposition is that which is set apart for the illustration of the colonies, their people, scenery and resources. France's most important foreign possession and the one she takes most pride in is that old historic region which has felt the impress of so many civilizations and yet has never ceased to be, *par excellence*, the Barbarians' Land. It is indeed a glimpse of Barbary that we have in our engraving—men and women of the type that Fromentin loved to paint in every attitude and occupation, at their meals, at prayer, at the chase, in their hours of tropic ease. Nothing could give more striking impression of that wild people, than the interior of the Kabyle dwelling, transferred to the heart of Europe, which the artist has here reproduced. The mud walls, windowless, save for a small aperture, the scanty light entering mainly by the open door; the women on their haunches at their traditional task; the standing figures (one male and one female) in characteristic costume, and characteristically indifferent to the curious gaze of the visitors—all constitute a strange medley. For effect it would have been better, perhaps, had the European element been omitted, but the artist's object was to associate the African scene with the exhibition and he could do so only by making his Kabyles the centre of a group of curious spectators. The picture, as it is, brings out moreover, the strong contrast in features, garb and manners between the children of the desert and their brethren of the city and civilization. It is, in many respects, a most interesting study.

A FLEMISH INTERIOR.—This charming picture of happy home life tells its own story. The little fellow has grown tired of his infant attempts at play and sleeps tranquilly in his little cot. His young mother regards him with a look of love and his older sister evidently sympathizes in her feelings. Pussy has its own share in the quiet household joy. The comfort and taste to which the quaintly furnished room bears witness bespeak thrifty management and it is clear that the house mother is no idler.

“Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis?”

Whoever he be, he returns from toil with the assurance of comfort and kindly words. The beauty of the mother and daughter is of that type which is occasionally to be met with in northern Belgium and Holland—a type clearly and nearly allied to the English, but with a softer expression and more warmth of colour, due to various influences. The glimpse of street reveals a style of architecture which, with the costumes, give an antique air to the scene.

Riches are the baggage of virtue, which hindereth the march.

A man without character is always making a fuss about having it vindicated.

Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good and evil we have made through life.

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.)

KOOTENAY INDIANS—DIFFERENT CHARACTERISTICS OF THE RED MAN—SMOKY ATMOSPHERE—GEHERRY'S RANCHE—CAPT. ARMSTRONG'S RANCHE—UPPER COLUMBIA LAKE—KOOTENAY RIVER AND WOODS—CAMP AT MUD CREEK—THUNDERSTORMS IN THE MOUNTAINS—SHEEP CREEK—VALLEYS OF THE COLUMBIA AND KOOTENAY—FERTILITY OF THE DISTRICT.

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We made, on the second day's journey, eight miles in pretty good time, considering the heat and our late start, finding excellent riding over light turf, intersected by deeply cut sandy trails. It was long after noon when we dismounted to dine by a brawling creek, which supplied the requisite water for our cooking and horses. A Kootenay Indian joined us here and shared our frugal meal of salmon, bacon, tea and bread with great apparent gusto. The mountain redskin is a much finer specimen of his race than his brother of the plain. Our visitor was a handsome man, well armed and well horsed. He wore a semi-civilized costume of gray flannel shirt and cloth waistcoat, a blanket draped over his legs, which were encased in deer-skin breeches, while a red cotton handkerchief, bound round his head and tied in an artistic knot on his forehead, lent that brilliant touch of colour to his costume in which the Indian heart rejoices. We devoted an hour to our repast, and after riding seven miles more reached Geherry's Rancho, the legitimate and licensed inn of the district, corresponding to the tavern of civilization. On this gentlemen's estate we camped for the night, after partaking of an excellent supper of partridges, which his Chinese cook prepared in a novel and tempting style—a very agreeable change from the culinary efforts of our Indian boys. The country through which we travelled during the day was so entirely obscured by smoke from our most penetrating observation that it was impossible to form any idea of its nature beyond the facts which we experienced—that it was hilly and wooded, with intervals of open park land, and the knowledge we possessed that we were in the neighborhood immediately above the Upper Columbia Lake.

On Thursday the 2nd of September we broke camp at seven in the morning and rode four miles to breakfast at the rancho of Captain Armstrong, our hospitable host of the Duchess, occupied by two of his partners in the cattle business. Windermere is a fine property of several hundred acres on the Upper Columbia Lake, well fenced and laid out, having a good log house and large outbuildings. Unfortunately the atmosphere was so thick on the day in question we could neither see across the lake nor form any impression of the fine mountains in its vicinity. The Indian boys followed so leisurely in our steps with the pack horses that they did not appear upon the scene till after 12 o'clock; consequently we lost considerable valuable time, which we tried to make up by riding as fast as possible. The nature of the trail from the rancho, however, was not conducive to rapid progress, being steep and rocky, leading along the face of a high cliff immediately over the lake; and we were not sorry when this perilous path came to an end, diverging suddenly into an open stretch of country, over which we could quicken our pace till we reached another elevation. A precipitous climb brought us to the top of a high hill where a strong wind which had begun to blow most obligingly raised the veil of smoke under which we had so long been resting and revealed a vision of weird wild beauty as strange as it was unexpected. Below us a thousand feet or more lay the head lake and source of the Columbia river shimmering in a silver haze; above us towered a wall of solid rock, forming the base of some wandering spur of the Rocky Mountains, while on the opposite side of the lake, some two miles distant, the outline of the Selkirks was dimly visible. The descent from the high cliff which the trail skirted to the flat below was long and tedious, but, once accomplished, there was a mile and a half of good riding over light sandy