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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

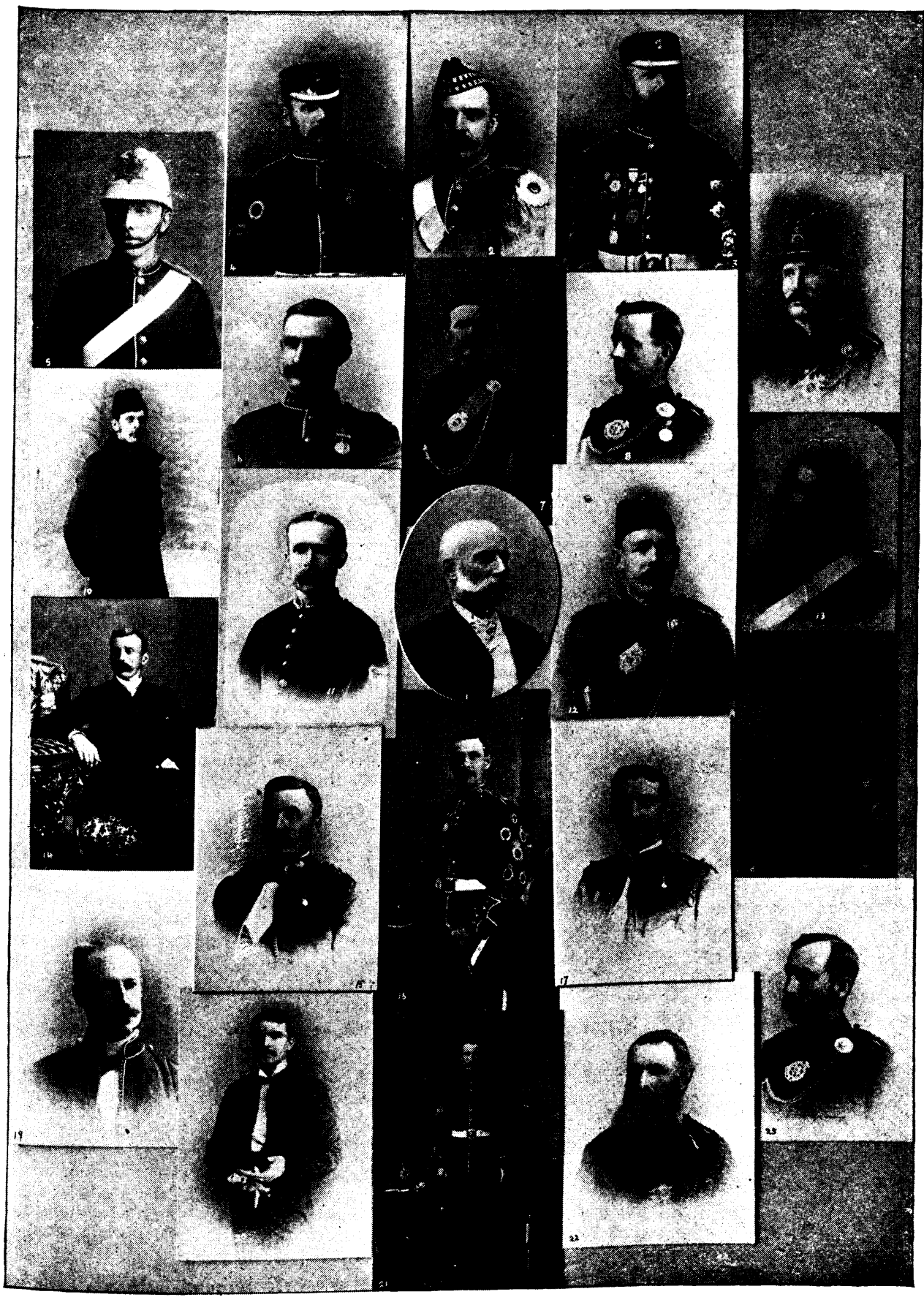
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THE CANADIAN WIMBLEDON TEAM.

(For list of names see page 70.)

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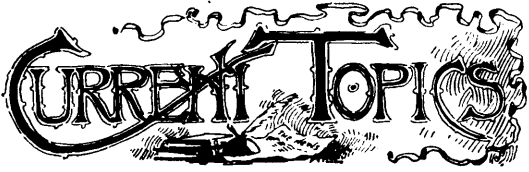
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Accompanying the last published report of the Dairymen's Association of this Province are several printed slips containing practical directions which persons engaged in dairy industries cannot fail to find useful. These slips can be set up for reference in the building where the work is carried on, so as to be consulted as occasion may require. The report itself is a mine of varied information on all questions connected, directly or indirectly, with the dairy. It contains the addresses of the President, the Hon. P. Boucher de la Bruère, giving a synopsis of the operations of the preceding year; of the Rev. J. C. Caisse, on Production; of the Hon. Mr. Beaubien, on the Silo; of Monsignor Labelle, on Colonization; of Abbé Montminy, on Agricultural Circles; of M. Jules N. Paquet, on Rural Architecture, especially with reference to the care of cattle, with illustrations, and several other papers of practical interest by Messrs. Jenner-Fust, A. Casavent, F. X. Thibault, etc. The discussions which followed the reading of some of the essays are not the least instructive portion of the report, in many instances casting fresh light on the subjects treated. La Société d'Industrie Laitière has done a good work in the Province of Quebec, and is worthy of all encouragement. In the same connection we would call attention to the new edition of Mr. W. H. Lynch's able treatise on the Dairy, which has been issued in French and English, and is sold at a nominal price. It ought to be in the hands of every dairy farmer in the province.

The French flag, about which we have been hearing a good deal of late, has just completed its century of active life. It was on the 17th of July, 1789, that the tricolor was first displayed as a peace-maker. The idea of inserting the royal white between the red and blue of Revolutionary Paris is attributed to Lafayette. The combination was accepted as a token of conciliation and hope. It was not, however, till 1792 that the new flag was definitely adopted by legal ordinance as the national standard. Though it has been glorified by many a victory, there are Frenchmen who still cling reverentially to the old time-honoured banner which it displaced. It will be recalled that it was his firmness on that question which stood, at a critical moment in modern history, between the Comte de Chambord and the throne. The heir of his claims is less scrupulous on that as on other points.

Canada as a resort for summer tourists is becoming more and more popular every year with our neighbours. "It is a matter of indifference," says a respected American contemporary, "what direc-

tion the tourist takes, beautiful scenery everywhere meets his eye. He may take down the lakes, through the Thousand Islands, down the rushing St. Lawrence, past the Citadel of Quebec, or through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and on along the shores of New Brunswick, or Nova Scotia—everywhere scenery so beautiful and grand as to gladden the sight and elevate the thoughts and feelings is to be met with. What memories also do many of these scenes call up, and what changes everywhere meet the eye—old battlefields turned in a few brief years into busy hives of industry. Such beautiful and suggestive scenes throughout Canada are, however, almost innumerable."

And then his enthusiasm deepening and his views enlarging, as he scans the great and varied field of choice, our contemporary proceeds to recommend, not any special locality merely, but the whole continent. A transcontinental trip on the Canadian Pacific "takes the tourist," he says, "through the wheat fields of Ontario, over the rock-bound region of Lake Superior, across the plains of Manitoba and the rolling prairies of the North-West, over mountainous rock-clad paths and snow-capped peaks, and through the fertile fields of British Columbia on to the prosperous cities of the Columbian coast on the brink of the Pacific. Go where he will and halt where he will the tourist will also ever find a most cordial and hospitable welcome from the people, and a climate which on the whole—especially in the summer—cannot be excelled. The tourist who tours in Canada once is always anxious to repeat the experiment." When our readers learn that it is the *Scottish American* that thus stands up for the beauty and grandeur of our scenery and the manifold attractions of our historic spots, they will know that it was honest conviction and not mere desire to flatter that prompted the eulogy.

The citizens of New York seem to be taking up the movement in favour of an international exhibition in that city in 1892 with considerable spirit, and its active promoters seem confident of success. The only trouble is the shortness of the time at their disposal for preparation, but the more energetic are disposed to find in that very fact a stimulant to exertion, and, consequently, a ground for hope. Now it is nearly two years since the proposal to honour Montreal's quarter millennial anniversary, in the same or some other worthy way, was first seriously and formally made. Yet we are not aware that any definite plan of operations has been decided on, though the project was warmly greeted when first suggested. Time is on the wing. A little while longer and it will be too late, and the work of De Maisonneuve who, in some respects (shall we say it?) "builded better than he knew," will pass by unrecognized. Columbus will be honoured in spite of us, and Dominion Day coming round in due order will suggest the silver wedding of these confederate provinces. But it is not every city in America that can look back over two centuries and a half to such honourable *origines*. Let us bethink and bestir ourselves, therefore, that Montreal's great anniversary may be fitly commemorated.

Cities grow by absorption and assimilation as well as by natural increase. Montreal's enlargement in recent years is partly due to that source. Quebec, through motives of self-defence as well as benevolence, is about to take in St. Sauveur. St. John has been rejoicing over its marriage to Portland. And, if courage, energy and thrift give

a community the right to be glad, that right belongs to St. John. Not without the exercise of those virtues by which nations rise to greatness was the calamity of twelve years ago followed by the progress and prosperity which have had their culmination—a culmination which is to be a fresh starting-point—in the commemoration just concluded. May St. John continue to deserve and enjoy prosperity in the new stage of civic and commercial existence on which it has entered.

The annual statement of the Post Office Savings Banks, which has lately been made public, shows an increase in the amount credited to depositors during the year ending with June of \$2,322,390. The growth of these institutions during the last nine or ten years has been remarkable. They were established at the close of June in 1868, in which year there were eighty-one offices in operation and \$204,588 standing to the credit of depositors. By June 30, 1873, the deposits had increased to \$3,207,050. A period of depression followed, and the amount fell to \$2,754,484. Then it took an upward tendency, which has continued till the present, when the aggregate of deposits amounts to \$23,011,422. During the same period of ten years the number of depositors has grown from 27,445 to 113,123. It remains to be seen what effect the change in the rate of interest from 3½ to 3¼ per cent. will have on these figures.

A RETROSPECT.

An enterprising Vancouver journal, the *News Advertiser*, has been signaling the eighteenth anniversary of the admission of British Columbia into the Dominion by an interesting historical retrospect. Some of our readers can, doubtless, recall the circumstances attending that important accession to our confederate strength. On the 16th May, 1871, the Imperial order-in-council was passed, and two months later it came into operation. The political organization of the new province took place immediately after, the Hon. Joseph Trutch being appointed Lieutenant-Governor. One of the most significant terms in the compact thus entered into was the promise of the Dominion Government to effect railway communication between the Pacific seaboard and the rest of the country. Unforeseen delays gave rise to controversy, and for a time the relations between East and West were far from satisfactory. But the obstacles in the way were at last overcome, and for nearly four years the Canadian Pacific Railway has been an accomplished fact.

One of the earliest duties undertaken by the Ottawa authorities on behalf of the newly admitted province was to order a preliminary geological exploration of the country, and the task was undertaken by Dr. Selwyn, chief of the Survey, assisted by the late Mr. James Richardson, for many years a member of its staff. The journal and report of Dr. Selwyn as to his explorations on the mainland and the report of Mr. Richardson on Vancouver Island formed the first in a most valuable series covering, to a great extent, the geology, mineralogy, natural history, agricultural and pastoral facilities, ethnology and languages of the western province. To Dr. G. M. Dawson was allotted a leading share of the subsequent work. The range of his inquiries has comprised the Queen Charlotte Islands and the northern mainland, nearly to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Some time ago a synopsis of the results of his explorations, as far as they touched upon the mineralogy of the province, was published

under the title of "The Mineral Wealth of British Columbia." A brief outline of the valuable data embodied in that work was given in our issue of the 8th of June.

While the Government was thus attending to the political organization of British Columbia and taking steps to ascertain its multifarious resources, the question of defences was not forgotten. In taking over so vast a tract of country and so long a range of coast, the Dominion authorities assumed no slight responsibility. In the summer of 1872, Col. P. Robertson Ross, then commanding the militia of Canada, proceeded, in accordance with instructions, to make an overland journey of reconnaissance to the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. The account of the journey, on which the organization of the militia in the western province was afterwards based, appeared in the Report on the State of the Militia for the year 1872. Col. Robertson Ross's story of his experiences is interesting for the contrast which the events and scenes described offer to the state of things that prevails at the present day. He travelled first via Lake Superior and the Dawson route to Manitoba, and then crossed the continent, through Canadian territory, to the Pacific coast and Vancouver Island. He tarried some time in Manitoba for the purpose of inspecting the force there—the authorized strength of which was 300 infantry, but which actually only reached the figure of 243 of all ranks. The Colonel made several suggestions for the maintenance of a body of mounted men in the Northwest—a suggestion which subsequently took the form of the Mounted Police. The knowledge then obtainable regarding the Indians was very vague, and some uneasiness was caused at several points in the journey by alarms of hostilities. The Rocky Mountains were crossed via Wild Horse Creek. On his way over the Plains, the Colonel anticipated the verdict of later travellers as to the character of the country, to the value of which he was not insensible. Great herds of buffalo were still to be seen on the approaches to the mountains. Smuggling was common, and the illicit traffic in liquor had demoralized the Indians and endangered the lives of the sparse white residents.

It is needless to say that, though the recent admission of British Columbia to the Dominion gave a special interest to his mission, Col. Robertson Ross was not by any means the first who crossed the continent to the Pacific coast. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir George Simpson, Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle and others had already preceded him to the same goal. But the most interesting of all overland explorations—from the standpoint of British Columbia's settlement, progress and connection with the Dominion—was that of the emigrant party which, by the Leather or Yellow Head Pass, made their way over the mountains in 1862. The emigrants, about 150 in all, separated into two divisions on starting from Fort Garry—the first, which was also the larger, setting out a week before the others by the northern trail to Edmonton; the second taking the south trail. At Edmonton the most of them changed their horses for oxen, a few of which they killed in the mountains for provisions. Of the remainder, some were sold to Indians, others were rafted down the Fraser to the Forks of the Quesnel. A portion of the party took their horses with them (fourteen) to British Columbia. The party, including a woman and three children, passed successfully from the valley of the Athabasca to that of the Fraser, reaching the latter by the Miette in September, and thence continued on their journey till

their destination was reached. In these days, when the journey can be made with ease and comfort in less time than what was once required to travel from Quebec to Toronto, the perseverance and energy of the pioneers of 1862 ought to be honourably remembered.

JAPAN'S DEVELOPMENT.

In the fall of 1890 our neighbours across the Pacific, the Japanese, will witness the inauguration of a political experiment, on which will depend the destinies of their country for generations to come. As our readers are aware, the new constitution, according them a Legislature, with the implied rights, was proclaimed in February last. The National Assembly buildings are now in course of erection, and the first Parliament of Japan will be convened in the autumn of next year. When it is recalled that only thirty-five years have elapsed since Japan broke away from the tyranny of self-imposed seclusion, that had prevailed for centuries, and entered into treaty relations with the Powers of the West, this adoption of the system of representative government must seem one of the most extraordinary developments of an age of surprises. Naturally, we are wont to attribute to intercourse with the western nations—England and the United States, France and Germany—the changes that have since overtaken the political as well as the industrial and commercial life of our eastern neighbours. Nevertheless, Dr. W. E. Griffiss, who has had every opportunity of being well informed on the subject, asserts that this view of Japan's recent progress—especially in the province of politics—is based on a misapprehension, and that, even if we allow for the influence which the powerful civilized nations of the Occident must have exerted on the course of Japan's political thought, the tendency to advance along the new lines was already in existence, and that the revolution was at hand even without the impulse from without. In other words, Japan which, after China, presents the most venerable example of unbroken progress in the world, had, without suggestion from the West, wrought out its own evolution till it was ripe for the last great upheaval and the ensuing reforms.

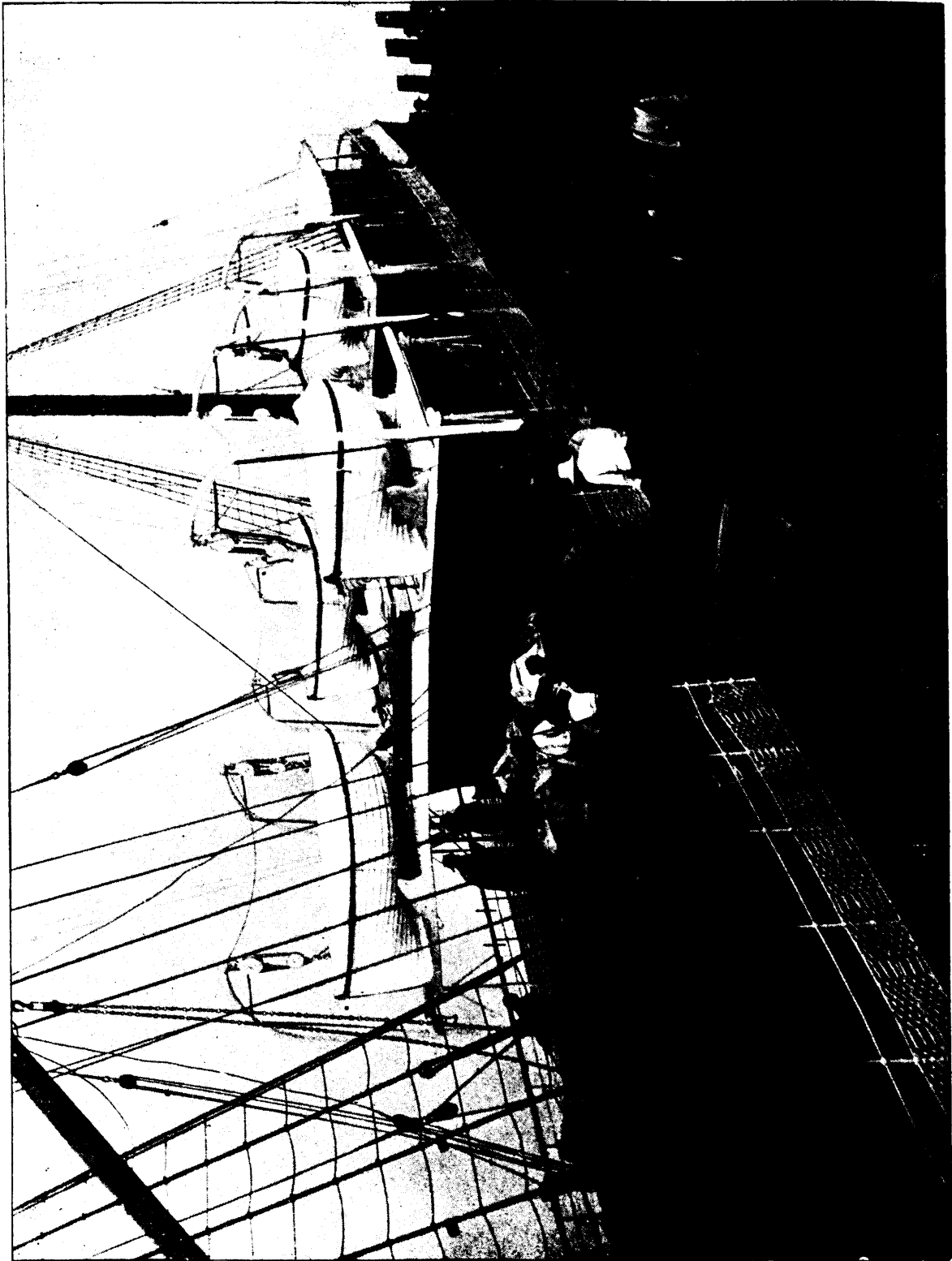
As in other countries, there has been an ebb and flow,—the tide of progress now advancing, now receding. First, according to Mr. Griffiss, there was a kind of rude feudalism, which, about A.D. 600, became a centralized monarchy with boards of administration. This was changed about the year 1200 into the duarchy, with its elaborate feudal system, which lasted till the uprising of 1868. Since then the internal movement has been stimulated, and, to a considerable extent, directed by forces from outside. Japanese progress has had the advantage of being many-sided—art, literature, science, religious reverence and patriotism, contributing each its share to the onward movement. The arbitrary control of the usurpation, which kept the Empire as a whole in a state of bondage, did not prevent the many communities that composed it—which were practically aristocratic republics—from cultivating the faculties of an ingenious and ambitious people. The "masses" were, it is true, kept in a degraded state, from which they could not rise so long as the traditional despotism continued. But the number of educated persons was larger in proportion to the population than that of the same class under the feudal regime in Europe, so that, though repressed, thought was

not inactive; and, when the chance showed itself, it was translated into action. The presence of foreigners gave an impetus to the national aspirations; but that the first demand of the victorious insurgents was for a parliament, proves that the idea of representative institutions was not entirely new in Japan. Mr. Griffiss, whose article in the *Forum* is well worth reading by those who are interested in the strivings of "Young Japan," dwells upon this fact of its continuous development as a ground of hope for the working of the new constitution. "If," he says, "the new growth were merely a borrowed exotic, transplanted from Europe to Asia, it would be sure to wither like house-top grass. Since, however, its tap-roots lie in all the past, and its central principles take hold on all that is best in the national history, we cannot but be hopeful. The word has gone forth and cannot be recalled. There is no retreat and motion must be forward. As true as it is homely is the native proverb, 'The decree of the Emperor is like perspiration; it never goes back.'" There is no authority on Japan whose opinion is more worthy of respect than that of Mr. Griffiss. We have, therefore, reason to trust that his forecast will not be disappointed. The progress, peace and prosperity of Japan are of considerable importance to Canada, and we shall await with no slight interest the result of the great experiment.

THE KINGDOM OF FIFE.

Now that an Earl of Fife has married the eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, the traditional name of the county from which he takes his title will be more in vogue than ever. The following passage from the pen of Robert Louis Stevenson tells us something about old Fifeshire towns:—

The Kingdom of Fife (that royal province) may by the curious be observed on the map, occupying a tongue of land between the firths of Forth and Tay. It may be continually seen from many parts of Edinburgh (among the rest, from the windows of my father's house) dying away into the distance and the easterly *haar* with one smoky sea-side town beyond another, or in winter printing on the gray heaven some glittering hill-tops. It has no beauty to recommend it, being a low, sea-salted, wind-vexed promontory; trees very rare, except (on the east coast) along the dens of rivers; the fields were cultivated, I understand, but not lovely to the eye. It is of the coast I speak: the interior may be the garden of Eden. History broods over that part of the world like the easterly *haar*. Even on the map, its long row of Gaelic place-names bear testimony to an old and settled race. Of these little towns, posted along the shore as close as sedges, each with its bit of harbour, its old weather-beaten church or public building, its flavour of decayed prosperity and decaying fish, not one but has its legend, quaint or tragic: Dunfermline, in whose royal towers the king may be still observed (in the ballad) drinking the blood-red wine; somnolent Inverkeithing, once the quarantine of Leith; Aberdour, hard by the monastic islet of Inchcolm, hard by Donibristle where the "bonny face was spoiled;" Burntisland where, when Paul Jones was off the coast, the reverend Mr. Shirra had a table carried between tide-marks, and publicly prayed against the rover at the pitch of his voice in his broad lowland dialect; Kinghorn, where Alexander "brak's neckbane" and left Scotland to the English wars; Kirkaldy, where the witches once prevailed extremely and sunk tall ships and honest mariners in the North sea; Dysart, famous—well famous at least to me for the Dutch ships that lay in its harbour, painted like toys and with pots of flowers and cages of song-birds in the cabin windows, and for one particular Dutch skipper who would sit all day in slippers on the break of the poop, smoking a long German pipe; Wemyss (pronounce Weems) with its bat-haunted caves, where the Chevalier Johnstone, on his flight from Culloden, passed a night of superstitious terrors.



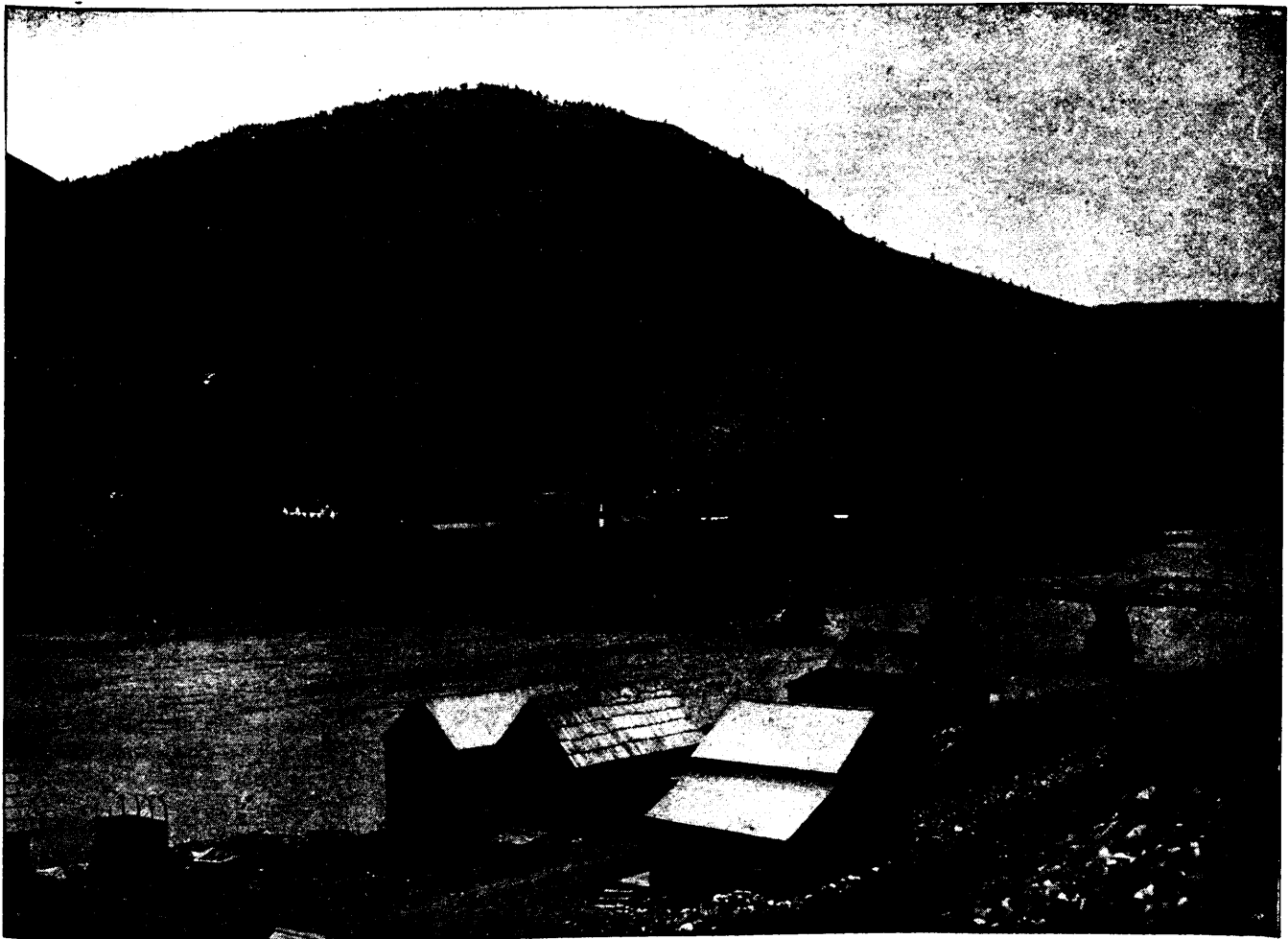
THE C. P. RY COMPANY'S STEAMSHIP "PARTHIA" UNLOADING TEA AT VANCOUVER, B.C.

Norman, photo.



MOUNT AITKEN, SELKIRKS. FROM THE LOOP.

Notman, photo.



SPENCE'S BRIDGE, KAMLOOPS, B.C., LOOKING UP THE THOMPSON RIVER

Notman, photo.



THE WIMBLEDON TEAM.—We present our readers in this number with portraits of the victorious Wimbledon Team. On the 17th ult. for the fifth time Canada's marksmen were awarded the Kolapore Cup. Of this prize, presented by the late Rajah of Kolapore, and first competed for in 1871, we published an engraving last week. It was first won by a Canadian team in 1872, the score being then 532 against 524, that of the United Team. The detachment was then commanded by Major P. W. Worsley, who kept a journal of each day's proceedings, subsequently published in the report of the Minister of Militia. The names of the team were Gunner Shand, Private Ferguson, Quarter-Master Thomas, Ensign Johnson, Private Bell, Capt. Wall, Corporal Larkin and Assistant-Surgeon Aitken. The Kolapore Cup was next won by Canadians in 1875, and again in 1881 and 1884. The names of the winning team this year are Private Armstrong, Quarter-Master Sergeant Ogg, Staff-Sergeant Ashall, Lieut. J. A. Wilson, Capt. S. Maynard Rogers, Staff-Sergeant T. Mitchell, Major B. A. Weston and Private R. McVittie. The scores were as follows:—

Distance.	Canada.	Mother Country.	Guernsey.	Jersey.
200 yards.....	245	242	239	238
500 yards.....	238	230	210	227
600 yards.....	204	212	183	183
Totals.....	687	684	632	648

Canada thus won by three points. The following are the figures of the individual scores:—

Private J. A. Armstrong.....	91
Quarter-Master-Sergeant Ogg.....	89
Staff-Sergeant Ashall.....	88
Lieutenant J. A. Wilson.....	87
Captain S. Maynard Rogers.....	87
Staff-Sergeant T. Mitchell.....	84
Major B. A. Weston.....	84
Private R. McVittie.....	77

Total winning score..... 687

The Canadians also won the Colonial prize of £180, awarded to the team, exclusive of the home team, which makes the highest aggregate score in the competition for the Kolapore Cup. We may add that we have received from our special artist at Wimbledon a number of fine views of the camp, which we shall shortly publish with accompanying descriptions. These sketches will, we have reason to expect, be of unusual interest to our military readers. The following are the names of the team:—

1 Lt.-Col. Bacon, Commandant.	14 Lieut. T. Horsey, 45th Batt.
2 Capt. Hood, Adjutant.	15 Major B. A. Weston, 66th Batt.
3 Private Robt. McVittie, 10th Royal Grenadiers.	16 Lieut. J. A. Armstrong, G. G. F. G.
4 Staff-Sergt. T. Mitchell, 10th Royal Grenadiers.	17 Lt. R. Blackmore, Jr., 63rd Batt.
5 Lieut. J. A. Wilson, 33rd Bat.	18 Staff-Sergt. W. Ashall, 2nd Q. O. R.
6 Staff-Sergt. F. W. Curzon, 10th Royal Grenadiers.	19 Lieut. C. H. Dimock, 78th I. Batt.
7 Lieut. W. Conboy.	20 Staff-Sergt. F. G. Corbin, 63rd Batt.
8 Capt. S. M. Rogers.	21 Sergt. M. C. Mumford, 63rd Batt.
9 Sergt. J. Rolston, 20th Batt.	22 Staff-Sergeant A. Pink, 43rd Batt.
10 Capt. A. P. Sherwood, 43rd Batt.	23 Lieut. W. A. Jamieson, 43rd Batt.
11 Corpl. J. Crowe, 1st Batte y 1st Brigade Field Artillery, Guelph.	
12 Major T. J. Egan, 63rd Batt.	
13 Quarter-Master-Sergt. J. Ogg, Field Artillery, Guelph.	

C. P. R. STEAMSHIP UNLOADING TEA AT VANCOUVER, B.C.—No scene depicted by painter's brush, or described by poet's pen, could bring so vividly before the mind the change wrought by our great railroad as does this engraving, from a photograph of Vancouver harbour. When it is remembered that less than four years ago this stage of busy life, this meeting-point of two civilizations, was a houseless clearing in the Columbian forest, that, after rising with marvellous rapidity out of the wilderness, nearly every vestige of the ambitious little city was swept to destruction by fire, and that it has in a couple of years or so grown, phoenix-like, out of its ashes into a thriving commercial entrepôt of some 10,000 inhabitants, with all the signs of the age's progress visible in its architecture, its banks, its places of merchandise, its wharves, its broad streets, its churches, its hotels, its private residences, and all that gives an infant city promise of first rank in the future, our readers must surely admit that the transformation has been extraordinary. Its hotels are said to equal in luxury and comfort those of the great centres of the United States and Canada. Its harbour accommodation is such as to allow the largest steamers to discharge their cargoes, and the station, sheds and storehouses of the C.P.R. are on a scale and of an excellence in keeping with the other surroundings. Everywhere there are evidences of life and energy, and the destiny of Vancouver, as the mighty emporium that is to bind the East and West together by the bonds of self-interest, may now be deemed assured. "Down at the water's edge," writes one tourist who visited the place last year, "are long wharves where steamers from China and Japan, from California, Puget Sound and Alaska, are discharging or taking in cargoes; and at the warehouses along the wharves are lines of railway cars loading for the East with teas, silks, seal-skins, fish, fruit, and many other commodities. Here and there around the inlet are great saw-mills, where steamships and sailing vessels are taking in timber and deals for China and Australia, and even for

England." The tea trade between China and Japan and British Columbia amounted last year to 3,086,676 pounds from the former, and 6,919,799 pounds from the latter, country, with respective values amounting to \$568,457 and \$1,148,501, or a total of \$1,716,958. And yet it is only just beginning.

SPENCE'S BRIDGE, LOOKING UP THE FRASER RIVER.—It is at the point indicated in our engraving that the old wagon road up the Thompson Valley to the Cariboo gold country crosses the river. Here, too, the railway crosses the mouth of the Nicola, the valley of which is a fine grazing region, the home of prosperous ranchers. Lower down the scenery becomes more striking. The train moves along a sinuous ledge cut out of the bare hills on the south side of the stream. The headlands are penetrated by tunnels, the ravines spanned by lofty bridges, and the Thompson, green and clear, whirls along its winding torrent course, the banks of which present a wondrous variety of form and colour.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—This is a gala season to New Brunswick's commercial capital. Of the central event and its appropriate celebration, we hope to have more to say in an early number, which will be devoted to the illustration of that handsome and thriving city. Meanwhile, we give six fine views, from photographs by A. Stoerger, of points of special interest from the standpoint of history, scenery or commerce. "The Market Slip" (South Wharf) is noteworthy as the spot where the Loyalist pioneers landed on the 18th of May, 1783. That date is looked back to as the birthday of the city. The site chosen for it was the Menagwes of the Micmacs, one of the resorts of the Divine Glooscap. Of course, it must be remembered that New Brunswick had a history long before the years of the Revolutionary War and the landing of the Refugees, who had been driven from their homes for their loyalty. Its annals, indeed, even as a settlement of European origin, may be traced back to the beginning of the 17th century. De Monts was in the neighbourhood of the future city in 1604, and the strange career of the La Tours, father and son, is in part associated with the locality. The defence of Fort La Tour by the heroic wife of the adventurer against Charnisay's traitorous attack, is one of the most romantic incidents in Acadian story. For a hundred years afterwards the Bay of Fundy was crossed and recrossed by the vessels of the French and English rivals, and the River Saint Jean had its share in the bitter struggle. The Treaty of Utrecht, which stands midway in the era of contest, while making England nominal mistress of most of the country, failed to secure the allegiance of the French. In 1755 took place the much discussed Expulsion, which Longfellow made the theme of one of his finest poems. By that time Halifax, founded in 1749, was a town of some importance. A few years later all New France passed under the British flag, and the New Englanders, freed from the apprehension of French reprisals, aimed at nothing less than their independence from the Mother Country. But there was a remnant that remained true to the old land, and to that remnant British Canada is largely indebted for its settlement and growth. The history of St. John during the century or so that has elapsed since the landing of its Pilgrim Fathers has been marked by steady progress. The site of the present city (including the lately annexed Portland) was then a dense forest, save for a little clearance, where stood some log huts. In 1785 Parr Town and Conway (as the constituent parts were first called) were incorporated and Gabriel Ludlow appointed mayor. In 1833 a semi-centennial celebration was held amid much rejoicing. In 1883 St. John completed its century of existence. It was then still suffering from the terrible fire of June, 1877, though already much had been done to repair the injuries caused by the destroyer. This present summer has witnessed the enlargement of the city by the union of St. John and Portland on terms satisfactory to both communities. St. John has a noble harbour. Two of our engravings give views of the north and south ends, showing the clustered shipping and the city spread out beyond. Another presents a vista of one of the principal thoroughfares, King street; others show the Custom-house, and the two fine bridges (suspension and cantilever), which are among the attractions of the vicinity; while the sixth shows a locality interesting no less for its historic association than for the strange and varied life of which it is the stage. Crowded usually with small coasters and fishing craft from all the posts of the great estuary, the water of which, at high tide, nearly touches the wharves, the Market Slip is the constant resort of curious sight-seers, while the spot is held in veneration by the citizens as the rude cradle of their race.

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE IN ALGIERS—THE BARRIER.—In spite of precautions taken last year to protect the cultivated fields of Algiers against the ravages of grasshoppers, the inhabitants have this season been engaged in a like offensive and defensive war. There is, it seems, a regular commission, appointed by the Government, for the investigation of the subject, one of whose duties is to devise protective appliances and to superintend their operation. After due inquiry, Cyprus was found to have the best system of dealing with the pest. This consists of a barrier of linen erected on poles in the path of the enemy's advance, the upper border of which is adroitly turned over in the direction from which the insects are expected, and at the same time oiled in such a way as to preclude them from taking any hold. The invention is one of the simplest in the world, but it is equally effectual. The preliminary exploration is, however, the most serious feature in this method of defence, for it is evident that unless the barrier is

set exactly in the line of march of the destroyer, it will be of no service whatever. Bands of Arabs are, therefore, despatched all over the country to discover in what localities the grasshoppers hatch their eggs, prizes being awarded them on a fixed scale according to the quantity collected. Of course, if it were possible to find all the deposits of eggs, nothing more would be required. But, though at the rate of a franc and a half the double decalitre, the sum of 578,340 francs was paid for this service, the voracious insects appeared again in force, and it was necessary to have recourse to the barrier. Our illustration represents the horde of devourers arrested by the contrivance referred to and falling to the ground in thousands, often trying in vain to surmount it. The picture, which we reproduce from *L'Illustration*, clearly reveals the character and energy of the foe with which the agricultural community of Algiers has to strive, and is also a picturesque setting forth of the scene of this warfare between man and insect. The plague is a very old one in the East and in North Africa, and is not unknown in the New World, as some experiences in Manitoba, not yet forgotten, sadly bear witness.

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.)

VII.

COL. BAKER'S RANCHE—BAD WEATHER—ENGLISH SPORTSMEN—GOLDEN STUBBLE FIELDS—PALACE HOTEL—THE CAPTAIN—PARTICULARS OF KOOTENAY DISTRICT, CLIMATE, RESOURCES, AND CAPABILITIES—DEPARTURE FROM CRANBROOKE—ARRIVAL AT DONALD.

At Cranbrooke, Colonel James Baker's ranche, we received the warmest of welcomes, and were soon drying our garments, which a mackintosh had not very effectually protected in my case, over a huge fire in the sitting room. The house proper consisted of a long low log building, entered by a hall its full width, whose walls were decorated with numerous saddles, bridles, and other equestrian appointments; from this, one door opened upon a succession of bed-rooms, occupying all the available space upon that side of the building; the other upon a typical or rather ideal sitting room of a gentleman settler in the wilds of British Columbia. This apartment was very large and filled with chairs, lounges, tables, and bookcases; a gun rack, with nine handsome rifles and various implements of the rod and chase, occupied a prominent position against one wall, almost opposite to a writing desk of business-like proportions, whose pigeon-holes were filled with papers and documents.

The crowning feature of the whole room was an enormous fireplace at the end, quite large enough to accommodate the proverbial ox, in which full length cordwood sticks were reposing. Above its high mantelpiece a noble cariboo's head reigned monarch of all he surveyed, as no doubt his owner had done in his day, and below this was the spiral horned skull of a small white-tailed deer, killed near the ranche. The floor was covered with rugs and matting, the walls adorned with coloured pictures from the *Graphic* and *Illustrated News*; while the windows commanded an extensive view to the west of rolling mountains and wooded plains, with the beautiful Selkirk Range lying in the distance, a faint grey-blue mass on the horizon. The rain continued to descend in torrents until late in the evening, and we congratulated ourselves heartily on being under a roof. We found the same party of Englishmen at Cranbrooke we had met and camped with in the Kootenay woods, with the addition of Mr. Forbes, part owner of the then celebrated yacht Puritan, like ourselves enjoying Col. Baker's hospitality; and passed a most agreeable evening discussing various adventures by land and water, and relating our personal experiences in the Pacific Province. We learned that they had only arrived two hours before us, having crossed the Kootenay River after we parted and followed a different trail up the opposite side of the valley. The following morning we were introduced to one of the numerous phases of ranche life in the departure of these gentlemen with numerous pack-horses and packers on a hunting expedition to Montana. Another Englishman, who had been shooting for two months in the Rocky Mountains with a solitary guide, and had turned up the previous evening drenched to the skin, made his exit with four more horses a couple of hours later

in another direction. The arrival and departure of travellers and hunters serves to break the monotony of ranche life in the interior, where communication with the outer world was maintained at that time by but one mail in six weeks. The society of one's fellow-creatures is much appreciated amid so much unavoidable isolation.

The day after our arrival proved decidedly damp and chilly, with a heavy mist hanging over both mountain and valley; but a rising barometer indicated fine weather, and by noon all the clouds had dispersed, and a glorious sun was drying the well-soaked ground. I took a short walk with mine host after lunch to see some of the charming views that Cranbrooke boasts, and was lost in admiration of golden stubble fields a mile long and a mile wide, which Col. Baker had enclosed for purposes of cultivation, extending in well-fenced lines to the distant foothills below the mountains. We concluded our expedition by a visit to the Palace Hotel on the same property, not far from the house. This rambling log building of ambitious nomenclature, is the abode of a prosperous Chinaman, known to the district as the Captain, his rank dating, I was told, from the time when he commanded a pirate junk. Previous to his nautical adventures, he held the office of Lord High Executioner to His Celestial Majesty. A notable character is the Captain—gray, grizzled, and communicative. We entered the Palace on his invitation, sat down and chatted with him to the extent his somewhat limited command of the English language or our own obtuseness to his pronunciation would permit. He bestowed upon me numerous unattractive looking condiments, designated as China candy, consisting of small dried plums, like prunes in appearance only, and slices of sugared citron, which looked remarkably dirty. His hotel is the fashionable resort of all his compatriots in that part of Kootenay, numbers of whom are mining in the neighbourhood, and is most assiduously patronized. The room he ushered us into was entered from the front door, and was curiously adorned with a tawdry altar and Chinese god, placed high upon one of the walls; the other three being lavishly decorated with brilliantly colored hisroglyphics. The lodgers and visitors at the Palace occupied open bunks supported on light poles, which did not look either clean or inviting, as may be imagined. I only, however, caught a distant view of this interior, which was in another apartment. After we returned to the ranche, Col. Baker gave me a great deal of information regarding the east Kootenay district, with the subjoined particulars of its climate, resources and capabilities. Cranbrooke is situated on Joseph Prairie, close to the Kootenay River, which is not, however, visible from the property, and is 3,068 feet above the level of the sea. It contains 10,000 acres, over 400 of which are enclosed, and is in the centre of a gold bearing region, of which Perry Creek, nine miles distant, is the most remarkable example. Col. Baker and a syndicate are largely interested in the Perry Creek gold mine, which is now producing \$100 a day, its best localities not yet having been reached or explored. The soil on this extensive estate is a rich vegetable loam, differing from the Kootenay bottom lands, which are rich sand loam, while the large beaches on both sides of the river are a rich sandy loam. The fertility of the land at Cranbrooke was evident from the fine quality of its vegetables, roots, and grains. Pease and cucumbers grown in the open air are produced in constant succession from the middle of June till the middle of September, when I enjoyed both. Potatoes and cabbages attain an abnormal size—one of the latter, weighed during my visit, when not fully developed, recorded 23 lbs., and a sunflower measured 3 feet 7 inches round its seed bed. The black wax bean (a delicate plant) grows in perfection; hops hid the house in a tangle of luxuriant verdure. The quality of beetroot that is produced is extremely rich in saccharine matter; Alfalfa, a species of lucern, is also cultivated with great success. The winter is short; snow usually appears in December and disappears early in March. It

seldom falls to a depth of more than 15 inches. Occasionally there are snowstorms in November, but such an occurrence is unusual, and the sun being warm, it soon melts the snow. The weather during this season is on the whole comparatively mild, though cold waves of a few days' duration do occur, and the thermometer has fallen as low as 30 below zero. The maximum and minimum temperature in the shade on the 29th of January, 1886, were 57° and 33° Fahrenheit. The geological strata is of the Laurentian and Cambrian systems, merging into the Carboniferous. The timber is chiefly large pine (the *Pinus ponderosa*) which often attains four feet in diameter and makes excellent lumber. The Douglas Fir also reaches a diameter of 3 feet, and there is a valuable variety of larch, commonly called the tamarac, that differs materially from the species of that name common in low districts. The mountain variety is remarkable for its durability in water, and in building. Among the deciduous trees are the poplar, alder, and birch. It is thought that large fruits, such as apples, pears and plums, may be successfully cultivated, as the smaller berries, including currants, gooseberries, raspberries, and strawberries grow abundantly.

The capabilities of the Upper Kootenay valley and the Columbia Lake region for cattle and horse ranching are unqualified, especially for the latter, as horses can run on the ranges all the winter without extra food or shelter, thriving marvelously upon the natural bunch grass of the country. Cattle it is advisable to protect by providing open shelter sheds for the cold weather, and furnishing them with a moderate amount of fodder, which can be procured in abundance from the hay marshes throughout the district.

An essential factor in stock-raising is water, which should be sufficient in quantity and of the very best. It is abundant throughout Kootenay. Large rivers flow in every valley, and numbers of fine creeks are encountered in all directions, containing water as pure, clean, and cold as the most ardent prohibitionist could desire for illustrative purposes and principles.

Although there is plenty of game in the Pacific Province, such as cariboo, elk, bear, black and white-tailed deer, mountain sheep and goats, etc., it is very difficult to obtain, owing to the inaccessibility of the animals' resorts and the number of Indians constantly engaged in hunting them. It should always be remembered that without the assistance of some experienced Indian well acquainted with the country, it would be impossible to have any sport at all.

We had beautiful weather during our visit to Cranbrooke. Days of cloudless sunshine succeeded one another only too quickly, until the inevitable Thursday arrived which bore us away from the hospitable ranche and kind host, who will ever be associated with my pleasantest memories of British Columbia.

We left Col. Baker's on Saturday, the 16th of September, homeward bound, returning over the same ground by which we came, only varying the programme by parting with our horses at Capt. Armstrong's ranche, where they belonged, and embarking in a *bateau*, which was going down to meet the steamer. With our steeds our luck departed, for the Columbia began to fall so rapidly in the cool September weather that the Duchess had to retire from navigation, and, after camping for two days on the river bank near Lilacs, close to the spot from which we started, listening anxiously for the sharp whistle of the boat, we learned that she was unable to get up farther than a few miles above Golden, and were obliged to make our way down to the fair city as best we could in our open boat, rowing or drifting with the current by day and camping by night. It was ten o'clock on a pitch dark evening, the end of September, that, weary, cramped, stiff and hungry, we at last sighted the twinkling lights of the Duchess lying placidly at her moorings, and were received once more into her hospitable bosom, where we partook of a hearty supper and claimed her protection for the night. We slept the sleep of the just, and on Sunday morning, September 26th, boarded the east-bound Pacific express, and in one short hour found

ourselves at Donald, after a month of travel by land and water.

During the last two years East Kootenay has made great strides in civilization, as will be seen by the following items of expenditure on local improvements from a Donald paper:—

EAST KOOTENAY.	
Kootenay Wagon Road	\$3,829.31
Elk River Bridge	77.00
Columbia River Channel and Dutch Creek Bridges	484.96
Dutch Creek, 6-Mile, Wild Horse and Elk River Bridges.....	764.50
Crow Nest Pass Trail	661.00
Wild Horse Creek Bridge	226.85
Tools, Lumber, etc., for Public Wagon Roads and Bridges	24.67
Canal Flat Bridge.....	65.00
Kicking Horse Bridge at Golden	1,084.10
Team and Wagon for Public Works.....	450.00
Trail from Donald to Porcupine Creek.....	245.00
Trail from Golden to Spillimichene.....	145.00
Grading Main street, Donald.....	100.00
Perry Creek Trail.....	62.50
Bridge across Kootenay River at Fort Steele, 2nd crossing of Kootenay	3,783.10
Upper Kootenay Trail.....	45.00
Wagon Road from Golden to Steamboat Landing (1 1/4 miles).....	100.00
Wagon Road from Upper Columbia Lake to Findlay Creek Hydraulic Mines.....	50.00
Mission Creek Bridge.....	25.50
Expenses of Assistant Commissioner of Lands and Works in Inspecting Roads, Trails and Bridges.....	148.45
Travelling expenses of A. Cameron, Road Foreman.....	50.00

KOOTENAY GETS A LIBERAL SHARE.

The estimate of revenue and receipts of the province for the financial year ending June 30, 1890, has been furnished for publication. The total amount from all sources is expected to be \$699,491.05. The estimates of expenditure for the same time amount to \$864,431.05, being 164,940 more than the expected receipts. The amounts that, in all likelihood, will be appropriated for Kootenay district are:—

EAST KOOTENAY DIVISION.	
Gold Commissioner and Government Agent.....	\$ 2,500
Constable and Collector.....	1,500
Constable.....	840
Constable, Collector and Recorder at Fort Steele.....	1,200
Public School Teacher at Donald.....	840
Incidental Expenses for Public School at Donald.....	40
Repairs to Government Buildings.....	300
Roads, Trails, Streets, and Bridges.....	10,000
Road to McMurdo Mining District.....	4,000
Total.....	\$21,220

THE BOOKSTALL.

It stands in a winding street,
A quiet and restful nook,
Apart from the endless beat
Of the noisy heart of trade;
There's never a spot more cool
Of a hot midsummer day
By the brink of a forest pool,
Or the bank of a crystal brook
In the maple's breezy shade,
Than the bookstall old and grey.

Here are precious gems of thought
That were quarried long ago,
Some in vellum bound, and wrought
With letters and lines of gold;
Here are curious rows of "calf,"
And perchance an Elzevir;
Here are countless "mos" of chaff,
And a parchment folio,
Like leaves that are cracked with cold,
All puckered and brown and sere.

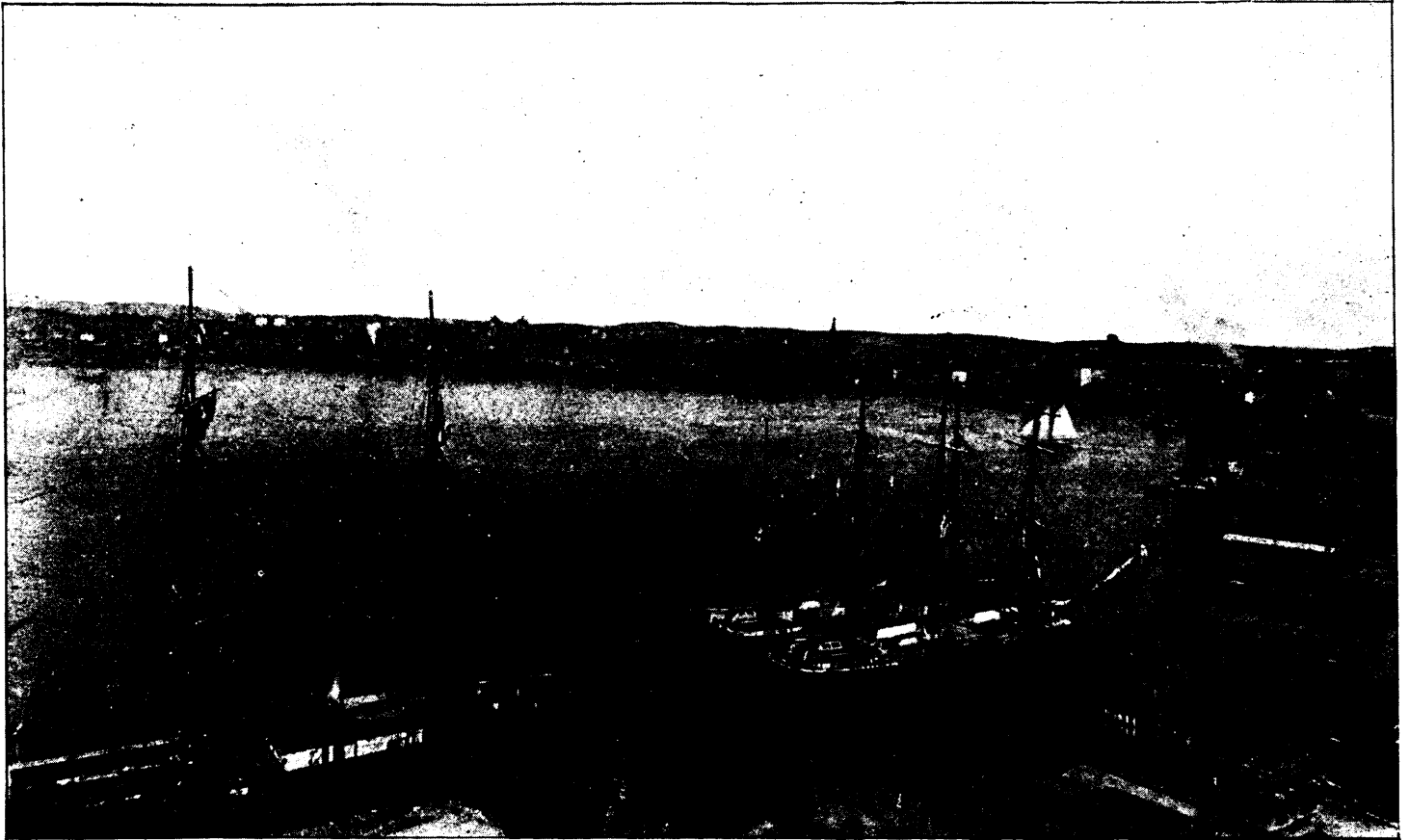
In every age and clime
Live the monarchs of the brain;
And the lords of prose and rhyme
Years after the long, last sleep
Has come to the kings of earth,
And their names have passed away.
Rule on through death and birth;
And the thrones of their domain
Are found where the shades are deep,
In the bookstall old and grey.

—Clinton Scollard.

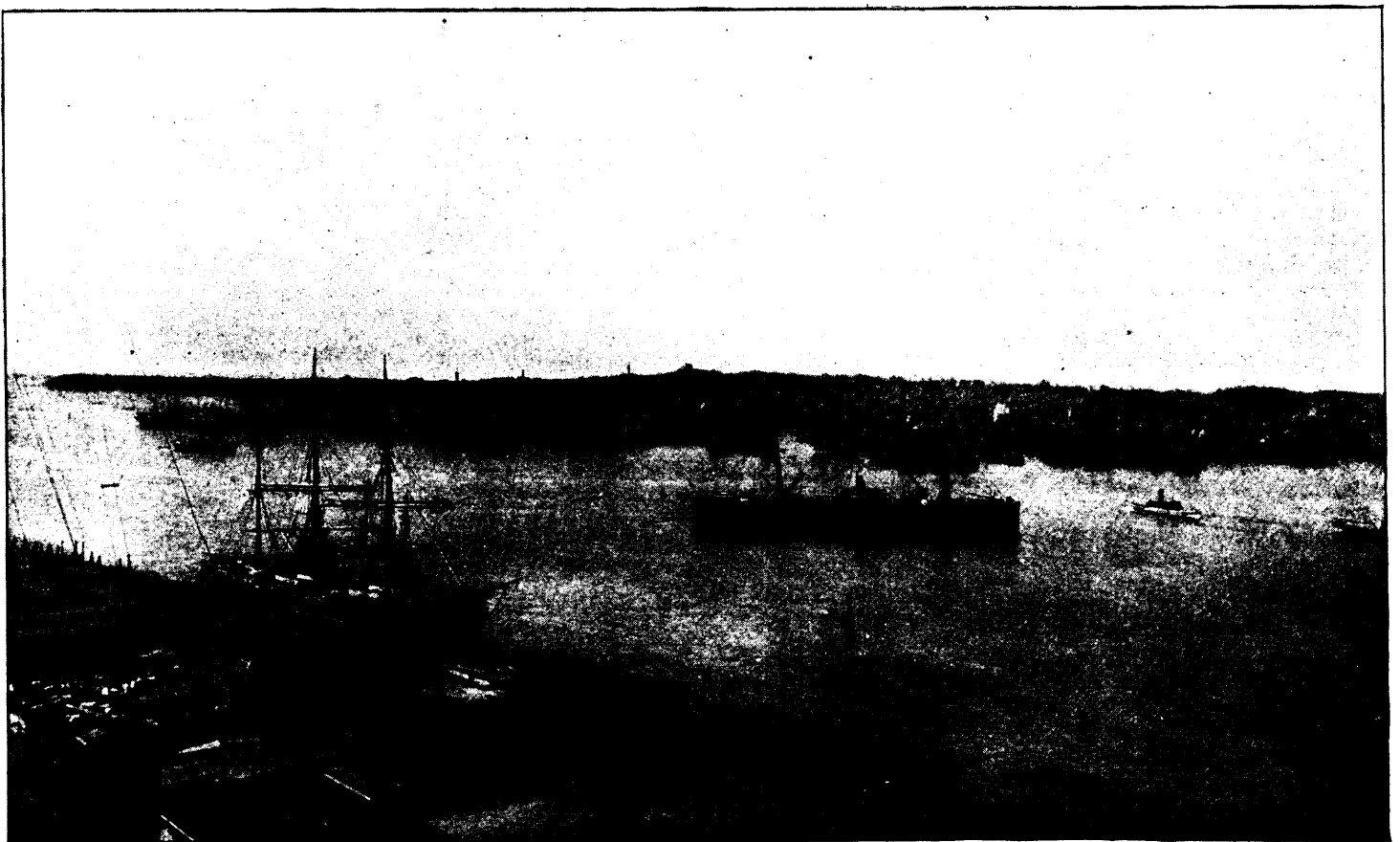
Dr. James Croll, the author of "Climate and Time in their Geological Relations" and of "Discussions on Climate and Cosmology," has just brought out another work on his favorite subject, entitled "Stellar Evolution and its Relations to Geological Time." Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. are the American publishers.

VIEWS IN ST. JOHN, N.B.

From photographs by A. Stoerger.



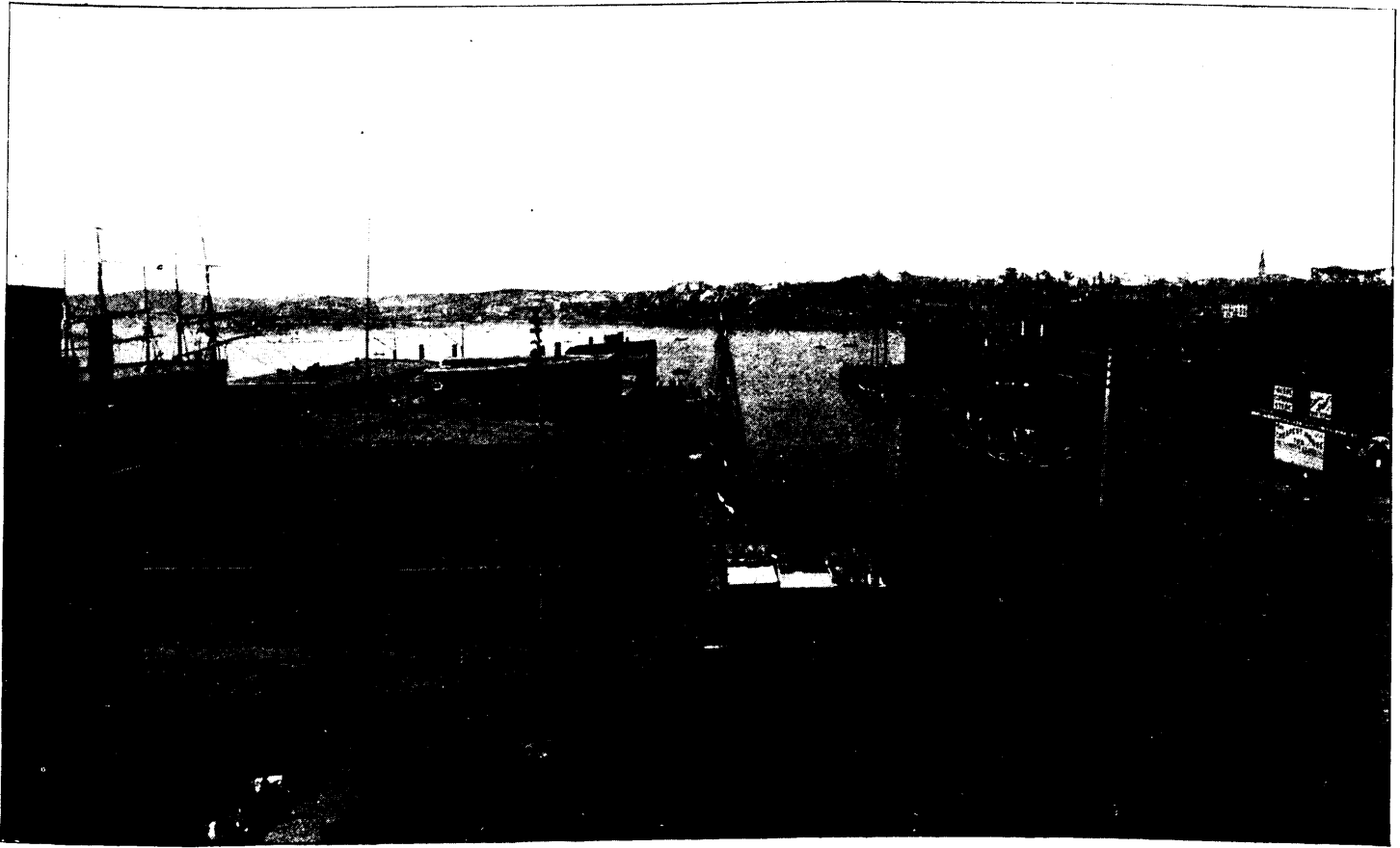
ST. JOHN HARBOUR, NORTH END.



ST. JOHN HARBOUR, SOUTH END.

VIEWS IN ST. JOHN, N.B.

From photographs by A. Stoerger.



THE MARKET SLIP (LOYALIST LANDING).



KING STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.



A natural history serial, "Among the Florida Keys," by Charles Frederick Holder, describing the strange adventures and observations of a party of boys during a vacation trip to Florida, is begun in the July *St. Nicholas*, and will be continued for four months.

According to a count by Dr. W. J. Beal, of the Michigan Forestry Commission, there grow wild in Michigan seventy species of indigenous trees and three exotics that have escaped from cultivation; and of shrubs, one hundred and fifty native and five escaped exotics.

A "Dictionary of Universal Climatology" is announced as in preparation by the Observatory of Rio Janeiro, M. L. Cruls, director. It is intended to present methodically the climatological data of as great a number of places on the earth as is possible, reduced to uniform standards of notation and terminology.

In a late number of *Science*, Mr. H. W. Henshaw undertakes to supply an answer to the question: "Who are the American Indians?" on the basis of their languages. His theory is that those languages (of which he makes 58 groups) were developed on this continent, and that the tribes speaking them are, therefore, purely aboriginal.

A wonderful invention has been exhibited for preventing collisions at sea. The motive is electricity. A small plate, not larger than a cheese plate, is fixed at the side of the vessel, and the approach of any vessel within two miles immediately causes a bell to sound, and an indicating arrow shows the direction from whence it approaches. The idea, of course, is that waves of sound are carried more quickly by water than air, and, if the invention can be perfected, the torpedo boat will be rendered useless. In the tentative experiments that have been made on the Thames the indicator has worked perfectly.

"Vegetable musk" is made from the seeds of the *Hibiscus abelmoschus*, a malvaceous plant. The ancient Egyptians used to chew the seeds to stimulate their appetites and make their breath fragrant, and they regarded them as aphrodisiac and astringent. Previous to the French Revolution, when it was the fashion to powder the hair, the seeds, called *ambrette*, were mixed with starch and kept till the starch had absorbed a suitable proportion of their perfume, when the seeds were removed and the musky-odored starch was put up in packets for sale. *Ambrette* is now imported in large quantities into Europe, and is used in the preparation of the alchemes of Florence, and to adulterate musk.

"How Sea-Birds dine" is described in *Nature* by a correspondent who caught them in the act off the island of Mull. Observing them collected at a single spot, he steamed toward it, and found that the centre of their gathering was a reddish-brown ball, about two feet under the surface, composed of herring-fry, which had been driven into that shape by the divers surrounding the shoal and hemming them in on all sides, "so that the terrified fish huddled together in a vain effort to escape inevitable destruction. The divers work from below and the other sea-birds feed from above; and, as in some cases after the birds had been at work for some time I saw no ball. I suppose no one fish is left to tell the tale." The observation was repeated several times.

THE CANADIAN LAKES AND THE GLACIERS.—In accounting for the origin of the great lake basins in Canada, Dr. Robert Bell regards Lake Superior as of volcanic origin, and Hudson Bay as having some points in common with it; while Athabasca, the Great Slave Lake, Lake Winnipeg, the Georgian Bay, and Lake Ontario, lie along the line where the limestones and sandstones meet the older Laurentian and Huronian strata, and were probably excavated by post-tertiary glaciers. Dr. Bell also points out that dikes of greenstones, etc., often formed the original lines along which the channels of rivers, arms of lakes, and fiords, were cut by denuding forces. Prof. A. Drummond suggests that the glaciers have been called upon to do too much work. There is difficulty in accepting the theory of such colossal glacial systems as geologists invoke. The vast effects of erosion by atmospheric and other agencies in Miocene and Pliocene ages which immediately preceded the Glacial epoch, and the great deposits of decomposed rock which must have accumulated during those ages, have been overlooked. The continental glacier, even if only a mile in thickness, of the extent demanded by the theory, would represent a depth of about five hundred or six hundred feet taken uniformly everywhere from the waters of the ocean and transformed into ice. The withdrawal of such a mass of water from the North Atlantic would have carried our coast-line from seventy-five to one hundred miles seaward, would have rendered the Gulf of St. Lawrence dry land brought the Great Banks of Newfoundland to the surface, and would have obliterated the German Ocean. Are we prepared to accept these consequences? Prof. Drummond prefers a theory of great northern elevations of land creating mountain-chains and their glaciers, accompanied or followed by a depression farther south, which admitted the arctic currents, or perhaps formed an inland sea and a highway for icebergs bearing *debris* and boulders, which they dropped on the bottom.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(Concluded from last number.)

By way of honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson made a tour through a Californian wilderness. The experience was too picturesque to be wasted, so the "Silverado Squatters" was written, with its humorous bits of human nature and transcripts of noble scenery. A description of a starry night compels quotation:—

"I have never seen such a night. It seemed to throw calumny in the teeth of all the painters that ever dabbled in starlight. The sky itself was of a ruddy, powerful, nameless, changing color, dark and glossy like a serpent's back. The stars, by innumerable millions, struck boldly forth like lamps. The milky way was bright, like a moonlit cloud; half heaven seemed milky way. The greater luminaries shone each more clearly than a winter's moon. Their light was dyed in every sort of colour—red, like fire; blue, like steel; green, like the tracks of sunset; and so sharply did each stand forth in its own lustre that there was no appearance of that flat star-spangled arch we know so well in pictures, but all the hollow of heaven was one chaos of contesting luminaries—a hurly-burly of stars. Against this the hills and rugged tree-tops stood out redly dark."

Quite as brilliant as this is the picture he next gives of how the stars faded before the ascending moon.

America exchanged for Scotland, Mr. Stevenson settled down to his desk in rare vigour of health. He and his young step-son were much in the habit of drawing maps. One afternoon they drew a map of Southern Seas with crosses fancifully denoting islands of hidden treasure. Lloyd at once suggested that a story be written to fit the map, a story for boys like himself, with lots of pirates and hair breadth 'scapes in it. Accordingly at Braemar, "Treasure Island" was begun, and fifteen days were spent in writing the first half of it. At Davos it was finished in fifteen days more,—his quickest, most enjoyed and perhaps best work. "Treasure Island," with its reproduction of the original crossed map, is a book Defoe might write were he extant, with addition to his fame. It is one of the rare books for boys which fascinate men as well. John Silver, with his crutch and parrot, will go stumping down the corridors of time bearing company to immortal Friday and the goat.

At Bournemouth Mr. Stevenson has his home, or rather, wanderer that he is, his 'permanent address.' There, at "Skerryvore," he next wrote "Kidnapped." He differs from a good many of his readers in deeming this much his best story. It has all the charm of Scott, and reading between the lines one can well imagine the second Wizard of the North as sound a Tory as the first. His hero, Alan Breck, vain, brave, choleric, human, stands forth as sharply cut as sculpture; sculpture too, evidently chiselled by a loving hand. His creator is evidently of those who think that modern progress has not been all clear again; that in its forced marches some noble traits of manhood have been rudely overborne and obliterated. We can imagine him looking at some great grandson of Alan Breck's,—trudging from factory to tenement house,—something the poorer in an unexercised capacity to respect and follow better men than himself, notwithstanding statistically recorded and conceded advantage as to soundness of roof, comfort of raiment and abundance not only of bread, but butter. "Kidnapped," breezy with the scent of heather, if ever book was,—apparently written by a man in the full flush of health and heartiness,—was as a matter of fact penned in bed by an invalid. During the greater part of a year its author wrote and re-wrote its pages, until, toward the last, exertion became really painful. David Balfour restored to his inheritance, Mr. Stevenson, none too soon, took a long rest. Then at Hyeres, he wrote "Prince Otto," in a new vein, involving his hardest effort. Chapters of it were re-written five or six times, that of the Countess Von Rosen and the Princess no fewer than eight times. This troublesome Countess is regarded by some competent critics as next to Alan Breck, Mr. Stevenson's most striking creation; and it is thought that "Prince

Otto" justifies the expectation that historical romance is the field in which his versatile genius can achieve its highest distinction.

"Prince Otto," despatched to the printer, our author next wrote "The Treasure of Franchard," at Kingussie. This tale now circulates in the same volume as "The Merry Men." At Bournemouth, "Olalla," "Markheim," and "Dr. Jekyll," were then written. "Dr. Jekyll," Mr. Stevenson's most successful story, was suggested by a dream described by him in *Scribner* for January, 1888. He has repeatedly acknowledged his indebtedness to similar extensions of experience beyond his waking hours. Both "Dr. Jekyll" and "Markheim" have a moral all the more telling for being purely incidental; they come from the hand of too true an artist ever to write tales of set "purpose." Conscience with him

"Is never so far off as even to be near."

Mr. Stevenson collaborated in his next work, "The Dynamiter." Then in a wide circle of the sanitaria he wrote "Thrawn Janet" and the "Merry Men," two short weird sketches. His next task was to be in a new field,—biography,—in which his own character and methods were to be shown as clearly as those of the friend commemorated. Mr. Stevenson, whilst at Edinburgh University, had been in the class of Professor Fleeming Jenkin. Although little interested in either his mathematics or his physics, the personality of the Professor charmed him, and as time went on they became warm friends. In June, 1885, the Professor died, and his widow committed to Mr. Stevenson the writing of his memoir. This volume, which appeared last winter, unwittingly reveals how its author has become so thoroughly grounded in his art of expression. He shows us his alert, thorough observation of living men,—neglecting no trait nor token of character, however trivial it may seem. He proves how much sympathy aids insight, and how greatly praise is heightened when given with just discrimination. He does not eulogize his friend, but candidly tells us his faults, deducts them from the virtues they accompanied, and shows him all the worthier of loving attachment. Never was skein of heredity better unraveled than that of this peppery, manly little Scotch professor, whose memoir proves if proof were needed, that its author's vividness of imagination is based on nothing so much as clearness of perception. Because Mr. Stevenson sees with sharper eyes than we, his Alan Breck and John Silver seem more real to us than many of the substantial people who live in our street. His books revive the best traditions of romance because he has brought to his transforming imagination clear cut impressions of real men and women. At a time when the most popular writers of the day are corner-photographers limning all and sundry, with a declared absence of selective purpose or dramatic intent; he employs himself as might an opulent portrait-painter, only with such subjects as he deems worthy his brush, bringing out in each his most significant expression and distinctive individuality.

Late in '87 Mr. Stevenson gathered up several magazine articles published at odd times in recent years, adding to them some new work; he issued "Memories and Portraits." With this volume also appeared an American edition of "Virginius Puerisque," containing some of the first fruits of his pen. In the chapter, "An Apology for Idlers," he has somewhat of reproof for the work-drunkness which afflicts us on this side the Atlantic even more severely than our cousins Britannic whom he addressed. He says:—

"Extreme *business*, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in some conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country, or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity, they cannot give themselves over to random provocations; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake; and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick they will even stand still. It is

no good speaking to such folk : they *cannot* be idle, their nature is not generous enough ; and they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious toiling in the gold-mill. When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or so for a train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with ; you would imagine they were paralyzed or alienated ; and yet very possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eyesight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school and college, but all the time they had their eye on the medal ; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play ; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train. Before he was breeched he might have clambered on the boxes ; when he was twenty he would have stared at the girls ; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuff-box empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright upon a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appeal to me as being Success in Life."

In the same volume he gives us his philosophy of "Walking Tours," in the course of which he talks of bivouacs :—

"Nor must I forget to say a word about bivouacs. You come to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees ; and off goes the knapsack and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into yourself and the birds come round and look at you ; and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven ; and the sun lies warm upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck and turns aside your open shirt. If you are not happy you must have an evil conscience. You may dally as long as you like by the roadside. It is almost as if the millennium had arrived when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the house-top, and remember times and seasons no more. Not to keep hours for a lifetime is, I was going to say, to live for ever. You have no idea, unless you have tried it, how endlessly long is a summer's day, that you measure out only by hunger, and bring to an end only when you are drowsy. I know a village where there are hardly any clocks, where no one knows more of the days of the week than by a sort of instinct for the fête on Sundays, and where only one person can tell you the day of the month, and she is generally wrong ; and if people were aware how slow Time journeyed in that village, and what armfuls of spare hours he gives over and above the bargain, to its wise inhabitants, I believe there would be a stampede out of London, Liverpool, Paris, and a variety of large towns, where the clocks lose their heads, and shake the hours out each one faster than the other, as though they were all in a wager. And all these foolish pilgrims would each bring his own misery along with him, in his watch pocket ! It is to be noticed, there were no clocks and watches in the much-vaunted days before the flood. It follows, of course, there were no appointments and punctuality was not yet thought upon. 'Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure,' says Milton, 'he has one jewel left ; ye cannot deprive him of his covetousness.' And so I would say of a modern man of business, you may do what you will for him, put him in Edeq, give him the elixir of life—he has still a flaw at heart, he has still his business habits. Now there is no time when business habits are more mitigated than on a walking tour. And so during these halts, as I say, you will feel almost free."

In the circuit of universal expression it came of necessity that beside being a romancer and biographer, Mr. Stevenson should be a poet and dramatist. The creations of his fancy lose something in stepping from his pages to the boards ; and, like Scott, his versatility shines more brightly

in prose than poetry. His "Child's Garden of Verses" is very simple and sweet. He who wrote it has remembered what most of us lose so much in forgetting,—the days when the world was all new and wonderful to our childish eyes. "Underwoods," issued two years ago, abounds in fine stanzas one would fain imprint on the mind as part of its best store. "Our Lady of the Snows," inspired during his travels in the Cevennes, is a noble protest against the spirit that shirks work in the world for selfish seclusion. A fine specimen of humour is "The Scot's Return from Abroad." This good man, long absent in foreign un-Presbyterian lands, returns to his native town. Of course, among the first things done, is to go to church. His mind is there rudely shocked at one innovation and another introduced whilst he has been far away. At last the dominie mounts the pulpit, and then the wanderer hears comfortable words :—

"Oh what a gale was on my speerit
To hear the p'int's of doctrine clearit,
And a' the horrors of damnation
Set forth wi' faithfu' ministration.
Nae shufflin' testimony here—
We were a' damned, an' that was clear.
I owned, wi' gratitude an' wonder,
He was a pleasure to sit under."

In the related chord of pathos, he tells us of a sick child's talk with its mother :—

Child. O mother dear lay your hand on my brow !
O mother, mother where am I now ?
Why is the room so gaunt and great ?
Why am I lying awake so late !

Mother. Fear not at all ; the night is still,
Nothing is here that means you ill—
Nothing but lamps the whole town through,
And never a child awake but you.

Child. Mother, mother, speak low in my ear,
Some of the things are so great and near,
Some are so small and far away,
I have a fear that I cannot say,
What have I done, and what do I fear,
And why are you crying, mother dear ?

Mother. Out in the city sounds begin,
Thank the kind God, the cart's come in !
An hour or two more and God is so kind,
The day shall be blue in the window-blind,
Then shall my child go sweetly asleep,
And dream of the birds and the hills of sheep.

In the autumn of 1887 Mr. Stevenson came to America for the second time,—to have remained in a city would neither have been advisable nor to his taste. So after a diligent canvass of quiet resorts suited to his malady, he chose Saranac Lake, in the heart of the Adirondacks, for his winter home. His choice proved fortunate. Although he found the cold severer at times than he relished, yet his health steadily improved in the pure mountain air, and he was often able to enjoy skating and sleighing for hours together. In his little study in an old-fashioned cottage, the floor covered with buffalo rugs, he read and wrote almost every day. Nothing in his reading more interested his uncommercial mind than the discussions in the metropolitan press of monopolies and trusts. It may be that his imagination shall some day be excited to a story based on the acts of the modern buccaneers, who with steam, electricity and stock-exchanges as their weapons, would utterly condemn the petty plunder of Captain Kydd or Captain Flint.

At Saranac Mr. Stevenson wrote "The Master of Ballantrae," now appearing in *Scribner's*, as well as the remarkable series of brief essays contributed last year to the same magazine. With Mr. Osbourne's collaboration he wrote "The Wrong Box," a book just issued in New York, more humorous than any other he has given us, and exceedingly ingenious of plot. In June of last year, with his mother, wife and step-son, Mr. Stevenson embarked at San Francisco for an extended yacht cruise among the islands of the Southern Pacific. At Honolulu he made a long stay, receiving distinguished honours at the hands of His Hawaiian Majesty. For the fruit of his adventures, transformed as romance, we must patiently wait : his diary, certain to be a capital transcript of a very unusual and unconventional voyage, is shortly to appear in a circle of American newspapers, through Mr. S. S. McClure, the syndicate publisher, of New York. Much invigorated in health, Mr.

Stevenson returns to England *via* Australia, his mother having last May resumed her residence in Edinburgh.

Mr. Stevenson is tall of stature and less pale than one would expect him to be. He is a brilliant talker, speaks with a slight Scotch accent, and proves, in the circle of friendship which only ill-health keeps small, that he is one of the authors who has not put so much into his books as not to have much left for his life.

GEORGE ILES.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

Now loiter here before high noon
Beneath the green arcade :
Here well-grown trees of various leaf
A shadowy light have made.

When tropic sun of hot July
Has shot his fiery beams ;
And flickering heat on level lands
Like quivering fire seems.

Then here in shade you walk at ease
Exempt from toil and care :
Here all is good the eye can see,
And all is free as air.

The leafy arch rings loud with song,
The diverse wild-wood notes :
Here happy birds with mingling voice
Swell high their frenzied throats.

How blest this scene ! How full its joy !
'Tis all Elysian good !
No chilling mist here casts its shade ;
Nor blast can here intrude.

O fail me not, ye rural tracts,
Where beauteous nature haunts !
Where perfumed fresh the grassy meads
Each sense of life enchants !

To him whose days are spent in towns,
There held by business needs ;
How haunts him now the country's charm !
It all his free thoughts feeds.

His heart runs off in truant race ;
Flies on its boyhood rounds ;
All rural sights he sees again ;
And hears all rural sounds.

He sees the Farmer's happy toils ;
Hears Hayfield's music blythe,
When Mowers strike with ringing chime
The old-time mowing scythe.

He visits prompt the Bramble Patch
Among the broken hills ;
Finds as of old the fruiting cane
Its quondam sweets distils.

The city has not all goods things ;
The farm retains some few :
There Mother Nature soothes the soul,
With tender art and true.

I knew a man, a Master of Arts,
A king of men in truth,
By Rice Lake side, to make this wish,
Among his classic youth.

Success he wanted not, nor friends ;
'Twas cry for needed rest ;
Such man cannot retire at will,
As humor would suggest :

"I wish I could," he warmly exclaimed,
"This school-room tightly bar ;
Start straight for Lincoln's County lines,
Where endless orchards are ;

"'Midst fruiting trees and chestnut groves
I might once more find rest ;
With two months' rustication there
I should, as Gods, be blest."

O men and women, cribbed in towns
With nerves o'er-wrought and weak,
Fly ye afar to mount and lake,
Where dwells the health ye seek.

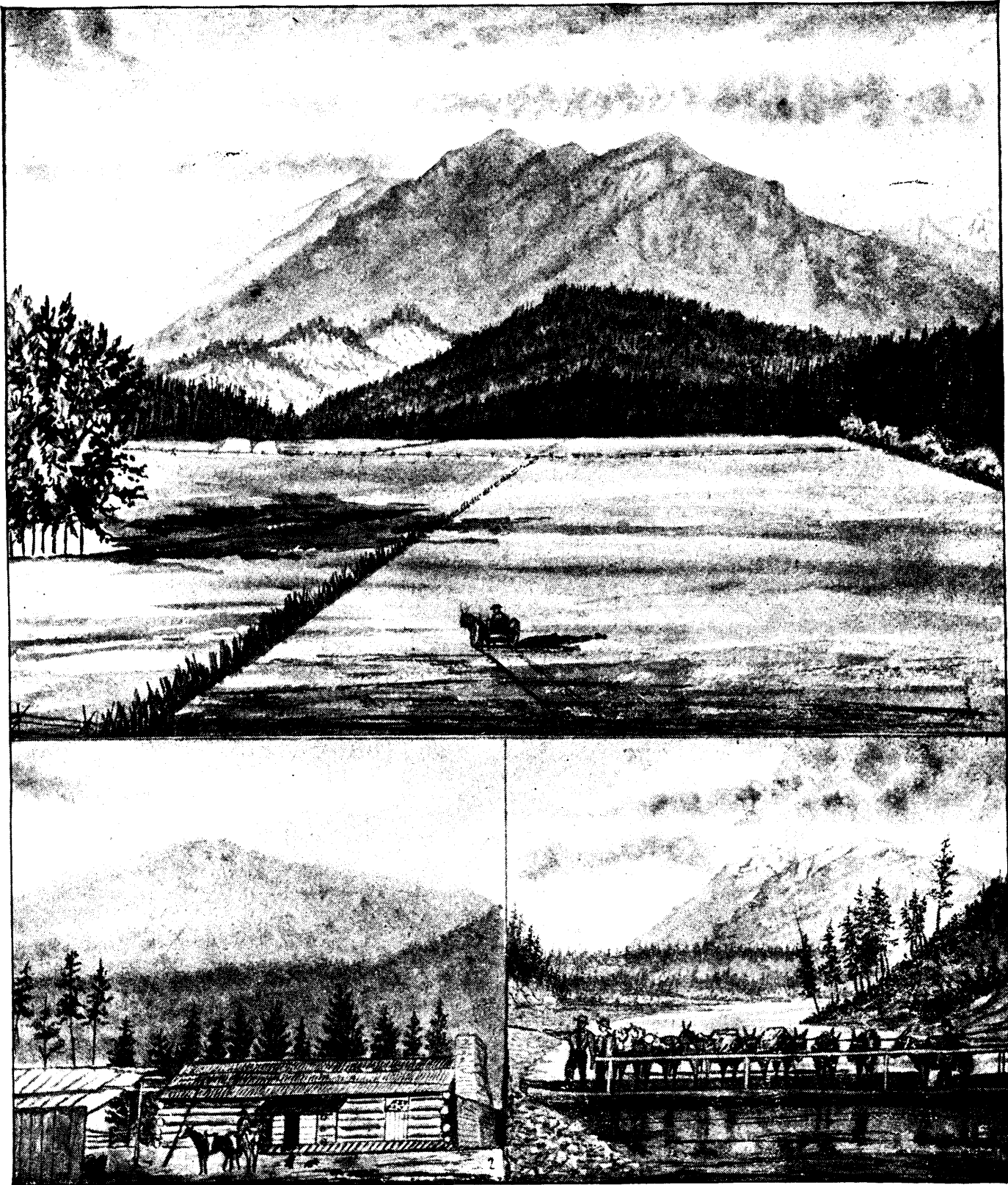
A thousand bright Canadian lakes,
And mountain-cleaving floods,
Invite to yearly new gained health
And balms of mountain woods.

O come again ! O come each year !
Ye days of wild, free joy !
O bring us each and every one,
This good without alloy !

O friends, give farmers fitting praise :
On them may kind fates shine !
They change the harsh rough wilderness
To cultured scenes divine.

Ottawa, July 9th, 1889.

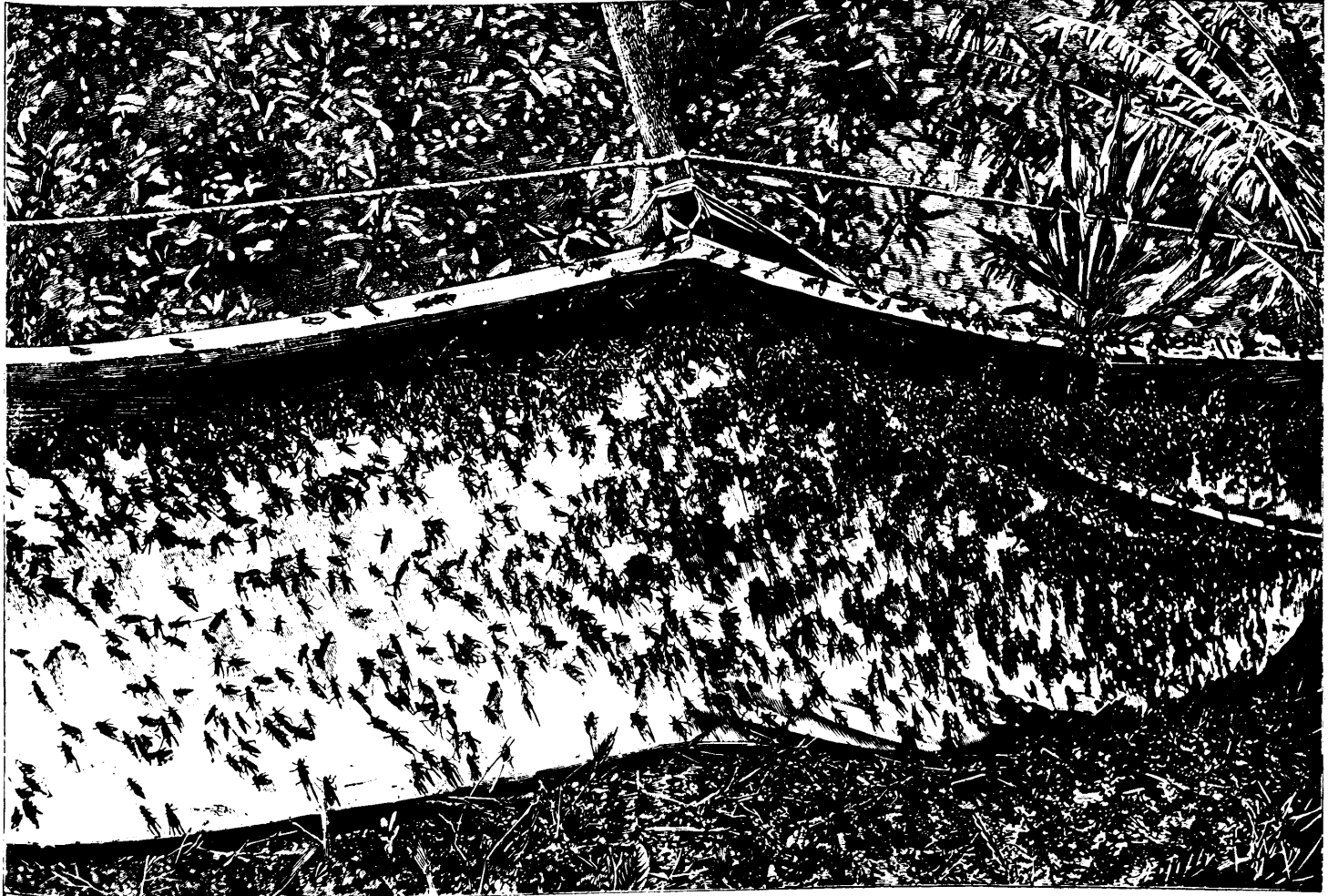
CROWQUILL.



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Series VII.

By Mrs. Arthur Spragge.

1. Crossing the Columbia River at Fort Steele. 2. Cranbrooke, Col. James Baker's residence, destroyed by fire January, 1889. 3. Fields and Mountains, near Cranbrooke.



GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE IN ALGERIA.

1. The barrier set up to stop the march of the insects. 2. Arabs emptying one of the pits into which the grasshoppers were gathered,
From *L'illustration*.



"The Explorations of Jonathan Oldbuck, F.G.S.Q., in Eastern Latitudes," to which reference has already been made in our columns, will be welcomed by the large circle of Mr. LeMoine's grateful admirers. It is a worthy addition to his valuable series of works on the annals, traditions, scenery and natural history of our own land. The task which Mr. LeMoine undertook in the prime of his years was one for which he was peculiarly fitted by knowledge, tastes, sympathies and associations. What that task was he tells us himself very simply and modestly in the introduction to the present volume. "Thirty years ago," he writes, "in accordance with a plan conceived at a gathering of friends, I undertook what then was to me, and what has been ever since, a labour of love: placing in a light form, before a candid public, the brightest, as well as the darkest, pages in Canadian annals, with their various accompaniments. Thus originated the four series of volumes known under the emblematic title of 'Maple Leaves.' The favour with which my first effusions were received led me to delve deeper in the mine of Canadian history—musty old letters, illegible manuscripts accumulated on my library shelves. There, indeed, I found ample occupation for many long but pleasant winter evenings, forgetting the hours whilst the northern blast was howling amidst my leafless oaks and old pines. Indulgent readers have followed me through the unfrequented paths of Canadian history, archaeology, legends, varied by short sketches on Canadian scenery, flowers, birds, fishes, etc. I now lay before them, with all its shortcomings, a familiar itinerary of travel by sea and land, covering a score of years, over the most picturesque portion of the province, to complete the chain of works originally projected. May it meet with the same cordial support extended to its predecessors."

We have no hesitation in saying that it will. Whatever Mr. LeMoine chooses to give us from his rich store of knowledge, whether gathered from books or manuscripts or personal experience, is sure to be accepted thankfully.

It is only in a portion of the book that the antiquary of Spencer Grange masquerades in the garb of whimsical, irritable, kindly old Monkbarns—a tribute of reverence to an author from whom he caught a share of his own inspiration, and to whom he was early drawn no less by his Scottish blood than by similarity of tastes—for once we are fairly on the road our familiar mentor of the "Maple Leaves" is himself again, though later on he dons his domino. He takes us by easy stages from point to point of interest from Quebec to Montmorenci, to Jacques Cartier, to Portneuf, to Deschambault, to Megantic, through Beauce, to the Magdalen Islands, to Lake St. John. This is not, indeed, the whole itinerary, but it will suffice to indicate the amplitude of choice that Mr. LeMoine has placed at our disposal. We are at liberty, moreover, to make our starting point where we please, and we may be sure that, whatever place we select, our guide will provide us with pleasant travelling companions. For our own part, we would be quite satisfied to be accompanied by himself alone. But "the more merrier," and certainly there is ample variety to select from. Here we meet with Guillaume Couture, first settler in Point Levis, with sturdy LeMoine and his valiant sons, with Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, with the Premier Seigneur of New France, Surgeon Robert Giffard, with the "brave old Lord de Frontenac," with de Vaudreuil and de la Galissonnière, noble mind in puny frame, with that zealous naturalist, the friend of Linnæus, Swedish Kalm, with that genial prince, the Duke of Kent, memories of whom still linger in stately old Canadian homes, with governors and intendants, ecclesiastics and laymen, men of war and men of peace, men of science and men of letters, with grandes dames and chivalrous gentlemen of a past régime, with the tourist, the sportsman, the journalist, and last but not least important of these *dramatis personæ*, with the habitant, clad in *stoffe du pays*, pious, contented and courteous, and as yet unsophisticated through intercourse with the *Canadien errant*—not Gerin-Lajoie's patriotic exile, but a later and less romantic type.

Apart from its wealth of historical and antiquarian lore, the volume will be found a trustworthy guide-book to some of the most interesting localities on the Lower St. Lawrence and its tributaries. Sportsmen—anglers especially—will find much to satisfy them. The chapter on "Our Salmon and Salmon-Trout Rivers" is a medley of solid facts and pleasant gossip—the former taken mostly from the author's little treatise, "Les Pêcheries du Canada," first published in 1863. Some of the personal adventures described are quite recent. The ascent to the Falls of Mistassini, for instance, was made on the 17th of May last. In the Cruise of the *Hirondelle* (1886), Mr. LeMoine once more dons his disguise, but there Jonathan Oldbuck is not the only masquerader.

We had marked several passages for reproduction, but must take another opportunity of placing them before our readers. Meanwhile, we would advise them to add these "Explorations" to their libraries. Mr. LeMoine dedicates the volume to Mr. G. M. Fairchild, Jr., of New York, who is soon, we learn, to return for permanent residence to the vicinity of his native Quebec. His portrait, in the costume of the Oritanis, with which our readers are familiar, is one of the attractions of the book. (Quebec: L. J. Demers et Frère.)

Among the Canadian poets represented in Mr. Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion" is the Rev. Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, of New York. Like many of our singers, Mr. Eaton is a native of the Maritime Provinces, and the title of the tasteful little volume, just published by Messrs. White and Allen, of New York and London, shows that, in crossing the border, he has not forgotten the land of his birth. "Acadian Legends and Lyrics" will not lack the praise that is due to poetic gift well used. In the first of his sonnets, Mr. Eaton reveals his consciousness of that high gift and of the purpose for which it was given:—

O restless poet-soul that know'st no bounds,
A world of unspent song lies back of thee;
Thou livest in a land of melody,
For thee earth has no common sights or sounds.

With wool the people bid thee stuff thine ears:
"Be satisfied," they cry, "with what we teach";
Then laugh and say: "What is it that he hears?
Song is but song, truth loves staid forms of speech."

But thou, with music melting thee to tears,
Bring'st nobler strains through their fond, fragile creeds,
Like one who pipes sweet songs on simple reeds;
And thou art deaf to all their frets and fears.

Sing then thy strains, however poor they be,
A world of unspent song lies back of thee.

In the following sonnet the author records his first clear apprehension of the manifold significance of another gift, innate like its companion, but, like it, needing development:

Love, love, sweet love, what gift is thine to show
The longing soul life's inmost depths, what power
To make the hidden currents seen that flow
From root to root, from stem to leaf and flower.

O, I am now more human with my kind,
More reverent; no longer in the sod,
The home of souls, man's final rest I find,
For my dim eyes behold his source, the God,

Of whom no sage on earth, no saint above
Can say a greater thing than He is love.

In "Deepening the Channel," Mr. Eaton couples with love another teacher:

We fret and foam, as if our surface tide
Was fathoms deep and never knew the truth,
Till love's slow srow through the water ride,
And grate its keel upon the sands of youth.

Like Mr. Scott, Mr. Eaton evidently counts himself in the constantly increasing "prophetarum laudabilis numerus" of the Broad Church, with, however, a distinct upward tendency. To this twofold catholicity the sonnets "A Dream of Christ," "If Christ were here," and "The Virgin's Shrine" bear witness. The sonnet to "Matthew Arnold" does justice alike to philosopher and to poet.

But, our readers may ask, where are the "Acadian Legends and Lyrics?" Well, they are not far off. We began with the sonnets to show that Mr. Eaton does not base his claim to the name of poet on mere appeals to our patriotic sympathies. Many of the lyrics, indeed, bear the same unmistakable mark of election, the same thoughtfulness, the same "obstinate questionings," the same conviction that, though any "cheap philosophy" of complacent optimism will satisfy no earnest truth-seeker, still "the true God is not dead," and it is still permissible to "hope for the best and pray and pray." There are many of these "Lyrics" that we would gladly quote for their thought, their sentiment and their music. Just now, however, we have room for one piece only, and we select

NOT IN VAIN.

No matter how relentlessly
The storm sweeps o'er the night,
Life is not lived in vain if we
But anchor to the right.
Life is not lived in vain, although
Our fairest hopes decay,
And ere we die the lichens grow
Over their ruins gray.

Life is not lived in vain if we,
Amidst the winter gloom,
May clothe one barren, leafless tree
With fragrant summer bloom.
If we may call the stars again
Into some darkened sky,
It cannot be that life is vain
Although its dreams go by.

For He whose life was most divine
Had only this success:
To cause a few hope-rays to shine
Amidst earth's hopelessness.

In addition to the two fine poems in Mr. Lighthall's collection, "L'Île Sainte Croix" and "The Resettlement of Acadia," the "Legends" comprise eight pieces bearing on pre-European times, on the French régime and on the modern period. Some of these we hope to give in full in a later issue. Meanwhile our readers, to whom we cordially recommend the book, must be satisfied with a few stanzas from "L'Ordre de Bon Temps":

* * * * *

And as the old French clock rang out,
With echoes musical,
Twelve silvery strokes, the hour of noon,
Through the pine-scented hall,

The Master of the Order came
To serve each hungry guest,
A napkin o'er his shoulder thrown,
And, flashing on his breast,

A collar decked with diamonds,
Fair pearls, turquoises blue;
While close behind, in warrior dress,
Walked old Chief Membertou.

Then wine went round and friends were pledged,
With gracious courtesy,
And ne'er was heard one longing word
For France beyond the sea.

O days of bold adventure past,
O gay adventurous men,
Your "Order of Good Time," I think,
Shall ne'er be seen again.



APPLE PRESERVES.—Make a syrup of three quarters of a pound of sugar for every pound of apples, add a sliced lemon, put the apples in and boil until tender; place in a jar; boil the syrup thick and pour over.

A SEASONABLE RECEIPT.—Those living in a locality in which mosquitoes are troublesome may make a trial of the following receipt for expelling these pests from the house:—Take a piece of gum camphor, in size about the third of a hen's egg, and slowly evaporate it by holding it in a shovel or tin vessel over a lamp, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes, and it is said that they will not return even though the windows should be left open all night.

FRUIT EATING AND HEALTH.—In cases where a tendency to constipation and torpid digestive action exists, the value of fruit cannot be over-estimated. If persons of such a habit of body would try the plan of eating fruit to breakfast in place of taking the time-honoured but (for them) absurd meal of tea or coffee, bacon and egg, and so forth, and of adding cooked fruit to dinner as a "sweet," we should hear less of the digestive troubles which render many lives miserable. This, indeed, seems to me a dietetic use of fruit which excels in value all its other virtues. The substitution of fruits—apples, oranges, prunes, and so forth—for much of the food usually eaten by persons suffering from digestive torpor, would work a wonderful and satisfying change in respect to their health, and save much useless and pernicious drugging by aperients, which only increase the mischief they are erroneously supposed and trusted to cure.—*Health.*

All good housekeepers are now busy getting ready for the coming of our long winter, which taxes the ingenuity of the Canadian house-wife to provide enough delicacies for her family without having to resort to the tin-canned fruit from the grocery. The old-fashioned way of making preserves pound to pound is fast disappearing, for who does not prefer the delicious bottled fruit? Of course a certain stock of the former must be kept on hand, as it is useful for tarts, sandwiches, etc. When buying your fruit for bottling see that it is of the best quality, and do not be tempted to take any other. Have your jars all ready: rinse them carefully, so as to remove any musty taste that may be in them. The following way of bottling, which no doubt some of our readers will try, is taken from "Good Housekeeping": Fill your jars up to the brim with the fruit, putting in the sugar at intervals, then place an iron kettle over the fire, filling it with warm water (using warm water simply to expedite matters); place the jars in a steamer, set it over the kettle, and let them steam for about twenty minutes. Test them with a broom splint, and, if found soft and the sugar melted, they are done. Steam a small quantity of fruit and sugar in a bowl at the same time and out of it fill up the jars, as there is always a certain amount of shrinking of the fruit in cooking. When each jar is brim full, put a silver fork in around the edges to let out all the little air bubbles. Next cut a round out of white sheet wadding to exactly fit the top of the jar, then the rubber, the usual glass cover and screw the whole down quickly when as hot as possible. The sweetening has nothing to do with the keeping of the fruit; it is the cooking and sealing up with the cotton wadding through which germs of fermentations cannot pass that does that. Too much sugar spoils the fresh flavour of the fruit. For the sweeter fruits three quarters of a tea cup of granulated sugar for a pint jar (or less if you like), but currants, plums and strawberries take fully that or a cupful. Each one has her own way of bottling, but this above seems worthy of a trial. A word in favour of doing peaches whole: they not only look pretty and dainty on the table, but the rich flavour of the stone is quite perceptible.

THE SPEAKING JAW.

The earliest men of whom we have any certain knowledge, the palæolithic men, as they are styled, are distinguished by scientific investigators, as is well known, into two distinct races, belonging to widely different epochs. Prof. Boyd Dawkins styles the earlier race the "river-drift men," and the later the "cave-men." The river-drift men were, in his view, hunters and savages of the lowest grade. In his opinion, this race is now "as completely extinct as the woolly rhinoceros or the cave-bear." We have, he considers, no clew to its ethnology; and its relation to the race that succeeded it is doubtful. The cave-men were of much higher order, and were especially remarkable for their artistic talents. Prof. de Quatrefages distinguishes the types of the two races as the "man of Canstadt" and the "man of Cro-Magnon,"—terms derived from places where crania belonging to these races have been found. Prof. A. de Mortillet knows the earlier race as the "Chellean man" or the "man of Neanderthal," and the later as the "Magdalenian man,"—designations also derived from localities where their remains or their implements have been discovered. An under-jaw of an individual of this race, the celebrated "jawbone of La Naulette," affords what Prof. de Mortillet considers decisive evidence that its possessor had not the faculty of speech. This evidence is thus stated by him: "In the middle of the inner curve of the jaw, in place of a little excrescence called the 'genial tubercle' there is a hollow, as with monkeys. Speech or articulate language," he continues, "is produced by movements of the tongue in certain ways. These movements are effected mainly by the action of the muscle inserted in the genial tubercle. The existence of this tubercle is therefore essential to the possession of language. Animals which have not the power of speech do not possess the genial tubercle. If, then, this tubercle is lacking in the Naulette jawbone, it is because the man of Neanderthal, the 'Chellean man,' was incapable of articulate speech."

—Horatio Hale.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY IN NOVA SCOTIA.

A fresh soft wind the meadows blowing over,
Brings tidings from the distant village bells;
And where the road leads through the purple clover,
The people follow as the summons swells.

The rural people from quaint homesteads lonely,
And from the hamlets by the river side;
Simple of heart and life, and eager only
For comfort, which the shallow codes deride.

The bright-haired children, and the old man hoary,
The matron mark'd by care and household toil,
And ardent youth, just learning Life's sweet story,
With sunny eyes that fear not Time's despoil.

And of the harvest hither comes the sower,
Who watches, as he walks, the summer skies;
Foretells the wind, and prophesies the shower,
And dreads the hungry crow that past him flies.

Not theirs the cavil, or weak speculation,
Which is not thought, although it tramples faith
Beneath the godless dust of drear Formation,
And claims for Nature what she nowhere saith.

Wiser these hearts which, in a world of sorrow,
Their joys and blessings humbly count and scan;
Trusting their hopes to that unknown to-morrow,
Where each a part shall fill in one vast plan.

The story of the Cross is still unshaken,
Because its fullness satisfies their need;
Rather would they with Jesus be mistaken,
Were Fate so dark, than own the scoffer's creed.

Around their quiet homes the orchards flower,
The scented thorn o'erhangs the swinging gate;
And, all unconscious of his joyful dower,
Sweet-throated robin cheers his happy mate.

And in the twilight peace the neighbours cluster
Around some open hospitable door;
A weekly respite is the evening muster,
A fellowship that soothes care's daily store.

Down from the green hill-pastures in the gloaming,
The small streams hasten musical and fleet,
(Unheard through busy day their voices roaming)
And over all the Sabbath rest falls sweet:

A. C. JENNINGS.



Christine Nilsson has recently paid \$10,000 in Paris for a painting of the Madonna.

Mr. Clarence Eddy, the organ virtuoso, has sailed for Europe, and will give a series of recitals in Paris.

At the *bal des artistes* at the opera house in Paris, Sarah Bernhardt appeared as the conductor of an orchestra of 120 musicians.

Hanslick, the great critic, declares Brahms's third violin Sonata, in D minor, to be the best and most beautiful work yet produced by the master in the line of chamber music.

Mrs. Ole Bull has had a fine music room constructed in her new house in Boston. The room is lined with teak and its acoustic properties are said to be something extraordinary.

Arthur Friedheim, the world famous pianist, orchestral conductor and Liszt interpreter, has been engaged by Manager Wolfsohn for a tour in the United States and Canada, beginning next autumn.

Hans von Bulow recently arrived in Germany and expressed himself as highly pleased with the American public, who received him with such open arms, and lavishly gave him so much of their money.

Adolf Ruthardt, the composer and pianist, has recently written a symphony and a piano concerto, besides a septette, which has been played in Berlin with excellent success. Ruthardt is one of the best modern German composers.

Baron Alberto Franchetti, who composes operas, expends immense sums on their production. His work "Asrael" was rehearsed for a month previous to its performance in Florence, 700 people being engaged. The *mise en scène* was estimated as costing \$400,000.

Mr. David Laurie, of Glasgow, has refused \$10,000 for the famous "Alard" Stradivarius violin, but \$12,500 has now been offered on behalf of an American, and the matter is under consideration. The "Alard" formerly belonged to J. B. Vuillaume, the expert, who gave it to his son-in-law, M. Delphin Alard, violin professor at the Paris conservatoire, who sold it to Mr. Laurie. It is dated 1715, and the only alteration since made is a slight lengthening of the neck.

Arthur Friedheim, the famous pianist, was recently thrown into prison for four days by the Russian authorities, on attempting to leave Russia for Germany, and having no permit from the Russian Government to leave the country. In vain Friedheim implored them to let him go, said he was Friedheim, the pianist, and that his passport was delayed and he was obliged to go on; but they would hear nothing or take no explanation, and consequently Friedheim was cast into prison. Finally he persuaded them to allow him to play, and accordingly was marched through the streets, guarded by two soldiers, for a distance of two miles, to play before the head officials, and after playing part of a Liszt rhapsodie, as only he can play it, was given permission to go on his journey, much to his delight, yet declaring he will never return to the country again.

Mrs. Hautry Godard, who left St. John some time ago to study for the stage in New York, has returned to the city, and is one of the Lansdowne Theatre company, under Mr. McDowell's management. *Progress* learns from those who should know that she has made good use of the time spent in New York, and will do credit to the company. It is said that it was the intention of the manager to give Mrs. Godard considerable prominence in her native city, but the Micawber Club objected strenuously. The person or persons who compose that unique organization had not seen Mrs. Godard on the stage, and judging her present performances from her past amateur trials in St. John, were not sufficiently prepossessed in her favour to allow her to be "starred." In consequence the notices in the press, inspired or compiled by the Micawber Club, have not given Mrs. Godard any prominence. She does not even appear on the house bill under her own name. It is asserted by one daily that Miss Mary Hampton is the St. John lady, by another that Miss Alice Greames is the St. John amateur. Then the special organ of the club denies that Miss Mary Hampton is a St. John lady, but that she has been on the regular stage for several seasons. All of which is very mysterious and quite amusing. Manager McDowell will find before he is very far along in his season that the less the Micawber club has to say about his part of the show, the greater will his chances of success be.—*St. John, N.B., Progress.*

The Chinese servant wished to draw a distinction between the servant and the friend. He had a Chinese present for his mistress, but he did not propose that it should be tendered in any impolite way. It was dinner time, and they had gone into the dining-room. The Chinaman was not there. They called him, but there was no sign. Just then the door-bell rang and one of the family had to go to the door. When the door was opened there stood the Chinaman with a package, which he handed with a polite bow. "For misses; a molly Christmas!" Then he disappeared, and before they could quite understand the affair he had gone through the garden and was in the dining-room ready to wait at table.

From *The Canada Gazette*, 22nd June, 1889:
"Public Notice is hereby given that under 'The Companies Act,' letters patent have been issued under the Great Seal of Canada, bearing date the 27th May, 1889, incorporating Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., Hon. George A. Drummond, Senator, Andrew Robertson, Chairman Montreal Harbour Commissioners, Richard B. Angus, director Canadian Pacific Railway, Hugh McLennan, forwarder, Andrew Allan, shipowner, Adam Skaife, merchant, Edward W. Parker, clerk, Dame Lucy Anne Bossé, wife of George E. Desbarats, George Edward Desbarats, A.B., L.L.B., publisher, and William A. Desbarats, publisher, all of the city of Montreal and Province of Quebec; Gustavus W. Wicksteed, Queen's Counsel, and Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Civil Engineer, of the city of Ottawa and Province of Ontario, and J. H. Brownlee, Dominion Land Surveyor, of the city of Brandon and Province of Manitoba, for the purpose of carrying on the business of engraving, printing and publishing in all the branches of the said several businesses and including publication of a newspaper and other periodical publications, by the name of 'The Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company (Limited),' with a total capital stock of fifty thousand dollars divided into 500 shares of one hundred dollars.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 21st day of June, 1889.

J. A. CHAPLEAU,
Secretary of State."

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

At a meeting of the directors of this Company, held at the offices of the Company, 73 St. James street, Montreal, on Tuesday, 9th July, the following officers were elected:

Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., President.
George E. Desbarats, Managing-Director.
William A. Desbarats, Secretary-Treasurer.

HUMOUROUS.

"Did you bring a field-glass with you?" "Never thought of that; but we can drink out of the flask."

Mr. Jonathan Trump: "What's the matter with young Darlington? He's going into the conservatory with Dolly Flicker, as pale as a ghost." Miss Penelope Peachblow: "Going into a decline, I take it, from what I know of Dolly."

"Tommy," said his mother, "do you think you'll get a prize at the school for being good?" "No, 'n," said Tommy. "Why not, sir?" asked his father, sternly, laying down his paper. "Because they don't give any," answered Tommy, meekly.

First boy: "Barnum has secured a wonderful freak."
Second boy: "What is it?" "It is a man who can address a Sunday-school without beginning his speech, 'When I was a little boy.'" "I don't believe there is such a man. He is a fraud."

Mrs. Culture: "Well, my dear, did you meet Mr. Greathead, the eminent scientist and philosopher, whose vast stores of knowledge and mental acumen are the wonder of even this mighty age?" Daughter: "Yes, ma." "Oh, I'm so glad. Sit right down and tell me all he said." "All he said was, 'It's a very wet day.'"

Government clerk (to friend): "I'm in a frightful hole. I went to see two doctors yesterday and got a medical certificate from each. One was a certificate of health for a life insurance company, and the other was a certificate of illness to send to the chief with my petition for a week's leave of absence." Friend: "I've done that myself. What's the matter?" G. C.: "Matter? Great Scott! I mixed the certificates in mailing them. The insurance company has my certificate of ill-health and the chief has my certificate of good health."

"An amusing story," writes a London correspondent of the Leeds (England) *Mercury*, "is going about as to how a very young gentleman received by mistake an invitation to a royal dinner party. He was astonished at the 'command,' but did not jump to the conclusion that it might have been intended for his more mature and more sporting namesake. On reaching the house the royal host, while not in the least recognizing his beardless guest, received him on the strength of his name with the utmost urbanity, and it was only when, after waiting a while for the real 'Simon pure,' that his Royal Highness guessed what had occurred, and that the card of invitation had been left by his equerry at the wrong address. He was, consequently, all the more careful not to allow his young guest to arrive at a similar solution, and, therefore, paid him every attention, and allowed him to leave without once hinting at the mistake which had been made."



THE CUSTOM HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Stoerger, photo.

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