

WONDERS OF THE FAR NORTH.

Interesting Things Found in the Wilds of British Columbia.

There are a few very curious things about British Columbia rivers. Everybody knows that they flow in the wrong direction while they are young.

There are many natural bridges on the coast also. In the Kicking Horse, three miles below Field station, there is a rock bridge, in a slate formation, which is inclined so as to present sharp edges, very unpleasant to walk upon.

Now, the Sicane Indians of the upper valley used to regard this tunnel in the ice as leading to the "sweet by and by."

A never-ending procession of victims passed down the Rue St. Honoré to the place de la Revolution—ci devant Place Louis XV.—where the principal guillotine had been erected.

Not least among the natural wonders of the coast is McKenzie Passage, a little to the westward of Kingoome Inlet. It is a channel about six miles in length, leading to the base of an isolated and broken peak, 5,666 feet high.

Scarcely less wonderful is an inlet tributary to Dean's Canal, and the scene of one of the most important events in Canadian history. It is thus described by Vancouver: "The width of the channel did not anywhere exceed three-quarters of a mile; its shores were bounded by precipices much more perpendicular than any we had yet seen during this excursion; and from the summits of the mountains that overlooked it, particularly on its northeastern shore, there fell several large cascades.

Two months afterward arrived there the greatest of Canadian explorers, having been the first man to cross North America. Much threatened by a large body of Indians, he fortified himself on a rock for the night, and the next day mixed some vermilion and grease and painted on the enormous mountain wall the following words: "Alexander McKenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three."

La Perouse, the great French explorer, entered Lituya bay under the shadow of the St. Elias alps, and said: "I suppose that this is the most wonderful place in all the world." This bay, entered by a very narrow aperture, was shaped like the letter T, the head of which was a fathomless abyss, surrounded by mountains of from two to three miles of vertical height.

Some of these tide sluices are very dangerous, and many lives have been lost in them. A great puzzle they were to early travellers, who found cataracts of sea water pouring into many of the inlets. They are explained by the existence behind them of large basins filled by the flood tide, the outlets being too small for its ready escape at the ebb. Some

of these salt water cataracts are as much as twelve feet high. There is a miniature example on the George, near this city. On the Yukon River the upper waters are rendered quite clear by the deposit of all their silt in a chain of lakes, but lower down a stream called White River enters from the south, so charged with glacier mud that the Yukon from thence to the sea is too dirty for even the bottom of a cupful to be distinguished. Graylings rise readily to the fly above: no fishing without nets is possible below. Moreover, where the great river crosses the Arctic circle the tributaries from the tundra lands are like rivers of tea, so deep is the stain of vegetable matter from the moss swamps of the far north.

Neatness in Dress.

The most perfect neatness in dress is that of the demure Quakeress or the gentle Sister of Charity. They have made the cleanliness, next to godliness, possess a certain coquetry that is as attractive as it is quiet. The most beautiful dress in the world becomes, when out of order, unbecoming. And the finest lace in a ragged condition is on a par with the commonest of cottons that is whole. Neatness is one of the leading feminine virtues, and an untidy girl need never expect to be treated with as much consideration as she who is always just right. Dress undoubtedly has a great influence on the mind, and as the poor little Russian girl wrote in her diary "I cannot understand how a woman who goes about with her hair in papers, cold cream on her face and a dirty gown can expect to keep her husband," so it may be taken for granted that the girl whose skirt is torn, whose untrimmed bodice is hidden under a fancy wrap, whose bonnet is just pinned together and whose ripped gloves are hidden in the muff, can never be quite right at heart.

En Route for the Guillotine.

A never-ending procession of victims passed down the Rue St. Honoré to the place de la Revolution—ci devant Place Louis XV.—where the principal guillotine had been erected. There were guillotines, however, in several other parts of the city, and it was no uncommon matter for a person going out shopping in the morning to meet with three or four processions of unhappy beings proceeding to execution. A well-organized band of furies usually accompanied them, shouting and howling insults and cries of "Death!" Early in 1794 protests were made by residents along the lines of route to the guillotines that sensitive persons were beginning to avoid those streets, and that this did great harm to their commerce. They therefore petitioned that the routes should be at least occasionally changed.

Strange, however, as it may seem, many of these executions, notably those of important personages, were attended by great numbers of apparently respectable people, and the Monteur contained many advertisements to the effect that "So-and-so hires out chairs to witness the guillotining of, say, Louis XVI, or Mme. Roland, or indeed of any conspicuous person, at so much an hour." A contemporary engraving representing the execution of Louis XVI shows us a crowd of well-dressed people, comfortably seated in their chairs, placed on a high and well-built wooden stand, and not a few of them are using their opera glasses. Duval is shocked when he records that during the massacres of September "on dansait en banlieue." In fact, the gay and volatile nature of the Parisians could not be wholly suppressed, and some by no means badly-intentioned people made a sort of fete of the tragic events which were perpetually occurring.—The Saturday Review.

How to Die.

I was in Oudh at the time when a very rich Hindu—brother to the famous Prime Minister of Nepal, Sir Jung Bahadur—arrived in a dying state at the sacred city of Ajudhia. Though stricken with mortal sickness, he had made the long and painful journey from Nepal in order to die in the holy city that gave Rama birth, and which is to the Hindu what Mecca is to the Moslems, and far more than Jerusalem is to Christians. On hearing of his arrival the English magistrate at Fyzabad went to see him, the day before his death, as it proved to be. He found the Rajah lying on a low wooden bedstead, such as is used by the poorest natives, in a bare, mud-plastered little room, having neither window nor a single article of furniture except the bedstead in it, and with his silver dishes and drinking vessels spread about on the mud floor. To English eyes it seemed truly a strange and comfortable deathbed, but such a view of it would not have struck any of the Hindus present: the dying man, they would have said, had all he needed, and God was gracious to have let him live till his journey was accomplished.

I know of no Western parallel to this scene. Princes and nobles in the Middle Ages have doubtless suffered voluntary privation, and courted physical pain by way of an expiatory or at least meritorious act, but we know that they were keenly alive to the full merit of such penances, and did not fail to put them down to the credit side of their account with heaven. But this Indian noble had no such feeling, and would have been genuinely surprised at its being thought that he had done anything worthy of admiration. His wretched and poverty-stricken surroundings were to him a perfectly indifferent accident of this quickly-passing life, and counted as nothing. He had attained his heart's desire and was now happy, waiting for death.—Temple Bar.

It is an excellent thing to chew Tutti Frutti Gum after the meal and induce the secretion of more saliva. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners, 5 cents.

A Modest, Sensitive Woman

often shrinks from consulting a physician about functional derangement, and prefers to suffer in silence. This may be a mistaken feeling, but it is one which is largely prevalent. To all such women we would say that one of the most skillful physicians of the day, who has had a vast experience in curing diseases peculiar to women, has prepared a remedy which is of inestimable aid to them. We refer to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for women's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturer, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

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With groans and sighs, and dizzied eyes, He seeks the couch and down he lies; Nausea and faintness in him rise, Brooding racking pains assail him. Sick headache! But ere long comes ease, His stomach settles into peace, Within his head the throbbings cease—Pierce's Pellets never fail him!

Nor will they fail anyone in such a dire predicament. To the dyspeptic, the bilious, and the constipated, they are alike "a friend in need and a friend indeed."

Collars in Queen Elizabeth's time were ruff on the neck. We notice our friends, the Steele Bros. Co., Toronto, are offering choice English heavy two-rowed barley, (Canadian grown), at \$1 per bushel free on cars, Toronto; bags for same 20 cts each. This is an opportunity for all enterprising farmers to procure a supply from these reliable seedsmen. New oats, new wheats, new potatoes, new plants and bulbs, are offered in their 1890 catalogue. It is the largest, the handsomest, and fullest in matter and illustrations of any we have yet seen. Canadians should be proud of a firm of such enterprise, energy, and high standing. The Catalogue is priced at 20 cts., which may be deducted from the first order sent in; or they will send one lb. of Banner Oats by mail prepaid, or five packets of vegetable or flower seeds, and the Catalogue included, for a remittance of 25 cts. It will pay every amateur gardener, florist and farmer, to send for it.

Court in banc—sparking a female teller. C. B. U.—Mr. Thos. Bengough, founder of the Canadian Business University and Short-hand Institute, Public Library Building, Toronto, has associated with him Mr. W. A. Warriner, of Jamestown, N. Y., who will take charge of the Commercial department, as teacher. He is one of the most original teachers in America. Mr. Brooks has no further connection with the business, to which Mr. Bengough gives his personal attention as manager.

There is no such thing as a really happy selfish man. Man was not made to live for himself alone, and if he try he finds himself out of his native element. There is no higher style of life than to live to do good.—[Rev. J. E. Stebbins.

All Men,

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flashes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

A. P. 498.

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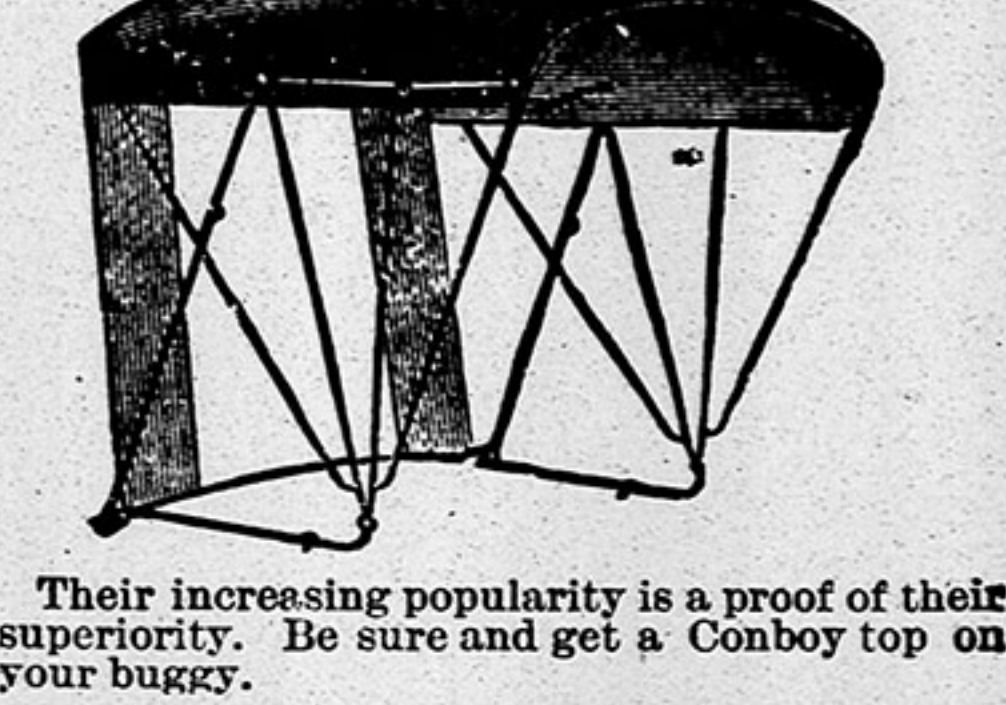
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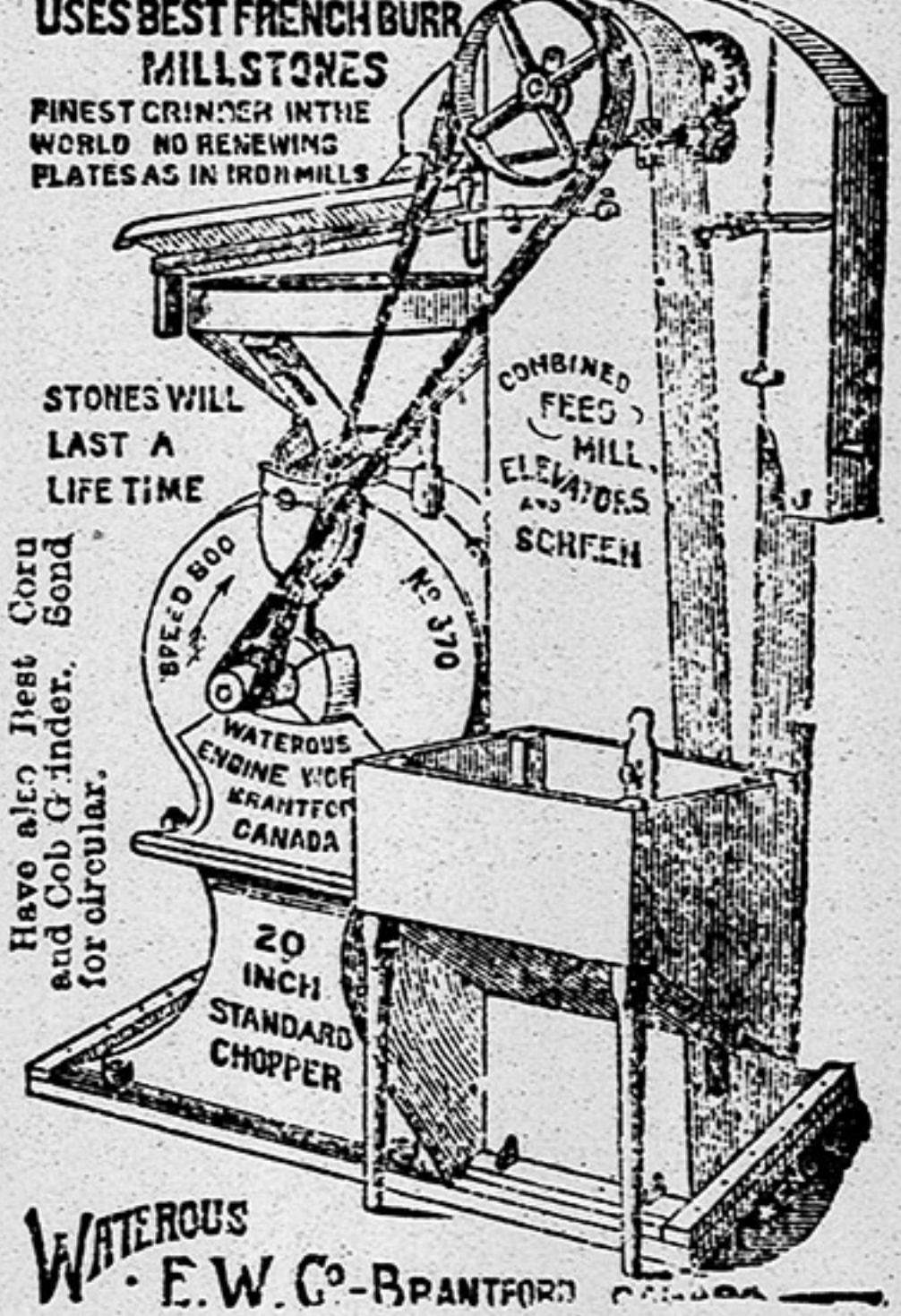


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