

THE CIVIC RECEPTION TO EARL GREY ON TUESDAY MORNING AT THE CITY HALL. In the Lower Picture His Excellency is Leaving the Carriage at the foot of the City Hall Steps. The 48th Highlanders escorting the Governor-General are Standing at the "Present!" The Upper Picture Shows the Governor-General's Party at the Entrance to the City Hall. The Formalities Were Conducted in the Council Chamber, Which Was Beautifully Decorated.

Curious Customs of May Day

Dancing and General Joyousness Characterize the First of May in Many Old Country Counties.

Spring is coming, spring is coming:
Birdies build your nest;
Weave together straw and feather.
Doing each your best.

Spring is coming, spring is coming:
All around is fair;
Skinner and quiver on the river.

Joy is everywhere.
We wish you a happy May!

The above form the first and last verses, with the appended greeting, of a very sweet little May Day song still sung by the children at Wheatley in

Oxfordshire. They may serve to keep alive in our untillaged souls today something at any rate of the old joy and gladness with which the first of May has ever been hailed from time immemorial. History, I deem, tells us of the ancient Roman festival of the Floralia, which in the old pagan world was celebrated on the 28th of April and following days; but we have no need to seek antiquarian precedents for the observation of May Day. The

very gladness of Nature in every field and copse furnishes us with abundant reason to rejoice in the newly regained glories of meadow and woodland around us.

We cannot but regret that many of the health customs which formerly attended the "bringing in of the May" have in a great measure passed away, more especially from the lives of dwellers in cities and towns. And regret, too, we must, that in spite of advancing democracy, there is perhaps less of the common equality of all men in the presence of Nature than there was even in the despoiled days of the Tudors. What a picture for modern Socialists, who have adopted May Day as the great festival of labor throughout the world, is that old May Day scene in the time of Henry VIII. when the mayor and corporation of London went forth at the head of the citizens into the high grounds of Kent to gather the May; and the jovial young kins as yet unswayed by many of his later vices, in company with his first queen, Catherine of Aragon, coming from their palace of Greenwich, met the divine authorities on Shooter's Hill, and joined them in the glad festivities of the day. Much there was, I know, in those far-off days which it is good we have no longer amongst us today; but much

along the streets; and a Jack-in-the-green, or man, enclosed in a pyramid-shaped floral box, and accompanied by about a dozen fantastically dressed men and women, may often be seen. This procession is formed by the sweetest and consists of a "lord," a "lady," a "fool," a fiddler, a man with poker and shovel making a noise, and two or three men carrying money boxes during the singing of the following verse: These to remember the chimney sweep: Please, kind sir, don't pass us by: We're old sweeps and want a living. Spare us a copper as in olden time. In other villages in Oxfordshire a number of boys and girls go round with a garland, carried between two of them on a stick, and sing a song commencing: Good morning, ladies and gentlemen! I wish you a happy day. I've come to show you my garland. Beware it's the first of May. In many of the Lancashire towns the

whitethorn blossoms, or narrow-leaved elm. Later on the boys rally forth with buckets and other utensils full of water, dipping their hands into which they besprinkle those who do not wear the May, singing as their warrant, "The First of May is Dipping Day." The curious Celtic customs, formerly practiced on the 1st of May in the Highlands of Scotland and some parts of Ireland, of lighting the Beltan or Beltain fires (as called from Bel or Béal, a name of the old sun god), and of leaping thru the flames, or driving cattle between them, has no connection with our old English May Day customs, which consisted chiefly in gathering the blossoms of the hawthorn, or May, early in the morning, and devoting the remainder of the day to rustic games and dances around the May Pole. As Horace, who lived in those golden days of Apeady, exclaims: The May Pole is up. Now give me the cup. I'll drink to the garlands around it. But first unto these. These hands will compose the glory of flowers that crowd it. But after all, the great charm of May Day must ever lie, as it has always done, in the annual resurrection of tree, and shrub, and flower, which it

then first brought prominently to our notice. In the country we hear again the joyful songs of birds amid the woods, and watch the aerial gambols of bees and butterflies in our grassy lanes. All Nature is burgeoning and blossoming into life; and as we listen to and witness the glad sounds and signs of vitality on every hand we realize the truth of the late poet laureate's lines: In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast; In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest; In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove; In the spring a young man's fancy flits like thoughts of love. Participating in all the rich exuberance of Nature whether manifested in the rising sap, or the free coursing of blood thru the veins, we cannot but exclaim with Browning: How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in Joy.

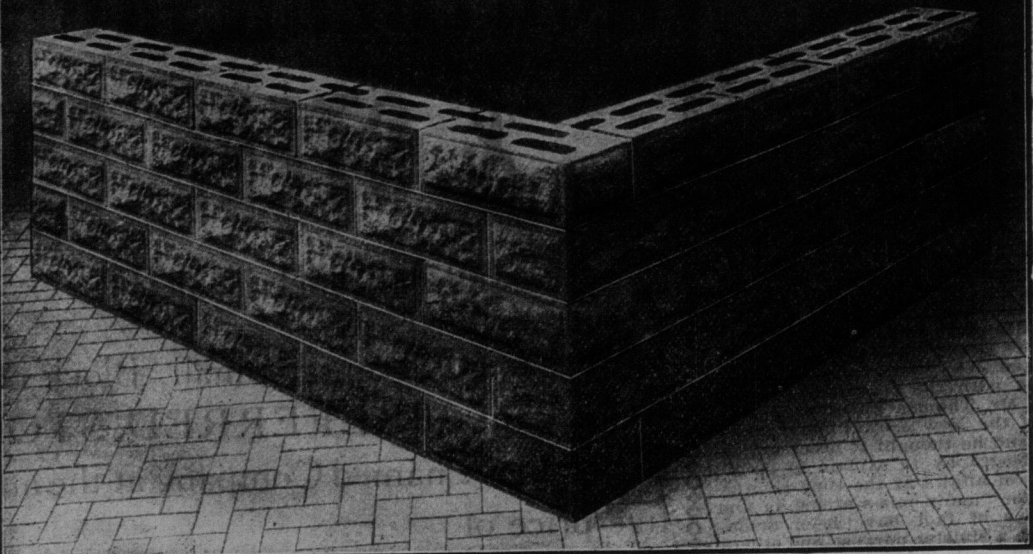
Watch Saved His Life. There came the unexpected tumb in the conversation at the dinner table that all hostesses dread, but it gave the rushing girl her opportunity. "Ah, colonel," she said, "I'm sure that you've had many thrilling adventures, wonderful escapes from death just like the heroes in the novels." "Well," admitted the colonel, "I've had some pretty close calls." "Yes, yes. Was your life ever saved by the cherished bible, a watch, or a pack of cards that stopped the course of the bullet?" "Not exactly that," protested the victim, blushing; "but, lemme see, my life was once saved by my watch, here it is." "But," went on the fair inquirer, glancing at the timepiece, "I see no trace of a bullet on it. How did it save your life?" "Why?" stammered the colonel, "why I first came to town a pawnshop advanced me the price of ten meals on it."

THE BIG BICYCLE RACE.

Australia's great bicycle race, "The Sydney Thousand" was run last Thursday. Some fifty thousand spectators witnessed the event. A notable feature of the race was that seven riders out of eleven used wheels made in Canada. These were "Massey-Harris bicycles." Ellsford, the world's champion, used one of these.

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Camelback, Chicago and Druggist-Stationery, Fancy Goods and Wall Paper, Emerson, Men, July 21, 1904. Miracle Pressed Stone Co., 602-603 Northwestern Bldg., Minneapolis.

Gentlemen—The hand tapping outfit we purchased from you is a perfect success. There is no trouble in making from 100 to 325 blocks per day with three men—It good cement is used. We have made about 3500 blocks. We have one house about completed and the other well under way. The double air space is the grand feature of the block—it is so easily worked—makes such a perfect even, square brick, and so simple in its working. We are highly pleased with it, and expect to go into the manufacturing of blocks for sale. We find that blocks should be five days old before using, and occasionally sprinkled with water. We purchased the molds on the well-known reputation of Mr. J. A. Watterson of Duluth, and we are highly pleased and find them more than we expected. Wishing you every success. Yours truly, R. IRVINE, E. CASSELMAN.

P.S.—I will send you a photo of my building next week. CHAS. D. SYMMES, 161-163 Exchange Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa. Bell Phone, Cor. 3487; Representatives of the Century Architectural & Engineering Co., Architects and Engineers, New York, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 17, 1904. Pittsburgh Concrete Co., Allegheny, Pa. Gentlemen—I have examined the "Miracle" Double Hollow Concrete Blocks, which you are making, and am highly pleased with the quality of the work you are turning out. The "Miracle" blocks, on account of the staggered air spaces, are certainly superior to any concrete block I have seen, and I shall certify them in some of my best work. Yours truly, E. J. SCHUELLERTRAGER.

Chas. D. Symmes, Pres. Man., Sioux Falls, S.D., P.O. Box 100, Sioux Falls, S.D., Feb. 10, 1905. Miracle Pressed Stone Co., Minneapolis, Minn. Gentlemen—The building constructed by me for my personal use, in Le Mars, Iowa, of your Pressed Cement Building Blocks, manufactured by M. A. Moore & Co., has given the best of satisfaction. During the extreme cold weather which has just been, I have been unable to detect any frost on the inside of the walls. In fact, I have been unable to feel any difference in the temperature between the outside and inside walls. There are no cracking strips used, the plaster being put on the blocks, I will be pleased to answer any inquiry from your trade. Yours very truly, CHAS. D. SYMMES.

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D'Orsay, 435 Spadina Ave. CHILD STUDY.

there was also of simplicity of life, of healthy intercourse between city and country, and of common enjoyment of the great gifts of Nature by rulers and ruled, which we sorely miss in the so-called democratic days of the twentieth century.

And yet there are not a few places in England where some remnants of the old May Day customs have come down to modern times, and even a still greater number of places where, during recent years, more or less successful attempts have been made to revive the joyous revelry of a less sophisticated age. Thus it has come to pass that the crowning of the May Queen—so half-forgotten by many—is still maintained in the decking of the May Pole, the rustic dances of village maidens, chimney sweeps, and men in green, and even occasionally the Robin Hood dramas or other days may still be seen. Oxfordshire seems to be the county where most survivals of the old customs continue to exist; and the singing of the old May morning hymn, "Te Deum Patrem colimus," on the summit of the tower of Madgalen College, Oxford, by the choristers, at the hour of 5 a.m., is still regularly observed. In the same city on May Day garlands are borne

carriers decorate their horses with ribbons, roses and flowers; and prizes are given by several municipalities for the finest and most tastefully decorated horses. On May Day the gaily-decked animals are paraded thru the principal streets with bands of music; and after the judging, the prizes are distributed to the successful competitors. This May Day horse procession has also become an annual institution in many towns of Yorkshire and the North of England, altho the often untid weather there tends to cause a later date in May to be fixed for the event. Several of the old May Poles are still standing in country villages of Yorkshire and other parts of England; but only here and there are the May Day festivities in connection therewith still maintained. In some districts the May Pole no longer exists, having been swept away by the reforming zeal of the Puritans in the 17th century. This is said to be the case in far away Cornwall, where, at Penzance May Day is ushered in by the discordant blowing of large tin horns. At daybreak the boys assemble and perambulate the town, blowing their horns and collecting money for a feast. At Polperro, the people go into the country and gather



HON. DR. ORONHYATEKHA, SUPREME CHIEF MINISTER, I.O.F., LEADER OF 225,000 FORESTERS.