

ED.  
00  
00  
00  
00  
00  
00 @ 11 00  
00 @ 14 00

7  
14 @ 25  
19 @ 20  
12 @ 23  
15 @ 40

heavy and  
st price for  
or two were  
of exporters  
ure. There  
m this. As  
or grade is  
ces for this  
improving.  
made and  
feeders at  
ie best sent  
veraging a  
ht. Prices  
port steers  
ce butcher  
o to \$3.25.  
cows \$1.50.  
5. Lambs  
ids, \$6.75.  
tags, \$4.75

ET.  
quotations.  
he market  
in steady.  
k, for this  
ces: Native  
\$4.75, fat  
.25, bulls,  
lvs \$5.50  
ockers and  
e packers,  
\$4.50 to  
rangers,  
to \$7.50,  
7.40.

medium,  
to \$4.75;  
to \$3.50;  
o, lambs,  
hts, fats,

1e  
..... 1552  
..... 1554  
1.. 1551  
..... 1551  
..... 1551  
..... 1551  
..... 1552  
..... 1552  
..... 1552  
..... 1554  
..... 1555  
..... 1555  
..... 1555  
..... 1556  
..... 1556  
..... 1556  
..... 1556  
..... 1556  
..... 1556  
..... 1557  
..... 1557  
..... 1557  
1  
e  
..... 1557  
..... 1557  
..... 1558  
..... 1558  
..... 1558  
..... 1559  
..... 1565  
..... 1568  
..... 1569

# HOME JOURNAL

## Life, Literature and Education

### IN THE WORLD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

Mme. Emma Calve, prima donna, who arrived in New York on the steamer Pannonia, devoted her time, during the voyage from Gibraltar, to making rag dolls and hats for the children in the steerage. Many little immigrant girls will grow up to tell how the French singer had made them happy on the big steamship that brought them to America for the first time.

The Countess de Miranda, better known as Christine Nilsson, who was world famous years ago as an operatic singer, is dangerously ill at her childhood home, near the hamlet of Hussaby, on the southern confines of the Swedish peninsula. The countess has been out of the public eye for twenty years now, but there are many who still preserve a vivid recollection of how her exquisite voice thrilled large audiences in all the capitals of Europe and in America in the seventies.

A document of no little importance was recently purchased in England by the Toronto Public Library. It is the manuscript report of General Sir James Murray, the Governor-General to the British Government, of the State of Government of Quebec in Canada, in 1762. The report bears the date of June 5, and is in answer to a request from the Secretary of State, made on December 12, 1761. It is an elaborate account of Quebec, immediately after its capture by General Wolfe, and is told in about a hundred pages of foolscap very neatly written in General Murray's own handwriting.

The Canadian Women's Press Club elected the following officers at their annual meeting: Hon. Pres., Mrs. Clare Fitz-Gibbon, (Lally Bernard), Toronto; Pres., Miss Barry, (Francoise) Montreal; Vice Pres. for British Columbia and Alberta, Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, Victoria; Vice Pres. for Saskatchewan and Manitoba, Mrs. R. Osborne, Winnipeg; Vice Pres. for Ontario and Quebec, Mrs. Katherine Coleman, (Kit) Toronto; a vice president for the maritime provinces was not chosen; Recording Secretary, Miss Marjory McMurchy, Toronto; Corresponding Sec'y, Mrs. C. P. Walker, Winnipeg; Historian, Miss Elizabeth Parker, Winnipeg; Treasurer, Miss Florence Lediard, Winnipeg.

Reading, most of it by candle light, indoors, up against a hot register or steam pipes, is a disease; I doubt if it does any one much good. The best reading seems to need the best open air. When I was down on the creek—Timber creek—and roamed out and along the water, I always took a book, a little book, however rarely I made use of it. It might have been once, twice, three, four, five, even nine times. I passed along the same trail and never opened the book, but then there was a tenth time always, when nothing but a book would do—not tree, or water, or anything else—only a book; and it was for that tenth trip that I carried a book.—WALT. WHITMAN.

Quite a sensation has been caused among biblical students by the discovery, by Brugsch Bey, the great Egyptologist, of a monumental inscription telling how the Nile failed to rise for seven years in succession about 1,700 years before the Christian era. A long and terrible famine was the result. B. C., 1700 is the date recognized as the beginning of the "seven lean years" described in the Book of Genesis, and theologians are very interested in the confirmation which the discovery gives, in hard facts, to the famous Bible story. The account of the failure of the Nile and the continuous famine throughout

the land was told in a number of extraordinary hieroglyphics, which Brugsch Bey, fortunately, has been able to decipher.

Nearly everyone who has read James Lane Allen's story, "The Choir Invisible," has wondered where the name of the book was obtained. According to Mr. Allen's explanation, it was suggested by the concluding lines of George Eliot's little poem:

The better self shall live till human Time  
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky  
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb  
Unread forever.

This is life to come,  
Which martyred men have made more glorious  
For us who strive to follow. May I reach  
That purest haven; be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony.  
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,  
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—  
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused.  
And in diffusion ever more intense.  
So shall I join the choir invisible  
Whose music is the gladness of the world.  
—GEORGE ELIOT.

The *London Morning Post* has an appreciative reference to "Songs of a Sourdough" by Mr. W. R. Service: "I am told," says the writer, "on the best authority that he is an Englishman by birth, not long out of his teens, who is a clerk in one of the Yukon branches of a great Canadian bank. However that may be, he has got nearer to the heart of the old-time placer-miner—the grimly-humorous wanderer, who went gold-hunting in the days when yeast was an unknown luxury in the High North, and a lump of sour dough was kept to 'lift the next bread'—than any other verse-maker in all the length and height of the Great Dominion. (Canadians, by the way, mean to call New Zealand the 'Little Dominion.') Not a few of his songs and ballads would never have been written if Mr. Rudyard Kipling had never read the Old Testament as literature. It is rather a pity so many of the younger poets of the Younger Nations insist on imitating the raking rhythms of the master—inevitably they fail to reproduce the haunting under-tones, so like the under-tone sounds in an engine-room, of his finest, rowdiest verse and perpetrate stuff which suggests tunes improvised on a xylophone with a broomstick. Still, at twenty-one or twenty-two the poet—like the man who plants cabbages—must imitate somebody, and Kipling is a virile model. But Mr. Service's manner, as well as his matter, are his own more often than not, and in some of his poems he has already said in a new way what every inarticulate Yukon miner has been thinking ever since he pushed in over the Passes for the first time. In 'The Spell of the Yukon,' for example, which could never be left out of any anthology of Canadian verse, he certainly sees the Northern wilderness through the eyes of the man into whose soul it has entered."

### CARMICHAEL: A ROMANCE.

(Charlottetown Guardian.)

There are certainly novels and novels, some good, some bad, and some indifferent. The second and third classes greatly outnumber the first. And, after all, the sensational novel is the most foolish thing in the world. Even the case-hardened have a bad taste in their mouth after staying up nights to devour it. Reflectively, too, there is nothing real about it, when we synthesize; we feel like a buncoed gambler turned loose. The good book, however—the book which is good

in its tone, good in its aim, good in the quality of its writing, good in the practical lessons conveyed—that book is a treasure. Most people now have gotten over the appetite for cant, which was but yesterday the expression of worldly virtue. They want their children to be real, honest, conventional even, in these things which ornament the character of a man or woman worthy of the name. They cannot build a jaiyard around them, they know; but, on the other hand, they have prudence enough to safeguard them from the wolves of society, and to place ideals before them which may help them upward and onward when the moment of real trial comes. The new book which Anison North has just issued from the Wm. Weld Co., Ltd., London, Ont., under the title of "Carmichael," will be placed before all with a feeling of well-doing on the part of the man in authority, and who understands what responsibility his authority imposes. It is a charming story—clean, clever and cultured—which, intended to uphold husbandry and the classes upon it depending, should at least find a first place in every Islander's book-shelf.

The tale is captivatingly, if modestly and unaffectedly, told. It is a tale of the rural life of Ontario, but, for that matter, so true are the descriptions of such life and the characters thrown upon the canvas in them, that we imagine we have known them all our lives; we could go right out here, in Prince Edward Island, and duplicate them in every settlement, almost. The Mallorys and Carmichaels are repeating the family troubles of the Montagues and Capulets; and we are all as much concerned, if not more so, in their outcome as are the numerous generations who hang on Shakespeare's lips, and joy and sorrow with the youthful lovers whose lives foolish parents filled with bitterness unutterable. A misunderstanding between two farmer-neighbors, growing out of unfavorable appearances, nursed into real hate on one side—the guilty one—and excessive if honest indignation on the other, made intercourse impossible in the families, and Dick and Peggie, unnoticed when small, are involved, to their great distress, when boyhood and girlhood is reached, and only have matters adjusted in the end after the serious trial of their true love is over. The narration and culmination of this farmer feud, and the community events with it interwoven so skilfully, presents a stage to us, with actors always upon it who can healthfully and effectively entertain us.

Dick Carmichael and Peggy Mallory are the prominent figures on this stage, of course, but we see many others of more or less lovable natures moving across it, and feel that they speak and act as people we have known. There is the foolish if not utterly abandoned Gay Terrence, badly brought up, and enamored of the tinsel and veneer of the city, until sad experiences cures her completely; there is frugal and industrious if censorious Mrs. Might, with an itch for matchmaking; there is honest, philosophizing and generally level-headed old Chris, the farm helper at Mallory's; there are the peculiar Dodds, father and son; there is the rascally Dr. Jamieson, and so many others, with whom we are thrown in contact as the tale evolves—all of whom are true to the life in the limning, and linger helpfully and entertainingly with us after the book is long put aside. And the moral is good: Avoid rash judgments, and go through life happy yourself and making others happy.

This "Carmichael," in its direct agricultural teaching, too, is a valuable book for the farm. It not only maintains the dignity of farming splendidly, as compared with other avocations, but it describes the operations of the farm, the simple and the complex alike, as vividly and so truly as to be of great use in its direct lessons. We want just such books here, and many of them, and this is why we deem it appropos to call the attention of the community to it, and to urge the reading of it, and its preservation for family use, for its morals, its literature and its agriculture.