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AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

CONQUEST OF THE ETHER

Two men, one in Paris and the other in Brest, 310 miles away, were in conversation a little while ago. There is nothing so very surprising about that—indeed, there is nothing surprising nowadays—and the incident would not be worthy of mention, if it were not for the fact that, while they each used telephones, there were no connecting wires. Naturally enough those, who made this successful experiment, are not disposed to admit that 310 miles is the limit of wireless telephony. The only reason, they say, why the conversation was not carried on at a greater distance was that this was the longest distance that could be obtained in France using the Eiffel Tower as a starting point, A much more ambitious effort is to be made, and an apparatus is to be placed on the tower of the Metropolitan Building in New York, by means of which it is expected that a conversation can be carried on with Paris. No one disputes the possibility of such long-range conversation, the only open question being as to how soon it will be ac-complished. Wireless telegraphy and wireless telcomprising. Whereas telegraphy and wheless co-cephony are only forms of the transmission of power, and we have all read of torpedo boats, whose course is directed by an operator ashore using an electrical apparatus. The time seems about ripe for some one to apply this principle of wireless transmission to aerial navigation. Theoretically there seems to be no reason why there may not be central power-houses to supply motive power to airships and flying-ma-chines, and, if this is theoretically possible, it will certainly be done, provided it will pay. It may be assumed that, if power could be communicated to machines in the air from an engine upon the ground, the aerial conveyances could be made much lighter than they now are, and hence the problem of aerial navigation would be rendered less difficult. In this connection it may be mentioned that when the In-domitable, bearing the Prince of Wales on his homeward journey from Quebec, cleared the Straits of Belle Isle, the fact was made known to the Admiralty 1600 miles away by wireless telegraphy. That is to say, the people in Whitehall knew where the ship was before it was known to those aboard of her, who happened at the time to be below decks. The conquest of the ether seems to be the most wonderful of all the recent achievements of mankind. It is specially wonderful in the case of wireless telephony. Every one knows that when one speaks into the transmitter of a telephone, the little disc inside vibrates, and it is this vibration which causes fluctuations in the electric current, which in turn repeats the tones of the voice in the receives at the other end of the wire. These fluctuations are so small as to be unmeasurable. It is a remarkable thing that they are carried along a wire, but that they should be carried through is really the most wonderful of all modern discoveries. It suggests unlimited possibilities from the utilization of the ether.

The curious thing about "the ether" is that no

one knows that there is such a thing, or has the least idea of what it is composed, that is, if there is such a thing. It is not air. It is as independent of air as it is of anything else. If it exists, it is present everywhere in solids, liquids and gasses, in the earth, above the earth and beyond the remotest star. It has no weight that we can measure, and vet it may be heavier than anything we can weighto a fish the water has no weight; yet the water is as heavy as the fish heavier, indeed, for a dead fish, will float—so we, floating in the ether, may not feel its weight. It may be exceedingly attenuated, or it may be exceedingly dense. We can only say about it with certainty, what was said about it on this page some months ago, namely, that it undulates, It is this mysterious entity which we are just beginning to utilize. Philosophers suspected its existence long ago, but it is only within very recent years that applied science has endeavored to utilize it. Applied science has until lately been using intangie forces in connection with tangible things. Light, gravity, electricity, and so on, are intangible, and the effort of applied science has been to employ these in connection with materials. Thus, to use a familiar illustration, we have been using electricity in connection with wires when it was necessary to transmit it to any distance. It has been ascertained that it can be transmitted under control without wires, and the means by which it is so transmitted is intangible. If mankind once learns how to use in-intangible, all-pervading entity, it seems as if the intangible, all-pervadig entity, it seems as if the domain of human effort and achievement will be enormously expanded. The change from the conditions existing not so very long ago, when in the accom-plishment of everything of human invention the enormous obstacles presented by gravity and friction had to be overcome, to the period, upon which we now seem to be entering, when by the employment of intangible forces in connection with intangible entity, we produce results equally certain with so, thereby eliminating friction and gravity, is raught with possibilities which we have no present means of estimating. This is what we mean by the

MAKERS OF HISTORY

XXIV

In an article before the present series was begun an account of the meteoric career of the great Mon-gol leader Genghiz was given, and it will be sufficient now to mention his name as one of the Makers of History, conspicuous more by the splendor of his military achievements than by permanent influence upon the affairs of mankind, and add a very few facts regarding him. This tremendous personality was born in A. D. 1155 and died in A. D. 1227. On the death of his father, Genghiz, then 13 years of age, assumed the government of the petty tribe of Neyrun, and became immediately involved in hostilities with his neighbors. His life was made up of a series of wars. He conquered northern China, northern India, nearly all of western Asia and the southern part of what is now Russia. His immediate descendants pushed his conquests still further until the Mongol Empire was supreme from the borders of Germany to the Pacific ocean and all Asia, except-Arabia, Syria, southern India and the ice-bound regions of northern Siberia acknowledged its sway. He was a man of infinite resources, but exceedingly cruel. men are said to have been victims of his insatiate embition. He handled vast armies with wonderful skill. In one of his campaigns his son was leader, so eastern chroniclers say, of 700,000 horsemen. In considering the career of Genghiz, we are amazed, not only at his marvelous executive ability, but at the numbers of the hosts that he was able to gather t is, of course, impossible to measure the influence of this remarkable man upon succeeding generations.

A'little more than a century after Genghiz died Timur was born. His biographers claim that he was of the same family as his great predecessor, alwas of the same family as his great predecessor, at though not descended from him. He was not born to the sovereignty of his nation, nor did he ever make any claim to it, contenting himself with the nominal title of Emir and the real mastery of the empire. Rebellions were many and Timur was unsparing in his methods of suppressing them. When the people of Herat rose against the imperial authority he contented himself with imposing a moderate fine, but when they rebelled again he built a pyramid composed of alternate layers of men and bricks, the whole cemented with mortar, and left it standing as an illustration of his determination to crush all who

ventured to dispute his authority. Having by such rigorous methods subdued all who opposed his power at home, he began a career of conquest. His armies swept over southern Siberia and across the Ural mountains into northern Russia. They advanced through Mesopotamia and across the Caucasus into southern Russia, going as few as Wesselv and leving southern Russia, going as far as Moscow and laying waste the whole region as far west as the borders of Austria. He marched through the passes of the Himalayas and invaded India. Just before a great battle near Delhi he deliberately massacred 10,000 prisoners, so as not to be hampered by their pre-sence. Victory followed him everywhere and he re-turned to Samarkand laden with the plunder of turned to Samarkand laden with the plunder of northern Hindustan. But he could not rest, and the following year he launched an army against the Seljuk Turks, who then occupied asia Minor, and in a series of brilliant actions temporarily broke their power. The Byzantine emperor at Constantinople acknowledged him as his overlord and the ruler of Egypt hastened to concede his superiority. In A. D. 1404, when he withdrew from western Asia to Samarkand he could feeling claim to have yeared. to Samarkand, he could fairly claim to have waged the most successful war of conquest of which history has preserved any record. But he was not content, China had thrown off the yoke which Genghiz had placed upon her, and Timur resolved to replace it. His ambition seems, indeed, to have been satisfied at nothing short of universal dominion, for although he was now sixty-eight years of age, he began to form his plans on a colossal scale for the conquest of the Eastern empire. Death ended his designs for he passed away in A. D. 1405 while on his eastern

Timur seems to have been almost an ideal type of his age and race. His cruelty was terrible; his personal courage sublime; his ambition boundless; his executive ability of the highest order; he had a gentler side to his nature, for he encouraged the development of art and science. He made Samarkand, the capital of the Tatar empire, one of the most beautiful cities in the world. In his time it had a populaton of 100,000, and was a great centre of Mohammedan learning. It has remained the latter, but its population has greatly decreased, although since the occupation of Central Asia by Russia its commercial importance has greatly advanced. Notwithstanding importance has greatly advanced. Notwithstanding his great abilities and great successes, Timur left nothing permanent behind him. The Tatar race does not seem to have possessed the quality necessary for the maintenance of a lasting political fabric. As one reads the various records of Central Asia, before the fifteenth century, the most striking feature of them appears to be the number of dynasties that rose and fell, the number of great empires that were created by the greatly of a records of the property of the proper and tell, the number of great empires that ware tree ated by the genius of a warrior only to perish as soon as he had passed away. The empire of Timur formed no exception. He made history but more as the chief actor in a series of wars dramatic in their character and awful in their immediate consequences, than as a genius possessing the capacity for construction, and it cannot be said of him that he laid the foundation of anything that has proved permanently useful to mankind. Timur and Genghiz are types of a barbarism which seems to have passed

PSYCHIC RESEARCH

Sir Oliver Louge is a man of science, and consequently what he may say on any topic is well worthy of consideration. Possibly it may not be more valuable, in point of fact, than what other people say, but when he tries an experiment it may be assumed that he endeavors to make the conditions surrounding it as free from the possibilities of error as they can be made. Therefore, when he tells us that he has conversed with a disembodied spirit, we may safely conclude that his statement is not something that can be disposed of with a sneer. We are under no obligation to believe that Sir Oliver's conclusion is beyond all question-we observe that the Secretary of the Society of Psychical Research does not think so, but since he is a man whose conclusions on other subjects would be regarded as possessing much authority, we can hardly dismiss what he says on this one as utterly unworthy of consideration. He tells us that he has conversed through a medium with three persons who are dead, two of them being among the founders of the Society of Psychical Research. It will strike people as very reasonable that, if it is possible for the dead to communicate with the living, a man who assisted in the organization of a society devoted to investigating phenomena of a spiritual kind, would naturally endeavor to demonstrate the truth of the principles to the elucidation of which he had devoted much attention while living. The persons with whom Sir Oliver thinks he was to converse were F. H. W. Myers, a very prominent writer in his lifetime: Mr. Edmund Gurnev and Dr. Richard Hodgson, the last two among the founders of the society. Mr. Gurney is said to have given some account of existence after death. In his case, following death there was "an obscuration of consciousness." We quote:
"The period of oblivion was unusually long with

me. There was no link between my utter unconsciousness of things of earth—the last thing I felt was the touch that closed my eyes, and the pas to the plane I now occupy —. The transit was absolutely unknown to me—and I am not conscious of a return journey, as it were, when I communicate in this way. At least, I am conscious of strain and effort, but I cannot note the stages of the way." This communication was a written one; but the writer of it said the use of a medium is "like entrusting a message on which infinite importance depends to a sleeping person." The difficulty of communication was thus ex-

"The nearest simile I can find to express the difficulties of sending a message—is that I appear to be standing behind a sheet of frosted glass—which blurs sight and deadens sounds—dictating feebly—to a reluctant and somewhat obtuse secretary. A feeling of targible importance burdens meal and so neverties. terrible impotence burdens me—I am so powerless to tell what means so much. I cannot get into communication with those who would understand and believe me ---. You need much training before you can ever hegin to help me as I need to be helped, and

I do not know how that training is to be arranged for Each reader must judge what value is to be attached to all this. It is not unlike what it might be expected that a disembodied spirit would communicate, if there are disembodied spirits, and they can dicate with living people. It is the sort of information which Sir Oliver Lodge or any other in-telligent investigator would expect to get. Whether there is a means by which such an investigator could unconsciously convey his thoughts to a medium, we do not know. If there is, the process is as mysterious as the explanation offered by Sir Oliver, if not more so. We do not solve problems by inventing new names for them. We do not disprove the existence of mysteries by professing to believe that they do not exist. At the present stage of the inquiry would be premature to accept any explanation as established beyond cavil. We speak now from the standpoint of the outsider and disinterested observer. If, however, it shall be established as a matter of fact, instead of being, as it now is, an article of faith, that there is a conscious life after death, the effect upon mankind can hardly be otherwise than profound. When the future existence is only a matter of belief, the human mind cannot grasp it, except by a vague comparison with present conditions. If it is a vague comparison with present conditions. If it is ever proved, as the investigations of Sir Oliver Lodge prove it, if they can be accepted as reliable, it may become the dominant factor in influencing the conduct of men.

Famous Frenchmen of the Eighteenth Century

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

LA FAYETTE

Unscrupulous men, who hoped to gain by the deition of France, now began to use their influence against La Fayette to undermine his popularity and to oppose his authority. He was called before the nbly on the trumped up charge of having wished to induce his colleague Marshal Luckner to march upon Paris. The charge was not sustained but the feeling against the General began to be very bitter though the vast majority of the people were still with him "The real crime of La Fayette," said Jean de Bry. "is having wished to eppose a haughty minority when he calls honorable people to the majority of the nation. He has therefore rendered himself chargeable with having fomented a civil war," and Brissot exclaimed: "Either the decree of accusation against La Fayette or your own ignominy; either the decree or the degradation of the Constitution; either the decree or you will raise a throne to La Fayette on the ruins of the Constitution." But the accusation was rejected by four hundred votes against two hundred.

When La Fayette conceived a project of escape for the king and queen and sent it to the court, the prejudiced queen refused to listen to it. "I shall not owe my life to him," she said with unreasonable bitterness, "I would rather be imprisoned in a tower." Marie Antoinette hoped secretly for aid from her brother Joseph II, whose army was every day getting nearer the frontier. Nevertheless she realised so truly the danger that threatened the king that she had a padded waistcoat made for him to wear in order to protect his royal person from the blow of a furtive weapon.

On the 3rd of August the municipality of Paris formally accused the king of causing strife in the na-tion and demanded his dethronement. The revolutionary army was being organized. All but one body of the Swiss guards were sent to join the army, and only a small portion of the National Guard determined to stay by the king and defend him. The popuace was hourly growing more excited, urged on by their unprincipled leaders. On the 10th of August the tocsin was rung in the evening and the people marched to the Tuileries which hereafter was no longer to be the shelter of the unhappy royal family.

Word was brought to the king and it was desired that he and the queen and their children should seek helter within the Assembly's precincts. This the queen at first refused to do, and Louis XVI, who had slept badly and seemed to have no will one way or the other, went through the ranks of his soldiers, what few remained to guard him, and then returned to the palace, pale and uneasy. A little later the royal family in response to the entreaties of their friends left the Tuileries and, accompanied by their guards, made their way to the meeting place of the Assembly The devoted Swiss soldiers remained to defend the palace, but when they would have fired against the invaders, the king sent word to use no violence. There was nothing for the defenders of the Tulleries to do except to try and save their lives in order to use them in the service of the monarch who, so sadly needed befriending. In escaping from the palace some of the Swiss soldiers and many of the brave nen who had offered their aid were massacred in the streets. Some of the Swiss reached the Assembly alive but covered with blood and dust. The ommanded that they lay down their arms and that the Assembly give them protection. Meantime word had been brought that the Tulleries was on fire, and the king and queen heard every moment of the murder of those near and dear to them. The little royal children shut up for nearly twenty-four hours in a narrow box, without food or exercise, had succumbed to fatigue and the dauphin slept in his mother's arms. From the Assembly the royal prisonre taken to the narrow dirt cells of the Feuillants, but before leaving the king heard the names of the new ministers, among others that of Danton, minister of justice, who was henceforth to play an important part in the direction of affairs. "It is I, who will save the king or will kill him," he said upon tak-

The Commune of Paris had now become recognized by the Assembly and it was ordered to guard and lodge the dethroned king, against whom an act of accusation was drawn up. Among all the generals La Fayette alone had the courage to protest against the seditious persons who had caused the massacres on the 10th of August. He even went so far as to imprison the emissaries who came to him with the manifestation which overthrew the king. was quite useless for him to take any stand however firm, affairs had gone too far for his influence to effect the decision of the other generals. Disheartened and sorrowful La Fayette resigned from the army. He had only just left French soil when he was arrested in Austria, and conducted from prison to prison until he was finally entombed in the dreary cell at Olmutz where he remained for many long years, but where his captivity was rendered bearable by ministrations and brave companionship of his

liberated several years after the most horrible part of the revolution was over, and spoke from the trifreedom from imprisonment, and it was made in reply to Lucian Bonaparte who had harangued very fiercely the members who demanded the abdication brother Napoleon. La Fayette had lost none of his old eloquence and the hearts of all who heard him were moved by his words when he said "Prince you are calumnlating the nation. It is not for having abandoned Napoleon that posterity will be able to reproach France, but alas, for naving to the fields of Italy, too far. She has followed him in the fields of Italy, in the scorching Egyptian sands, in the Burning fields of Spain, in the vest plains of Germany, and the icy wastes of Russia. Six hundred the Tagus. Can you tell us how many have fallen on the banks of the Danube, the Elbe, the Nieman, and the Moskowa? Alas, had she been less constant, France would have saved two million of her children; she would have saved your brother, your family, us all from the abyss into which we are today being dragged without knowing if we will be able to extricate ourselves from it." All the propositions La Fayette made were carried. A little later, after the emperor's abdication, La Fayette offered him a merchant vessel which he had procured in which Napoleon might make a safe passage to America, but the offer was

La Fayette became a party leader and in 1822 put himself at the head of the insurrection. He was named for the place of president of the Republic but honor did not appeal to him. When Louis Phil-became king he desired the old soldier to accept nsible post but the intrepid La Fayette, grown feeble in the service of his country, declined any po-sition "unless there were fighting to be done in con-

He died peaceably in 1834 after a bravely eventful life, during which he displayed with noble consis-tency all the high qualities of his nature, remaining true to his broad standards of liberality until the end.

THE STORY TELLER

Bishop Potter did not approve of reckless almsgiving. Once he was stopped on the street by a
beggar as he was hurrying home to his dinner. However, he was never in too much of a hurry to give
of his time when there was a possibility of his being of use, so, although he was hungry, and he knew
that a savory meal awaited him, he stopped to listen
to the man.
"What's the trouble?" he saked

to the man.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Can you help a peor blind man to a night's lodgin'?" came the trembling voice of the man. "I
haven't a penny in my pocket, sir."

The Bishop sized him up for a moment, and noted
that he was a rugged-looking specimen, inclined to
the Bowery type. One eye was closed, and a patch
was over the other. Something attracted the
Bishop's attention, and he looked away for a moment, and then, turning quickly back, he caught the
beggar in the act of giving a nearby-friend a wise
wink with the closed eye.

Instantly, the Bishop put his hand in his pocket
and drew out a logus piece of money that some one
had passed to him in change during the afternoon.
Holding it out toward the man, he said;

"If I should give you this particular coin don't
you think that my alins would just about suit your
affliction?"

Not Against the Rules

Not Against the Rules

After being conducted through an old church by the verger, a visitor was so pleased with the official's courtesy and information that he insisted on giving him helf a crown.

The man shook his head sadly. "Thank you, sir," he said, "but it's quite against the rules."

"I'm sorry for that," said the visitor, about to return the half-crown to his pocket.

"But," added the verger, "h' I were to find a coin lying on the floor it would not be against the rules for me to pick it up!"

Having a Lovely Time

A boy in the State School for Dependent Children wrote his father thus: "Dear Papa: We children are having a good time here now. Mr. Sager broke his leg and can't work. We went on a picnic and it rained and we all got wet. Many children here are sick with mumps. Mr. Higgins fell off the wagon and broke his rib, but he can work a little. The man that is digging the deep well whipped us boys with a buggy whip because we threw sand in the machine, and made black and blue marks on it. Ernest cut his finger badly. We are all very happy."—The Argonaut.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, author of "What Every Woman Knows," once told a characteristic story of a lady of his acquaintance who had taken a friend to see one of his plays, says the Westminster. Amazed to hear of this, he lost no time in asking the reason of so eccentric an action. "Oh," she replied, "it's a nice quiet street for the horses." Another of Mr. Barrie's stories tells of a playgoer who, finding it impossible to persuade a lady in front of him to remove her hat, finally remarked: "If you won't take off your hat, my dear madam, will you be so kind as to fold back your ears?" Mr. J. M. Barrie, author of "What Every Woman as to fold back your ears?"

She Wouldn't Be There

A young lady whose beauty is equal to her blunt-ness in conversation was visiting a house where other guests were assembled, among them the eldest son of a rich manufacturer. The talk turned on matur-

monial squabbles.

Said the eligible "parti;" "I'hold that the correct thing for the husband is to begin as he intends to go on. Say that the question was one of smoking. Almost immediately I would show my intentions by lighting a cigar and settling the question forever."

"And I would knock the thing out of your mouth!" oried the imperious beauty. cried the imperious beauty.
"Do you know," reloined the young man, "I don't think you would be there!"

Pater the Misogamist

Walter Pater-was an old man at fifty, bald as a coot and grotesquely plain. He loved pictures; but there was one picture which always gave him pain—the one which he could see any day in the looking-glass. He was not the recluse that some persons have called him, but he did not care for feminine society. He regarded woman much as did Dean Swift, who wrote: "A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with few words spoken intelligibly by a parrot." "You don't approve of marriage," a friend once observed to Pater. "No," he replied, "nor would anybody else if he gave the matter proper conwould anybody else if he gave the matter proper consideration. Men and women are always pulling different ways. Women won't pull our way. They are so perverse."—Canadian Courier.

Mr. Andrew Lang, writing in the Morning Post on Mr. Hall Caine, says: "Imaginary interviews with Mr. Caine were published in which he was mendaciously described as bestowing the most alarming compliments on his own personal charms. Such are the penalties of greatness when it visits our exuberant cousins, and nobody has the pluck to refuse, absolutely, to see any interviewer. One British celebrity, let us say Brown, in the hall of his hotel, met an interviewer who was asking for him.

"Where is he?"
"Brown mentioned a place about ten miles distant, and had the pleasure of seeing the interviewer hurry to the railway station.

A Changeable Price

A tourist in Brittany came to Quimper, and he found in the place beside the river an old woman selling trinkets.
"What is the price of this?" he asked, taking up

an antique ring of silver and sapphires.
"Is it for your wife or your sweetheart?" said the

old woman.
"For my sweetheart."
"Fifty francs."
"Fifty francs." Nonsense!" And the tourist turned

angrily away.

"Come back," said the old woman. "Take it for ten. You've been lying to me, though; you have no sweetheart. Had the ring been for her, you'd have bought it at once without regard to its price."

"I will take it," said the tourist, smiling. "Here are ten france."

So the old woman wrapped the ring up. "But you haven't a wife, either," she grumbled. "If it had been for her, you'd have beaten me down to five france. Oh, you men!"

An Odd Proposition

The following United States yarn is retold with the idea that someone may find it worth repeating in the course of the election campaign just upon us in this

Mayor Speer, of Denver, was talking, the other day, about a pair of political tricksters.

"They gave themselves away," he said. Don't tricksters always give themselves away? It reminds me of the two men who wanted to sell their corpses for disastion.

for dissection.

"These two men, miserably clad, called on the dean of a medical college in New York.

"We are both on the verge of starvation, sir,' the spokesman said. "We are well on in years and it is clear that we haven't much longer to live. Would you care to purchase our bodies for your dissecting, room?"

The dean hesitated. "It is an odd proposition,' he muttered.
"'But it is occasionally done,' said the spokesman

in an eager voice.

"'Well,' said the dean, 'we might arrange it. What price do you ask?'

"'Over in Philadelphia,' said the spokesman, 'they gave us \$40.'"

WITH THE POETS

The Great Beyond

(By Wellington Dowler) (The following poem was read at the Simon Fraser Centenar; in New Westminster, by Mr. Dowler). This day recalls to mind the man-a valiant Scot, was he. Who blazed a pathway through this land from mountain pass to sea, Explored the wilds which ne'er before the feet of white man trod,
And served, more nobly than he knew, his country
and his God.

No minster transept shrines his bones, or guards their last repose; Unheedful of the summer's heat, or winter's chilling snows.

They rest beneath a robe of green which wraps a gentle mound.

Beside the dust of wife and kin, in Cernwall's burial-

The night wind whispers o'er his grave her secrets of the past, Above, the silent stars look down through spaces deep and vast, The breath of eve bedews the sward where soft the moonlight creeps, Near by, the broad St. Lawrence to the ocean grandly

So runs the race of man on earth, or prince, or pauper he, Forever flows the stream of life toward a shoreless sea; Think you that high emprise, and daring quest, and energy sublime,
Shall find no gateway of escape beyond the bounds
of time?

Displace an atom of the air, 'tis felt the world around, Speak to the wind in undertone, the planets hear the sound, Flash but a thought upon the mind, and lo, new life is born, And arid deserts are transformed to waving fields of

And yet no arrow wings its bird unless the bow is bent, No great achievement ever crowned a life of duil content;
The man of action feels the spur of unattained desire,
It burns, unceasing in his breast, like lambent flames
of fire.

And undiscovered country lies beyond the sunset's rim, The voices of its mountain streams are calling unto What though grim perils crowd the way, and ills, that none can shun,
Immortal is the life of man until his work is done.

Not brave is he who knows no fear, but he whose The craven thought, his fear subdues, and resolutely turns His footsteps to the path, his gaze upon the distant where glory waits to crown the faith of every noble

Thus Simon Fraser's spirit yearned to view the won-ders of the West. He launched his frail cance upon the torrent's foaming crest,
And swift as wing of passing bird its waters bore him Through raging cataracts and floods where canyons gape and yawn.

Fierce, hungry rocks, his fragile bark, stood ready to devour, New dangers rose on either side, and hung on every Above, he saw the shafts of lightning, rending heaven's floor, And heard the solemn echoes of the thunder's awful

The river tribes beset this path with snares on every Arrayed against his onward course the force at their Withheld the food he craved, refused the aid he sought by day,
Around his camp they stalked at night, to plunder or to slay.

Still on he passed, despite his fears, despite his wily Who strove with energy and might, his journey to oppose;
On, through the storm and stress, the rain and mist,
until at last
The gloom and terrors of the way were safely overpast.

Behind-the grand, cathedral towers of earth, majestic, rose, On whose eternal, sun-crowned spires the snows of time repose, Before—he saw the bosom of the great Pacific gleam, And stood, like one enchanted 'midst the splendors of

His work was done. The stream he sailed a hundred years ago. Was destined to embalm his name, long as its waters flow; Perchance, in some sublimer sphere his noble spirit And, through illimitable space, The Great Beyond

Oh be ye the son of a hoary wood, or green young Oh be ye the son of a hoary wood, or green young sapling slim.

The ruthless hand that fells ye low, it dittle recks to him!

O fair young birch with head erect in the glowing pride of spring.

Some day ye'll lie a blackened mass, a fouled, unsightly thing;

Beech-wood, pine-wood, in ye go, some early, and some late.

Hurried, scurried, dashed and crashed, to build the fire of fate!

If ye make good brands, does churlish man ask where the hewn god grew?

He takes his pride in the roaring flame that means black death to you;

And the driftwood mean on sun-beach dried, crackles and snaps beside

The stately oak now bowed in shame, long years the forest's pride: forest's pride;
Moss covered, brown-gnarled, in ye go, some early
and some late,
Carefully laid, for death arrayed, to fan the flame of

Yet have ye a voice, and have ye a soul, when freed Yet have ye a voice, and have ye a soul, when freed from man's poor spite;
In elfin tongues ye sing on high, till ye reach the gates of light;
Ye cannot die, but invisible, ye dancing come again To the forset dim, to the greenwood fair, safe, safe from the hand of man!
Oak-giant, driftwood, wood-child each, some early and some late.
Ye fly redeemed to the glades ye love from the raging war of fate!

— Fred Allen

A great many people will sympathize with the opinion of Little Willie. He had hard work keeping awake one Sunday at church, and later on, being asked how he liked the sermon he replied: "Well, the beginning was good, and so was the end, but there was too much middle."