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## The King of Lapland.

l know a tiny monarch who has taken his command Within a quiet region, where a faithful little band

Of people do his bidding, or yield him homage true. And watch his faintest gesture, as old vassals used

His territory's bordered by two encircling arms, And keeping in their shelter, is safe irom all alarms:

This land is sometimes "rocky" if he feels in-

clined for jest, lies at peace, a quiet plain, when he would stay at rest.

One mountain rises northward, and is known as Mother's Brow, while east and west are

twin-grey lakes, reflecting, I avow, The prettiest bit of nature

that a human heart can see, Whene'er the little monarch is alert for jubilee.

But when he's feeling weary from the riding out in state,

Or bowing to his subjects and serfs importunate,

Itetiring to the castle, his regal head our king Loys down in princely grandeur, while

loving minstrels sing.

if you would find his royal seat, you need not sail the sea,

For strange enough—his throne is set in this nome of the free,
Just find the nearest nursery, and bow

to the command

Of the loving little monarch, who is King of all Lapland.



IN THE MARKET-PLACE, NEUCHATEL

## A PAMOUS CANDY FACTORY.

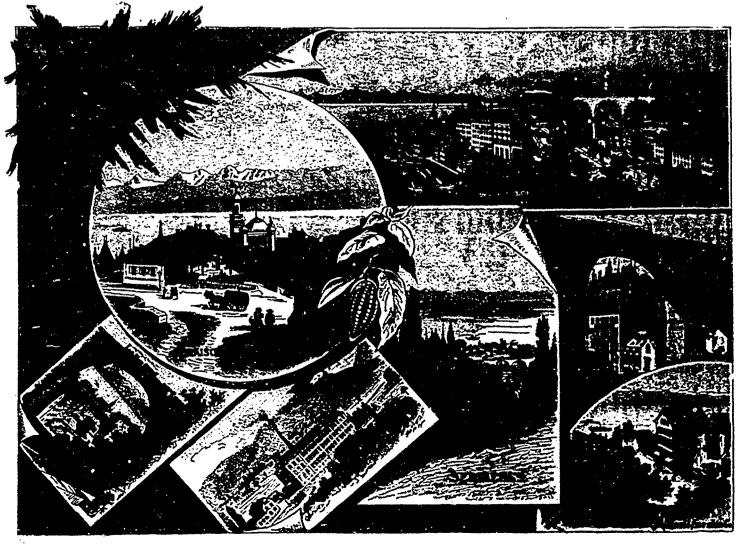
BY A. BLACKWOOD

Between Neuchatel and the little village of Boudry, near Neuchatel, Switzerland, the railway traverses a lofty via-duct which spans the picturesque Gorge de Serriere. This ravine cannot even be seen from a few yards on either side of the vinduct, and the traveller approaching it by the road for the first time will be surprised to see it suddenly before him with yawning open up

mouth. Still greater will be his surprise to see that it contains houses, factories, and machinery of various sorts. But we think what will surprise him most of all, is the faint aroma of fresh chocolate which fills the air. As he passes over the bridge he conjures up visions of the most delicious cup of hot chocolate that a weary traveller ever partock of. Many a time, in the summer months, when hot and weary, while passing over this bridge has this same odour, sometimes very strong and almost nourishing, greeted our nostrils and made us

deplore the two miles that still lay between us and any realization of the refreshing delicaties thus suggested It is here in this little gorge in the Jura Mountains that the excellent "C Suchard" is made " ("boonlat boidly designed stone bridges of very great height are used, one for the high-road the other for the railway line. On the higher edge of the gorge there rise the high pointed towers of an old poplar surrounded castle, whilst at the other end the elegant outline of the gilded elegant outline of the glided dome of a minaret, con-structed by the founder of the "Buchard" factory in remembrance of a journey to Palestine, stands out boldly against the blue waters of the lake. The windows of the great factories rise to the level of the bridge, and through the glass can be seen piles on piles of the tablets and cakes in sliver paper; tables on tables, where the girls sit in long rows and work away without so much as touching a grain of the sweet material. A new employee is allowed A new employee is allowed to eat as much as he likes, and he soon has a surfeit and rarely touches it afterwards. The "Suchard" factory deserves in every respect to be mentally as a model for the superporter of

tioned as a model for the superiority of tioned as a model for the superiorly of its products as well as for the altogather modern perfection of its organization. It given employment to quite a little world of work-people, who are well cared for by the firm There is material for a thorough study of the social conditions under which the workman lives, and after a visit to Serrieres the tourist will carry away with him the impression that the "Suchard" house have fairly realized their original and significant device "utile duici."



VIEW OF THE CHOCOLATE FACTORIES.