

## DOUKHOBORS IN CANADA

BEGINNING TO BE HELD IN MUCH RESPECT.

Refugees From Russia Practising Communism on a Large Scale.

The last report of the Interior Department gives an encouraging picture of the progress the Doukhobors are now making. It will be remembered that 9,000 of these Russian refugees found new homes in the Canadian Northwest eight years ago.

At first they attempted there the same fanatical religious practices which had made them obnoxious to the Russian Government, though the chief reason why the Russians persecuted them was that they utterly refused to perform military service. Some of the leaders who incited the Canadian immigrants to sally forth naked to meet their Lord and to violate the law in other ways are now in insane asylums and others are in prison. The mass of the people have settled down and are already classed among the best Canadian farmers.

No Western settlers are more industrious, frugal, thrifty and neat than they and are beginning to be held in much respect. The Government has made them one great concession. It does not require them actually to live on the homesteads which they have taken up.

### PROPERTY HELD IN COMMON.

They prefer the communal life and in fact they hold all their possessions to be the common property of their sect. The families are opposed to living isolated on their farms and so they are grouped together in forty-eight villages strung along in a northeast and southwest direction from the neighborhood of Yorkton in eastern Saskatchewan to the northwestern corner of Manitoba, a distance of about 100 miles.

About 800 of them have become naturalized citizens, but many are still holding back, as they hesitate to take the oath of allegiance. The Government is not giving them any trouble over this little matter, as the prospects are that the next generation will become thoroughly fused in the population.

The change that has come over the Doukhobors is not due to the imprisonment of their crazy leaders but to the great influence over them of one man, Natasia Verigine, who kept his head when most of the leaders were going crazy and giving the Government no end of trouble. His people call him Father Verigine and their chief town has been named for him and appears on the Government maps as Verigin.

This leader has evolved most of the plans that the farmers have carried out. Large granaries have been built in every village and the wheat from their farms is stored in them till the market conditions are most

### FAVORABLE FOR SELLING.

Schoolhouses have been built in many of the villages and the children pursue their studies both in the English and in the Russian languages.

It is expected next year to complete the connection of all the villages by telephone and to have a schoolhouse in every centre of population. The harvest of 1906 was especially abundant and \$35,000, a part of the money received for the crop, was expended in the erection of flour mills for the community.

All the money goes into the common treasury, and late in the fall agents of the people go to Winnipeg and buy at wholesale supplies of all kinds that are taken to Verigin and distributed to the families in each village according to their needs. Doubtless communism is now being practised by the Doukhobors on a larger scale than it ever was before on this continent.

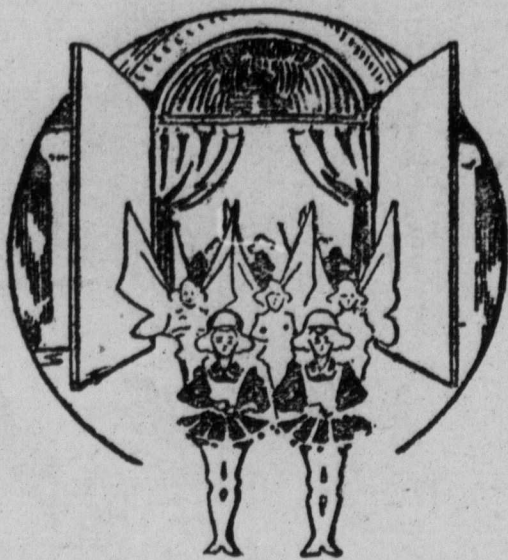
But after all they are a very peculiar lot, and Canada is not at all certain that she wants any more of them. Such dissensions as still exist among them are due to a faction that blames Father Verigine for not insisting upon a stricter observance of their religious tenets.

Many of them still harness themselves to ploughs because they think it is wicked to make animals work. On the whole, however, they are a harmless and a thriving people who are doing their full share in the development of the country, and business is lively in Winnipeg when the Doukhobors, cash in hand, lay in their winter supply of commodities.

### A JOKE WHICH DIDN'T WORK

Commander Peary, the famous Arctic explorer, never starts on one of his exploring expeditions without receiving all sorts of packages from cranks—cowhide underwear, tea tablets, medicated boots, and what not. A few days before the start of his last trip a club acquaintance wired him to expect an important package by express. The package came. It was labelled: "To be opened at the farthest point north." Peary opened it at once, however. It was a small keg. Inside was: "Axle grease for the pots."

# A Journey to the Kingdom of Dolls



PATTER, patter, patter came the rain upon the roof. And dismal enough was the sound, thought Hilda. Cheerless, too, seemed the playroom. Her newest doll wasn't at all amusing today. Indeed, the newer Hilda's dolls were, the less she loved them. Fondlest of all had she been of that disreputable rag doll, owned when she was a wee slip of a girl.

With her face pressed closely against the window pane, Hilda followed the course of the stream of water that gurgled from the spout and splashed into the gutter below. Even the gaunt arms of the trees outside, which spring, in its early coming, had as yet failed to clothe in a raiment of green buds, drew her attention, and she observed the bare twigs as, wind-driven, they switched repeatedly against the side of the house. Dreary indoors; still more dreary out of doors. Hilda turned with a sigh and flung herself upon the couch.

"Bzz, buzz, buzz!" Persistently the buzzing continued, in the very ear of Hilda. Then, presently the buzzing seemed to change into a tiny voice—almost a dream-voice, for the words came faintly and sounded far away. And these were the whispered words: "Come to the house-top, Hilda! Come to the house-top, Hilda, where are wondrous things to see!"

### SCENE OF SPLENDOR

Again and again this quaint invitation was repeated, until the little girl felt that she must go. So, ascending the stairs to the attic, she climbed up the ladder reaching to the roof, threw back the trap-door and stepped out upon the roof. The rain had ceased; overhead was a scene of extraordinary splendor. Mammoth, billowy white cloud masses were heaped in the sky, while the rays of the sun above struggled to pierce them and to reach the earth. Gleaming in gold and a hundred roseate tints, the clouds seemed a land of fairy sunshine, spreading wide to east and west, stretching far to the north and south.

But Hilda was suddenly startled from rapt admiration by a pounding and rattling of many hammers nearby. To her amazement she saw that on another part of the roof a countless number of elves were engaged in building a series of little platforms, connected by ladders, which rose high in the air. Taller and taller this queer tower grew, under the skilful, quick-moving hands of the multitude of elfin workmen.

"Climb to cloudland, Hilda! Climb to cloudland, Hilda, where are wonders fair to see!" Again the little girl obeyed the voice. Mounting the ladder which rose directly from the roof, she gained the first platform. Up, up she went; higher, still higher. And while she climbed the elves far overhead continued to add platforms and ladders, and it appeared, too, that cloudland lowered itself nearer, as though in encouragement.

At last Hilda stepped from the top-most ladder into cloudland. She placed her foot rather gingerly on the soft cloud; but she found that it held her weight easily. She discovered, furthermore, that the clouds formed but a

### FRENCH NAVY HANDICAPPED.

Why Arsenal Takes Four Years to Build Battleships.

On the confession of M. Picard, the French Minister of Marine, while England builds a battleship in two years, it takes France five years to construct one.

One of the chief reasons for the dilatory manner in which the work is performed in French arsenals, says M. Gerville Reche, the son of a former deputy, is that the French navy is paralyzed by red tape and bureaucracy.

As an example of what passes in the Government dockyards at Toulon, M. Reche states that before a rivet can be driven into a sheet of iron a written request for authorization must be transmitted to Paris, passing through the hands of twenty-two intermediaries, until it reaches the head of the Admiralty.

The reply goes through the same process, so that before a working-man at Toulon can hit a rivet on the head twenty-four persons must give their consent.

Although 6,500 workmen are on the books at Toulon arsenal, M. Reche says it gives him the impression of a dead city. The artisans there ask for nothing better than to be actively employed, but the central administration in Paris, without whose consent nothing can be done, has carried the science of masterly inactivity to such an extreme that weeks and sometimes months elapse before a reply can be obtained from the heads of departments at the Rue Royale.

An engineer, who was authorized to carry out experiments with an artillery device on a French warship, was obliged to wait six months before he was allowed to make use of his invention. At the Italian arsenal at Spezia similar experiments were concluded in a fortnight. The same engineer found it necessary to have three holes pierced in a sheet of metal, and had to telegraph to Paris to obtain permission.



shell-like wall surrounding a vast fairy country. No sooner had she penetrated this wall than she found herself in the real fairyland. A beautiful fairy, flitting on rainbow-colored wings, now approached, and in the sweetest manner possible offered to show Hilda the wonders of fairyland.

"Suppose," said the fairy, "we take a peep at the kingdom of dolls. That, you know, is a sort of heaven where dolls go after their mistresses break them on earth."

Around about the kingdom of dolls

## Waterloo

(Verses by Lieutenant Skerry for the "Pirates" upon the battle of Waterloo, which was gained by the reinforcements unhappily sent to the aid of Captain Billy Mumsford.)

Y'UH see, both sides was battlin', An' the cheers they came a-fittin', An' the snowballs they came, too, But 'spite of all us "Robbers" did, To win the fort, we found it stiff, That this we'd never do.

So Billy sent Joe flyin' Toward town, to start him tryin' Flavin' Jim an' Pete; Then, realis' sure they'd soon be back, Bill 'gainst the "Pirates" took a crack, Once more them to defeat.



stretched an immense, gleaming wall, upon which toy soldiers were posted as sentries. And at the great stone tower by the gate sat a doll general, drinking a mug of ale. He courteously admitted them, remarking as he did so: "The lady dolls have just been luncheoning in the dining hall yonder."

As they reached the steps leading to the dining hall, the doors opened above them and there came forth little fairy, boy-sprites.

"They are the servants who wait upon the dolls with food," whispered the fairy.

When all the servants had passed around a corner of the building, Hilda was ushered into the dining room.

### THE LOST IS FOUND

Almost the first doll she saw was her own old rag doll, Betsy, whom she had lost in the creek while on a vacation, years ago. Then, right beside Betsy, was Marie, the French doll Hilda had dropped from the balcony so that it had broken to pieces on the flagstones.

"My dear, precious dollies!" she cried in rapture, rushing forward and throwing her arms about the two in one tight hug.

And Betsy and Marie were ever so glad to see their old mistress. They at once forgave her for causing their deaths. They knew she hadn't meant to do it, you know. Then Hilda was introduced to all the other dolls, who exclaimed in chorus: "Oh, how nice! We've always wanted to play with a little girl, just as little girls used to play with us, and now we have the chance!"

Now, there were so very many dollies that the voices rose in a loud clamor—with such a violence of sound that Hilda was frightened—and rudely awakened! For she rubbed her eyes to find herself lying on the couch and brother Tommy battering on the door outside.



Right up he fought his way, although 'Twas mighty dangerous to go

With snowballs whizzin' by. Upon the fort's rampart he landed; "Surrender, Pirates!" he commanded. They soaked 'im in the eye.

An' down the hill we came again. Because we couldn't stand the rain. Of snowballs on us pounin'; We waited long for Jim an' Pete. For with THEM we could surely beat Those "Pirates" most astoundin'.

But Jim was home a-splittin' wood; Pete "would be there" just soon's he could.

His errand for Ma do; Then Joe was put to work, for sp An' that is how we lost the fight. Bill Kane calls "Waterloo."

## About-Cassem's Red Slippers

BECAUSE About-Cassem's red slippers were old it must not be supposed that their owner was poor. On the contrary, the treasure vault of this merchant of Bagdad was well-nigh filled with gold. But the more money the avacious merchant made the less willing was he to part with it. And so it was that his cloak had been worn so long that the original color had been lost; his turban was tattered and pierced with holes; and so often had the old red slippers been mended that by now they were all patches.

Upon this day About-Cassem had made an unusually shrewd bargain. Therefore, he resolved to celebrate it in some fashion. Should he invite his father and mother to dine with him? No; this would cost money; nor could he himself enjoy such a dinner, after having eaten nothing but simple food for years. Perhaps he had best buy a new garment. But what was the use of doing that? He had gotten along well enough with his old clothes up to this time; surely, it were foolish to change. Ah! now he knew what he would do. He would take a bath; for that would cost nothing, and certainly would be agreeable.

### AN UNLUCKY BATH

To the public bathhouse, then, About-Cassem made his way. Outside he met his father, who argued with him, saying it were unmanly to wear such worn garments, especially the patched slippers. About-Cassem promised to consider the matter, after which he banished the subject from his mind, and proceeded to enjoy a bath.

When the merchant came from his bath he observed a new pair of slippers in the place where the old ones had been.

"My father," he said to himself, "has given them to me."

Therefore, as the present cost him nothing, he donned the slippers gratefully. Hardly had he left the baths when a cad, or judge, who had been bathing, began to call for his slippers, which he declared had disappeared. Nothing but an old, patched pair was left, however. Thereupon the cad, in great wrath, sent his slaves after him who had stolen the slippers. As About-Cassem was the last to leave, he it was who was arrested. The cad's slippers being discovered in his possession, he was fined a large sum of money.

"Surely my slippers have brought me ill luck," lamented About-Cassem. Determined to rid himself of the

evil charm, he cast the slippers into the river which ran by his house. That very noon, while a party of fishermen were casting their nets, the slippers were drawn forth, and the



"THREW HIMSELF AT THE JUDGE'S FEET"

fishermen, disappointed at not finding a treasure, threw the slippers in rage through About-Cassem's open window, so that they fell upon jars of valuable rosewater, breaking the jars and destroying their contents.

He now buried the slippers in his garden. A neighbor saw him do this, however, whereupon the governor, hearing of the deed, sent for About-Cassem.

"Give me of the treasure which thou wert hiding," demanded the governor. In vain About-Cassem insisted it was but a pair of slippers he had placed in the deep hole. Only after paying a large amount of money was he permitted to go free.

The poor merchant was at his wits' end. In desperation he rose early in the morning, walked far from the city of Bagdad, and threw the slippers in a well. With a sigh of satisfaction he watched them disappear. He had tied weights to them; they could never again come to the surface. Then, with a light heart, he betook himself to his home.

But the next day a clamor arose in Bagdad, for the principal fountain had ceased to flow. By royal command, the artisans examined the aqueduct and finally the well outside the city, from which the fountain gained its waters. Then they found that About-Cassem's slippers had choked the pipe's mouth through which the stream flowed.

Again was the poor man arrested. He paid his fine stolidly. No sooner did he arrive home than he prepared a red-hot fire.

### New Mineral

ONE day Professor Johnstone was lecturing to some students about minerals, and he had with him various specimens of minerals. A roguish student put a piece of brick among the minerals. The professor began naming them, and he said: "This is a piece of coal; this is a piece of iron." He came to the piece of brick. "This is a piece of impudence," he said.

Australia sent Great Britain 23,000 tons of rabbits last year.

The origin of the gambling device, the roulette-wheel, was the praying-wheel of Japan, which it closely resembles.

"Now," said he, "the slippers cannot trouble me!"

As the slippers were still moist with the water of the well, he placed them on his casement window to dry. There-

upon a dog sprang on the window and disturbed the slippers, causing them to fall upon the head of a woman passing below.

At once the woman set up a cry of

"Murder! Murder!" People, hearing her screams, ran into About-Cassem's house and dragged the unfortunate fellow out. "Boil him in oil! Roast him over a slow fire!" they yelled.

About-Cassem looked about him with indifference. "Take me to the cad, that he may impose a sentence," pleaded he. Forthwith to the cad they took the merchant. Then About-Cassem threw himself at the judge's feet and begged piteously that he no longer be held responsible for the misdeeds of his old slippers.

It was all so funny to the cad that at first the official laughed. Then he had compassion upon About-Cassem and immediately directed the edict to be posted about the city that hereafter, no matter what crime the slippers should do, About-Cassem was to be held innocent.

Before releasing the merchant he advised him to be less miserly in the future, and to replenish his wardrobe at fitting seasons.

About-Cassem slowly walked home, a sadder and a wiser man. He now was utterly ruined—all his wealth had been taken from him through fines—but he confessed that, perhaps, after all, it was his own fault in great measure, and he decided to profit by the lesson.

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## Where Dogs Make Butter



DOGS have many uses besides serving as playmates for boys and girls. Of course, you know how valuable good watchdogs are. In some countries these faithful friends of man are employed to herd cattle; other people employ them for drawing wagons and sledges. St. Bernards, in Switzerland, do valiant work in saving the lives of travelers lost in regions of ice and snow. Manifold, indeed, are the duties of the dog. But do you know that he sometimes makes butter? Sound funny, doesn't it? Yet in East Haviland, England, and in parts of America dogs do all the churning.

Outside the dairy wall is placed a round wheel, inclined at an angle, and fitted with little steps upon its surface. Here the dog paces, as upon a treadmill, his chain being fastened so that he cannot advance any distance. Pinions connect the axle of the wheel with the driving wheel of the churn, which passes through the dairy wall. This work is no great hardship to doggie, inasmuch as he is never made to labor for any great length of time during the day.

The more money a man has, the more he is abused—and the less he cares.

It's poor policy to judge a man's worth by the amount of life insurance he carries.

The organ of sight is more highly developed in birds than in any animal.

A kangaroo can jump from 60 feet to 75 feet in length, and 14 feet in height.