



Life, Literature and Education

[Contributions on all subjects of popular interest are always welcome in this Department.]

PEOPLE, BOOKS, AND DOINGS.

Mr. William Wilfrid Campbell, the Canadian poet, has now launched upon the sea of prose in a novel, "Ian of the Arcades." Mr. Campbell will contribute a series of articles to this department of "The Farmer's Advocate" during the fall of this year.

A new Canadian Art Club has been formed. The first exhibition will be held about the end of November.

M. Ravallier, C. L., of Paris, has invented an automobile that may be propelled on water as well as on land.

There was an interesting meeting at Windsor Castle lately, of the King of England, the King of Siam, and Mark Twain. King Edward very much enjoyed the American humorist's jokes. The account of the meeting will, it goes without saying, go down in literature—with variations.

The degree of LL. D. has been conferred upon Senator Coffee by the University of Ottawa.

Dr. A. S. Vogt has gone to Europe, where he will make preliminary arrangements for the trip of the Mendelssohn Choir to England in 1909.

Dr. Thaddeus Cahill has invented a new and interesting instrument, the telharmonium, by which music may be transmitted as by telephone, and may play to one hundred audiences at once.

An interesting mechanism, the taximeter, is now extensively used on cabs and automobiles in European cities. By it are automatically registered the distance travelled, amount of fare to be paid, and time lost in stoppages or breakdowns.

In Belgium, unmarried men over 25 have one vote, married men and widowers with families have two votes, and priests and certain other persons have three votes. Severe penalties are imposed on those who fail to vote.

The British Navy is largely manned by young men. Over half the crews are mere youngsters. Here are the official figures: Aged 15 to 25, 63,790 sailors (or 57.69 per cent.); aged 25 to 35, 36,160 (or 32.7 per cent.); aged 35 to 45, 9,350 (or 8.45 per cent.); aged 45 and over, 1,270 (or 1.14 per cent.).

King Edward speaks in several languages with facility, and on occasions when foreign delegates to learned gatherings in London are received by His Majesty, it is often the case that individual delegates will find themselves chatting freely in their own language with their distinguished host. His Majesty reads widely, as becomes the head of a great nation, and has followed closely all the recent scientific developments. It is stated that when he was sixty-one years old, the King applied himself diligently to the study of Hindustani, a language that few men would care to approach for any but sternly practical purposes. A

remarkable memory renders the mastery of a new language comparatively easy to him, however, and even the difficulties of Hindustani soon disappeared before the industry of the Royal student. The development of his memory, it is related, was one of the special sides of His Majesty's early education, and it was with him a nightly task, never omitted, to repeat to his tutor the names of people he had met during the day, and the circumstances of the meeting.—[Canterbury Times.]

Oxford University, England, on June 26th, conferred its highest distinction, the degree of D. C. L., upon

THE ILLUSIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

By One of the Boys.

Dreams of childhood—illusions and disillusionments—we all have them, from the time we learned the useless rooster could not possibly have laid that egg, up to the stage when fabric imaginings of worlds to be conquered and hearts to be won are dispelled by realization that there is no royal road to success in farming, commerce, war or love; that he who would excel must strive, and that only a very small piece of ice is cut by any one man, while the most of us are like drops of dew in

other men in the neighborhood were as clever as, and had made even more money than he. However, one vantage yet remained. There might be others as big and smart, but there certainly was none as good. "Pa" didn't smoke or get drunk or swear—at least not when we were around—never got "mad" without just cause, and was, in fact, a shining example to other parents and citizens. This last fond hope was cherished. No one could shake our faith in Pa's virtue, and Pa himself never shattered the ideal. It remained enshrined in our heart till age and reason convinced us that there must be millions of other boys in the world thinking the same thing of their fathers, and some of them, probably, not without equal cause.

It was the same with Mother. There never could be a woman equal to her. Whose house—unless, perhaps, it might be Grandma's—could compare with hers for comfort, cleanliness and completeness of furnishing? And who could touch Mother at cooking? Other boys' mothers made some things all right, but for all-round cooking and baking none could compare with Mother. No one criticised her pies, cookies and puddings. Her meats were always done just right, not scorched nor yet "raw," while she knew how to stir up a flour gravy that tasted even better than the meat. In fact, for a place where you could sit down and enjoy a full, satisfying meal, without gagging at custards that wouldn't go down, or spoiling your victuals by wondering who did the milking, and whether the bread was mixed with clean hands or not—"our" home was the place to come. It was the only place in the neighborhood where everything could be depended on being absolutely all right.

What a big place the world used to seem! They say that once, when I was not over five years old, father took me to market, some fourteen miles away. For a long time we chatted about the buildings, the black muley cattle, the white-faced Leicester sheep, the strange kind of chickens with the jaunty topknots, the high bridge, the great gully, at least thirty-five feet deep, and wonders increasing all along the road. Who would have dreamt that there were so many new and strange things to be seen in one day's drive? Nearly three hours we travelled, and at last the city burst into view, at the foot of a mountainous hill. Interest gave way to astonishment, which finally found expression in the since oft-repeated inquiry, "Say, Pa, is the world as big as this the other way?"

How a boy's mind develops! Well that it does, for he has much to learn. Think of the important facts of life he has to study and grasp, and how little help he often receives from those who should teach him the fundamental facts of self and sex. What a strange and foolish reserve exists between the parents and children concerning these things, even till the latter grow up, and what anguish and injury result!

My earliest recollection carries me back to hours of cogitation over what I understood to be the three great epochs of life: birth, marriage, and death. I was assured that I



The Boys.

"Please, somebody stole our clothes."

on General William Booth, head of the Salvation Army. This high honor was this year conferred upon a few others, including Prince Arthur of Connaught, the American Ambassador, the Prime Minister of England, the Lord Chief Justice, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chas. Beresford and Sir Evelyn Wood. Things have changed mightily in the national estimate of Booth since he began his campaign years ago in that continent of sin and misery, the East End of London.

the ocean, and would be missed about as much.

But how we clung to the tissues of our dreams, and wanted to think that at least a shred of them might have some foundation in fact. What a wrench to childish pride it was to find out that father was not the biggest and strongest man! However, if not the biggest, he was still the smartest and the best farmer. But no, this, too, was disputed one day, and reference to father and mother only confirmed the dread boding that