

buoyancy and intense satisfaction with which the atmosphere seems to fill one's very soul; the wonderful feeling of being alone with Nature. There is nothing small up in that coun-try. One could not live alone with Nature and be near anything small. Even the 25c piece, the smallest coin used, has a friendly smile on its face, and one does not grudge exchanging it for the smallest requirement. The wolf-like bark of the huskies and the

strange appearance and great numbers of these dogs, alone, give one a sense of being in a. strange and foreign land.

I do not think that any climate or country could be more intensely satisfying to the hu-man being. Life is so simple, so gratifying. There is nothing strenuous, no opposition.

part of the country at home, came three miles to hear me, the first time he had left his little cabin, at night, for years. He showed me with great pride, his best coat, which he was wearing, and told me it was the first time he

had worn it for ten years. I had the unique experience of picking up some little nuggets and "gold dust" out of bedrock. There is something fascinating in pok-ing around amongst the earth with one's fin-gers and picking out little bits of gold. Gold is a metal which can never be mistaken. At first, you will pick up a little piece of yellow stone or earth and examinesit closely, and think you have found what yog are looking for. But once find a piece of gold amongst the "dirt," and you will never, never again mistake it. There is no need for examination.

There is something pathetic in driving up through that Klondike district and in seeing

many cases of insanity, temperaments unable to endure the awful loneliness of the country, reverses of fortune, perhaps, and the losing of all hope of ever getting enough gold out to carry them to the "outside" again. And this is the awful and tragic side of it, for it would be a terrible country to live in with the grim reality of realizing that one would never have money enough to take him out again.

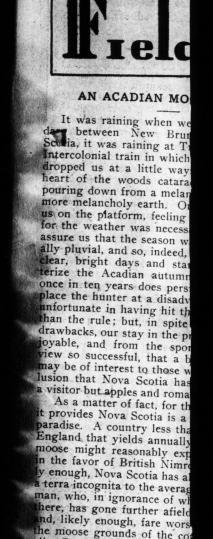
On the boat from Dawson to Whitehorse, we had four insane men, under the care of a doctor and four Mounted Police, on their way to the asylum at New Westminsters One very pathetic case amongst them was a man who took fits of weeping bitterly and crying for his

On board the steamer, as we were leaving one of the towns on the Yukon, a man, not

phone, announcing one's entertainment. This cry, in the clear, light atmosphere, can be dis-tinctly heard over the entire mountainside and all over town. I am not troubled with nervousness, but certainly this awful thing, yelling out, for two consecutive hours, before one's duties before the public begin, fills one with a strange uneasiness, and one's sympathies seem to go out to the "Fat Lady" in the sideshow. But megaphone and all, I turned my back upon that glerious country with great reluct-ance; and I shall always look back and think of the past summer as being the most intense-ly enjoyable of my whole life.

HAD TO TAKE CHANCES

Irishman (as someone knocks at his door) Shure, if I don't answer, it's some wan to give me a job, an' if I do it's the landlord after the rint.—Punch.



olis, Cumberland, Digby, G ax, Lunenburg, Queens, She outh are still practically u ver, the heads obtained are ze and of quality, some of the moose antlers in existence ured in Acadia. The cost, to rophy there averages not n alf the expense of a shootin the famous forests of New Bru the only province where the ch ose approximates to the ce ng one in Nova Scotia. Were videly known among British land of Evangeline would not sing her praises as a sporti We spent the night at the one of the guides, and in the weather having cleared, Sandy eighteen miles back into the wo hat, as they say in those parts, ed itself into a rabbit track at stump. This does not track at stump. This does not sound li close to the primitive heart of Nova Scotia remoteness is often ccessibility rather than of dis scene of our hunt was one of th spots to reach in the whole pro to this fact only a few native er hunted there, and they but s characteristic of indigenous hu

ravel by preference along the 1

uered in a spirit of sport by

Game was therefore exceptional

our chosen locality, and while w

anting is not a means of gaini

stance, leaving avoidable hards



and told me, reluctantly, that he left Skagway on the "Princess Royal" and came back with her on the return trip. We went to Vancou-ver, down to Seattle, Tacoma and Portland,

Was Queen Elizabeth a Man

Bram Stoker calls Queen Elizabeth in his latest historical book, "Famous Impostors." Mr. Stoker is not indulging in any romance of the "Dracula" order, but is giving an interpretation of certain historical facts, backed up by a sort of evidence. Calmly he informs us that Elizabeth was not of royal blood and that in spite of "her" little flirtations with Essex, Leicester, and others, "she" was really a man. In reviewing the book the New York Times says:

To this grand imposture of history, Mr. Stoker leads up dramatically by recounting authentic cases of other impostors, some of them similar to that of Elizabeth, his whole book presenting a curious collection of humanity's frauds. Thus he has the story of La Maupin, the prototype in real life of Gautier's famous heroine, the "Chevalier D'Eon." Perkin Warbeck, reputed son of Edward IV .; Arthur Orton, claimant to the estates and title of Tichborne, and a host of witches, magicians, fakers, that have enlivened the pages of history if they have not illuminated the particular times and countries in which their lives ran their course.

Mr. Stoker quotes numerous passages in letters, histories, etc., showing that "through-out the early life of Queen Elizabeth there was some secret which she kept religiously guarded." This secret was apparently known to a Mistress Ashley, the princess' governess, and was believed to have some connection with Elizabeth's repeated and emphatic assevera-tions that she would never marry. With this preliminary hint of mystery Mr. Stoker intro-duces us to the Manor House of Bisley.

Thither, according to tradition, "the little Princess Elizabeth, during her childhood, was sent away with her governess for change of air." While she was there word came that the King was coming to see his little daug Sortly before his arrival, however, "the child developed acute fever, and before steps could be taken even for her proper attendance and nursing, she died. The governess feared to tell her father-Henry VIII. had the sort of temper which did not make for the happiness of those around him." The nurse thereupon hid the body and scoured the neighborhood for some living girl child who could pass off for the princess.

"But here again was a check. Throughout the little village and its surroundings was to be found no little girl of an age reasonably suitable for the purpose required. More than ever distracted, for time was flying by, she de-termined to take the greater risk of a boy sub-

stitute-if a boy could be found." And, of course, there was a boy available-"just such a boy as would suit the special purpose for which he was required, a boy well known to the governess, for the little princess had taken a fancy to him and had lately been accustomed to play with him. Moreover, he was a pretty boy, as might have been expected from the cir-cumstance of the little Lady Elizabeth having chosen him as her playmate. He was close at hand and available. So he was clothed in the dress of the dead child, they being of about equal stature." King Henry, it is said, sus-pected nothing during his visit, as Elizabeth had always feared him and there had never been any of the intimacies of father and daugh ter between them.

This is the tradition, and, according to Mr. Stoker, it still exists in the neighborhood of Bisley. There is also this corroborating addition to be made to it:

"When the governess wished to hade the secret hurriedly she hid the body, intending it to be only temporarily, in the stone coffin which lay in the garden at Overcourt, outside which lay in the garden at Overcourt, outside the princess' window. Some tens of years ago the bones of a young girl, lying amidst rags of fine clothing, were found in the stone coffin. The finder was a churchman—a man of the highest character and a member of a celebrated ecclesiastical family—and he believed in the story of the Bisley boy. Before Elizabeth came to the throne all those who knew the se-cret of the substitution were in some way got rid of or their silence secured. The name of the substituted youth, was Neville: or such was substituted youth was Neville; or such was the name of the family with whom he was liv-ing at the time. There are several persons in the neighborhood of Bisley who accept the gen-eral truth of the story, even if some of the minor details appeared first being the persons. minor details appear at first glance to be inhar-monious. These persons are not of the ordin-ary class of gossipers, but men and women of light and leading, who have fixed place in the great world and in the social life of their own.

As to the identity of the "boy" who passed through life as Queen Elizabeth, Mr. Stoker advances several possibilities, none of which, however, are "as yet" susceptible of proof. One of these possibilities is that this "boy" was the icknowledged son of Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, and natural son of Henry VIII. Had that been the case this masculine Elizabeth would have still been the direct descendant of d father. Mr. Stoker does not claim that there is

proof of this parentage of this "Bisley boy," but advances it merely as a possibility, there having been something "mysterious" apparentthe marital relations of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond. Such a descent, too, would explain some of the physical peculiarities of Elizabeth-her being of distinctly blonde type (Anne Boleyn was a brunette), her vigorous intellect and her imperious disposiall of which might have come by descent from one or both of the Richmonds. Be that as it may, there is the tradition of the death of the real Elizabeth and of the substitution in her stead of a male child of unknown parentage. And if this tradition is not susceptible of positive proof, there are at least corroborating circumstances, according to Mr. Stoker, that bring it into the realm of the possible. ferous flea.

RUDE HASTE

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a catboat and ha dtaken her out to show her how well he could handle a boat, putting her to tend the sheet. A puff of wind came, and he shouted in no uncertain tone: "Let go the sheet!" No response. Then again: "Let go that sheet, quick!" Still no movement. A few minutes after, when both were clinging to the bottom of the upturned boat, he

Why didn't you let go that sheet when I told you to, dear?".

"I would have," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."-New York Evening Post.

TWO KINDS OF FAME

"Yes," admitted the author of a successful book, "I woke up one morning and found my-

"It was different with me," remarked the politician who had made an ill-advised speech. "One morning I found myself famous—then I woke up."—Chicago News.

A FARE GUESS

Flub-Who originated the idea that the ngest way round was the shortest way home? Dub-Some taxicab driver, I suppose.--Town Topics.

The best advice to give to a young man is very old and very simple. Get knowledge and understanding. Determine to make the most of yourself by doing to the best of your power such useful work as comes your way. There are no new recipes for success in life.

Areania - The State

Musical Ear of the Flea

Prof. F. J. Cole, a distinguished British scientist of the Royal Society, has discovered that fleas are very fond of music, particularly that of the trombone. He has been conducting a series of experiments with many insects in order to ascertain whether or not they possessed any musical talents, and in a report made to the Royal Society he makes some fiatthe fleas' bodies. tering observations regarding Gammarus Pulex and Pulex Irritans, otherwise, the pesti-

Prof. Cole points out that audition in the lower animals cannot be satisfactory studied in most cases, since a stimulus produces no response that can be seen or measured. Gammarus, however, when confined in a microscope live box, responds in an energetic and striking manner by flexing its first pair of antennae under its body. A response can be elicited after the second pair of antennae has been removed, but not after the removal of the first pair.

The instruments generally used to produce the stimulus was a tenor trombone, and the experiments were conducted either on the ordinary laboratory table or on a table specially constructed to filter off vibrations from the ground, and thus to insure that the stimulus reached the insect through the air. Prof. Cole found that the flea is most sen-

sitive to the B flat below middle C, and that its range of tonal sense is so limited that it might also be adduced as an example of absolute or physiological tonality, i. e., of an animal specially sensitive to one note. Only a small percentage of individuals, however, res-ponded to all, and then, probably owing to fatigue, the power of response soon disappeared. One specimen responded to every hote of the trombone. The experiments may be in-terpreted as either tactual or auditory reactions, if it can be held that these two senses have segregated out in such a simple and true aquatic species as Gammarus pulex and do not merely form a part of an indefinite common sensibility. Prof. Cole's experiments are of great interest, and it may be remembered that Darwin in his great book on "Earthworms" pointed out that these animals were quite insensible to the sound of a bassoon.

Those readers who have passed middle age may remember seeing at fairs and such like occasions an exhibition known as the "Industrious Fleas." One of the industries which little animals undertook was nominally

that of playing in an orchestra, and this was managed by the fleas being tied to small paper chairs which were placed in a ring on a musical box was wound up and set going the fleas waved their legs in a perturbed manner, but this was mainly a tactual reaction owing to the vibration of the musical box being transmitted

, DON'T SLEEP IN OFFICE HOURS.

Sleeping is popularly considered to be nature's signal to us to stop work. It would be splendid if we could take a nap, or "forty winks," every time we felt sleepy, but unfortunately, there are times when the tired workers must go on, sleepy or not. A writer in the American Medical Magazine tells how the tired toiler can refresh his brain very easily without taking a sleep. He says:

"If efforts are continued in spite of fatigue, the quality of the work is poor and the exhaustion inordinate. Students constantly make this error, and do all sorts of things to keep awake to burn the midnight oil, when, if they would go to bed and rest, they could accomplish far more in half the time in the morning with little or no fatigue. Yet there are times sleepiness and fatigue must be overcome with-out resort to stimulants, which injure the judgment

"The tired physician with a critical case, for instance, must have his wits about him, and it will aid him vastly to go to an open window every fifteen or thirty minutes to take a dozen or two deep inspirations of cold air. His exhaustion in the end will be great, but he can make it up later. As a matter of fact, surgeons and others whose work requires the keenest perceptions instinctively choose the early morning for their best efforts, reserving the afternoon for low-pressure tasks or recreation. That is, it is far better to so live than we do not need the stimulus of these extraction nary methods of respiration."

The boy or girl who is taught to be obedient and affectionate and considerate of others, to look forward to making the best use of whatever opportunity life may bring, and who receives such education as the best schools have to offer, has all the preparation for after life that it is possible to give, and one that should not often fail.

fallen during the night and the fairyland, but the air was far to ideal still-hunting. For sheer joy the wilds, however, I never knew a it, and the fifteen-mile tramp a between sunrise and sunset was full ful impressions. Although both 1 and I crossed not a few fresh moose aw none worth following; but h rood luck to shoot a bear, which