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ANCESTRY ON THE KING

DIFFERENT STRAINS TRACED BACK BY GENEALOGISTS.

One Back to the Flood—Others
Being in Scotch, Irish, Persian
and Norwegian.

Enthusiastic genealogists have been busy since King George's accession tracing his ancestry to rulers who flourished before the Christian era, and some of the most ingenious have persuaded themselves that they can fill up all the gaps between the King and Noah, from whom the theologians declare, of course, that all mankind is descended. There is no doubt, however, that King George's ancestors, direct and through the all-embracing medium of intermarriage, include every kingly name of importance from the days of the early Saxons, long before William the Norman's expedition that changed the face of the map of Britain. There is plenty of evidence existing to show that King George can trace his descent almost directly to Cedric, who, in 503, A. D., was King of Wessex, exactly 532 years before the Conqueror set foot in England.

From Cedric descended Egbert, the first King of a united England. He was followed in 871 by Alfred the Great, whose name is indissolubly knitted with the progress of learning in England. In the same direct Saxon line came Matilda, who, after marrying Stephen, fought with him for

THE ENGLISH THRONE.
which was ascended by her son, Henry II.

It is here that the Conqueror's blood begins to flow into the veins of King George, for William was great-grandfather to Henry, who was the first of the Plantagenet kings. The line now is direct and incontrovertible. It passes along through all the English kings, embracing Plantagenets, Lancastrians, Tudors, Stuarts and Hanoverians, until we have Edward, Duke of Kent, the son of George III, and Victoria the Good, Edward's daughter and grandmother of his present majesty.

But there are genealogists who trace King George's ancestry to a more remote period than that of Cedric the Saxon. Going back to those distant monarchs, Cyges and Lydian and Hyrcus the Great, they trace the relationship in this wise: Cyges, fourth in descent from Cyges, who reigned in Lydia in the year 718 B. C., had a sister named Araxes, who married Astyages King of Media. Their granddaughter, Bardave, was united to Cyrus the Great, who reigned over Persia in 550 B. C., and was killed by Tomyris after a sanguinary battle in 530 B. C.

From this union came Artaxerxes, Memnon, and Araxes Magnus, King of Parthia. From this house descended Basil, the Macedonian Emperor of Constantinople, whose granddaughter, Luitgarda, married Arnolph, Count of Holland. From him the line proceeds through the royal house of France to Isabel de Angoulême, whose marriage with King John of England united the blood of Cyges of Lydia with that of

THE CONQUEROR.

This erudite genealogist also traces King George's French ancestors through Hanoverian channels. George I. of England, who was Elector of Hanover, married Sophia, the daughter of Eleanor d'Orbrense, one of the beauties of one of the most ancient families of Poitou, who was maid of honor to the Princess de Tarente. Still another French heritage of ancestry brings in Charlemagne, while the House of Trajan and that of Ruric of Russia also contribute their patrician strain.

Irish people, who hesitate on the threshold of loyalty, might remember that King George is also a descendant of the Irish kings, his first ancestor of whom we have any knowledge being Conaire Mor, or Conaeth the Great, who lived half a dozen centuries before the Christian era. From him came Malcolm Can Mor, who married the Princess Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling, the Saxon. The Scottish ancestry includes such mighty histori-

cal characters as James IV. of Scotland, James V. and Mary Queen of Scots.

There are even genealogists who do not scruple to trace the line of George of England to the patriarch Noah, by way of the ancient Norwegian houses, of Eldure, King of Britain, and of Antenor, King of the Cimmerians, but as the ground is insecure, it were better not to probe too deeply into an ancestry dating from the flood.

JAPANESE STAFF OF LIFE. Everybody Eats Rice and Almost Every Farmer Raises It.

The Japanese staff of life is not bread but rice. Until quite recently the economic condition of the empire depended almost entirely on the success or failure of that crop. The rice harvest still remains the most vital factor in the general condition of the people.

Japan has at the present time about 13,230,000 acres under cultivation, of which 7,105,000 acres are devoted to rice. In addition to what is used for food the quantity required for sake brewing is immense, so that the domestic production has to be replenished annually by a considerable importation.

The very high quality of Japanese rice naturally leads to its being exported in large quantities, which adds to the necessity of domestic importation. According to the Japan Magazine the consumption of rice per capita in Japan is about five bushels.

From centuries of experience the science of rice cultivation has been brought to a high state of perfection in Japan; and the degree of production as well as the acreage under cultivation is constantly on the increase. When we compare the 132,000,000 bushels grown in 1877 with the 245,445,076 produced in 1907 the rapid rate of increase may be easily seen.

The rate of consumption has been greater than the rate of production, which shows that the number of those able to afford rice as their staple diet is constantly growing. The 34,388,000 of population in 1877 had in 1907 grown to 48,845,000, which is equal to an increase of 45 per cent. in thirty years.

As rice culture is of such supreme importance to the country the price of rice lands is always rising until it is now from 70 to 80 yen (a yen is equivalent to 50 cents) a tan (0.245 acres); while the price of common agricultural land is only 40 to 50 yen a tan. The rent of rice land is also quite high, being from 8 to 13 yen a tan usually, but in places where such land is scarce as much as 200 yen has been paid a tan.

The ancestral paddy fields of the farmer are regarded with great pride and guarded as family treasures. It can therefore be understood why every inch of land where water for irrigation is available commands the keenest attention, the entire hillside in some districts being terraced for rice production.

Rice growers represent more than 90 per cent. of the agricultural population. From 4 to 7 acres is about the average holding of the Japanese farmer, at his best, but vast numbers of the rural population have to be satisfied with little more than an acre each. The farmer has of course to grow many other things besides his rice and some of them he cultivates as a second crop from the rice ground after harvest.

The rice districts of Japan look like level plains of patchwork, the irregular paddy fields being walled around by clay banks 10 inches to one and a half feet high, according to the water level.

Rice being a tropical plant requires a warm, damp climate for its successful cultivation, but it is remarkable that in Japan the crop is successfully grown from Kyushu in the south to far Hokkaido in the north. The plant requires plenty of water and a rich clay soil, special preference being for ground formed from sea deposit. Most of the Japanese rice farmers, however, take little account of the nature of the soil, provided only the necessary water can be had.

In the colder parts of Japan but one crop of rice is harvested in the year, but in the south, where the climate is much milder and irrigation convenient, two crops are usually grown each year.

MINES-DRIVEN UNDER SEA.

An Ever Present Danger to Miners Along British Coast.

Mining under the sea is continued to a considerable extent in Great Britain. It was only a short time ago that the overhead seas of the Whitehaven mine burst through the sea floor and drowned scores of men in the workings, making the further resumption of work impossible. Workington, a near neighbor to Whitehaven, once had its under sea mine, into which one day the waters of the Irish Sea suddenly burst, drowning the thirty-six men who were working out the coal. In all of this mining the sea floor ordinarily is only a few yards above the workers' heads and the uncertainty of the ocean bed lends the chief risk to the workings.

One of the most famous of existing sea mines was the Bottallack, a copper mine, at Penzance. The coast is rocky there and shelves sharply down into the water. Into this hill ten galleries were driven, each of them stopping within a few yards of the floor of the sea. As the mine work went on at different levels the hill became honeycombed with galleries and mine rooms until the Atlantic began to leak in at scores of places, causing its abandonment.

Stories are told of the times when under influence of heavy storms breaking on the coast the Atlantic drove in with thunderous sounds upon the thin strata lying between the miners and the water. Mighty boulders were flung about, crashing and grinding on the ocean bottom until the stoutest hearted workers in the mine ran in terror from their work. Among the miners' dearest because of the thunder of the ocean was common, and men left the mine often in hysterical condition.

To this day, however, visitors in quiet weather may explore many of its galleries for considerable distances. Originally the drifts extended a third of a mile under the ocean. The late King Edward entered it several years ago, and under the quietest sea rolling just above his head he discovered the temper of his subjects, who once foiled them in all weathers merely that they might earn their bread.

Within a few miles of the Bottallack copper mine is the Levant mine, one of the richest ever opened in England. Copper and tin to the value of \$10,000,000 have been taken from its forty galleries extending under the bed of the sea. Its lowest gallery runs directly out into the ocean floor for a mile. A few years ago a geologist who was one of a party of visitors under escort of officials of the mine wandered away a few yards as the rest of them talked. Discovering something which resembled a plug overhead he was fingering it when one of the officials rushed up:

"My dear sir," he exclaimed, "you must not do that, you know?" "Er—but why not?" inquired the visitor as the official caught his arm.

"Why, it will let in the Atlantic, you know."

It is believed that the rosy Britisher didn't regain all his color for two days afterward.

From either side of the Frith of Forth coal mines have been run under the water until the ends of the galleries almost meet under the sea. Off the county of Durham are several great submarine coal mines, of which the famous Monk Wearmouth colliery has workings so vast and intricate as to make it approach the size of a city of bleak streets. On one occasion the North Sea broke into it at the rate of 3,000 gallons a minute, but the flow finally was checked. At the present time a 200-horse-power engine is required to keep the mine clear of water.

NEW MOSQUITO DESTROYER.

Returned travellers from the Panama say the mosquitoes are rapidly disappearing. They still keep putting oil on the swamps, but no longer petroleum. Instead, they use what is called there "mosquito oil," which is a mixture of rosin and carbolic acid. It is cheaper than petroleum and is made on the isthmus. There are between fifty and a hundred men who are kept busy spraying the swamps by means of little pumps.

THE CUP THAT CHEERS

TEA-DRINKING IS POPULAR IN CANADA.

People Don't Understand Drawing It—Not Always Freshly Made.

The hold which the tea drinking habit has on the Canadian people is not generally realized. From a recent official document dealing with the world's tea production it is learned that Canada stands third among the tea drinking nations, being beaten only by Australia and the United Kingdom.

The following figures show the consumption per annum in pounds per head of population:

	Lbs.
Australia	7.10
United Kingdom	6.90
Canada	6.30
Holland	1.45
United States	1.30
Russia	1.25
Norway	1.20
Denmark	0.38
Germany	0.18
France	0.03

WE DON'T MAKE IT RIGHT.

In one respect the high place Canada occupies in showing a preference for the cup which cheers is not surprising. Canadians drink tea morning, noon and night. The consumption per capita would be much greater if the properties of good tea were as well understood as they are in England. One of the requisites of good tea is that it should be fresh made, and there is hardly a restaurant in England which does not contain the legend "fresh tea for each customer." Judging by the boiled concoction which is served out as tea in restaurants in cities, a very considerable saving in quantity at the expense of quality is effected. The custom of having five o'clock tea, which is general in the old country, is also doubtless responsible for the prominent position the United Kingdom holds among tea drinking nations.

ALMOST A NECESSITY.

The Canadian Journal of Commerce, in referring to tea consumption, says that although it is not absolutely a necessary of life, it is so considered one of the principal luxuries for the table of all classes of people, especially those of British race or descent. When it was first introduced into England at the time of the later Stuarts, the price was so high that only the wealthy could afford it, a present to the second Charles costing the donors \$10 a pound. In the reign of William and Mary a duty of \$1.80 per pound, with a 5 per cent. ad valorem, was imposed. At that time not more than 5,000 pounds per year were imported into Great Britain. To-day the annual importation is more like 300,000,000 pounds.

LEAGUE FOR THE SEASICK.

Discovered That Prevention is Easier Than Cure.

There exists in Paris a league against seasickness, which was founded three years ago, and whose continued existence proves that it has not attained its object. It has discovered no specific against seasickness. In fact the journal it publishes hardly ever recommends anything in the line of drugs.

It advises travellers by sea to sing, talk, play and amuse one another; in a word to find occupation for body and mind. Do not lie down is another recommendation. Wear a wide, tight belt which does not squeeze you. If possible choose your time of travel by sea. In winter the sea is generally rough for five or six days at a time and then smooth; in summer, a heavy wind may be counted on every fifteen or twenty days.

The last quarter of the moon is considered an unfavorable time, especially from November to March or April. The equinoxes, March 21 to 31, and September 21 to 30, should be avoided if possible. Smooth seas may be hoped for when the moon is full and after the spring and autumn rains have eaten down the waves.

The league advocates preventive treatment. Get your sea legs before going to sea. For this purpose it advises two hours a day on a swing for weeks or months before sailing and a free indulgence in riding the merry-go-rounds found at every French fair. Take as many camel rides as you can; if camels are not handy devote yourself to the toboggan, switchbacks, water-chutes, looping the loop, and when you are at home use a rocking chair.

The league is very strong on the rocking chair, a thing almost unknown in France, and maintains that Americans and English are less troubled by seasickness than the French, not because they travel more, but because they pass hours in rocking chairs.

No man ever deeply admired a sea without deeply detesting the which stood in its way.

PHOTOGRAPHING A "RHINO."

Operator Took Great Risk to Get a Good Picture.

Regarded merely as a matter of sport, hunting with a camera is incomparably better than hunting solely to kill, although it may sometimes happen that, in order to save his own life, the photographer is forced to shoot. An instance of this sort happened to a writer in Everybody's Magazine. He and his party were stalking "rhinos." Although the wind was in their favor, they had to use extreme care, open stretch of ground, utterly lacking in cover. They were crawling as quietly as possible, when they suddenly discovered a third rhino almost directly downwind, and only a little more than a hundred yards away.

A few steps farther, and the wind would have given him our scent—a hint the gentleman would possibly hail by charging upon us full tilt. This would have placed us between two fires, between him and the other two, in case they did not run; and hardly relishing the idea, we turned and crawled the other way. Once out of range of his nose, however, we turned, and with the telephoto lens I took a number of pictures at long range.

In the midst of this, we were delighted to see the old boy get ready for his noonday nap. First of all he began turning in his tracks just as a dog will do, sniffing at the ground about him. Then, when he had made sure it was to his liking, he finally laid himself down. Nothing could have been more satisfactory, and exercising every caution, we moved forward until we were within twenty yards of the huge, unconscious slumberer.

Our hearts were beating as if to break when we stood up and gazed at him, for we fully expected a sudden and dangerous charge. Clark, who stood beside me, held the big rifle ready for instant use, while I trained the camera on our friend. For some seconds they seemed like hours then—we stood absolutely quiet, making no sound although we trembled with excitement. The rhino, however, still slept on, breathing as peacefully, although not quite so beautifully, as a child, and utterly oblivious of the presence of his enemy—man. Then, when we could endure the suspense no longer, I called aloud to him, "Come on, there."

Never was an order more promptly and explicitly obeyed. At the sound of my voice he was up like a flash. One look showed him where we stood; he emitted a petulant snort, raised his waving tail, and came. To stand and focus the lens on him was not so easy as it sounds. If you have ever by chance stood directly in front of an oncoming express, you can imagine a part of the feeling. On the big brute came, bigger and bigger he grew on the camera's ground-glass screen. I dared not remove my eyes from it for fear of losing the focus; and so I stood till it seemed as if the beast were ready to step on me.

When I thought he was about to stick his horn through the camera and all, I released the catch of the shutter, and there I had him!

The click of the shutter was the signal for Clark to do his part. At the moment our friend was aimed head-on towards us. But Clark fired—rather gladly, too, and at the shock of the bullet the rhino turned aside. He was so close, however, that although he snatched off abruptly, he passed not more than a dozen feet away.

WHEN BUTTERFLIES MIGRATE

Thousands, Resting for a Night, May Settle on a Single Tree.

Everybody knows the great orange red butterflies with bold black bands and white dots that come sailing along by the thousands in the autumn. But it is not every one who knows that they migrate like the birds in the fall, flying all the way from Canada to Cuba and taking other long flights so that they get into the sunny south for the winter. They have extraordinary power on the wing and have been seen flying at sea 50 miles from land.

Vast flocks of hundreds of thousands on their way southward settle on trees and bushes like a swarm of bees, says St. Nicholas, and as they are pretty much the color of certain autumn foliage you might easily pass their roosting place without noticing them. They rest for the night and are off in the morning as soon as their wings are dry. With all the enemies of insect life one wonders that there are so many butterflies left at the end of the summer. But though our Monarch is apparently a fat, tempting morsel he is distasteful to birds.

Willie—"Pa, why is it the great writers and poets always refer to peace as 'sweet peace'?" Pa—"I suppose it is because peace should always be preserved, my son." She—"I couldn't believe you really meant it when you said you were anxious to hear me sing." He—"Oh, I assure you I did! You see, I had never heard you sing before."

ANCIENT YUCATAN.

Its Mysterious Ruins Once the Scene of Human Sacrifices.

It was Chichen-Chichen Itza the magnificent, the Taj Mahal of Central America—and the building we were gazing on was the most wonderful of the ruined group.

As we looked upon it in the moonlight we could not help feeling how awe inspiring this colossal temple, reaching itself 120 feet into the air, must have been to the ancients. On the top of the pyramid still stand the crumbling ruins of a temple. It is reached by a stairway on each side of its four sides, having 120 steps apiece, and contains three rooms, the doorposts of which are carved with the figures of priests, except the one facing eastward, which has large pillars carved into the form of serpents. The heads of these are turned so that they lie flat upon the top of the pyramid, their eye sockets still bearing traces of the rich green jade that once filled them.

As we sat we pictured to ourselves the strange and barbaric scenes that had here been enacted, for it is legends are to be believed it was on these flat-topped serpents' heads that the tyrant priests of the Itza, majestic in their bejeweled and befeathered robes, tore out the palpitating hearts of their sacrificial victims after lifting open the breasts with a silver knife.

These sacrifices were probably performed in view of thousands of worshippers of the sun deity congregated on the plain below, the heart after it was torn from the membranes being burned as an offering in the inner holy of holies, while the body of the victim rolled down the stone steps to be sacramentally eaten by the people.—World Wide Magazine.

THE HURRY HABIT.

It is Charged With Being a Breeder of Bad Manners.

"My attention was recently called to an article," observed the retired professor, "in which the writer rebuked us, individually and as a nation, for our lack of manners due to the hurry habit. He classed this habit among the bad, senseless, inseparable habits, and I fully agree with him. Watch a crowd anywhere, picking up trains and boats or hurrying on to them, fighting for first places going up stairs or down, equipping and elbowing to get through a gateway or an open door, and if you were to inquire not one man Jack or woman Marie could tell you why he or she was on the dead jump.

"The average male being will consult his watch, bound across the lawn, run like mad for a car, hire a cab to break the speed law driving to a ferry, dash into his office as if he had done 100 yards in ten seconds, remove his hat and overcoat, open his desk, pull out a slide, cock his feet on it, light a cigar, and wonder what he's going to do next.

"The average female being will bore through a fringe of shoppers nine deep to force to a bargain counter, and after she's arrived she'll calmly put down her purse and parasol, finger the goods for fifteen minutes, ask questions concerning the prices—past, present and future—and more or less leisurely without buying so much as a spool of thread."—Providence Journal.

The Father of Tobacco Smoking.

It is quite hopeless to trace out the fathers of smoking in general and to trace smoking in particular. Who first drew in smoke of any kind through a pipe in England and who first of our countrymen took to tobacco will always remain disputable. It is equally uncertain which western tribe made the first discovery. There is even dispute as to whether tobacco takes its name from the island of Tobago, from the Yucatan province of Tobacco, from Tabasco in Florida or from a y-shaped pipe which the people of Hispaniola smoked with their noses. Only one name is definitely associated with the great institution, that of Jean Nicot, the French ambassador to Portugal, who spread the fame of the herb through Europe. And of all who are familiar with nicotine today, how many associate it with Nicot or have even heard of him!—London Chronicle.

As Misplaced Titles.

Among obvious misnomers one London theater is to be found. Drury Lane theater is not Drury Lane, and no reason can be assigned for giving it the name of that thoroughfare. The first theater built on the present site was at one time frequently referred to as the theater in Covent Garden. On Feb. 6, 1663, Pepys notes: "I walked up and down and looked upon the outside of the new theater building in Covent Garden, which will be very fine." In those days no theater existed in Covent Garden, the predecessor of the present opera house having been opened in 1732.—London Chronicle.

A Feminine Impulse.

To straighten their hair is the first impulse of feminine humanity after an accident. If a woman could be raised from the dead she would straighten her hair before doing anything else.—Marion Crawford.

Just the Opposite.

"Whenever you lie to your wife does she find you out?" "Just the opposite. Whenever she finds me out I lie to her—when I come in."

Fortune has often been blamed for blindness, but fortune is not so blind as you are.—Samuel Smiles.