

SEPTEMBER 16, 1909

and have time for reading a little, surely.

In the amateur-photography department, some very fine work was shown, but it seemed a pity that the photographers had not taken the precaution to label their pictures, especially where bits of scenery were concerned. The same lack was noticed in connection with the case of statuary. Had each piece in this case been distinctly labelled with the name of the model, and a few lines concerning the history of the original, a more direct interest in statuary in general might have been created.

In the building devoted to Applied Art, the finest photography exhibit ever shown at the Canada National Exhibition was noted. Many of the pictures had been brought from Europe, and all were carefully labelled.

Distinctly educative, from the standpoint of good taste, are such exhibits of house-furnishing as were shown in the Manufacturers' Building. Especially worthy of mention was the suite of rooms designed by Kay & Co.—a bedroom with paper covered with small pink roses; inside curtains of chintz, exactly matching the wall paper, net next the glass; green rug; and early-English furniture, with flowered, inlaid design. The latter must be coming in fashion, for it appeared again in the drawing-room. Personally, I do not like it. Probably it is but a tad of the moment that will soon pass. The drawing room referred to had for its leading tone Copenhagen blue, with cream woodwork, and cream wall paper, with very dainty touches of gold outlining a sort of panel effect. Another bedroom by the same firm was much admired. The wall paper was pale gray, striped in self tone, with a border, or "crown," rather, of pink roses; gray rug, with rose border; white-enamelled furniture—"twin" beds taking the place of the ordinary double bed.

She who was anxious to know about china and pottery might look to her heart's content at the display shown in the Applied Arts Building, where extensive exhibits of Crown Derby, Copeland, Royal Worcester, etc., were to be seen. We say "she" advisedly, for in this room the petticoated element was very largely in evidence.

We really thought the exhibit of decorative plants in the Horticultural Building the "best ever." Indeed, when looking at the pyramids and masses of greenery shown there, one wondered why these foliage plants—beautiful all the year round—are not more extensively grown in private houses. Ferns of all kinds, palms, crotons, selaginellas, showy red and pink callas, made up the principal display, and were sometimes arranged along miniature creeks, where real water ran over real pebbles. Of course, there were orchids, too, among this wealth of greenery, but one cannot think of them for a private house. They require a temperature and treatment that can be supplied only in specially constructed greenhouses.

In this building was the usual very instructive display of rock and ore specimens, a very mine of information for those interested in mineralogy. An object that attracted much attention, especially from the men, was an immense obelisk, representing one-eighteenth in bulk of the total output of silver at Cobalt during the years 1904-1908. No other device could have impressed the importance of our chief Canadian silver town so effectively.

In another department was a corner devoted to the O. A. C., with the big bronze trophy won by our boys at Chicago in the foreground, and a group of enthusiastic O. A. C. men about to give information regarding the road, insect, etc., that filled the cases. Across the way was a very interesting exhibit of grain, etc., set out, with the resources of Saskatchewan, and a little farther down a group of horses, timber wolves, etc., etc., etc.

idea of the denizens of Northern Ontario's boundless forests. Here were also some very fine samples of grain from the clay belt above New Liskeard.

In the British Columbia exhibit the fruit was, as usual, the great attraction, but there were also some stuffed animals, the whole pyramid crowned by an immense "bighorn" sheep. After seeing it, one could realize better Service's reference to "the bighorn asleep on the hill" (Songs of a Sourdough).

We pass over the stock part of the big show, full of "points" for the farmer, and fully described elsewhere in "The Farmer's Advocate," and stop at the Art Gallery. We were a little disappointed here this year. There were too many battle-pictures—war has not the glamor to-day that was thrown over it in earlier times—and there were too many pictures of morbid subjects. True, such canvasses as "The Execution of Charles I.," and "Burial at Sea," drew a crowd of spectators. Morbid things always do; a crowd will always run to see a drowned man hauled out of a river, but it is a question if the satisfaction of such curiosity ever has a wholesome effect. At all events, it would seem that art should be devoted to the beautiful and the inspiring.

Probably the best picture at the Fair was Lord Leighton's "Summer Slumber," wonderful in its brushwork, and worth, in itself, a fortune. "The Studio of Titian," by Villégas, was very fine so far as drawing is concerned, although rather disagreeable in color. A sheep picture by Verboeckhoven was much admired, as were also Landseer's "The Twins," and Benjamin Constant's "Before the Kadi." Perhaps the best picture shown by a Canadian artist this year was McGillivray-Knowles' "Battleship Indomitable Leaving Quebec," in which a difficult subject was treated most artistically. Another picture, by a Canadian artist, which attracted much attention, was "Taking in the Salmon Nets off Banffshire, Scotland," by Mr. A. M. Fleming, Chatham. One wished, however, that the subject had been chosen on Lake Erie, near the artist's own home. It is a matter for regret that more encouragement to paint home subjects is not given to our artists. Surely there is no lack of material. We have a grand country, and we should recognize the fact.

Space forbids the mention of many other excellent pictures, reproductions of which may appear at a later date in these pages.

Is the Fair educative? We think so. It provides a glimpse into all parts of our Dominion. It calls attention to the real work that some of our institutions—the O. A. C., the Brantford School for the Blind, Schools and Collegiates in various places—are doing. In the Art Gallery we learn something of foreign art; in the Process Building we see how various textiles are manufactured—and so the list goes on. And everywhere we see the surging masses of people, with their never-failing interest. The one danger of the fair, it seems to me, is lest we grow provincial. Farm folk need to be cosmopolitan, as well as other folk, and they can scarcely see as much for so little money anywhere in the Dominion as at the Canada National Exhibition. It is well worth while to go to it, now and then—to the show at night, and all. And it only comes once a year.

D. D.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

"The Glory of the Second Mile."

And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.—S. Matt. v. 41.

The other day I heard a sermon on this subject, which was both interesting and helpful. The preacher began by explaining that he had read, some time before, an article on "The glory of the second mile," and that his sermon would be based on that. He said that when Cyrus was King of Persia, he had made a law that anyone who was acting as a postman, in the employ of the Government, could demand assistance, if he needed it, and "compel" a man of any rank to assist him on his journey. But he could only compel a man to go "a mile" with him, after that he was free—if he wished—to return to his own business. The Romans adopted the same plan, and anyone in Government service could "compel" a stranger to "go a mile" with him. The Jews, hating their Roman conquerors, might be compelled to give their help; but not one step beyond the necessary mile were they likely to go, no matter how urgent the need for their services might be.

Here may be seen the "glory" of the

"second" mile. The first was compulsory, but the second was voluntary. Only a man of rare greatness of spirit would be willing to do more than was absolutely necessary for those who were oppressing him and his people.

The preacher, in enlarging on this opportunity for service, described how a boy, sent to the berry-patch with orders to pick a quart of berries, might drag wearily along, thinking himself hardly used, and only obeying because he was compelled. Then, when the work was begun, his interest in it might awaken. Before the required quart was picked, the thought, "Why not surprise mother by taking home two quarts?" would change the tiresome task into pleasure. To work because he was "compelled" might be drudgery, but the very same task would be transformed and glorified by cheerful willingness and the real desire to help.

How wonderfully this fits in with everyday life. Certain tasks are laid upon you, circumstances compel you to attend to them. There are hundreds of little humdrum duties which must be done. Why not accept them in the spirit of the "second mile," doing them because you are glad of the opportunity of helping somebody—though that "somebody" may be domineering or irritating. Don't say, nor think: "Of course, I must do my necessary work, but I won't do a stroke more than I have to!" People who are so jealous of their own rights, so afraid of being imposed upon that they will never do more than they are paid to do, will fail to grasp the "glory of the second mile," and will also put very poor workmanship into their handling of the first mile. Whether they work at home or among strangers, they will not be a success. Others will leave them far behind in the race of life. We can't do anything well unless we do it heartily. Adam Bede expressed strong disapproval of a workman who would drop his tools instantly at the stroke of six. To do anything properly, we must rouse interest in it, and press forward with the desire to make it a success—it may be sweeping a room, or it may be ruling a kingdom.

Gannett says that the wife of President Garfield changed toil to victory once, when she was forced by circumstances to do her own household work. She wrote to her husband: "Here I am, compelled by an inevitable necessity, to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make? It seems like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the white loaves; and now



Grand Plaza on the Canadian National Exhibition Grounds.