

and manly self-reliance, will develop the truer Canadian gentleman, in whose character the people will see their highest thoughts reflected, and in whose independent acts, be he French or English, Protestant or Catholic, they will take infinite pride."

From chapter, "Do We Know Our Own?"—"It is the beholder who makes the landscape. When we know the beauty of our own mountains and valleys, and have learned something of nature's secrets ready to be revealed on the surf-worn ledges at Sheldon's Bluffs, or along the gravel beds of Taylor's Island, we are grasping at the higher citizenship; and, as the beauty of God's work flows in, the reflection of it will be seen in our face, form and action. Through all the lacework of maple and rustling poplar, behind the drifts of cloud whitening the green slopes of Bald Mountain, within the force that has burst into the song of birds and the perfume of flowers, somewhere, somehow, lies God's will. This is what Elijah found. This is what you seek in Europe. Search for it in your own homes, your own Province, and you will have comfort, rest and joy."

"Mechanic and Laborer."—"If we studied our own we would see many crushed lives in Canada, and the duty to aid them is clear. The day is not far distant when wealth will look guiltily at its money bags and apologize for its unearned store. Then will come the time when the State, perhaps, can realize the idea of a government not only for the strong and clever, but also to aid the weak and simple."

"Real and Ideal."—"Law is not ignoble, neither is trade nor labor. God forbid that they should be void of nobility, for in that day Canada will sink into serfdom. The heaven of this country is not in trade nor in laws. This heaven lies in the spirit of the people, and as each citizen makes his days profitable, so will Canada rise to nationality."

Self-reverence."—"We must not care what London or Paris will think. We are of the new, and are not to pattern our ambitions and aspirations on the Old World. Not that we should be blatant about our railways, or wheat lands, or great lakes, so that some Scotsmen would speak of us as 'blatherskites,' as did Carlyle of our New England friends. We should have such faith in ourselves and such reverence for our institutions and country as not to be afraid to affirm their principles and beauty when occasion demands it."

"Sea-girt Greece, with her mountain-loving people, did not imitate, and yet in five hundred years the Greek surpassed the Egyptian thought of three thousand years, and created art. We in Canada have the possibilities of Athens. Why should we imitate? Can we not stand alone?"

"Education."—"Education is of two kinds: Individual, or a drawing out of your best by aid of the best in others; or, academic, viz., an adding on of all that is taught, even though your inner self be not responsive to more than half of the things taught."

"All education should tend to a higher conception of God's work in Nature; thus do we become real artists and artisans."

"We do not want culture in the common sense. The orator or writer, through all his Greek and Latin quotations, his sentences cribbed from Burke or Canning, cannot conceal his insincerity. Something lacks. It is the vitality of personal contact with the tree or flower, with the tools of Nature and art, that vivifies and completes the man. When we look at the plow, axe or spade, we stand, as we comprehend their utility, nearer to the Adams, to the workers of the field and factory. . . . We are too much affected by the

Saxon and Greek past; it hangs around us like a millstone. It is the Canadian present we should see. We must feel the beauty of Canadian hills, rivers, lakes and fields. Then, when we get near to the real life of all we see, will come the real artist—the cultured, educated Canadian."

Jottings.

Lovers of John Burroughs will be

glad to hear that he has collected his poems into a volume. The book is a small one, containing only about 75 pages, but is very attractive, its name, Bird and Bough, being a very good index to the delicate, woodsy flavor of its contents. Upon the title-page is a quaint quotation from Bunyan: "Some said, 'John, print it'; others said, 'not so.'" Upon the whole, the little volume is just the right sort of Christmas gift for a nature and poetry lover.

The recent Esperantist Convention, held at Geneva, Switzerland, was considered in every respect a success. Each year the interest in Esperanto

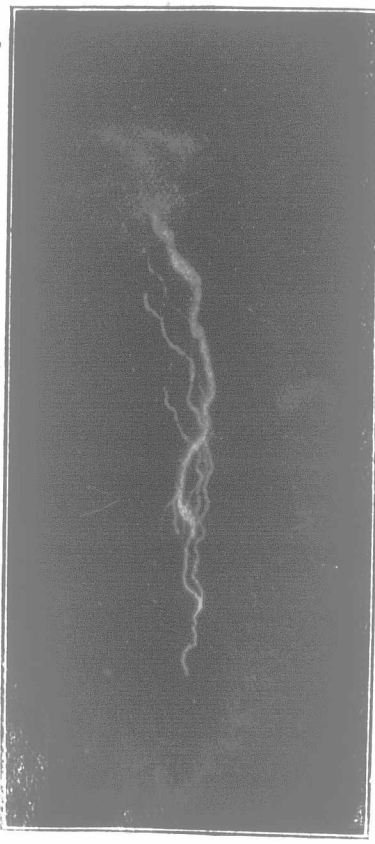
(a universal language which has been devised for international use) increases. There are said to be 2,000 students of it in France alone. Even the United States is not behind in the craze. "Some 250 organized Esperanto societies," says the N. Y. Independent, "now exist in the United States. Organizations of this kind meet regularly in nearly all of the principal cities of the

country. Esperanto is easy to learn. The standard textbook is O'Connor's 'The Student's Complete Esperanto Textbook.' The Emperor-King of Austria is said to have abhorred Esperanto, the reason given being that 'Scoundrelly anarchists, with a grammar and a dictionary, could, in half a dozen lessons, acquire sufficient of the language to be able to communicate with each other all over the world.'"

Sir Gilbert Parker has written a new novel, "The Weavers," which will soon appear in print. He has been working several years on it, and has endeavored to make it his masterpiece.



1.—Explosion, 25 sticks 50-per-cent. dynamite, on C. P. R. branch, three miles from Bala, Ont.



2.—Lightning Flash. Photo taken at Kerwood, Ont.

Results of Camera Competition.

Some time ago we announced a camera competition, specifying as a paramount condition that photos were to be possessed of "some distinct interest apart from the merely scenic or artistic." Pictures of historic points, curious objects in nature, of unique happenings, or those showing unusual light effects, were suggested as a choice.

In response, a great many photos were received, and from them we have chosen the four shown in our present issue. Of these, if artistic merit were to be considered, undoubtedly the third and fourth would take first place. It was, however, the almost unanimous opinion of the judges to whom the photos were submitted, that Nos. 1 and 2 were, on the whole, more curious, more likely to excite interest, than the other two, and so entitled to the first and second places.

Accordingly the prizes were awarded as follows:

1. H. B. S. Palmer, Gravenhurst, Ont.
2. R. Galbraith, Kerwood, Ont.
3. Miss Edna Grigg, Renfrew, Ont.
4. R. J. M. Webbe, Vancouver, B. C.

A very peculiar point about the first-prize picture is that, in the original, wreathed into form by the flames of the explosion, appeared two figures, a man and a woman. In the cut, these are not very distinguishable, but in the photo they were so much in evidence as to catch the almost immediate attention of everyone who saw the picture. "What is it? Two people at the foot of a tree?" was the puzzled query of the first to whom it was submitted. "A sort of osculatory performance!" laughed another; while yet others averred that the "man" had taken unto himself the veritable semblance of Henry VIII., beard, portly figure, crown and all. Which of his various wives the other figure represented was not specified.

The lightning picture represents a very peculiar formation of an electric bolt. Forks, zigzags of lightning are common enough, but not often is there seen such an exhibition of root-like ramifications.

We were somewhat surprised that no pictures showing Canadian historic scenes were sent in. We had expected a considerable number of these, especially from the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, the borderland along which occurred the skirmishes of 1812-13-14, and the points rendered memorable during the troubles of 1837; but, apparently, the Canadian bump of historical reverence is not very strongly developed. Had such a competition been given in the United States, the editorial rooms would have been snowed under by contributions from a thousand spots famous in song and story, and in the school books of the land. There may be nothing especially picturesque about a historic place, but the very fact that something unusual has occurred in it invests even a bare field and a pile of stones with peculiar interest. We shall hope for a better response in this respect at some future date.

So strange an effect has a rare wood, brought from the Philippines to a Cambridge furniture factory, had on the employees that 26 have been made ill. A special order of 15,000 feet of the wood was imported to be made into furniture for a New York man, who was to use it in his house in Buffalo.

Those poisoned had inhaled the dust, or their hands had come into contact with the wood. Its effect was asthmatic, and a very irritating rash broke out on the arms, or wherever there was a perspiration.

The wood is known as tonquin, is dark in color, and resembles English oak, with nearly the same grain, and is full of beautiful figures which sparkle in places like silver when placed under a strong light. Employees were afflicted in every room except the finishing room, and the wood caused so much trouble that the firm has refused to have any more in the factory.—[New York Sun.]