

## TRIP OF ELLEROPHON

ER BEATS  
UCER'S BEST TIME

Passage From  
na in 11 Days, 22  
rs 16 Minutes.

he best previous record  
er from Yokohama to this  
steamer Ellerophon  
et, arrived at Williams-  
ett station at 5 a. m.  
only 11 days 22 hours and  
calendar time on the pas-  
sage 10 hours and 16 minutes  
the record hung up by the  
April. The steaming time  
was 13 days 2 hours 37  
for the Ellerophon 12  
rs 22 minutes.

OPHON BROUGHT 172 CHINESE  
here, and a large cargo of  
tons will be landed here  
Blue Funnel steamship re-  
the Sound next week. Of  
argo, 900 tons are plying,  
cent shipment to the city  
stanton Ironworks for use  
distribution system.

OPHON'S VOYAGE WAS UN-  
weather being ex-  
per-  
at 11 a. m. she  
the Sound.

RIVER PACK  
R THAN LAST YEAR

Between Methods of  
and U. S. in Con-  
vying Industry.

Aug. 28.—The salmon  
on for 1908 is over, and it  
that the Fraser river sock-  
ceeds that of 1907 by 14,  
ckey-pack for British Co-  
stimated at:

all shapes ..... 74,000  
..... 27,000  
..... 134,000  
..... 60,000  
..... 48,000  
a total of 338,000 as  
000 in 1907.

he Fraser and Skeena  
shown a slight increase, the  
vers inlet has been exten-  
sive, being only about two-  
that of 1907.

ing companies have shown  
ad pack of about 8,000 cases,  
connection it may be noted  
two canneries opened to  
to take advantage of this  
Comparatively few can-  
operate during the autumn,  
the total pack for the  
is expected to be smaller  
of 1907.

ack on the Fraser river  
000 cases, competitors on  
ad have packed not less than  
cases. It therefore appears  
Canada pays all expenses  
on with hatcheries and the  
of the industry, the re-  
ap double the benefit that

ational fisheries commis-  
sioning of Professor Starr Jor-  
dr. Bastedo, might well direct  
to this view of the sub-  
ject whether it is not possible  
United States authorities to  
s and assist the strenuous ef-  
f have been made by the  
government to foster this  
industry. One thing is cer-  
Canada, has done everything  
and the United States little  
s, because it is well known  
called weekly close time at  
has hitherto been simply a  
pt in localities where gill net  
were likely to make trouble.

CE SUEO  
FOR FIFTY THOUSAND

ver World Takes Action  
Alleged Libellous  
Statements

er, Aug. 28.—The World  
to-day issued a writ for fifty  
dollars damages against the  
or alleged libellous state-  
the Province of Thursday re-  
the financial affairs of the  
dence statements were made  
le commenting on the fact  
ad devoted only ten lines  
rt of the recent Liberal con-  
it was hinted in this article  
he World had demanded a bonus  
as the price of its support to  
al party during the coming  
d that refusal of this  
d caused the paper to almost  
convent.

ther statements the pub-  
the World hold to be libel-  
they have accordingly entered  
0,000, as stated.

LOSION ON CRUISER.

ish Sailors Killed When at  
Target Practice.

agen, Aug. 28.—Two men kill-  
ed others dangerously wound-  
ed and the Danish cruiser Hekla  
by the premature explosion of  
the accident occurred during  
actice at Aarhus Bay.

WRECK OF DOMIRA.

N. B., Aug. 28.—A Campbellton  
boat that the British steamer  
bound for Cork, with lumber,  
at Battery Point on Thurs-  
The steamer is resting easily  
expected will be floated without  
cultry.

## LARGE PILE OF RATTLE

THE incoming  
fashions are  
characterized by  
long lines,  
trailing skirts,  
laughing  
sleeves, long  
coats and  
slender lines  
generally. The  
usual, the  
fashions have been ordered  
with a special reference to slim figures,  
and will have to be adapted to the woman  
whose figure has lost its youthful  
lines.

The adapted model of the director,  
which shows a slashed skirt revealing  
a pleated panel of some contrasting  
color and material, will be popular and  
deserving, so, for it will lend itself  
readily to the remodelling of two old  
gowns into one new one. One very  
pretty New York design is of black  
satin cut on circular lines and  
snuggly around the hips, right hip, with  
a slight draping above the left just  
above the slash; all around the edges  
of the skirt there is a border of hand-  
some black braid, and the braid is used  
to secure across the inserted panel of  
pale blue liberty satin, which fills  
the V-shaped shirring. The top of the  
skirt is in empire outline.

Collars are to be worn extremely high  
with points at the corners. Some of these  
collars are quite five inches high, and  
have been dubbed "coral" collars by  
some one with a sense of humor.

The director's frill is a collar gar-  
ment of lace, mousseline or other like  
fabric cut from one to two inches wide  
and edging the collar top. Its purpose  
is to soften the neck outline, and to  
accentuate the height of that impor-  
tant feature of the garment. The long,  
smooth fitting sleeves are frequently  
finished with a frill to match that of  
the collar, so that by means of the frill  
extension the hands are covered down  
to the knuckles.

We are to have many little cash ef-  
fects on the new gowns, and there is  
to be considerable latitude in the  
method of arranging them. Quite the  
prettiest way is in connection with  
their use with the empire gown, where  
the east is of soft satin and adjusted  
at the left of the back and hangs in a  
single broad streamer almost to the  
edge of the skirt.

A Paris rumor is to the effect that  
slit sleeves are to be used in conjunc-  
tion with cloth costumes, the sleeve  
being the color of the gown, the differ-  
ence being in texture only.

Tailored skirt waists and heavy linens  
and piques will be of good form for  
early fall, and with them will be worn  
the linen collar and butterfly or Merry  
Widow bow.

Random Etchings

Now that the moon of the post card  
craze is too evidently on the wane one  
wonders what the next craze will be,  
possibly hunting for a mysterious man  
who disappears and reappears, like the  
man in a Purple and Judy show. If  
coming events cast their shadows be-

fore it will surely take some such form,  
and will probably be called the Rattle's  
craze. Well, we are ready for a change  
of some sort, and "variety is the spice  
of life."

"Children," said the Sunday school au-  
supernumerary, "this is one of the most  
beautiful lessons in the Bible. His  
money all wasted in riotous living, the  
Prodigal Son, in rage and dirt, returns  
to his father's house, humiliated, sup-  
pliant. Does that father turn away his  
pensive son? No, children, the father  
dressed him in purple and fine linen;  
he put a ring on his finger; he made a  
great feast, in that the wanderer had  
returned, and called in all his people.  
There was music and dancing and great  
rejoicing."

"Yet, children, there is a dark side to  
this picture as well. Among all this  
extravagance there is one whose heart  
was sad. The festive mirth  
brought him no joy. Can any little boy  
or girl tell me who this was?"

"A chubby hand went up in the in-  
fant row."

"Yes, little Harold may tell us."

"The fattest calf," piped the infant  
prodigy.

Mrs. Brown, who is six feet tall and  
weighs two hundred pounds, recently  
engaged a maid fresh from the Em-  
erald Isle.

Soon after her arrival, Bridget an-  
nounced a ring at the door, and a caller  
enquired:

"Can I see Mrs. Brown?"

"Sure, an' whin she's in," said Bridget.  
"Smith, an' whin she's in the room it's  
little like ye can see."

Thoughts by the Way

Concentration of purpose, is, and al-  
ways has been the keynote of success.  
"The man who seeks one thing in life,  
and but one,  
May hope to achieve it before life is  
over."

But he who seeks all things, where-  
ever he goes,  
Only reaps from the hopes which  
around him sows

The dancer spends hours every day in  
arduous training, in fact a life of mar-  
tyrdom is the price she pays for her  
grace and skill; the contestants for  
Marathon honors live lives of rigid self-  
denial, dining frugally every day, and  
practising incessantly; actors, singers,  
make their art come first always; ar-  
tists are constantly looking for new  
beauties in nature which they may re-  
produce on canvas; writers are always  
on the lookout for new types of char-  
acters, new ideas, new ways of ra-  
ving old truths, and it is only by  
intense concentration of purpose that  
they achieve even a moderate degree of  
success. The professional and business man  
must be thinking, thinking always how  
to promote the best interests of his  
business or profession; the mother  
must think and plan unceasingly for her  
children, getting new ideas, new meth-  
ods of teaching, and unceasingly  
ready to discard an old idea when a  
new one has been proved better; the  
house keeper and home maker too can  
perform her duties in no haphazard  
manner; she must think and plan, and  
systemize and economize, striving al-

ways for the best results from the least  
expenditure of time, and money and  
labor; giving in short, her time and her  
talent to what is often unjustly con-  
sidered a work of no special  
adaptability or talent, while the fact is  
that to make home, and life pleasant,  
and restful, and beautiful, is the grand-  
est, in the universe, a man, or child,  
without the right sort of a home, and it  
matters not a whit whether it be child  
or a mansion, so long as it is the  
right sort, is a ship without an anchor,  
in strap effect across the inserted panel  
of pale blue liberty satin, which fills  
the V-shaped shirring. The top of the  
skirt is in empire outline.

To most of us, the future is a con-  
venient substitute for the fairyland of  
the child. In it all things will be pos-  
sible—albeit inconvenient realities will be  
done away with—some sorcerer's wand  
will sweep all difficulties from our path.  
The past with its sorrows, and disap-  
pointments, and worries, and heart-  
aches, lies in the mellow light of dream-  
land, the future in the rosy light of  
dawn; only the present is despoiled as  
"We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not."

And yet, the present—or an eternally  
developing now—is all we can call our  
own. The line which divides the present  
from the future is forever just before,  
and the division between the Now and  
the To Be, is never broader than that line.  
We can shape our present—but except  
through it we cannot touch our future.  
Our lives pass on without break of con-  
tinuity from the present that is, to the  
present that is, to the future that is, to  
earth can make that life in any future  
what it is not in this present.

The human heart however was made  
to hope; and though proverbs of all na-  
tions tell us that hope deceives, yet the  
heart refuses, sometimes wrongly,  
sometimes rightly, to receive their testi-  
mony.

"Hope springs eternal in the human  
breast,  
Man never is, but always, to be  
blest."

That the youth of the present day is  
sadly lacking in courtesy is only too  
readily seen as one goes about the  
streets. How often does one see a lady  
burdened with a baby on one arm, a  
satchel and parcel on the other, trying  
to board a street car when a big, hulking  
well dressed boy is standing at the  
top of the steps, and it never seems  
to occur to him to reach out a helping  
hand. Who is to blame for this state of  
affairs—is it the mothers, the teachers,  
the boy himself, or is it all three?

Then, if a lady speaks to a strange  
boy on the street to ask him some sim-  
ple question, how seldom does he raise  
his eyes, how seldom is he no nearer sight in  
the world than when he was last seen.  
He is polite to his mother or sisters when  
he meets them on the street—but how  
seldom do we see it. In this case, the  
mother is to blame, for she has not  
taught him to be polite to strangers, and  
the girl is to blame, for she has not  
learned to be polite to strangers.

In these days of rush and bustle, we  
forget to be courteous ourselves, forget  
to extend the best interests of our  
question is what is going to be the  
end of it all? Are we going to degenerate  
into a race of bores? As a rule, older  
men are called to go away for a while,  
and the younger men or boys, and especially  
the latter. Why is this? Were they better  
taught in their youth, or have they  
with their years come to a better ap-  
preciation of youth and politeness and  
collectively? In olden days women were  
protected by the privacy and seclusion  
of their homes; in these days they are  
protected by the courtesy of the strong-  
er sex.

I wonder how many people know just  
how beautiful Victoria's suburbs are.  
I have driven, or motored  
away from the dust, and noise, and  
bustle of the city, out past orchards  
and harvest fields to Cordova Bay—  
which there is surely no more  
beautiful spot on either the coast, or  
along the Saanich road, driving for  
long delightful miles through "the  
forest primal" where the giant firs and  
maples stand overhead, and the water  
glints and glitters through the openings  
and the sunlight filters through the  
green canopy like drops of golden  
water. For the tired brain and the  
overtaxed body, there is nothing so  
restful as the woods; the ocean trees  
one sometimes with its restle-  
ness—so typical of life—but in  
the woods where the trees stand quiet  
and undisturbed as they have stood for  
ages—"chucked full of bush!"

Soudrough poet would say, the body  
inhales new life and vitality with every  
breath of pungent, sun-laden air, while  
the brain indulges in what Cowper  
calls "an indolent vacuity of thought,"  
or in other words, is content to think  
about nothing.

The recent wholesale vaccination of  
children makes one think of the num-  
ber of "necessary ills" of life which we  
undergo to prevent some future evil  
which may never assail us, and we dose  
ourselves with noxious drugs to pre-  
vent another; we submit to the torture  
of the dentist's forceps for fear we may  
some day have the toothache, and we  
allow ourselves to be drugged and  
we part of our anatomy removed for fear  
we may some time have appendicitis;  
we hurry our sick friends off to the  
hospital, and we suffer the pangs  
of loneliness and have to submit to the  
careless ministrations of hired stran-  
gers, for fear we may not be able to give  
them proper attention at home, and we  
stay outside when we would rather re-  
main by the fire because doctors advise  
fresh air—and we deny our chil-  
dren the delights of unripe fruit for  
fear we may lose the next night's sleep  
—and, but the list is endless. Would it  
not be better, on the whole, to say with  
Hamlet, "Better bear those ills we have  
than fly to others that we know not of."

BLINDED WITH HEADACHES.

The most common results of constipa-  
tion, Simpliciter, remedy is Dr. Hamil-  
ton's Pills, which soothe the bowels,  
tone the stomach, help the whole sys-  
tem. No headaches or bilious attacks  
for those that use Dr. Hamilton's Pills,  
25c per box.

Newfoundland is without reptiles. It is  
said that no snake, frog, toad, or lizard  
has ever been seen there.

The Lost Baby

A Children's Story in Five Chapters.

CHAPTER III

For long, long weeks Mrs. Paterson  
did not miss her baby, so many queer  
things happened. About the queerest  
was the way she would start and sit  
down by herself without telling any-  
one where she was going or when she  
would return.

After one of these journeys she invari-  
ably came back from somewhere and  
found her husband holding her hand.  
So, she was glad to be back, for it was  
either very cold and dark, and lonely  
when she went or else very hot, and  
crowded with strange people, who  
laughed at her and showed her all sorts  
of babies, black, red, brown and white;  
laughing, crying, sleeping babies, but  
none of them the one she was looking  
for.

Then one day when she came back  
from a journey which had not been so  
tiresome as usual, she discovered that  
there were other people in the room  
besides her husband. A little girl then  
was a rosy cheeked lady with a white cap  
and apron. She was very quiet. Mrs.  
Paterson used to forget she was there.  
Then, the first thing she knew a glass  
was held up to her and she saw her own  
mouth. Part of the quiet person with  
the white cap and rosy cheeks  
would be at the other end of the glass  
and she would be around her neck  
holding up her head.

The other person in the room was a  
big man with red hair. He seemed to  
be there most of the time. He sat be-  
side her, and held her hand, not her  
wrist, with one of his hands, and his  
watch in the other. He seemed a  
queer sort of fellow.

Then, one day, when no one else was  
there, the boy with the white cap came  
in. He had something white in his  
hand. He laid the white thing beside  
her. It was soft and warm and she  
liked it. The boy got up beside  
her on the bed and held her hand.  
He said, "You don't know who I am,  
but he was or anything, but she patted  
his red cheeks and smoothed his tangled  
hair. The boy cried and said he was  
sorry he'd given her baby to the  
ragman, that he wouldn't if he had  
known it was her's and she wanted it.  
She wondered what he was talking  
about, but she didn't remember—not at  
first. He kept on crying and said he'd  
have given her his white rabbits long  
ago in place of the baby only they  
wouldn't let him come into the room  
because they were so old and ugly. He  
said, "Everything got black, too, and  
she seemed to be falling, falling, falling!"

Before she got to the bottom some-  
thing caught her and held her tight.  
Somebody else put her, not stuff, but  
between her teeth. It burnt her mouth  
and throat, but she went to sleep and  
didn't fall any more.

The boy who had brought her the  
big man who was holding her wrist,  
said she was dying. She didn't know  
what dying meant, but she thought it  
must be something pleasant, and she  
seemed to be floating, floating, floating  
away from all pain and all sorrow and  
darkness to where, everything was  
bright and shining and she could hear  
the doctor's voice and silver bells  
swing off in the distance.

Then she heard a loud shout and  
someone caught her around the neck  
and called to her to go away for a  
while. She was so tired and so happy  
and so warm and so comfortable, she  
wouldn't go.

"It was the boy who brought you  
back, darling, just when you had al-  
most crossed the bourne," her husband  
said, and she began to understand it.  
"Yes," she answered, smiling happily,  
"and he will bring my baby back, too.  
I know he will, and I am not afraid to  
wait."

She closed her eyes but he knew  
they were still smiling under the white  
lids which covered them, as the violets  
smile beneath snow in the early spring-  
time.

They had long talks, the boy and his  
stepmother, after that. When he  
wasn't out hunting for the baby he  
always sat in her room. He never cared  
to play with the other boys now, but  
sometimes he brought the white rabbits  
up for his stepmother liked to hold them  
in her lap.

"Do you think you will be getting  
strong pretty soon?" he asked wistfully  
one day.

"Yes, I hope so," she answered, lean-  
ing down to pat the curly head which  
lay on her knee.

"Strong enough to take me up in  
your arms and rock me and sing to me  
like my very own mamma used to do?"

"The very best eyes I ever saw," he  
said, and she was so happy and so  
content, and so strong enough to do that  
now," their owner said.

"Oh, are you?" and ever so gently,  
a forlorn little figure crept into the de-  
serted haven, and rested there well con-  
tented.

"You'll be my very own mamma  
after this, won't you?" a pleading lit-  
tle voice asked. "Everybody has been  
so cross since she left away and now  
Alma and me. Nobody ever rocked me  
like this, not even."

Tears of contrition rained from the  
step-mother's eyes, on the little face  
so hungry for mother love upturned to  
hers, and thin, and wasted though her  
arms were, she managed to hold him  
very tight while she crooned a lullaby  
learned in sweet anticipation for the  
other baby—her very own, of which this  
one had unwittingly deprived her.

"Why, darling! You're surely not  
nursing me!" she exclaimed her hus-  
band, who again exclaimed her hus-  
band, coming into the room an hour  
later.

"No, I'm getting stronger every min-  
ute," she answered with a smile. "But  
he is sleeping now, so you may lay  
him down on my bed and throw the  
afghan over him."

because the doctor was of necessity  
around the house a great deal, and al-  
though he was big and blustering and  
haired, he was quite a young man and  
unmarried.

Whenever he came he had to go to  
the kitchen for something that no one  
but Miss Jean could get for him. At  
first, when she couldn't find things he  
was awfully cross and nasty. After a  
while, no matter how long she kept  
him waiting, he didn't say a word.  
Sometimes Alma would see her Aunt  
Jean watching the doctor through a  
key-hole in the pantry door, with the  
very thing in her hand that she knew he  
was waiting for.

Then, one day Aunt Jean cut her  
finger, just a little bit of a cut, such as  
she, Alma, wouldn't have dared to cry  
over. But the doctor! Oh my! He  
wrapped her finger up in his own hand-  
kerchief and held it for ever so long.  
Then, he said Aunt Jean looked weak  
and worn out, she had far too much  
work to do, and was putting his arm  
around her, to hold her up, Alma sup-  
posed, when Aunt Jean said, cross as  
anything:

"You forget yourself, doctor, the child  
is here."

"Better the child!" growled the doc-  
tor, "why don't you send her away?"

"The doctor!" said Alma, who was  
laughing. Then, she ran into the pan-  
try and locked the door.

The doctor waited and waited, but  
she didn't come out and at last he went  
away without getting upstairs at all.  
The doctor laughed and said that when  
Alma told her that and said it  
would be a good excuse for him to  
come back soon.

But he didn't come, not for two whole  
days and Miss Jean complained to her  
brother that Dr. Benson was neglect-  
ing his patient shamefully.

Mr. Paterson laughed at that and said  
the patient in the kitchen seemed to  
be the one up-stairs, but he would phone  
for him right away if Miss Jean  
thought best.

The doctor put in an appearance that  
afternoon and brought Alma a beauti-  
ful wax doll. He told her to take it up  
the stairs and show step-mother and Alex.  
"Mustn't I show it to Aunt Jean too?"

"Not just now. Take it up stairs first  
that's good girl."

"But Aunt Jean's up-stairs," persisted  
the unsophisticated child, "she's run-  
ning about to curl her hair when she saw  
you come."

Just then, Miss Jean came to the top  
of the stairs with her hair all fuzzy and  
dressed in a pretty pink muslin, and  
said:

Come right up, Doctor, I guess you  
know the way.

Alma thought no one would have time  
to look at her doll for a while and she  
wanted to enjoy it all to herself any-  
way, so she hid behind the parlor sofa  
she had the doll fast on her back to  
hide her eyes when she saw them.

He pressed his stomach, hoping that  
the doctor would see the funny doll and  
say, "Mustn't I show it to Aunt Jean too?"

They sat down on the sofa, and the  
doctor began to undress it to find  
where the sound came from, when who  
should come into the parlor but the  
doctor and Aunt Jean.

They sat down on the sofa, and the  
doctor began to undress it to find  
where the sound came from, when who  
should come into the parlor but the  
doctor and Aunt Jean.

The doctor laughed. "I knew it was  
a strictly surface wound," he said, "but  
you gave me a pretty deep one when you  
shut yourself up in the pantry."

Alma wondered how that could be,  
but Aunt Jean seemed to understand  
for she said something, Alma couldn't  
catch what, about, cutting deep to make  
him quicker.

The doctor replied that his wound  
would never heal and he didn't want  
it to anyway.

Alma thought that very queer.

Then, neither of them said anything  
for a long time and the doctor sat  
pithier behind the sofa thought they  
had gone to sleep, when she heard the  
doctor begging Aunt Jean to say "yes"  
to something for he was in a hurry to  
go.

Aunt Jean never let on she heard him.  
Alma was getting very tired sitting  
there, besides she wanted to show her  
doll to Alex but she was afraid if Aunt  
Jean knew she was behind the sofa  
she would be trouble.

Then, she thought of a plan whereby  
she and the doctor could both get away.  
She pressed the doll's stomach and it  
said "yes" just as nicely as Aunt Jean  
could have done.

The doctor kissed Aunt Jean then.  
Alma didn't see him of course, but she  
knew he did, so maybe she heard, and  
she was so glad that Aunt Jean was get-  
ting paid back for having her stand  
with her face to the wall that morning.  
Then, the doctor laughed and said:

"I know you'd say it if I waited long  
enough."

"I didn't say it," Aunt Jean protested.  
"I didn't say it at all. You said it your-  
self, I heard you."

The doctor denied this emphatically.  
"It must have been your good angel,"  
he insisted, "for you meant to say it.  
Own up now!"

This time Alma and her doll did not  
need to come to the doctor's assistance.  
To Be Continued.

HOT WEATHER AILMENTS.

A medicine that will keep children  
well is a great boon to every mother.  
This is just what Baby's Own Tablets  
do. An occasional dose keeps the lit-  
tle stomach and bowels right, and pre-  
vents sickness. During the hot weather  
months stomach troubles speedily turn  
to fatal diarrhoea or cholera infantum  
and the medicine like Baby's Own Tab-  
lets is not at hand the child may die  
in a few hours. The wise mother will  
always keep a box of Tablets in the  
house and give them to her children  
occasionally to clear out the stomach  
and bowels and keep them well. Don't  
wait until the child is sick—the delay  
may cost a precious little life. Get the  
Tablets now and you may feel reason-  
ably safe. Every mother who uses these  
Tablets praises them and that is the  
best evidence that there is no other  
medicine for children so good. And the  
mother has the guarantee of a govern-  
ment analyst that the Tablets contain  
no opiate or harmful drug. Dealers sell  
the Tablets at 25 cents a box or you  
can get them by mail from The Dr.  
William's Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OUTING MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.

A subject of national concern—and  
one particularly of interest to the  
American Pacific Coast—is discussed  
in the Outing Magazine for September.  
The salmon industry is presented in  
two leading articles; one is entitled  
"Farming the Seas," by Daniel L.  
Pratt; the other is entitled "The Mys-  
tery of the Salmon," by Bonnycastle  
Dale.

In these two articles the depletion  
of our salmon supply is described and  
the urgent need of even more active  
federal regulation by the government  
is made clear. These two articles are  
freely illustrated by photographs.

The illustrative features of the Sep-  
tember Outing Magazine are unusually  
attractive. Worth Brecht contributes a  
full-page drawing that will recall the  
bellicose days of boyhood, entitled,  
"The Chip—Go On, Sammy, Knock it  
Off—Go In!" One of the most sur-  
prising and instructive of the pictorial  
features is that series of drawings  
made from under a magnifying glass  
by F. H. Hallman, illustrating the  
third installment of Miss Agnes C.  
Austin's series, "The New Spirit of the  
Farm."

Ralph D. Paine writes of the "Fa-  
mous Clipper Privateers of 1812." Al-  
lardy Estroff Paine has another amus-  
ing chapter in his "Tent Dwellers,"  
which is entitled "Fishing on the  
Wing."

Other articles in this interesting  
September number are by John B.  
Spears, who tells picturesquely of  
"Crossing Panama Isthmus With Bue-  
caneer Morgan"; by Robert Dunn,  
who in his article, "Report, Blessed  
of Sport," touches with considerable  
ginger upon the diversions of the  
"American Aristocrat"; by W. E. El-  
lis, who writes of "Cruising in a Cat-  
boat"; by A. W. Dimmock, who  
describes "Fishing in a Canoe." Sev-  
eral short stories of merit are among  
the contents