CANADA'S

The Doukhobors Described by Aylmer Maude, Tolstol's Disciple.

▲ Sect That Has Flourished Amid Persecution.

A Pathetic Karration-The Religious, Social and Economic Principles of the Spirit-Wrestlers.

[Aylmer Maude, in The Outlook.] The Russian "spirit wrestlers," of whom little was known in America until a few weeks ago, are now attracting widespread interest. Seven thouand five hundred of them are preparing to emigrate to this continent and to form a settlement in Canada. The dozen townships reserved for them lie, for the most part, within the borders of the Territory of Assiniboia, but reach over into Saskatchewan, and also into Manitoba.

The interest excited by this sect proceeds largely from its having been subdected, during the last three years, to a terrible persecution, carried on with the greatest secrecy. The strictness with which the Russian press was watched, to prevent its giving any publicity to the facts of this persecution, may be illustrated by a single case.

This year the Russkiya Vedomosti (the most liberal Moscow daily paper) was forbidden to appear for two months, merely because it ventured, at Leo Tolstoi's request, to mention that three subscriptions had been received for the suffering Doukhobors. What is most curious is that this occurred after the emperor had consented to the migration of these people from Russia. Many of them had been ruined by the persecution, in the course of which some 4,000 of them had been compelled to sell their well-cultivated farms at a few days' notice, and had been reduced to the verge of starvation. Unless help were rendered to them, the permission to migrate was of little use; for how were a scattered, and for the most part illiterate, peasantry, many of whom were almost penniless, to find their way from the Southern Caucasus to any land where life and liberty would be safe? But for help that reached them from abroad, it is hard to see how they could have escaped.

Much might be told of the sufferings of these Christians, persecuted for refusing to learn how to kill their fellowmen. How, for instance, Michael Scherbinin died in August, 1896, in the Ekaterinograd penal battalion, tortured to death by flogging and by being thrown with violence over the wooden vaulting-horse in the gymnasium.

Much, also that is interesting remains to be told of their beliefs, though it should be borne in mind that the Doukhobors are to some extent a "secret They have been persecuted at intervals for at least 150 years, or, if we accept the very plausible theory which links them on to the "Judaizers" who played a part in Russian history in the fifteenth century, and with the 'Paulicians' who figure in the history of the Eastern Church from the seventh century onwards, for upwards of twelve nundred years. Accustomed as they are to have their faith inquired a preliminary to banishment, imprisonment, or other punishment, or, at least, as a preliminary to having it misrepresented and perhaps sneered at in books made to sell, it is not surprising that they are somewhat reluctant to expose their innermost faith to the stranger who wishes to investigate it. Their faith has again and again been misrepresented, both intentionally and unintentionally (as e. g., by Stepniak), without their making any literary ef-fort to justify themselves. Full justice has, perhaps, never yet been done them, but this is what a careful investigator, Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, who differs widely from them in his view of life, writes in his "Empire of the Tsars and the Russians": "The doctrine of the Doukhobortsy, in spits of its occasional pibscurity, is probably one of the boldest efforts of untutored popular thought.'

And this is what Albert F. Heard, in his "Russian Church and Russian Dissent," says of the life of both the Doukhobors and the Molokans (who are a kindred sect): "The adherents have, by the testimony of all who, either in official or private capacity, have known them, always been distinguished for honesty, sobriety, industry and peaceful obedience to the law. The government has frequently interfered to prevent the extension of their doctrines,



brave man shudders at the thought of being torn and rended in the jaws of a ferocious tiger. In every walk of life, from that of the laborer to that of the professional man, there are thousands at the mercy of a tiger more relentless than any found in all India.

That tiger is the dread disease known as consumption. It slays more men and wo-men yearly than there are rain drops in a summer shower. It steals upon its victim with noiseless tread.

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and has transported their settlements hither and thither to isolate them, but, wherever established, they have invariably evinced the same docile submission and useful qualities. Agriculture is their favorite pursuit; they have been active pioneers in southern steppes, making the wilderness to blos-som like the rose, creating little re-publics, animated by a strong theocratic spirit, realizing, as it is possible only in small communities imbued with ardent faith and under strict moral discipline, the utopian theories of practical

It is well to make one's first acquaintance with such a people, not by reading what men who did not fully understand them or sympathize with them say they believe, but rather by noting how they act.

Much publicity has already been given to their "non-resistant" attitude. They try to obey the command, Resist not him that is evil; but whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man would go to the law with thee, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." They entirely disapprove of all physical violence done by man to man, as well as of all use of law courts. Our appeal to our fellow-men should, they think, be addressed to their reason and conscience-i. e., to the divine spirit dwelling in each man-and not to their fear of violence or compul-

Another side of their faith and practice, which has received much less attention, but is not less interesting, is

their communism.
Christ, whether rightly or wrongly, is certainly reported to have said many things which cannot be made to agree with the ideal of "getting on" and "being successful." The practice of the preacher-carpenter who "had not where to lay his head," who is not recorded as having possessed a single coin, who had nothing to leave to his mother, and whose grave was borrowed from a friend, accords fully with the message he delivered when he preached "good tidings to the poor" and said "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth"; "Beware of all covetousness, for a man's life consists not in the abundance of the things that he pos-sesses," "Woe unto ye rich," "Blessed are ye poor," "Call no man master," and "The truth shall make you free. What business man, in our "civilized"

society, can carry on his affairs in accordance with Christ's advice, "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away"?

Quite naturally, a simple peasant-folk who take religion seriously, as something important, and intimately linked to daily life and conduct, find themselves obliged either to look out for a religion which shall suit them better than that of Christ, or to bring their lives more nearly into conformity with his teachings. This is not the case with those vast populations that have accepted the guidance of priests, of an infallible church, or of a creed-accepted not because reasonable, but as an act of "faith" (taking "faith" in what has become its most common significance, viz., credulity).

But the Doukhobors are a people who have no priest, no infallible church, and among whom credulity has not been elevated into a virtue. To them the "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, saying, and do not the things which I say," appeals with full force. They have no priests, dogmas or ceremonies to save them from the full force of Christ's appeal to the reason and conscience which, dormant or active, are in each

What, then, are the Doukhobors doing towards carrying out Christ's economic teaching? They disapprove of individualistic property, and aim at communism. They till their fields in common, and each village divides up the produce, after it has been gathered in, according to the number of members in each family. When, as during the late persecution, one or several village communes are impoverished, the other Doukhobor communities exert themselves very greatly to succor them. In their own dealings within the village they have recently ceased to make any use of money; and when it has happened, from time to time, that some families have fallen into want, the communal conscience has made itself felt to such a degree that a redistribution of property has been undertaken in order that all might be approximately on one level of material well-being.

Of course, like all things human, these attempts are not fully and completely successful. Not every Doukhobor lives his life free from the evils of covetousness. In their dealings with the rest of the world they are scrupulously honest and faithful in performing all that they undertake; but still the money element-which, by their own showing, is a sure sign that service is being rendered, not from love, but from some lower motive-is present in the transaction.

If, however, we realize that progress is the natural and proper condition in which humanity exists, the effort made by the Doukhobor assumes its proper importance. Some men, ilke the Pharisees, consider themselves religious and are satisfied with the kind of life they lead. Such men inevitably stagnate and hinder the progress of the race. They sit in the seat of Moses, neither entering into the kingdom themselves, nor suffering those that are entering in to enter. Others perceive the Christian ideal of perfect love, purity and devotion to the service of that divine spirit which actuates us at our best, and, seeing how far they are from being able to live fully up to this ideal, they despair, and do not put Christ's teaching to the test of actual practice at all. The Doukhobors, like the early Quakers, the early Christians, and many sects persecuted as heretics by the dominant churches, strive to bring their actual economic and social life as nearly into conformity with the demands of conscience as they can. And this is a progressive movement, never resting for many years on one level, sometimes even retrograding for a time, and then, under other circumstances, again advancing.

And what have been the practical results of this spirit of co-operation and mutual aid among the Doukhobors? Just this: that they have prospered whenever the government has left them alone; that, banished to the inclement Wet Mountains and the Caucasus, where even the barley crop failed as often as it ripened, and left at the mercy of wild hill-tribes who were continually fighting and stealing among themselves, these Doukhobors prospered, and inspired respect among their neighbors; that, when persecution burst upon them, they stood by each other, and, though more than 1,000 perished in two years out of one community of 4,000, they survived under circumstances which seemed to insure their extermination unless they abjured their faith. Here again one has to be careful not to overstate the facts. There were, a few years ago, full 20,000 Doukhobors; there are now hardly 7,500 preparing to migrate. Of the 13,000 or 14,-000 who are no longer in their ranks many have died, have been banished to Siberia, are in prison, or are lost from sight in exile in out-of-the-way parts of the Caucasus; but by far the

larger part have not had the moral courage to withstand the persecution, or have simply felt (as the great mass of our society feel) that, though things would be far better if all men acted as Christ advised, and though we have sincere admiration when one man or a few men so act, yet personally we are not prepared to make the sacrifices which he calls on us to make. Thus we identify ourselves with the personal, bodily existence of our animal self rather than with that spirit within us which from time to time rouses us to an appreciation of the fact that Christ's life was not a failure, and that his theory of life is valid, while the lives of our "successful" men are, com-paratively speaking, failures, and the theory upon which our society is built s breaking down before our eyes, just to the extent to which it relies on the motives of covetousness and sele

PAX BRITANNICA

[Alfred Austin.] Behind her rolling ramparts England Impregnable, and girt by cliff-built

towers, Weaving to peace and plenty, day by The long-drawn hours.

In peace Spring freed her flocks and showered her grain, Summer sate smiling under peaceful leaves, And Autumn piled on the unwarlike

Her sickled sheaves. And white-winged keels flew fluttering to her shore, Laden with Eastern bale or Southern

wain

fleece; And from the fields of far-off labor The spoils of Peace.

Then, seeing her within her waves so The jealous nations, panoplied alike, "Look, she wears no armor on What if we strike?"

But she, of their base greed and armed Haughtily heedless, moated by her main.

Still across ocean plowed her peaceful In strong disdain. Then each to other muttered: "Now at

Her splendor shall be ours, and we shall slake Our envy. She is pillowed on her Past. And will not wake."

Slowly as stirs a lion from his bed, Lengthens his limbs and orisps his mane, she rose, shook out all her strength, and, flashing, said: "Where are my foes?"

Thus to herself she did herself reveal, Swiftly, yet calmly, put ner armor on, And, round her Empire, sentineled in Like morning shone!

From field and forge there thronged embattled hosts, And that one struck the anvil, this the lyre,

And from the furnaces of war her

Were fringed with fire. Dazed and dismayed, they veiled their futile vow; Some fain would be her friend, and

some would nurse Their hate till they could curb the might that now They could but curse.

But they who watch from where the west wind blows, Since great themselves, proud that their kith are great, "See what comes when England with her foes Speaks at the gate!"

Then back to loom and share her people poured.

Chanting peace-paeans as they reaped and gleaned, While, gazing worldward, on her undrawn sword.

Watchful she leaned.

McClure's Magazine for December. Three notable serlas begin in the December number of McClure's Magazine. "Stalky," the first of Rudyard Kipling's series of stories of English school boy life, is as hearty and welcome a tale of school boy ingenuity and adventure as one could wish to read, and, while complete in itself, leaves the appetite keen for more of the same sort. The first or Miss Tarbell's articles on the "Later Line of Lincoln" is an even more distinguished beginning than the first of Mr. Kipling's stories. Finally, we have the first of a series of papers by Capt. Mahan on "The War on the Sea and Its Lessons"-a contribution to the literature of the recent war that, coming from a member of the strategy board and the highest authority on the science of naval warfare, cannot fail to be read with eagerness in all parts of the civilized world. The number derives a Christmas quality from its frontispiece, "Shepherds Abiding in the Field," painted at Bethiehem, especially for the magazine, by C. K. Linson; and from two excellent Christmas stories. George B. Waldron gives a fairly thrilling exposition, in statements and tables, of the growth of the Anglo-Saxon in rule and territory in the last five hundred years. Cleveland Moffatt tells some good stories of hunting big game on elephants, and Ray Stannard Baker gives a thrilling chapter from the records of the government secret service. Capt. Jasper Ewing Brady, writing from his own experience as a train dispatcher, describes the methods of running trains by telegraph, and illustrates it with a number of strange incidents. S. S. McClure Company, 141-155 East Twenty-fifth street, New York City.

JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE. The irrepressible reporter was never less repressible than in Cuba last spring. Capt. Sigsbee promised Gen. Blanco that no American newspaper reporter should be permitted to make any investigation of the Maine. What must have been his amusement, then, when he saw an American correspondent, a few days later, seated in the boat of the Spaniards' own divers! The captain will narrate this incident in the January Century, and describe his reception of a floral piece, presented to him by the correspondents, through Gen. Lee, on his departure from Havana. He had been able to do so little for the representatives of the press, that this testimonial of their regard for him took him completely by surprise. The possibility of a misconstruction of his motives makes it difficult for him to express his appreciation of their courtesy, he says; but he does it, none the less, and with evident feeling.

THE MAINE

Captain Sigsbee's Graphic Narrative of the Tragedy.

His Sensations at the Moment-Plung ed Into Darkness.

About an hour before the explosion I had completed a report called for by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, on the advisability of continuing to place torpedo tubes on board cruisers and battleships. I then wrote a letter home, in which I struggled to apologize for having carried in my pocket for ten months a letter to my wife from one of her friends of long-standing. The cabin mess attendant, James Pinckney, had brought me, about an hour before, a civilian's thin coat, because of the prevailing hear; I had taken off my blouse, and was wearing their coat for the only time during the cruise. In the pocket I found the unopened and undelivered letter. Pinckney, a light-hearted colored man, who spent much of his spare time in singing, playing the banjo, and dancing jigs, was for some reason in an especially happy frame of mind that night. Poor fellow! He was killed, as was also good John R. Bell, the colored cabin steward, who had been in the navy 27 years.

At taps ("turn in and keep quiet"), ten minutes after nine o'clock, I laid down my pen to listen to the notes of the bugle, which were singularly beautiful in the oppressive stallness of the night. The marine bugler, Newton, who was rather given to fanciful effects, was evidently doing his best. During his pauses the echoes floated back to the ship with singular distinctness, repeating the strains of the bugle fully and exactly. A half-hour

later Newton was dead. I was inclosing my letter in its enve-lope when the explosion came. The impression made on different people on board the Maine varied somewhat. To me in my position, well aft, and within the superstructure, it was a bursting, rending and crashing sound or roar of immense volume, largely metallic in character. It was followed by a succession of heavy, ominous, metallic sounds, probably caused by the overturning of the central superstructure, and by falling debris. There was a trembling and lurching motion of the vessel, a list to port, and a movement of subsidence. The electric lights, of which there were eight in the cabin where I was sitting, went out. Then there was intense blackness and smoke.

The situation could not be mistaken; the Maine was blown up and sinking. For a moment the instinct of self-preservation took charge of me, but this was immediately dominated by the habit of command. I went up the inclined deck into the starboard cabin, toward the starboard air ports, which were relieved somewhat against the background of the sky. The sashes were out, and the openings were large. My first intention was an escape through the passageway leading for-ward through the superstructure. I groped my way through the passage, and along the passage to the outer door. The passage turned to the right, or starboard, near the forward part of

the superstructure. When the turn was reached, someone ran into me violently. It was Private William Anthony, the orderly at the cabin door. He said something apologetic, and reported that the ship had was directed to go out on the quarter-deck, and I followed him. Anthony has been pictured as making an exceedingly formal salute on that occasion. The dramatic effect of a salute cannot add to his heroism. If he had made a salute it could not have been seen in the blackness of that compartment. Anthony did his whole duty, at great personal risk, at a time when he might have evaded the danger without question, and deserved all the comlendation that he received for his act. He hung near me with unflagging zeal and watchfulness that night until the

ship was abandoned. I stood for a moment on the starboard side of the main deck, forward of the superstructure, looking towards the immense dark mass that loomed up amidships, but could see nothing dis-There I remained for a few tinctly. There I remained for a few seconds in an effort to grasp the satuation, and then asked Anthony for the exact time. He replied: "The explosion took place at 9:40, sir.'It was soon necessary to retire from the main deck, for that part of the ship was sinking rapidly. I then went up on the poop By this time Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright and others were near me. Everybody was impressed by the solemnity of the discer, but there was no excitement apparent; perfect

discipline prevailed. The question has been asked many times if I believed then that the Maine was blown up from the outside. the outside. Therefore I ordered measure which was intended to guard against attack. There was no need for the order, but I am writing of first imin the December Century.

Christmas Canadian Magazine. A very handsome cover, in bright

warm colors, incloses the Christmas number of the Canadian Magazine. The frontispiece is a reproduction in colors of the famous picture, "The Berry Pickers," by G. A. Reid, president of the Ontario Society of Artists. Grant Allen contribute a very good Christmas story, which is thoroughly illustrated. "Kit" writes another entitled "Holy Saint Claus," illustrating the fact that Santa Claus is a German the fact that Santa Claus is a German to the fact that S saint, and that Irish children have difficulty in understanding him. All the children in the world do not know of our Santa Claus. This story by "Kit" is one of her bright Irish tales, with which nothing that is written in this country can compare. Eva Hamilton Young tells something about the origin British, under Ross. The achievements of Christmas carols, Christmas boxes, and other customs peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon. W. L. Edwards gives the origin of the dried fruits which we use at this season in our Christmas puddings and other delicacies. Besides these seasonable feature, there are arti-cles and short stories in the usual profusion. Capt. Bell continues his story of Lord Wolseley's expedition. Julian Durham describes the twelve-year-old city of Vancouver. Florence Hamilton Randal gives the history of Rideau Hall, and tells some good etories of former royal occupants-old and young. Altogether the number is a most attractive one, there being over 190 pages within the artistic cover. Canadian writers and publishers are making such rapid progress that we no longer need to go abroad to secure Christmas sou-



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Epitome Up-to-Date Apropos of the

Latest Expedition. [London Times.] At the London Institution Dr. H. R. Mill delivered a lecture entitled "The Story of the Antarctic," in which he briefly traced the history of Antarctic exploration. Beginning with the early Greek idea of the world as a flat disk surrounded by the river Oceanus, he showed how this was gradually modified by the notion of the spherical form of the earth and the increase of knowledge generally, till in the second century we found in Ptolemy's great map the first conception of that Antarctic continent which had given rise to so many daring explorations. Then followed a long period of intellectual sleep, the depth of which was illustrated from two maps in which the earth was again represented flat as a pancake. The lecturer then referred to the voyages of the Portuguese, and described how Vasco da Gama's discovery of the open sea route cut off Africa from the Antarctic continent. After a mention of the theorizings of the sixteenth answer to this has been that my first century, including Leonardo da Vinci's order on reaching the deck was to post lucky guess at the form of the land sentries about the ship. I knew that under the southern pole, he described the Maine had been blown up, and be- the Spanish attempts to find an inde-Heved that she had been blown up from pendent passage to the Spice Islands, and told how Magellan, who missed Australia by about 100 miles, showed that the continents of the north were

cut off from the Antarctic continent. pressions. There was the sound of In 1722 a French expedition was sent to many voices from the shore, suggestive look for the supposed fair southern of cheers.—Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, land, and later the two expeditions of Kerguelen resulted in the discovery and occupation of the Land of Desolation. But it was not only the French who were seized with the idea of the greatness of the southern land. A Scotchman named Dalrymple was

so convinced of the immense extent of unexplored territory in the south that he obtained the concession of the rights to exploit it. The first ship, however, to cross the Antarctic Circle was that count of the southern ocean reaching up into the temperate zone. Thenceforward Antarctic exploration became a scientific, not a commercial, question. Between 1837 and 1843 three great government expeditions were dispatched—one American, one French, and one of the last-named explorer, who was were briefly described, and it was men-Baffin and Hudson had reached north 300 years ago. A period of averted interest ensued, broken in 1892 by the visits of Dundee and Norwegian whalers to those southern regions. The Challenger expedition, too, got just within the Antarctic Circle, and its results were interesting, because they indirectly proved the existence of land within the circle. At the present time two expeditions were in the field-one sent out from Belgium, the other by Sir George Newnes. After showing some statistical diagrams, intended to make the audience realize the huge extent of the unexplored area lying under

the southern pole, the lecturer co ed by referring to the German expedition now being organized, and to the efforts put forth by the graphical Society, after failing to gain the aid of the government, to obtain the interest and support of the public for a British Antarctic expedition

SEEN IN BETHLEHEM

J. James Tissot, the great French artist, who has made the remarkable illustrations for the "Life of Christ," writes of "Christmas at Bethlehem," in the December Century. M. Tisset

says: The town of Bethlehem is shaped in the form of a cresent, descending, terrace by terrace, the side of the nill on which it is built. On one of these terraces are grouped the massive buildings of the Latin and Greek convents, between which stands the basilica, charming the eye culiar grace of its lines. All the houses are distinctly Jewish in appearance, with flat roofs capped by cupolas, and many of them have pointed arches which offer pleasant places for repose

in hours of sun or shade. This creeping of the houses down into the very gardens or the valley heightens wonderfully the beauty of the landscape; while in the background, toward the Dead Sea, mountains of Moab tower majestically above the gentle undulations of hill and vale. Every feature of this never-to-be-forgotten scene is full of sacred significance. In front of the city you are shown the field where Ruth and Boaz met, and near by is the spot where the shepherds were told of our Saviour's birth. At a point still nearer the crescent-shaped city is the well from which David so desired to drink after doing battle. A little further on, and quite by itself, is the tomb of Rachel, beyond which are other battle-fields mentioned in the

The Best Ten Books.

What were the best ten books of the year? This question has been answered by the readers of the Outlook in a voting contest, the award to the successful contestant being copies of the ten books. The result of the vote, which is announced in the Outlook's Magazine Number for December, is as follows, the titles being given in order of precedence as shown by the total vote: "The Life and Letters of Tennyson." Mrs. Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale," Justin McCarthy "Story of Gladstone's Life," "Caleb West," "The Workers," Busch's "Bismarck," Mrs. Wiggin's "Penelope's Progress," "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Brownaccompanied by Sir Joseph Hooker, ing," "Rupert of Hentzau," and John now the last survivor of the expedition, Fiske's "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors." In addition to an interesting actioned that he reached as far south as | count of this contest and a literary talk about the ten books and their authors, this issue of the Outlook, which is its tenth annual book number, contains an elaborate survey of the loks of the season and other articles and features which are of special interest. \$3 a year. The Outlook Company, New

> The largest bog in Ireland is the Bog of AMan, which stretches across the center of the island, east of the Shannon, and covers nearly 25,000 acres. Altogether there are nearly 3,000,000 acres of bog in Ireland. About one-seventh of the total erea of the country is box.