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HOME JOURNAL

A Department for the Family

PEOPLE AND THINGS THE WORLD OVER

Frank Wrigley, leader of the Calgary festival choir, has received word from Dr. C. A. E. Harriss, Ottawa, that the Calgary chorus had won the prize for western Canada.

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Mr. Henniker Heaton announced at a dinner in London last week that we shall soon have between Great Britain and the United States a penny-a-word cablegram.

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A delegation of prominent Japanese will start in August on a tour through Canada, the United States and Europe, to inspect the Houses of Parliament in those countries, in order to secure ideas and suggestions for the new House of Parliament to be built at Tokio, Japan.

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A collection of Burns' manuscripts, among which was the well-known poem, containing the lines,

"A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And faith, he'll prent it,"

went for only £170 at a sale in Sotheby's sale-rooms, London, Eng. At the same sale, the manuscript of Mrs. Thrale's famous journal of Dr. Johnson sold for £2,050.

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Reports in the daily press set the number of dead at seventy-one and the wounded at over 2,600 as a result of the American celebration of the anniversary of the revolution. One paper says that the celebration demands more lives than did the victory, and his statistics do not seem to be incorrect. It looks as if the celebration idea were a little overdone.

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The special postage stamps to be issued in commemoration of the tercentenary celebration at Quebec are now ready. The stamps are of most artistic design, and are larger than the ordinary size, to allow of adequate representation of historic scenes, portraits, etc. The description of each denomination is as follows:—Half-cent, grey, picture of the Prince and Princess of Wales; one-cent, green, portraits of Champlain and Cartier; two-cent, red, King Edward and Queen Alexandra; five-cent, blue, representation of L'Habitation de Quebec; seven-cent, yellow, pictures of Montcalm and Wolfe; ten-cent, mauve, picture of Quebec in 1700; fifteen-cent, picture of the Parliament of the west of the old regime; twenty-cent, green, picture of a courier du bois with Indians.

LOVE AND I

Love and I went wandering all on a summer day,
The red rose gave us greeting, the lilies lit our way.
And high above each lucent pool, a mated bird sang clear:

"Love is the lord of life and death at the flowering of the year."

Love and I went wandering an Indian summer day,
In every orchard apples burned, and every wood was gay;

Yet in a sheltered nook we heard a laggard robin flute:

"Love is the lord of life and death when flowers have come to fruit."

Love and I fared forth again all on a bitter day,
The good green world that laughed before all grim and icy lay;

And low beside a cottage-hearth we caught a fleeting breath.

"Love that has gone through life with me abides with me in death."

Love and I go faring on through fine or stormy weather,
Or smooth the way or rough the way we follow it together.

And ever from the shining heights, a fairy voice we hear:

"Love ruleth life, and time, and space—and love is always near."

SWISS WILLING TO LOSE MONEY

The battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift in the life of nations, and the little Republic of Switzerland is a proof of that statement. In the heart of Europe, surrounded by strong, warlike nations, Switzerland goes on her way serenely, maintaining peace with the honor. Internally she has liberty without license—the ideal of a republic unrealized in other countries governed by the same system. Where individual freedom is restrained it is for the good of the country as a whole, not for the benefit of a few who wish to get rich undisturbed. Rulers are chosen to rule and make laws, not to uphold a party or gain influence; laws are made to be obeyed and courts established for the express purpose of seeing that they are obeyed, which conditions are not as common among nations as they might be. There are few very rich and as few very poor, owing to the simplicity of living in vogue among the Swiss, but rich and poor almost invariably have a strong love for the little mountain republic—a love that makes them do something beside shout and wave flags. They are willing to give up very tangible possessions if the good of the country demands it. An instance of this comes to hand in a recent news item. A referendum was laid before the people with the result that by a majority of over 80,000 it was voted to prohibit the manufacture and sale of absinthe in Switzerland. A great deal of the absinthe used in France, and which has worked so much havoc in France's brainiest classes is made in Switzerland. The loss of revenue will be very big, but that phase of the question does not seem to have influenced the public vote to any great extent. The manufacture of this deadly spirit was a mistake and harmful to the best interests of the country, and so financial considerations were not taken into account when the time came to cut it out. But no one expects Switzerland to be ruined financially as a result. A little of the same strenuous and practical kind of courage would not come amiss in Canada when dealing with the liquor traffic. We think we can't afford to let it go; the truth is, we can't afford to keep it.

SOWING COMES BEFORE REAPING

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," is usually quoted as a warning against sowing what you don't want to harvest. But there is the neglected reverse that if you want a harvest you must sow something. Every venture requires an investment and profits can only follow investment. The successful man is the man who is willing to venture, to sow broadly before expecting to reap a harvest. The failure is the one who is too greedy or too foolish and ignorant to spend a little that much may come in. The manufacturer or publisher who won't enlarge his plant and tries to handle orders with inefficient help and inadequate equipment in order to increase profits is trying to reap where he has not sown, and no one but himself is surprised when nothing comes of it. The farmer tries to

work his farm with second-hand machinery, ill kept horses and with no real knowledge of farming, but he grouches and blames the soil or the climate or the calling when he doesn't make anything, but rather loses instead of gains. The woman who buys cheap furniture, clothes and food for her household cannot expect refinement, style and health in her home. You can't reap intellect if you haven't sown education, (not always of schools). Plant home training, kindness and self control in your son and have a gentleman as a result. Expend love and obtain happiness. Spend boldly and lavishly time, strength, money and interest if you are looking for returns in prosperity, culture and happiness. Don't be stingy and over-cautious in the sowing if you want a crop.

OVER IN ST. BONIFACE

In reckoning up a country's attractions, its historical associations usually count largely. So far, Canada is decidedly short on historic associations, though she is long on other attractions that weigh well in the opinion of tourists and homeseekers. But here and there are spots that mark stirring events in the making of this country like the Acadian valley, old Quebec and Queenstown Heights. Even in the West, newest Canada, there are a few.

That opening paragraph is due to the fact that I took a trip last night over to St. Boniface, the old French town across the Red river from Winnipeg. It is a cathedral town, full of schools of various sorts looked after by the nuns and fathers, who pass quiet useful lives in the various secluded houses back among the trees. There is a huge hospital on the river bank with nuns as the ministering spirits, the old cathedral, very decrepit in its old age, and the magnificent new one in process of building. But there are no factories or big business places, and going from busy Winnipeg across to St. Boniface is like stepping out of a foundry into a home where the baby is asleep.

It has one attraction that draws everyone. In that shaded cemetery near the old church lies the body of Louis Riel, the instigator of the rebellions of 1870 and 1885. There are many other graves, most of them overgrown with couch grass and thistles, and one must walk through long grass to get to them. (It must be hard to think of one's body going back to the earth only to produce noxious weeds.) but from both sides to the Riel monument there is worn a hard beaten path. It is a small shaft of red granite with the briefest inscription:

Riel,
Novembre,
1885.

Nothing else. No flattering phrases that would lead the sentimentalist to gush; no accusation or condemnation of the man who paid with his life the penalty of his misdeeds. It was considered a great concession that his body rests in the shady cemetery at St. Boniface instead of in the gaol yard at Regina, where he met the death that quelled the lingering spirit of rebellion forever in Manitoba.

Just why he did it all we will never know, whether it was greed of gain, hope of driving out the English, or the craving of a wild and untamed nature for excitement and stir. Bad as it was good came of it. Manitoba became a province and a power in the Dominion years before it otherwise would have done, for some of Wolseley's and Middleton's boys stayed, and the rest spread the news of a goodly land when they went back to Ontario.