

Home Journal

People and Things the World Over

On the mountain frontier between the Argentine Republic and Chile, nearly 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, at Cumbre Pass, is a piece of statuary absolutely unique in history, "The Christ of the Andes."

Cast in the bronze from the cannon of opposing Chilians and Argentines, it was placed on the boundary line of the two nations in March, 1904, as a symbol of the perpetual peace which should henceforth obtain between them.

It stands a colossal figure, twenty-six feet in height, placed on a gigantic column surmounted by a globe on which the configuration of the earth is outlined. One hand holds a cross, and the other is extended in blessing. At the base are two tablets, one inscribed with history of the monument, and the other bearing in Spanish the following legend:

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the people of Argentina and Chile break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

J. Purves Carter, a celebrated English art expert, has discovered \$200,000 worth of genuine old masterpieces in St. John, N. B. Beyond a doubt this is the greatest art find ever made in America. Some of these pictures are owned by the Right Rev. Timothy B. Casey, Roman Catholic Bishop of St. John, and were identified in the bishop's palace by Mr. Carter, who viewed them through the courtesy of his lordship. Others equally fine and valuable are in the possession of F. Gleeson, ex-secretary of the Exhibition Association. Mr. Gleeson has had his pictures for about three years. Originally they formed part of a larger collection made in Europe many years ago by a very eminent personage who travelled extensively. The collection was broken up and disposed of and some of the very finest pictures in it eventually came into Mr. Gleeson's possession. While believing that his pictures held some value, Mr. Gleeson had no idea that their worth was so great until the expert advised him the pictures include originals by Rembrandt, Del Sartos, Guide Reni, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Salvador Rosa, Bossino, Faselli and Peter Neifs.

Mr. Edwin Slosson, who has just completed a tour of the great American universities, tells of his disappointment in finding that comparatively few of the college boys read anything important outside of their text-books. "The librarians and professors of English whom I consulted," he says in *New York Independent*, "generally asserted that the boys read nothing but the required books, and talked nothing but athletics. The news-stand men told me that the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* were most popular. . . . Still, I managed to get access to one or more coteries of genuine book-lovers in each institution, and from them made out the following list of favorite authors: Kipling, O. Henry, H. G. Wells, Jack London, Shaw, Chesterton, Churchill, George Ade, Richard Harding Davis, W. J. Locke, F. Hopkinson Smith and Frank Norris. . . . From this," he adds, "one would judge that the college students of today keep to the list of best-sellers, and do not go posing for 'truffles,' as we used to do." The "truffles," it may be interesting to note, from another part of the article, numbered among them Browning, Ibsen, Kipling, Whitman and Omar Khayyam.

Goldwin Smith on Literary Style

Professor Goldwin Smith, himself a consummate master of style, thus spoke on style in his inaugural address, as regius professor of history at Oxford, in 1859:

The style of the classical historian, at least of those we read here, undoubtedly is a model of purity and greatness, and far be it from us to disregard style in choosing books of education. To appreciate language is partly to command it, and to command beautiful and forcible language is to have a key, with which no man who is to rule through opinion can dispense, to the heart and mind of man. To be the master of that talisman you need not be its slave. Nor will a man be a master of it without being the master of better things. Language is not a musical instrument into which, if a fool breathe, it will

vivid as that which lures the reader through all that is extravagant in Carlyle. Gibbon's shallow and satirical view of the church and churchmen has made him miss the grand action and the great actors on the stage. But turn to the style and structure of his great work, its condensed thought, its lofty and sustained diction, its luminous grandeur and august proportions, reared as it is out of a heap of materials the most confused and mean, and ask of what Greek or Roman edifice, however classical, it is not the peer?

London to Manchester by Airship

On April 27th the great aviation race from London to Manchester took place. The interest in the event was intense, for various reasons. In the first place while horse races, boat races and motor races are ordinary occurrences the airship race is distinctly a novelty of 1910. Then the prize of \$50,000, offered by Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, was of a magnitude to attract attention. Lastly, the contestants were a Frenchman and an Englishman, and up to this time the honors of the aeroplane had gone in greatest profusion to France. Louis Paulhan, the well-known French aviator, and Claude Grahame-White, were the rival pilots of the airships. The prize went to Paulhan, who made the trip from London to Manchester, a distance of 187 miles, with only one stop. The terms of the prize called for the trip to be made within twenty-four hours and without more than two stops. Paulhan's journey took almost exactly twelve hours, but his machine was in the air just four hours and eleven minutes of that time.

White took his defeat like a Briton and heartily cheered for his successful competitor. He, himself, is only a plucky amateur at aviation, and meeting with adverse winds and a defect in the workings of his motor were all disadvantages he had to face. Wilbur Wright, the American aviator, declared, after hearing of Paulhan's new record, that an aeroplane with sufficient gasoline capacity for transatlantic flight could easily be built.

Norway Loses Bjornson

What Mark Twain stood for as a national figure in the literature of the United States, Bjornsterne Bjornson stood for in his native country, Norway, and the two were equally well-known and popular in lands beyond their own, each in his own line. The death of Bjornson followed closely on that of Mark Twain, only five days intervening. The Norwegian novelist was about four years older than the American.

Bjornsterne Bjornson was born at Kivkne, in 1832, the son of a Lutheran pastor. He was educated at the Christiania University and went into journalism. In 1857, his first drama was published, and also his first novel. Between that time and his death he led a busy life, as poems, novels and plays under his name sufficiently attest. Ibsen perhaps excelled him in Norway, as a dramatist, but as poet and prose author he stood first in his country. He was intensely loyal and fought mightily for Norwegian freedom and progress. A Danish critic says that the mention of his name at a gathering of his countrymen was like running up the national flag. His last reported words before death were: "I understand there is a deep gulf between the thoughts of life and the thoughts of death. I have the impression that the thoughts of death hold fast to religion. This is the end."

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hive of men;
Heart weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again,
And I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away—
For a dreamer lives forever
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy meaning
Of a life that is half a lie,
Of the faces lined with scheming,
In a throng that hurries by,
From the sleepless thought's endeavor
I would go where the children play
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure,
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skillful,
And the child mind choked with
weeds,
The daughter's heart grows wilful,
And the father's heart that bleeds.

No, no; from the streets' rude bustle
From the trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
And the meadow's kindly page,
Let me dream as of yore by the river
Beloved for the dreams always—
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

make melody. Its tones are evoked only by the spirit of high or tender thought; and though truth is not always eloquent, real eloquence has always the glow of truth. The language of the ancients is of the time when the writer sought only to give plain expression of his thought, and when thought was fresh and young. The composition of the ancient historians is a model of simple narrative for the imitation of all time. But if they told their tale so simply it was partly because they had a simple tale to tell. Such themes as Latin Christianity, European Civilization, the Reformation, the French Revolution, are not so easily reducible to the proportions of artistic beauty, nor are the passions they excite so easily calmed to the serenity of Sophoclean art. Nor are all the moderns devoid of classical beauty. No narrative so complicated was ever conducted with so much skill as that of Lord Macaulay. No historical painting was ever so

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221	10.00

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1120	5.50
984	5.35
1042	5.25
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1051	6.25
1320	4.85
1170	4.00
880	3.50
983	6.25
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