

A MATTER OF FAITH

By Charles Pears.



Bobby: "Ma's in bed with a cold in the nose, and now you've commenced, Sis.
Elder Sister (a rabid Christian Scientist): "Dere is no such dig as a code id der dose."

Typical English Cartoons, from the "Tatler."

HARD LINES

By Gilbert Holiday.



Little Binks: "Pardon me, Madam, but you are standing on my ice cream."

Life on Bering Strait

DURING the last ten years it has become the fashion to speak of a summer holiday in Yukon or Alaska as Canadians in the olden days used to plan for a fortnight in Muskoka or a trip down the St. Lawrence. Dawson City and Fort Wrangel are becoming familiar names

in New York and Montreal, while novelists have not been slow to seize upon the picturesque features of that far country.

The scenes here presented are chiefly taken from the Cape Prince of Wales district of which Mr. Miner Bruce, a writer on Alaskan subjects, says: "The mountains that mark the western-most point of the continent at Cape Prince of Wales are rocky and barren, the ledges standing upon high pillars with shattered sides and uneven surfaces. Towards the base, facing Bering Strait, the slope is gradual, extending into a low, sandy beach reaching out into the strait a mile or more and then bearing to the north. . . . An all-rail route from the new world to the old, across Bering Strait, would be the connecting link to weld the nations together in the development of commerce and of the untold riches of little-known portions of the two vast continents. That this would be a mammoth undertaking is not denied, but its possibility cannot be questioned. It is not all fanciful—the unsubstantial pageant of a dream—but is rather the living, actual reality that before another quarter of a century has rolled away a great international highway will be opened up and the nations of the world will become its patrons."

But it is unlikely that there will ever be large cities in this great white world of the north. The Englishman, the Scot, the man from Seattle and the man from Ontario are always looking forward to going home—Alaska or Yukon is no abiding-place for the Saxon. At this western extremity of the continent, Cape Prince of Wales, there is an Eskimo village looking across to Asia, where "west is east." There the primitive inhabitants afford an interesting study to the man who is tired of stifling towns and bargain-day civilisation. There is room and to spare in these wide stretches of western-most America and its lonely lure is not easily forgotten.

Mr. Bruce has some interesting remarks on the natives who have puzzled many students of ethnology: "The first thought that strikes one when

he looks upon the Alaskan Eskimo for the first time is 'how striking the resemblance to the Japanese,' and the longer he associates with them, the more strongly he is impressed with the idea that at some time, though very remote, there has been a connecting link between these two peoples. Their stature, colour of hair, shape of eyes, olive complexion, and small hands and feet all bear a striking resemblance to the Japanese. Many of their characteristics are similar, as, for instance, their sunny and happy



An Eskimo Beauty.



An Eskimo woman fishing through the ice for tom cod.