by the combined effects of of bad surroundings upon rity. Professor Thomson ld be sound economy for devote a million pounds a ion of this and of kindred otes Mr. Galton as to the ould ensue if we could imoys of sound physique and not crammed with intelburg geese with the physilert in understanding of

checked inquisitiveness: ood investment, and it is year, since far more than vpe of boy are being born st. That they do not efo is partly because of misbecause there is a simulof an enormously greater o are emphatically not of

ipon this passage, Profesks that we are said to re-

ilitary organization with ence, not only among the nk and file. We are ceasrt scouting intelligence in he nation is spawning int relax one spine of our ligerence, for we have all s to keep alive. But the er it is not in great part ith 'Kriegspeil' that is reatively exaggerated multissed and non-individuated. ely exaggerated infertility what we think to be the in an era of 'Friedenspiel,' w be approaching like a ime, might not the socioensued solve the problem

ems so hopeless? ot whether these observaniss the point of the quesobvious that, so long as its own among neighbors the devotees of "Friedencondition of helplessness which our British ancesdeparture of the Roman ascendancy of the future, ies of peace or of war, will ho most completely recogof knowledge and the ince. In this particular the present moment, should Japan; but the contrast ain and Germany is worth ration. To take a single by submission to know!complete exemption from at Britain, as a result of rance, pays to this disease thousands of pounds and er of lost or damaged lives. s of very wide application, this country is less directtment of knowledge or ton of its value and imporhe communication of opincases, must be erroneous. hope that the social conmay be modifications and hat, even if maintained by es for a succession of gennot lead to permanent deice; but it affords no supthat their prevalence is tained national greatness. is a history of movement; dividuals, must hold their bandon them.

CHANNEL STEAMER

to be the fastest Channel gineering, be launched on the naval construction furness of the Vickers sel, to be named the Bendesigned and built by the verpool and Isle of Man Man Steam Packet Combeen pioneers in respect efore only consistent with at the new vessel should be in service a speed of 25 she will be fitted with very of the Parsons turbine the Vickers company, and atest improvements in deon, and to ensure a high icy even in adverse weat third turbine steamer on vice, the others being the nxman, the latter also a r. But these vessels, condo not exceed 22 1-2 d at present 24 knots is a ed in Channel service, and

lled on the ocean by the itania. Another outstandection with the Ben-myof the passenger accomin y 2,500 passengers, and as done to conduce to seaunning, and reliability, as speed, there is certainty is accommodation will b gineering gives a complete essel and her turbine maeet long, 46-foot beam, and

Where the Fate of America Was Decided



OT for many years has the attention of the world been so directed to Canada as at the present moment. The Quebec Tercentenary celebration to be carried out in a few months time on the initiative of his Excellency Earl Grey, has been commented on and approved by the press on both sides of the Atlantic. A brief outline of the governor-general's scheme appeared a few weeks back, but its paramount importance renders it unnecessary to make any excuse for recapitulating the steps which led up to the carrying out of what will prove one of the most notable events in the history of Canada. With that prescience and tact for which Earl Grey has always been noted he made his appeal to the people of Canada, through the women of Canada. On Dec. 12 last, he addressed the Women's Canadian club of Montreal, in the following terms:

I wonder whether you ladies have ever realized the various emotions that pass through the mind of the immigrant to Canada, as the vessel on which he is a passenger steams up the stately St. Lawrence to Montreal. Remember that the first impressions received by the immigrant to the United States is conveyed to him by the statue of liberty, placed by the bounty of France at the entrance of the harbor of New York. The message conveyed to him by the ever-burning light of liberty, fills his heart with hope and generous emotions. Contrast this experience with that of the immigrant to Montreal. When he passes Quebec, with mind aglow with expectation and looks up to the Plains of Abraham, where the fate of America was decided, and the foundation of Greater Britain was laid, he sees no inspiring monument speaking of welcome and hope, but only a building associated with all' that is darkest in the life of Canada, a black, frowning gaol, and that gaol standing upon the very ground where Wolfe gave up his life. There is no more sacred spot of earth on the whole of this American continent.

Ladles, it is part of your work not to rest content until that polluting gaol has been removed to some

Ladles, it is part of your work not to rest content until that polluting gaol has been removed to some other and more appropriate situation.

Founding of Quebec

Next year, as you are aware, is the 300th anniversary of the founding of Quebec by Champlain. It has been suggested by a committee appointed by Mr. Garneau, the mayor of Quebec, consisting of Chief Justice Sir F. Langelier, Mr. Tache and Col. Wood, that the Champlain Tercentenary should be celebrated by the consecration of the famous battlefields of Quebec, This suggestion has received the warm approval of Mr. Gonin, the premier of the province of Quebec, and of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

The battlefield of Ste. Foye, where the French in 1760, after a desperate and bloody battle defeated the British, and whence they would have recaptured Quebec, if the British fleet had not suddenly appeared adjoins the Plains of Abraham.

diebee, it the British fleet had not suddenly appeared adjoins the Plains of Abraham.

It is proposed to include the more important parts of the two battlefields in a national park. Thus, battles in which the contending races were alternately victorious, and in both of which the victor and the vanquished were entitled to equal honor, will be fittingly commemorated.

tingly commemorated.

It is owing to the action of His Majesty the King in establishing the entente cordiale with France, and to the love which he inspires in the heart of every French, as well as of every English-Canadian, that the times are at last favorable to the removal from the Plains of Abraham of the buildings which now disgrace and disfigure them, and to their preservation in a shape which will gratify every man of English descent, whether British or American.

Universal Approval

It is generally admitted that the centure of Onebec.

It is generally admitted that the capture of Quebec in 1759 paved the way for the declaration of independence in 1775. The Plains of Abraham, when they are properly cared for, will be the mecca of every American as well as of every Briton.

The proposal to celebrate the 300th birthday of Canada, by the consecration of the battlefields, has met with universal approval. It is hoped that appropriations from the federal and provincial legislatures will be obtained in order to celebrate the anniversary in a manner worthy of the occasion, but in addition to the parliamentary grant that may be forthcoming a large additional sum will be required to put the battlefields into a condition which will satisfy the historic sentiment of all concerned.

Money has to be found for the removal of the gaol and the rifle factory, and other buildings which deface and desecrate the battlefields, for the purchase of certain lands, for the building of a museum for historical relics, for the construction of an avenue round the battlefields, overlooking on one side the St. Lawrence, and on the other the valley of the River St. Charles. This avenue would be about five miles in length, and for historical interest and natural beauty, would probably be unique.

I also hope that it may be possible to erect on the point of Quebec, first visible to a steamer coming up the St. Lawrence, a colossal statue of the angel of welcome and peace, with arms outstretched, offering to clasp to her heart every new arrival from Europe.

Ladles, I believe it only requires determined and

Ladies, I believe it only requires determined and systematic organization to secure from individual subscribers the \$1,000,000, or whatever sum may be required, for the complete realization of these schemes.

Wolfe's Only Memorial At the present moment the only memorial to Wolfe is a small column erected by the rank and file of the British army, quartered in Canada, in 1849. These gallant soldiers sacrificed a day's pay in order that they might do honor to the memory of Wolfe, and in so doing have given an example which I hope will touch the heart of thousands of Britons, not only in Canada, but in every part of the world.

Do you not think the women of Canada, in response to an appeal made to them, would be only too glad to obtain from the rank and file of the Dominion, the sum required to celebrate the 300th birthday of Canada by consecration of the battlefields.

the sum required to celebrate the 300th birthday of Canada by consecration of the battlefields.

When I visited the States last year, nothing made a daeper impression on me than my visit to Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington. Every Gar's had been taked to preserve the house and its surroundings in the same state of dignified and orderly simplicity as obtained during the life-time of George Washington.

It is impossible for any thoughtful person to pay a visit to Mount Vernon, without the mind and heart being affected by the contemplation of the great and noble qualities that distinguished that remarkable man. The influence which issues from Mount Vernon, is a force which makes for patriotism and manly righteousness. It would be difficult to overestimate the value of this influence, or the debt which the American people owe to those who had the heart and the energy to save the home of Washington from destruction. It was the patriotic impulse and the courage of a single where the foundation of Greater Britain was laid, will, I am confident, appeal to thousands in all parts of the world, as well as in Canada. All that is required is some organization which will bring this privileged opportunity to the knowledge of those who will consider it an honor to be allowed to associate themselves, through the medium of a dollar or a quarter, with the birthday of Canada, and the battlefields of Quebec; and if this Women's Canadian club has sufficient spirit among its members to give birth to such an organization, you will secure for yourselves a permanent place in the ranks of those whose slory it is that they have served their country and their King, not only loyally, but well. In conclusion, I am very pleased to have the privilege of repeating to you a most gracious message which I have just received from his majesty the King, this conveyed in a cable to me from Sir Dighton Probyn, which is worded as follows:

"The King commands me to telegraph his approval of the scheme for the celebration of the Champlain

worded as follows:

"The King commands me to telegraph his approval of the scheme for the celebration of the Champlain tercentenary, and to say that his majesty will gladly subscribe one hundred guineas towards the fund you are raising for this good object."

Great Meeting in Ottawa

Earl Grey's next appeal was at a mass meeting at the Russell theatre, Ottawa, which was filled with the Dominion's most representative men, including the

prime minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In the course of his remarks Earl Grey said:

I do not think I am making a mistake in believing the women of Canada have a patriotism and a courage equal to that of the women of America. The privilege of contributing to a fund in honor of the sacred ground is one of the most pleasant in my experience. For what does it mean? It means that the Canadian clubs, which know no party narrower than the state, represent a latent national force, in every part of the Dominion, ready for action whenever occasion demands the performance of duty. I congratulate the officers and members of the Canadian Club of Ottawa on the spirited action they have taken, and thank them and all Canadian clubs, and especially the Canadian club of Edmonton, for the most welcome assistance and support they have given, and are giving, in response to my appeal.

The present is an occasion on which no party, sectarian or sectional narrowness can mar the harmony of our proceedings, or weaken the unity of our action. We are met here to consider what can be done to celebrate the approaching tercentenary of Quebec, a manner worthy of Canada, and of the empire.

It has been agreed, with an unanimity which appears to be not less intense than widespread medical.

It has been agreed, with an unanimity which appears to be not less intense than widespread, making itself felt in enthusiastic and sympathetic gusts from across the seas, that there can be no better way of doing honor to what may be roughly regarded as the 300th birthday of Canada, than by nationalizing the battlefields of Quebec. The immortal associations which cling round those battlefields are the precious inheritance of Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, New Zealanders, Australians, Canadians, and also Americans and Frenchmen. They contain enough and more than enough, to feed and stimulate the national pride of all, whether they be of British or of French descent.

Canadian Nation Born

There is one aspect from which the battlefields of Quebec should be especially dear to you. It was on the battlefields of Quebec that French and British parentage gave birth to the Canadian nation. Today the inhabitants of the Dominion are neither English nor French. They stand before the world, not as English or French, but as Canadians. It is from the fispiring standpoint of Canadian nationality that the proposal to celebrate the 300th birthday of Canada, by the nationalization of the famous battlefields of Quebec, should win the enthusiastic support of every patriotic Canadian.

If we regard the question sectionally, I would ask, where is the well-informed Briton to be found, no matter in what part of the empire he may reside, who has no personal interest in the ground where the corner-stone of Greater Britain was laid? I might say the same of every well-informed American. The first chapter of the history of the United States describes how the Plains of Abraham became the parchment on which in 1775 the Declaration of Independence was inscribed.

If the battle of the plains decided the fate of North America, it is equally certain that the battle of Ste. Foye won for the French Canadians for all time the full and absolute right to the secured enjoyment of their language, their religion and their laws, under conditions such as do not exist in equal degree in any portion of the earth outside the empire of the British crown.

of the British crown.

The nationalization of the battlefields is thus a consecration of those principles which have enabled the British crown to win the heartfelt loyality of all its subjects and which have made the British empire

Statue of Peace Gentlemen, it is my hope that the result of this meeting may be the creation of an organization which will bring before every Briton the opportunity of associating himself with the battlefields of Quebec, through the medium of a small contribution to the Champlain Tencentenary and Quebec Battlefields

You are aware that I have proposed that a statue of peace should be erected at the extreme edge of the Citadel rock of Quebec, where it may be the first object visible to incoming vessels on rounding the point of the Isle of Orleans. I hope that His Majesty's Canadian government may take the necessary steps to secure that this proposed statute shall be in every sense worthy of its great position, of Canada, and of the crown. The statue of peace must not be banal or vulgar, with flowing and windy draperles. It must be noble, calm, majestic, reposeful—the arms outstretched forward, with the palms sligtly downward as though blessing the incoming ships, and the eyes lovingly bent on the people below. On the base of Canadian life.

Gentlemen, I hope every Canadian boy will be

Gentlemen, I hope every Canadian boy will be taught what a privilege it is to be able, by the payment of a few cents, to contribute his help to the nationalization of ground which gave to the French Canadians good government and a place within the empire, and to the British half of a continent on this side of the Atlantic and an empire of self-governing Dominions.

This is a privilege which does not often come within the reach of any generation, and my hope is that every public-spirited Briton, wherever he may reside, may not be slow to avail himself of his op-

Sir Wilfrid's Cordial Support

In an eloquent speech, Sir Wilfrid Laurier strongly supported the scheme in the following language:

I am here simply to say that in my humble capacity I give my most cordial support to the idea which has been launched by his excellency the governor-general, an idea which long ago, nay, generations ago, should have been an accomplished fact, an idea which now launched with such authority will radiate from the old citadel of Quebec east and west, over the prairies and mountains, hills and dales, until it has reached the two oceans, and that idea, as has just been expressed to you, is that we should dedicate, we should consecrate the ground around the old citadel of Quebec, and make it a national property, because it has been hallowed by the most heroic blood. Now, I think we can claim, and claim truly, that nowhere on earth is ground so consecrated to be found.

Sir, it is undoubtedly a sad commentary upon

Sir, it is undoubtedly a sad commentary upon human nature that the history of the world, so far back as our gaze can penetrate, has been a record of sanguinary conflicts between nation and nation. Three-fourths at least of the pages of history are the narration of wars and battles between men and men. Some of these battles have been long ago forgotten, but some of them are living in the memory of men, and as time increases, the enthusiasm which they at one time inspired is not effaced but increased.

French Dash and British Resolution

French Dash and British Resolution Sir, if we are to compare our own battlefields to the battlefields of old, and take into consideration only numbers, we would not perhaps have much to boast of, but if we look at the cause which was there de-

fended, if we are to look at the character of the men fended, if we are to look at the character of the men who were then engaged, we may claim that perhaps nowhere in the world greater devotion was ever exhibited than was then exhibited. We may certainly claim, we of French origin, and of British origin, that nowhere was French dash and British resolution ever shown with greater eclat than at these places. The long duel which was maintained in the summer of 1759 between General Wolfe and General Montcalm is certainly one of the most dramatic instances recorded in the pages of history.

Wolfe ever resolute and active Montcalm ever

wolfe, ever resolute and active, Montcalm ever vigilant and active, Wolfe trying again and again to plant his army under the walls of Quebec, but meeting at every step Montcalm ready to face him, and baffling his every effort until the day came when he eluded the vigilance of his opponent and victory crowned his efforts. There is a tradition that the two armies were looking forth to the river, knowing that a fleet would come, and both waiting expectant that the fleet would be the fleet of their own nation. At last a sail was signalled, and we know that both armies were there on the cliffs looking for what it should be. Should it bring the colors of St. George or the fleur de lis? After days of expectation, when the fleet had at last anchored beneath the citadel, and hoisted the colors of England, the struggle was over, the French flag recrossed the sea, and England became omnipotent on the northern continent, omnipotent only for a short time, It has been truly said that the battles on the Plains of Abraham were epochmaking, and it is equally true that the result was not at all what had been anticipated.

Long Struggle Continued

Long Struggle Continued

France and England when they reached this con-France and singland when they reached this continent continued the long struggle which had long divided them. England was at last victorious, and, strange to say, from that moment dated the decay of her power on this continent, because the seeds of discord which had long existed in the British colonies at last were let loose, and within twenty years of that date the American colonies had proclaimed their severance from the mother land. Is it not a fact which it would have been impossible to suppose at the time, that the British authority would be saved on this continent by the very men who were defeated on the tinent by the very men who were defeated on the Plains of Abraham?

Plains of Abraham?

And may I be permitted on this occasion to remember, British citizen that I am, British subject as I am, that in my veins flows the blood of the race which saved the British flag at the time it was disgraced by those of Britain's own kith and kin. Sir those battlefields are being altogether too long neglected. No one can go to Quebec and visit the Plains and not feel some shame that the monument which has been erected to the memory of Wolf is one that is absolutely unworthy of Canada. But there is in the city of Quebec a monument which for my part I never can see but I feel my soul thrill with pride as a Canadian. In a small public garden, overlooking the St. Lawrence, perhaps one of the most beautiful panoramas to be found in the world, there is a monument erected, certainly nothing very artistic, simply a modest stone pillar. But I venture to say that the like of that monument is not to be found anywhere in he circuit of the earth. Monuments to the victor are not rare in this world, monuments to heroes who have been crowned by victory can be found almost in any country; but a monument to the vanquished is not to be found everywhere. In the city of Quebec there is a monument erected to the memory of Wolfe, which was natural; but there is also one erected to the memory of

Montcalm, and erected, I am proud to say, by the British government.

To the Angel of Peace Well, sir, I say that whenever I or any one else of Canadlan origin, and a British subject, and a Canadian citizen, visit the city of Quebec and there sees that monument, that noble pillar erected to the memory of Wolfe and to the memory of Montcalm by the British government, he can not but feel proud that he lives under institutions which can promote such a breadth of thought and action by the authorities of the land.

that he lives under institutions which can promote such a breadth of thought and action by the authorities of the land.

Well, sir, his excellency the governor-general, the successor to Lord Dalhousie, who in 1826 erected this monument to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, Earl Grey has conceived that we should erect on the Plains of Abraham another monument, and his suggestion is that we should erect on the Plains of Abraham, which saw the last conflict on this continent between French and English, that we should there erect a monument not to the god of war, but to the angel of peace. Could anything more fitting be accomplished by the Canadian people in order to symbolize the reconciliation of the two races when now make a proud and happy Canadian people, and which have been at the head of modern civilization? Can we wish a more noble idea than to have on the ground of the last conflict the angel of peace rising her wings towards heaven from that famous ground? This idea his excellency has in mind, and this idea is now commending itself to the Canadian people. For my part, with all my heart I endorse it, and I hope to see some time in the near future a statue of the angel of peace rising its wings towards heaven, so that the man who comes from abroad, or the Canadian who returns home from abroad, shall have that statue in his eye first and last, so that from the heights of Abraham we shall see proclaimed the beautiful truth of glory to the God of the heavens, and peace and good-will to all men. This is the idea to the realization of which the governor-general has invited us. This is the imposed by the Canadian whore the content of the canadian the heavens and peace and good-will to all men. This is the idea to the realization of which the governor-general has invited us. good-will to all men. This is the idea to the realiza-tion of which the governor-general has invited us. This is the message which he has to give to the Can-adian people, and for my part I hope and believe that this idea will become a household word in every Canadian home, and that before many years it will have become an accomplished fact."

Assistance From the Young

Assistance From the Young

His excellency's desire that the youth of Canada should participate in the occasion by contributing a few cents has had excellent results in eastern Canada and it may be hoped that here in Winnipeg and western Canada generally that the same spirit will be evinced. Hundreds of children are collecting money, and the committee of the Montreal branch of the Quebec Battlefields association offers for competition to English-speaking children, between fourteen and sixteen years of age, inclusive, resident in the city of Montreal, three medals, one of gold, one of silver, and one of bronze, for the best, second and third essays on certain subjects relating to the period in question. Roman Catholic and Protestant churches are also doing a great work, and the amounts collected so far are most gratifying. The Montreal Witness publishes the names of over 500 children who are taking part in the patriotic work.

Earl Grey has telegraphed on behalf of the Royal National commission of the Quebec tercentenary celebrations, to the Earl of Elgin, asking him to invite to the commemoration fetes a representative of the town of Brouage, in the Charente Inferieure, the birthplace of the explorer Champlain, and also representatives of the families of Generals Wolfe and Montcalm and of those of Levi J. Murray, Guy Carleton, and Simon Fraser, a former chief of the Fraser Highlanders, who performed prodigies of valor at the taking of Quebec. Lord Elgin is asked to attend personally or to send a representative, and also to invite one representative from Australia, four from South Africa, and one each from New Zealand, Newfoundland, France, and the United States.

With the exception of a few details, which will be submitted to the Prince of Wales by cable/ the official programme of his royal highness's reception at the tercentenary fetes has, Reuter adds, been approved.

The Prince of Wales will land on the morning of July 22. He will be received by the governor-general, and will be presented with an address by t

A loyal telegram will be addressed to the King, and congratulations exchanged with different parts of the empire, France, and the United States, and the mayor of Brouage. The Prince of Wales will formally open the fetes, and a speech will be delivered by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The grand historical parade will afterwards be reviewed and there will be a grand illumination of the fleet at night.

There will be great doings for the next six days. On the 24th there will be the dedication of the battle-field and a military and naval review; July 25, review of the fleets; July 26, Thanksgiving Day, Roman Catholic service and mass on the Plains of Abraham, with beautiful music, followed by a service in the English cathedral; July 27, naval display ashore by 10,000 sailors; representation of the bombardment of Quebec by the British fleet and army under Saunders and Wolfe respectively; July 28, children's day; daylight fireworks on the Plains of Abraham.

On the following day the Prince of Wales will leave Canada.

It is interesting to learn something of the man who

leave Canada.

It is interesting to learn something of the man who is mainly responsible for the carrying out of the proceedings. This is Frank Lascelles, who has been so successful in conducting historic pageants in England, and is now busy planning the features of the tencentenary pageantry. One of these features will represent the coming of Champlain, and the first simple but momentous scenes that were enacted when he landed on Canadian soil and commenced the settlement of the country. For this purpose a model of the little one-hundred-ton vessel in which he and his company salled from France to this country is being built. Rigged after the manner of three hundred years ago, with her captain and crew dressed in the costumes of those times, this little vessel will come sailing up the St. Lawrence one morning during the celebration. She will anchor off the lower town and her captain and crew, representing Champlain and his men, will land and re-enact the scenes long since passed into history.

in Canadian history.

Another great feature of the celebrations will be a mimic battle on the Plains of Abraham—as near a facsimile as can be attained of that great conflict between Wolfe and Montcalm, which settled for all time the long struggle between England and France for supremacy on the North American continent. After the representation of this immortal conflict is over, there will be another great pageant representative of the happier era that has dawned. On the green plains where the French and the English fought that great and bloody battle, the two people will how meet and join hands in mutual thanksgiving that destiny has united them into such a happy national family. The crowning point of the whole celebration will then take place in the consecration of that very battlefield as a public park for the people of Canada and a heritage of playgrounds for their children and their children's children forever. Trees will be planted, gardens laid out, and drives and walks constructed, while here and there fitting memorials will be erected to Canada's greatest historic figures.

In addition to the battlefields scheme there are to

Vision of Egypt-Hill of the Dead



HE winter visitors to Egypt are, as I have endeavored to explain, for the most part in a buoyant frame of mind. The gloomy grandeur of the ancient monuments does not greatly impress, and is far indeed from depressing them, says a writer in the London Standard. They have come to the Nile only incidentally to inspect temples and tombs: their main quest is

temples and tombs; their main quest is for a good climate and a good time. As to the former they sometimes have to pretend pretty hard in order to persuade themselves that they are thoroughly satisfied, for Egypt in December and January is not all warmth and sunny sky. The good time as a rule, I think they get, especially in Upper Egypt, when they have exchanged the relaxing air of Cairo for the bracing dryness of Assuan and Luxer. In the latter place, that centre of colossal ruins and amazing monuments, they can enjoy themselves very much; and if they do full justice to the excellent cuisine and other highly modern amenitics of the Winter Palace Hotel, they do not fail to pay their respects to the stupendous remains of Karnak and make frequent pilgrimages across the river to the plain and Necropolis of Thebes.

One might well come from the ends of the earth to

and make frequent pilgrimages across the river to the plain and Necropolis of Thebes.

One might well come from the ends of the earth to Egypt if Egypt had nothing else to show but these overpowering vestiges of a vanished civillization. There are people who find something arbaric in mere size. By this criterion the ancia. Egyptians were barbarians; for in actual bigness most modern buildings are handboxes by comparison with some of theirs. But I cannot agree that the temple of Karnak is imposing only by its magnitude, like an English railway terminus or an American sky-scraper. When you stand inside the great Hippostyle Hall, and let your eye travel about that wilderness of mighty columns and crushing beams, you are conscious of elemental power like that of nature herself in her more prodigal moods of achievement. So does one survey the mammoth wedge of the Matterhorn and the splintered peaks of the Rockies. Carry the mind for a moment away to the works of classic or Gothic art; the Parthenon, in its white beauty, Chartres and Canterbury, with all their wealth of flying arch and fretted buttress and petrified embroidery, seem toylike before the superb simplicity of those colossal lotus capitals that blossom above the swelling vastness of the columns. But Karnak, as we see it today, has the majesty of strength in desolation; conceive what it must once have been when every smoothed beam and polished shaft glowed with the colors of the desert and the sunset, with blazing red and vivid green and burning yellow; and when from every wall and roof there waved tapestries of blue and crimson and gold. In the masonry of the pylons at Luxor there are deep slots to hold the triple masts from which the long streamers floated, masts and streamers, I doubt not, as much larger than the poles and pennants before St. Mark's as the Karnak temple, with its mile long avenue of sphinkes, was greater than the Venetian casket of jewellery work. It was worth while to be a tourist in Egypt in those days.

The Necropolis of Thebes

Karnak and Luxor, the cities of the living, lie on the east bank of the Nile. On the west bank opposite is the city of the dead. In the wide level plain by the diver was Thebes, with its temples and streets, and its colonies of priests, embalmers, and mortuary workers and attendants of all kinds. Some three miles back the desert plateau of the Sahara drops down in rugged slopes and banks, where the kings and counsellors of the earth" sleep in the "desolate places" they hollowed for themselves among the rock. No tourist omits to visit the Tombs of the Kings. It is one of the show spots of Egypt; and here more than anywhere else, I think, the traveller loses by the conditions under which he usually undertakes the lourney. For this pilgrimage to the last habitations of the buried Pharaohs the holiday mood is distinctly nappropriate. The effect lies almost as much in the approach as in the funeral chambers themselves, and it is apt to be missed in the company of garrulous iragomans and kodak-armed excursionists.

For myself, I went lone and walked. Nobody ever

transported by a railway train, a motor car, a horse, a camel, a mule, or a bleycle, rather than by that clumsy appliance the human leg which has always seemed to me singularly ill adapted for rapid and convenient progression. But on this occasion I was rewarded. My solitary morning tramp across the Theban plain and up into the Hills of the Dead repaid the fatigue it involved. For a couple of miles or so the road possess the read respectively. Theban plain and up into the Hills of the Dead repaid the fatigue it involved. For a couple of miles or so the road passes through the villages, beside irrigation canals, and over the cultivated ground. Then the fields are left, and you wind your way up among the barren hills. I do not know any place that gives a more absolute impression of forforn and lifeless solitude. It is desert, not lying before you in a vast expanse of air and radiance, but desert channelled into narrow gorges or tossed into rifted crag and cliffs of sand; not a tree or a blade of grass or a rill of water to break the blank numbness of the dry and withered ridges. The path, threading upward through these desolate glens, leads at length to the foot of a bold mountain mass, that throws its broad front and heavy sloping shoulders up to the skyline, and looks as if the world ended with its crest. For the ancient Egyptians it did, and, in a sense, it does so still. The mountain has only one side; it is the stairway to the upland plateau of the North African desert. You can climb to the summit, and then you find yourself on level ground again, the infinite level of the Sahara, that stretches for two thousand miles straight in front of you. You might ride, if you could carry food and sustenance for yourself and your beasts, for and sustenance for yourself and your beasts, for weeks and months, due west across that waste till you came almost down to the shores of the Atlantic. The ancients thought that the other world lay beyond this pathless plain, and they buried their kings and princes and nobles at its edge that they might find the way from it to their last abiding place.

The Tombs of the Kings

In the heart of the mountain are the courts, the palaces, the mansions of the dead. The funeral procession wound up from the populous plains below by that same road I had traversed. Long corridors and passages were hewn in the everlasting stone; at their inmost end a deep, square chamber where they placed the sarcophagus of the king, and his mummy, perhaps also the mummies of his queens, his sons and his daughters. Then they walled up the entrance with great stones, and left Pharaoh to reign in his silent kingdom alone. The centuries came and went; Egypt, Persia, Greece, and Rome passed away; "the drums and tramplings of a thousand conquests" echoed down the banks of the Nile; and still Pharaoh slept in his palace of the underworld. In the tomb of Amenophis II., opened in 1899, you may watch his slumbers even now. The mummy is there in the stone coffin where they placed it when the king died. It is easily visible, for the tombs are wired and lighted by electricity, to prevent the discoloration of the walls and ceilings by the torches of the guides. Blackened and shrivelled, the corpse is recognizably human, perhaps even in some degree regal, with its stiff legs, its thin hands, the narrow, high forehead, the haughty firmness of the tight-closed lips and eyes. In the massive stone chest the king lies as they left him. All about him, the figured walls of his maze of cells and galleries glow, with the records of his triumphs, and his deeds, glaring and staring at you, as when they stained and chiselled them 3,000 years ago—Pharaoh, magnificent and vindictive, binding his enemies in ropes, dragging captive kings, behind his chariot-wheels, building, smitting, sacrificing, destroying; there are the servants of his pleasures, the ministers of his power, above all the dreadful gods, his guardians, dog-headed fiends and vulture-headed monsters, who have taken Pharoah unto themselves. A strange and terrible world this that the explorers laid bare for us when they violated the hiding-places of the The Tombs of the Kings

And yet it was not all gloom and wrath and savage magnificence. In the Museum at Cairo you can see the objects taken from the graves, notably the treasures found by Mr. Theodore Davis only two years ago in a tomb of Queen Thya's parents. Mr. Davis is a wealthy and enhusiastic American excevator, who has labored with tireless zeal to rob the hiding places of Thebes of their secrets, and has been making fresh important finds during the past few weeks. The cases filled by his industry and liberality at Cairo are of extraordinary interest. There are beautiful inlaid coffers of sandal-wood and ivory, delicate alabaster

vases, painted and gilded chariots, chairs and couches plated with gold, elegant and symmetrical as the best Louis Quinze work; there, or in other apartments of the Museum, are exquisite rings and bracelets and brooches, gold rosettes to fasten my lady's dress, and gemmed tlaras for the coils of her dusky hair. The men who piled up the Pyramids and forced myriads of straining slaves to drag immense stone coffins into of straining slaves to drag immense stone coffins into the cavities of the hills had a taste for art and beauty and luxury, too. They worked in miniature as well as on the grandest scale, and carved a jade scarab no bigger than a plum-stone, or fashioned a necklace of amber beads to lie lightly on some soft bosom, a jewel to hang from a little brown ear, with the same sure workmanship and unfaltering skill with which they wrought at the great monoliths that stand solemnly among the lamp-posts of the Thames Embankment and the statuettes of the Place de la Concorde. Truly a wonderful people, with more mysteries to them than the antiquarians have revealed.

REASON IN ANIMALS

Mr. Burroughs says: "Lloyd Morgan, the most careful of our comparative psychologists, tried to get his dog to come through a picket fence with a cane in his mouth. He found that it was quite beyond the dog's power of reason to see that he must tip his head over until the cane cleared the pickets, and that there was plenty of room for the cane up and down. It ended by the dog dropping the cane."

I have a Boston bull-terrier, "Jeff," that can give this Morgan dog points as to sense, precisely as certain men can give their fellows pointers as to sense. My dog has been through a wire fence carrying in his mouth a broom handle three feet long. How did he do it? When this stick was thrown over that fence—in order to get it out of this dog's possession—the little terrier squeezed himself through a broken spot in the mesh of the wire netting; a hole barely large enough to permit the passing of his body. He seized this broom handle first so as to balance it in his mouth, at the middle length. He ran up to the hole and of course came to a square standstill. Two, three and more times, he backed up, to butt back in value at this hole. Then what did he do? Did he drop that stick and give it up? No. He suddenly caught the extreme end of it, then dragged it trailing and close up against his shoulder and flank, thrust his head through the hole, thus bringing one and of the stick at least four or five inches through at the same time. Then he let go of the stick, drew his head back, came through the hole in the usual dog fashion, turned, selzed the stick at the end which just protruded as he had dropped it, drew it through, and then caught it up by the middle, to run exultantly round and round us, in a perfect ecstasy of trumph over difficulties.

Will any thoughtul investigator deny reason to my dog, when it overcomes an obstacle in the time and method aforesaid?—Forest and Stream.

AN IMPORTANT PERSONAGE

An inquiring person in England came upon a veteran soldier sunning himself in front of a public house in Devonshire, and began to question him about his campaigns and the leaders he had fought under. Did you ever see Wellington? asked the person, fin-

ally.
Did I ever see Wellington? repeated the veteran, with a superior smile. Why, I was lying on the ground at Waterloo when I eard the sound of 'osses' 'oofs, and then a voice called out, 'Is that you Saund-I knowed the voice in an hinstant—it was the Dook

Wellington.
"Yes, sir," says I, most respectful.
"Come 'ere," says the dook.
"I riz reluctant from the ground, for I was

tired out.

"I want you should go back 'ome," 'e says.

"Why?" says I.

"Becos you're killing too many men," says 'e.

'And back 'ome I went,' concluded the veteran, shifting his 'game' leg into a more comfortable position.—Youth's Companion.