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tom. An order of the Army Council has been issued, instructing military bandmasters that the time of the National Anthem is to be 84 crochets to the minute, instead of 60. It is understood that the King and the royal family objected to the slower time as too dirge-like, and the brisker rendering of the music has been tried before the King, and approved by him. The correct time is to be inserted on all music sheets in possession of 400 military bands, and doubtless other bands will copy the example.

Mr. Reginald Brock, M. A., Ottawa, has been appointed Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, and will act under Mr. A. P. Low, Deputy Minister of Mines.

Descendants of Sir Isaac Brock are presenting to Canada the coat he wore when he was mortally wounded at Queenston Heights.

Pope Pius X. has undertaken a revision of the Vulgate and the codification of the canon law. Proofs will be sent to all the Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in the world for approval and suggestion.

"It was Macaulay who said that if one wished to prove oneself irrefutably a bore, one had only to ask three questions, and one of them was, 'Who was the man in the Iron Mask?' All the same, people are still groping after that secret of the Vatican, and the very latest is Mgr. A. Barnes, in 'The Man of the Mask.' This author adds a new name to the already long list of candidates for the iron mask—that of James de la Cloche, or James Stuart, eldest of the children of Charles II."—T. P.'s. (The others who have been put forward as this mysterious personage were: (1) The Duke of Vermandois, a natural son of Louis XIV. and Mlle. de la Valliere; (2) an elder brother of Louis XIV., a child of Anne of Austria and the Duke of Buckingham; (3) the issue of a secret marriage of Anne of Austria with Mazarin; (4) a twin brother of Louis XIV.; (5) the Duke of Monmouth; (6) a son of Oliver Cromwell; (7) the Duc de Beaufort; (8) Fouquet; (9) Avedick, an ecclesiastic of the Armenian Church; (10) Count Matthioli, an Italian; (11) M. de Marchiel, a French adventurer.

Lake On the Mountain.

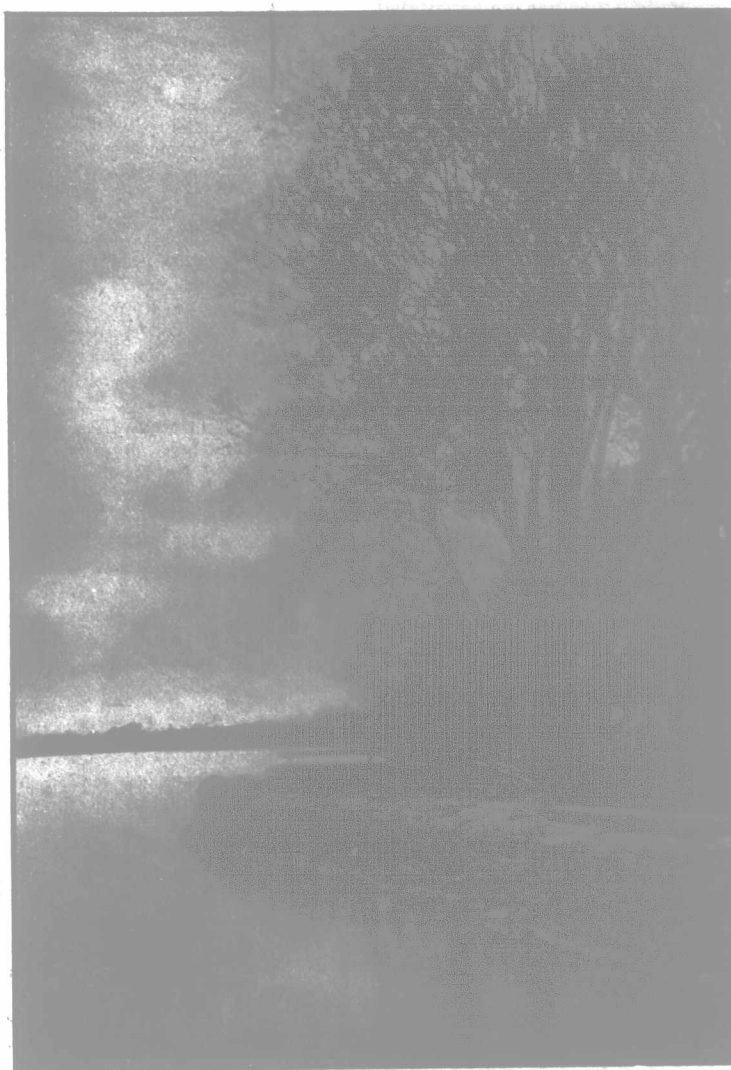
Whether the visitor "takes the "high road" or the "low road," the stony driveway over the upland, or what is locally called the shore-road, along the south side of an arm of the Bay of Quinte, the distance from the thrifty town of Picton, Ont., to Glenora and The Lake on the Mountain, is about the same—five miles. In the summer quest for more distant and flamingly advertised resorts, the tourist is likely to miss many a scenic gem along the Canadian water byways. Charming, surrounded by the Murray Canal, the aforesaid Bay and Lake Ontario, with their encircling aqueous arms, and beautified by East and West Lakes, the County of Prince Edward possesses a history, and has evolved among its people the distinction of a type. "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine" has many old friends here whom readers elsewhere would surely be glad to know more intimately; so, if they are going somewhere next season, we counsel them to spend a while in the beautiful Bay of Quinte region, and to not forget to explore The Lake on the Mountain, a mile or better across each way. Driving from the south-east, the writer came in sight of its pellucid waters on a breezy October morning, but there seemed to be no "mountain" in view. In this way, one reaches the "summit" almost without knowing it, and, skirting the north-east corner, the eye is greeted with a glimpse of the deeper-tinted Bay waters far below. The sparkling surface of the little lake is about 185 feet above the level of the bay, from which it is separated by a mighty limestone

wall, about 25 rods across at the narrowest part. This barrier is crowned with fertile soil, and gardens and homes, and a few business places. The fathoming line has accorded the lake a depth of some 95 feet. Always fresh, plentifully supplied with "pan" fish, a charming boating place, and varying little in depth from year to year, it is a picturesque conundrum. By what means was scooped out from the "everlasting hills" the gigantic cup that holds its waters? Through what mysterious subterranean channel is it fed? From the Trent River, some have guessed, and others from far-distant Lake Erie, to which speculation Dr. Wm. Canniff alludes in his history of the Settlement of Upper Canada. Inquisitive souls have proposed dynamiting a tunnel to empty the lake, so that they might explore the hole through which the waters come—like Helen's Babies, that wanted to see the wheels of the watch "go round,"—and others of practical turn to test

ing Company. The mill property, owned by Mr. J. C. Wilson, of Picton, was, a while ago, leased to a newly-organized company, under the management of Mr. T. N. Martin, by whom it has been entirely refitted with a modern flour-milling outfit. The water supply from the lake is regulated above by gates, and at the bottom the main is subdivided into three branches, supplying power, likewise, for a turbine-wheel foundry. One of our engravings affords an attractive glimpse of The Lake on the Mountain, and the other of Glenora, on the bay below.

From Out of the Past.

Probably few will dispute the proposition that, whether generally recognized or not, there are many Christian thoughts underlying Pagan conceptions, and that, veiled under the poetical emblems of a mythological creed, many valuable lessons may be learnt by Christian and Pagan alike. Nay, more, that many of our



Lake on the Mountain.

the permanence of its surplus volume for electric-power purposes. But most folk are content to leave geologists and geographers to wrestle with the problem of its source, while they enjoy its beauty or contentedly regale upon the products of the "roller process" which its energy sets in motion. In a rather inaccessible spot on the brambly and precipitous rock-side is a dark cave, infested betimes, 'tis said, by black snakes, the terror of bad boys who may be banished there as a penalty for sundry misdemeanors.

In early days, the overflow of the lake doubtless formed a cascade, tumbling to the waters below, and one, Major Van Alstine, with an eye to monetary utility—still characteristic of the good Bay of Quinte people—cut a channel down the mountain side, and established here the third flouring mill of the region, in 1796. Some years ago, a wooden flume, that used to convey the waters, was superseded by a huge iron pipe, through which the waters rush down to the turbines of the Glenora Mill-

own festivals have for their foundation a Pagan origin, proving that even in the ages long ago men groped after higher meanings, and, whether they knew it or not, gave expression to the Divine element which was and is the birthright of every human soul.

Take, for instance, the mythical significance of the heathen Deity "Janus," represented with two faces, the one looking back into the past, the other forward into the future. One poet makes him say:

"'Tis mine to guard the portals of the year,
To close or open to the seasons four,
And to the importuning throng of days,
Sometimes I hear the tread of stormy feet.
Hoarse trumpet blasts, and loud assaulting blows;
But other times they come with flatteries smooth,
Entreating 'Janus! Janus! let us in.' . . .
I watchful stand. I will not turn the key
Until my glass and figured dial stern

Declare the moment ripe. Two ways I look,
Two faces I present. One seamed with eld,
And gray with looking on the frozen past,
One fresh as morn, and fronting days to be."

And another, after a still more descriptive introduction, says of Janus:

"His reversed face doth show distaste,
And frowns upon the ills now past;
But that which this way looks, is clear,
And smiles upon the new-born year."

And what is this but the Christian doctrine of hope?

Let heathendom teach us one more wholesome lesson.

There is a pretty Indian legend of a good spirit who, wishing to benefit a young princess, led her into a ripe and golden cornfield. "See these ears of corn, my daughter; if thou wilt pluck them diligently they will turn to precious jewels; the richer the ear of corn, the brighter the gem. But thou mayest only once pass through this cornfield, and canst not return the same way." The maiden gladly accepted the offer. As she went on, many ripe and full ears of corn she found in her path, but she did not pluck them, always hoping to find better ones further on. But presently the stems grew thinner, the ears poorer, with scarcely any grains of wheat on them; further on they were blighted, and she did not think them worth picking. Sorrowfully she stood at the end of the field, for she could not go back the same way, regretting the loss of the golden ears she had overlooked and lost.

What better New Year's illustration could be given to us from our church pulpits, of the inevitable result of a failure to grasp life's golden opportunities as they come to us year by year?

Seeing, then, that our opportunities as a rule come to us singly, not in battalions, and knowing also how apt to be easily scared by difficulties are even the most stout-hearted amongst us, what better motto could be suggested for our opening year than that time-honored injunction to "Do the next thing"?

"Do it immediately, do it with prayer;
Do it reliantly, casting all care;
Do it with reverence, tracing His Hand,
Who hath placed it before thee with earnest command.
Stayed on Omnipotence, safe 'neath His wing,
Leave all resultings. 'Do the next thing.'"

With the same thought in mind, a writer for children says:

"Although it takes so many months
To make a single year,
Yet far more quickly than you think
The months will disappear.
The very centuries have wings;
New years grow old and gray;
The work which you intend to do,
Begin it, dear, to-day.

Within a single fleeting hour
How many minutes lie!
But even as you wait to count
Will sixty moments fly.
If you've a tender word to say,
A kindly deed to do,
Suppose you do it just this day?
I would, if I were you."

H. A. B.

Words of Appreciation.

H. A. B. wishes to thank Mr. Cumming, of Blyth, for his kind words of appreciation expressed in a recent issue.

Life.

Better than fame is still the wish for fame,
The constant training for a glorious strife:
The athlete nurtured for the Olympian Game
Gains strength at least for life.
—Lord Lytton.