

News of the Day.

Canadian.

It is rumored that a railway branch will be built this year by the C. P. R. from Hamilton to Goderich, via Guelph Junction.

The probabilities now are that Newfoundland will, before long, be admitted to the Confederation. The question of admitting the West Indies has for the present been shelved.

British and Foreign.

A movement is afoot in Albany, N. Y., for the building of a new electric railway bridge below Niagara Falls.

The number of killed during the recent earthquakes in Formosa is now put at several thousand.

The Japanese House of Representatives has pronounced in favor of the nationalization of all the railways, at a cost of \$250,000,000.

There is still nothing definite reported from Algiers, but Germany is said to be more in mood to compromise, having already conceded the right of policing Casa Blanca, the sticking-point for the last few weeks.

THE EASTERN LEVIATHAN—AND US.

It is interesting to note the rapidly changing attitude of all the world towards China. But a few decades ago, every nation under the sun which could find any excuse for appropriating her territory, appropriated it, without saying by your leave, and for a while it looked as though the great Celestial Empire, with its 400,000,000 souls, thus banded about from nation to nation in a grand game of grab, was on the verge of dismemberment.

In the meantime, the Chinese were a despised race. When a few of them crept timidly out into Occidental lands, bringing with them their plodding, industrious habits, their frugal mode of living, and, in many cases, owing to their different valuation of money, their willingness to work for comparatively little, they were received everywhere with contumely. The white man, depending for his bread upon his labor, naturally hated the Chinaman who thus cut in upon his field of rates, and the prejudice spread to all classes. Laws were passed compelling Chinamen to pay duty upon their persons, prohibiting the import of their women, etc., and, almost without exception, wealthy and influential Chinamen arriving at Western, especially U. S. ports, were reprehensibly treated, often being kept in bond as so many bales of lading, until the red tape of the customs officers was fully and deliberately reeled off.

Added to this, the hue and cry was sufficiently published that the Chinese were vicious to the lowest degree, drunken, gamblers, swine, and, although no one could attempt to gainsay the fact that vice is to be found among the Chinese, it was not, as a rule, held up as a counter that similar vices are to be found among the whites, nor was it thought necessary to observe that a few gambling dens raided in sections, where low-grade Chinese were wont to congregate, might scarcely afford sufficient reason on which to condemn a whole race, high and low.

Then came the war between Russia and Japan—and, presto, a change! By it, not only was Japan set upon her feet, but China also. The white man had been beaten in fair fight. Japan had accomplished this. Japan had not only shown herself the equal of any Occidental nation in intelligence and in her grasp upon science and political economy, but her strides were making Occidental nations stare. In less than half a century she had developed from an obscure, inconsequential nation to one of the first in status in the world. Even such nations as Great Britain and France began to find it

to their interest to study Japanese naval and military tactics, and the Lord High Admiral of the British Navy was inspired at a "psychological moment" to raise a war-scare, in order that the efficiency of the British navy might be tested. It stood the test, but the mere fact that the experiment was made showed the suspicion—and the comparison.

In the meantime, the colossal sleeping giant, China, was rubbing its eyes. By the time the Battle of the Sea of Japan was fought, it was thoroughly aroused and staring. When the peace treaty between the two warring nations was signed, it was ready to act. As with Japan, so it must be with China—Occidental customs, institutions and inventions must be studied.

Accordingly, before the world was even well aware of what was transpiring, Japanese schools were crowded with Chinese students, these learning according to Occidental standard. More than that, Chinese students were being sent out one by one, and two by two, to every country in Europe, steps were being taken towards creating a navy, and the vast Chinese army was undergoing a thorough system of reorganization. Later, when the Chinese Government took the step of buying up for nearly \$7,000,000 the right to build the Canton-Hankow railway, whose franchise was held by Pierpont Morgan and his syndicate, and set the project afoot again, the Chinamen fairly tumbled over one another in the streets in the rush to buy the railway stock. China had evidently found out what it means to have railways. Last of all, it appeared that she was sending out powerful Imperial High Commissioners whose duty was to investigate, in Europe and America, Western constitutions, laws, methods of education, work of departments, etc., and upon whose report a new era was—or is, rather, since the report is not yet formulated—to set in for China. Yes, the

but for the very fact that we are only taking the fair hand when compelled to. . . . Is Prince Tsai Tseh, or any of his staff, bonded, thrown any sort of bone by way of accommodation? Not so. The rigid boycott against Americans and American goods in China has made the whole Western world, as well as the Yankee, wince. Uncle Sam—and because it happens to be Uncle Sam, does not throw the whole onus of Canadian shoulders—finds it politic to turn the bland countenance—the Dr. Jekyll—Chinawards. A palace car is set at the disposal of the latest arrival of the almond-eyes, and flower-decked arches, and proffered banquets, mark the routes by which they travel.

The Imperial High Commission, however, is not anxious for much banqueting. Its members wish to get through with their business and return to China to put it into practice. So far, they are said to favor a constitution modelled on that of Great Britain, with an elective parliament; but what the ultimate decision will be, will be something to look for with interest.

Yes, China is on a new road, and, as yet, for which the world may be thankful, her intentions seem chiefly along peaceful lines. There are those among her people, of course, who are turbulent, as evidenced by the recent anti-foreign outcry, but this turbulence is sectional, and in it the Government itself seems to have little part. However, we can hardly dare hazard a guess as to what the great Empire will do. In the meantime we shall go on, probably—turning our coats.

Females First, Males Second.

One spring I observed with much interest a phoebe bird building her nest not far from my cabin in the woods. The male looked on approvingly, but did not help. He perched most of the time on a mullein stalk



A NOTED HUNTER of Culross Tp., Bruce Co., Ont. Behind him is his cabin, in which he lives during the winter, while hunting and trapping, and on the pole, in the foreground, we may see his bedding hung out to air. We should like to hear some of the yarns this genial-looking veteran must be able to tell. Wouldn't you? Photo by J. F. Reinhart, Belmore, Ont.

giant aroused, was, without doubt, beginning at the root.

The second of these Commissions, after visiting Europe, is just completing a tour of the United States. It consists of about 30 representatives, under the leadership of Prince Tsai Tseh, one of the royal blood, and said to be the most democratic Prince of the Chinese Imperial House.

And herein may we smile, we Westerners who are turning our coats so sheepishly—a half-ashamed, half-apologetic smile which we do not altogether enjoy—not that we are changing our tactics towards China,

near the little spring run where phoebe came for mud.

In the early morning hours she made her trips at intervals of a minute or two. The male flitted his tail and called encouragingly, and when she started up the hill with her load he would accompany her part way, as it were, to help her over the steepest part, and then return to his perch and watch and call for her return. For an hour or more I witnessed this little play in bird life, in which the female's part was so primary and the male's so secondary. There is something in such things

that seems to lend support to Professor Lester F. Ward's contention, as set forth in his "Pure Sociology," that in the natural evolution of the two sexes the female was first and the male second; that he was, in fact, made from her rib, so to speak, and not she from his.—[John Burroughs, in Harper's Magazine.]

The Pains of Conversation.

One of woman's besetting sins is to talk about her aches and pains, and servants. She never wearies of talking of all the sicknesses she has had in the past, all she has at present, and all that she even expects to have. These are embellished with the symptoms that accompany each separate illness, until one feels that contagion lurks in the very air, ready to grasp its victims. One gazes upon the chronic pain-rehearsing woman with a degree of wonderment that she should have passed through so much suffering and still be alive to tell it.

As a matter of fact, few women realize how much they talk upon this subject of aches and pains. While physical and mental suffering must exist so long as the world has mortals in it, the wise woman discovers, sooner or later, that it is not an interesting topic of conversation.—[Chaperone.]

The Difference.

"Whoa, there, I say; whoa, you brute!"

The man jerked his horse savagely, pulling him right and left, for the simple reason that when he had left the poor animal a moment it had moved away toward a spot of grass, which it began to nibble, when it was reined up by its angry master.

At the same moment, another man who had stopped his team opposite, was lifting a dozen jolly boys and girls from his truck, and dropping them gently on the grass.

"Thank you, mister," they chorused as, smiling, he drove away.

Out of the goodness of his heart he had treated them to a ride. His neighbor vented his bad temper on his horse. The conditions of the men were parallels, but their souls were as far apart as the poles. Smiles and scowls indicate the moral temperament.—[Detroit Free Press.]

Notice to Amateur Photographers!

We are sure that every owner of a camera will be especially interested in the reproduction of Mr. Reinhart's hunter, which appears on this page. We are not professionals in the art, but it strikes us that the distribution of light and shade in this picture is especially good, and the detail brought out very well. We are always pleased to consider photos, JUST AS GOOD AS THIS, which illustrate persons, places or events of ESPECIAL interest. So, if you have anything very good which you would like to see in printer's ink, send it along. We may not publish all that we receive, but you can run your chance.

A Word to Mothers.

We have a limited number of Margaret Sangster's delightful book of Bible stories—the "Story Bible"—on hand. Will any mother who desires to place this book in the hands of her children, or who wishes to own one, in order that she may read to them from it, kindly let us know. The book is a nicely bound, illustrated volume of 490 pages. Price, \$2.00.

Irish Servant (to mistress, upon seeing a dachshund for the first time): What sort is he, at all, mum?

Mistress: It is called a dachshund, Kate, and "Dach" is the German for "roof."

Servant: Glory! An' if he didn't go on growin' after them puttin' the roof on 'm!—[Argus.]