

HOME JOURNAL

A Department for the Family

PEOPLE AND THINGS THE WORLD OVER

Belgium has a Sunday postage stamp, issued for those who do not wish to have their mail delivered on Sunday. All mail bearing the Sunday stamp is held over by the carriers for delivery Monday.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the poet and dramatist, and his wife celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on their estate at Aulestaad, near Lilliehamer, Norway. Their home was crowded with guests. Gifts and congratulations were received from all parts of Norway.

Major-General Bengough, a hero of the Crimea, according to a London despatch, thinks 'the feminine suffrage problem' would be solved by adding to the House of Commons and the House of Lords a 'House of Ladies.' But he proposes that 'as the House of Commons is controlled by the House of Lords so would the House of Ladies be controlled by the House of Commons.'

Among recent additions to the objects of interest in the archives branch is a complete model of old Quebec city, which was sent 100 years ago to the British government by Colonel By, founder of Ottawa. The model was sent probably for military purposes and has been in the Woolwich arsenal since. Dr. Doughty has succeeded in securing it, and it will repose in the capital hereafter. Gen. Wolfe's chair, which was donated by the Prince of Wales, is another interesting historical relic now in the archives branch.

Towns are springing up like mushrooms all over the West these days. Names have to be found by the dozen, but as a rule they are selected with care and the effort is to make each name local and historic as far as possible. One of the newest towns is Laird on the Dalmeny branch of the Canadian Northern Railway in the Rosthern district. This is named after Hon. David Laird, first governor of the Northwest Territories, and it marks the site of the camp where one of the first Indian treaties was made while he was Indian Commissioner.

Principal Heron, of the Regina industrial school, has come in from Duck Lake from a trip over the Mistawasis and Big River reserves. He brought with him nine new pupils. Some of these are grand children of the chiefs, Mistawasis and Star Blanket, whose loyalty during rebellion days was of very great value to the white settlers and to the government forces. The attendance at the school has been steadily increasing of late and these children will make a creditable addition to the number in the school.

Notices for the offer of 1,000 crowns for the discovery and return of a Van Dyke picture that was stolen recently from a gallery in Vienna are being sent out to all customs inspectors and art dealers from the Austro-Hungarian consulate-general in New York. The painting, 'Kopfeins Kindes' head of a child), was cut out of its frame in the gallery of Count Marrach, in Vienna on Aug. 24. The authorities in Vienna believe that those who stole it will attempt to smuggle it into the United States, and the treasury department has been requested to put customs inspectors at every point on the look out for it.

Count Leo Tolstoy, novelist and social reformer, celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birth at his home in Yasnaya Poliana, yesterday. The celebrations throughout Russia of the Count's birthday are much less wide-spread than was

the original intention of his countless admirers, and the prime reason for this is the opposition of the Russian Government and the Orthodox Greek Church. Notwithstanding this, the newspapers of Russia appeared almost without exception as Tolstoy jubilee numbers, and published papers devoted to his life, criticisms of his literary work, and anecdotes of his career. Many of the articles naturally are phrased in terms of extravagant adulation, but in general the criticisms are discriminating and just.

One thing the French Canadian race has given to the country is a folk song which Canadian composers may some day use to help establish that coveted achievement of all civilized nations, a national music. There can be no dispute about French Canadian folk songs being indigenous. The boatmen floating down the mighty rivers of the Dominion chanted songs which have been preserved and handed down to the twentieth century. The habitants have fiddled and danced and sung their own peculiar melodies, native to the soil, to the environment, to the very life of these quaint and crude people. Already a few of these songs have been utilized. Sir Alexandra Mackenzie has written a "Canadian Rhapsody" on French-Canadian folk songs, but it is a dull, uninteresting and unsympathetic work.—SYDNEY C. DALTON, in the *New Music Review*.

HER LIFE FOR THEIRS

Here is a little story from real life that it does us all good to hear. It is all true and it happened just last month in Colorado. Folsom is a little town not far from a river which has worn by its impetuosity a deep course through the mountains. The town telephone office is connected with many neighboring towns by wire, and Mrs. S. T. Rooke was an operator in the Folsom office. One day as she listened, word came from farther up the canon that there had been a cloud burst in the mountains, and the river had risen a tremendous distance and was sweeping over its rocky banks, destroying all in its way. There would be time for her to escape to a place of safety before the deluge came, but the operator apparently gave not a minute of thought to her own safety. Instead, she took the telephone book and began calling up the subscribers and warning them of the danger. She had not time to finish when the rush of waters came upon her, but half a hundred citizens of the town declared to a reporter afterward that they owed their escapes and that of their families to the warning Mrs. Rooke had sent them from the central office. Saving others, herself she could not save. The following day her body was found twelve miles further down the rocky valley. The head-piece worn by all telephone operators was still at her ear, an indication that death had found her at the post of duty.

DOING THINGS WELL

We heard a striking experience the other day, related to us at first hand, illustrating the advantage of doing things well while one is about it. The narrator, a retired farmer, informed us that, years ago, when he was commencing to farm, and had a very small capital account, sickness in his family decided him to dig a new well. Seepage water could be obtained by making a fifteen or twenty foot excavation, but, although a dollar looked like a cartwheel, he made up his mind to do that job, like every other, so that it would never require to be done again. He went down till he struck a never-failing vein of water, at a depth of some sixty feet. During his absence from home on the following Christmas Day, a large wheat-straw stack, built against the barn, was accidentally fired by an orphan lad who had sat down beside it in order to learn to smoke. Neighbors on the way to church saw the smoke rising,

hastened to the scene, and, by using a neighbor's sap-buckets, which fortunately had bales on them, formed themselves into a bucket brigade, and by keeping the barn wet, and also that portion of the stack next the barn, controlled the flames sufficiently to enable other workers to fork away that portion of the stack against the building. Two days' work and another day's watchfulness served to protect the barn while the smouldering strawstack was consumed. "If it had not been for that well, which they couldn't pump dry," said the man, gratefully, "there is no doubt that the barn, with the unthreshed spring grain and a season's wheat crop in the granary, would have gone up in smoke, leaving me stranded and bankrupt."

"Another thing," he added, "I had previously made a vow that I would never insure my buildings, but the day after the fire, when an agent came along, I took out all he would put on, and have never owned an uninsured building since, nor have I ever yet had one burned. Perhaps, as it happened, it was just as well that I was not insured at that time, for some of the neighbors suspected that I had deliberately set fire to the stack and gone away, to make sure of getting the insurance. I have seen many people burnt out since, and never felt like imputing that they had done it deliberately. It seems to me a most unlikely thing for anyone to do."

OLD AGE PENSIONS

In the course of the debate in the House of Lords on the Old Age Pensions Bill the Archbishop of Canterbury expressed views favorable to the measure. The question he considered to be a moral one, cutting right down into the lives and responsibilities of the whole people. The country's social prosperity and progress was materially bound up with the manner in which the aged poor were being dealt with. Many investigators of social conditions had concluded that the question of provision for the aged poor dominated a number of aged problems. The time had come to do something, and personally he was glad that investigation had given place to practical action.

The archbishop emphasized the fact that the bill was an experiment. He considered that to be a reason for going on with it. It would be the duty of the House to watch the effects of the first application of the measure with a view to ascertaining the probable ultimate results of the innovation. Whatever else the bill did, it made the nation responsible for feebleness and old age. Modern conditions of industry did not favor the aged. Workers were being driven faster and harder, and new methods bore with especial severity upon the old. The pensions meant a lot of money in taxation, but every member of the House of Lords would willingly add to his financial burdens if only the poor would thereby benefit.

The bill, the Archbishop said, must be regarded as only a first step on a long and tiresome journey, but they had set their hands to the task. Care should be taken that there was no interference with the national habits of thrift and self-reliance. If a close watch were kept on the effects of the measure in actual practice, results might be obtained which would redound greatly to the common good of the English people.

The Archbishop's words are of especial value as showing the sympathy of the head of the Established Church with the poorer classes—a sympathy which he expressed with moderation and restraint. The church leaders may be growing socialistic, but their socialism belongs to the highest phase of the movement for which that much-abused word is made to do service. The House of Lords enables the country to make use of the special knowledge and broad viewpoint of such men as the Primate.—*The News*.