ER OF CORDWOOD

pent in trying to secure a on the nest, but she frus-

the gun has exterminated eat auk, Labrador duck, and minated most of the larger and many of the birds. I rity of just that much, and richer in nothing but memoardly be altogether pleasant. camera destrovs nothing. unter perpetual trophies of thetic value, gives him the version, and insures delighte time must come when for era largely, if not entirely

ver, imagine that, with the era hunting there will be desort of "sport" as obtains g. I cannot but think that, re is a certain delight in the is indeed fortunate that nothcan arise in camera hunting. ter will have for his reward bloodshed and life extinreward of achievement. And must, in many cases, and cerany years to come, be unique very striking and wonderful

indeed all animal life, is still raphed. This means that its ases are utterly unknown to thus opens up a marvelous e and discovery which would nexhaustible.

pretended that there is not orld of interest, in the opporred the sportsman? A new n, it is true, but a very real who will go out into Nathe fields and forests, and study and his friends perf bird life of unending ining novelty. Surely there is of this kind, just as there is

future has in store for us in ripton. Work that is a pleast is helpful too. Already much made in the art of bird phoany interesting and valuable liscovered. But there is still to learn, much to ascertain er has the whole world before queeze part of a wet substance a sponge. ft your foot up, you find that covered with water-the drawn to that particular spot It separates as soon as the

Seven years have passed since Mont Pelee the length of time that the heat has contindischarged its torrent of lava on the smiling ued they cannot be reganded as eof a supertown of St. Pierre and laid waste no inconsiderable portion of the Island of Martinique. ed and owe their temperature to the earth's More than one expedition has visited the Island to note the changes wrought by time and the agents that are active in healing the scar occasioned by the flow of lava and ashes over a charming country. The latest of these expeditions was under the charge of Dr. Edmund Hovey, in connection with the American Museum of Natural History; this was the third time that he had visited the Island since the disaster. St. Pierre, once the seat of flourishing industry and a convenient market for the products of the district, is like a town destroyed a hundred years ago and abandoned to decay. Most of the walls that were left standing have now fallen down. Grass and shrubs grow in the crevices between the ruins. Hopeless despair and incompetence in presence of the Herculean labor involved in clearing away the stones and rubbish are everywhere evident. The Rue Victor Hugo, the principal street and once the pride of the town, has been cleared of the ashes that blocked it, and some of the side streets rendered passable. Here and there a few buildings have been made habitable, and a modest hotel strives to cater for the few stragglers who have been brought to the place by curiosity or necessity. The feeble attempts of a few tradesmen to carry on business serve to emphasize the completeness of the destruction that overtook the town. But St. Pierre will rise again-literally, from its ashes-because it is necessary to the coun-The harbor is of importance. Already try. a solid wooden pier has been constructed near the lighthouse, which is still efficient. There is regular steamboat communication with Fort de France. But there can be no decisive improvement

Mount Pele as It Is Today

ficial character, but are probably deep-seat-

store of internal heat. There is very con-

siderable variation in the temperature of these

"fumaroles;" some reach only about 150 deg.

Fahr., others attain 600 deg. Fahr., and at the

top of the crater the temperature was so high

that at night the rocks might be expected to

glow red hot. Dr. Hovey relates that, una-

ware of the extent and convenience of this

source of heat, he provided himself with a

petroleum stove for the purpose of camp cook-

All that was necessary was to dig a small

hole near the "fumarole," insert the kettle,

and the earth's internal heat boiled the water.

Such a source of heat may minister to the

comfort of the scientific exployer, but it is

very disquieting to the terror-stricken native.

Moreover, the immediate neighborhood of

these "fumaroles" is smitten with the curse

be seen on the naked rock, no fly or ant

ventures near these gaping fissures. A si-

lence-that is uncanny reigns around, and the

dismal loneliness is utterly unrelieved. There

are, however, grounds for hope even amid

this lifelessness. Though steam still issues in

large quantities from the "fumaroles," for the

last three years no ashes have been ejected.

A period of quiescence appears to be approaching; the capacity of the volcano for

THE SEASON IN JERSEY

Battle of Flowers

favorite holiday resort, and even this year,

when, until lately, the weather in Southern

England was unfavorable to those in search of

health and rest, Jersey at any rate seems to

The Channel Islands have long been a

of a vast desolation. No blade of grass is to

This precaution proved superfluous.

till confidence is re-established among the have suffered little from climatic vagaries and has had many visitors. At this time of the inhabitants. The paralyzing effects of panic linger still among them. They need to be year, says the London Morning Post, Jersey is assured that no such overwhelming disaster can again bring death and ruin. Fortunindeed a little paradise, with its dancing, laughing seas, its perfumed breezes, its stately and rugged cliffs, its verdant valleys. It has, ately, accurate scientific examination of the however, other attractions. Its inhabitants are crater of Mont Pelee encourages a hopeful a compound of two races, and the island, with view. Before the 8th of May, the day of the its peculiar constitution, is the meeting place eruption, Mont Pelee exhibited a huge open of two nationalities. There is enough of crater, about a kilometre in diameter; the France to interest one; yet enough of England deepest part sank some 650 feet below the to make one feel at home. In the towns Enghighest point of the surrounding wall. This itsh is mainly spoken, though most people are wall, however, was not continuous or of unibi-lingual; but today the men, women, and form height. On the southwest side the wall children of the country parishes-there are was broken by a V-shaped chasm, while elsetwelve of them in Jersey-have invaded the where the wall stood firm and solid. When town, and I have heard on every side the old the eruption took place the continuous wall Norman patois. Speak to a farmer in French, offered a very effective resistance to the flow he understands you; but you may have to puzof lava and other ejected material, and compelled the river of fire to take the path of zle over his reply, delivered in his own peculeast resistance through the gap towards the iiar dialect. And what fine men they are, most southwest, where, unfortunately, lay St. Pierre. Not only was direction given by this with a sharp step. In conversation with M. aperture to the issuing lava, but velocity Aubin, the Connetable, or Mayor, of St. Healso; and the stream was carried further on liers, I remarked on the fact. "Yes," he reits career towards St. Pierre than would have plied, "that is, in my opinion, due to our sysbeen the case had the crater wall been entire. ow a new cone, composed mainly of solid rock, fills the old crater and rises some 400 three battalions of militia and a battery feet above the highest part of the old crater edge. There is no longer a chasm in the high wall to give direction to outflowing material, and in the later storms, as in August, 1902, the destructive ashes were scattered uniformly in all directions or as determined by the direction of the wind. At the distance of St. Pierre such a rain of ashes could work little mischief, and in the town neither life nor property was endangered. In any future eruption it may be confidently anticipated that the distribution and character of the damage will present the milder features of the August outbreak. The internal energy of the volcano, however, effected such changes of figure in its summit that to the terrified inhabitants the unexpected is always possible. Like a monstrous needle of solid rock, the new cone or spire could be seen standing erect, increasing its stature at the rate of some fifty feet a day, and men shuddered at this fresh evidence of latent force. The growth was not altogether uniform. Sometimes the upper portion would fall, but the damage was quickly repaired, and in May, 1903, when the pinnacle attained its greatest altitude, the new structure stood considerably higher than the old summit, and for a while Mont Pelee enjoyed the reputation of being the highest mountain in the Antilles. Apparently dissatisfied with this colossal monument on which so much labor had been bestowed, no sooner was it finished than Nature set to work to destroy it. Destruction was the easier in that the pinnacle, though built up by rock accumulation and not formed of detached fragments, was fissured and cracked throughout. Unable to bear its own weight, a thousand feet was vrested from the summit of the new spire, and the huge blocks of which it was composed lay scattered at the foot of the cone and in the valley beneath. The display of such stores of force and the exercise of latent energy worked irreparable mischief on the distracted inhabitants. Here, again, scientific examination proves reassuring. These mammoth ruins are the results of expiring energy. They tell of the throes of a decaying giant. Another feature which has no doubt tended to delay the rebuilding of the town of St. Pierre is the formation of "fumaroles" on the upper portion of the volcano. These consist of fissures and holes in the ashes deposited seven years ago, from which steam isued they cannot regarded as of a super-

THE VICTORIA COLONIST

a car driven by a child and filled with young ladies in graceful poses, over whose heads soared a huge dragon fly in flowers. The same car obtained the prix d'honneur by the vote of the public. Throughout it was an extremely pretty sight, and when the general parade took place the applause was continuous. Then the bugles rang out and the mimic

battle began. It waged furiously. There was no lack of ammunition. Roses, carnations, sweet peas, hydrangea blooms, dahlias, daisies -all sorts and kinds of flowers in season were thrown, the main engagement being between the competitors on one side and the occupants of the stands on the other. Laughter took the place of the roar of artillery and good humor and enthusiasm were the orders of the day, horseplay being entirely absent. Indeed it seemed a French fete somewhat restrained by British sedateness, and was quite characteristic of the half-way house between France and England. It was an exciting half hour, on which both the sun and the ladies-many of whom wore the most becoming Jersey bonnets of all delicate tints-smiled benignly.

In the evening there were illuminations, a confetti fight, an allegorical procession and a cavalcade representing the nations of the world, and fireworks. Both in the afternoon and evening the bands of the King's Own Regiment and of the Jersey Royal Militia played at intervals. The whole fete was most nccessful and reflected great credit on the organizers, who year by year improve upon the previous season's efforts and are rewarded very large attendances. The population of St. Heliers must have reached 45,000, for every hotel is full, and the country districts emptied themselves into the town. Many Guernsey people, too, forgetting territorial jealousies, came over for the fetes.

A VETERAN AMERICAN AUTHOR

There are probably few living writers who

have written more than has Mr. William Dean Howells, the veteran American journalist, who has just been ordered to Carlsbad to undergo "cure.' Mr. Howells is the doyen of American men of letters, and, like others who have now become famous, he began life as a composer. Even in his boyhood he had a passion for writing, and it is recorded of him that in his spare moments he wrote a five-act blankverse tragedy and set it up in type himself. is interesting to note that of late years Mr. Howells has become a great admirer of the gospel of Tolstoy, and has said that he agrees with the great Russian, without being able mself to live the simple life absolutely.

Mr. Howells possesses an amazingly large fund of anecdote, and the following is one of the best stories that he tells. "I remember," he says, "when I was in San Remo some years ago, seeing in a French newspaper a notice that bears upon the question of literary fame. It was a notice inserted by a rat-trap maker of Lyons, and read: "To whom it may concern -M. Pierre Loti, of Lyons, inventor of the automatic rat-trap, begs to state that he is not the same person as, and that he has nothing in common with, one Pferri Loti, a writer.' should have liked," adds Mr. Howells, when he tells the story, "to have shown Loti that of these country farmers! No bent backs and paragraph and seen his face when he read it." slouching gait with them! They walk erect,

> ROSES FOR THE BEAUTY OF THEIR FRUITS

midst could have been seen at the railway sta-Many Roses are bright with color in late tem of compulsory military service. We have autumn and winter from th hips, or heps. None is more beautiful than our native Dog Rose (Rosa canina). Though to be seen in many an English hedgerow, an out-of-the-way corner might be given up to our wilding and its varieties for the sake of the scarlet heps in autumn. The Penzance and Sweet Briars are also showy, and of the species-that is, Roses wild in other countries, having been introduced to these shores-one may mention the popular Japanese Rose (Rosa rugosa); its flat, orange-shaped heps are so abundant and brightly colored that they make a brilliant picture. R. microphylla has yellow prickly fruits, while those of R. macrophylla are pear-shaped and scarlet. The deep crimson heps of Rosa pomifera (the appleshaped Rose, covered with bristly hairs like those on many a large gooseberry, are as remarkable as any. Some of the American species, although the fruits are usually small, are handsome, such as R. nutkana and R. carolina. The elongated pear-shaped fruits of R. alpina and its variety pyrenaica are bright red and have a pleasant resinous odor when rubbed. One must not forget R. tomentosa and R. mollis, wild Roses of Britain, or the members of the Scotch Rose group (R. pimpinellifolia) which have black heps.

Four or five thousand feet above sea level, between the coast range and the Selkirks, lies the Long Lake Forest Reserve, 60,000 acres of timber, jealously guarded against fire, not for its very slight commercial value, but because it holds the snow and rainfall for the Yale division of British Columbia, a land wherein moisture is money. It is also a fish and game preserve, and for the angler its interest centres in half a dozen lakes, in which the trout fishing is superb. Wonderful (as I know from experience) in the worst of them, the sport improves in direct ratio to their inaccessibility from Kamloops, which is on the main line of the Canadian Pacific railroad, 250 miles east of Vancouver. I fished the nearest-even this took me a drive of twenty-two miles, half of it through virgin forest-for two days, and should have imagined it the finest lake fishing even in that wonderful country, but that I was assured by several experts that the rest, which can be got at only by riding and pack horses, give far more amazing results.

Anyhow, Trout Lake, or Fish Lake (either name is fully deserved) swarms with rainbow trout, which rise greedily to the fly anywhere near the shores, and on of days take the spoon out in the deeper water. My action when casting a fly is not unlike that of Bosanquet on a slow wicket, yet I gladly threw back everything under a pound. This ought to say something for the quality of the fishing. At the very first cast I got two, one of 2 pounds, the other one-half pound less, and they jumped high out of the water, like baby tarpon, six or eight times. Lake trout, even when they take the fly, are commonly adjudged tamer sport than those of rivers, but I can truthfully say that those of Western Canada leap like acrobats and fight like devils. The middle of the lake may be 10 fet deep, but all the fly fishing is on the shallows, in the pickets of the reed beds, and the only skill called for is in keeping clear of the reeds, into which every fish makes instinctive bolts. Many flies do well on the lake, and among them none are better than a red-bodied Montreal and a green-bodied cowdung, though March Brown, Silver Doctor, Zulu and Parmachene Belle all have their days out. All of them can be bought in Vancouver, and are to be tied on a 5 or $\overline{6}$ hook.

There have been great catches on this lake in the past. Two rods have been known to catch forty-five fine trout in a quarter of an hour. Only the remoteness of the lake from the railroad and the vigilance of Cowan, the forest ranger (who makes anglers comfortable at Rainbow Lodge, the only accommodation on the lake shore), have saved the fish, abundant as they are, from extermination. The Fish Commissioners have their eye on the place, and they will be well advised in making sevpresent govern the sport there. The size

THIS PICTURE AND THAT

limit, for instance might well be raised from 8 inches to 10 inches, and the day's bag of twenty-five would be a reduction by one-fifth. A cheap permit might also be issued, less perhaps for the sake of revenue than to enforce registration, and thus enable Cowan to keep an eye on parties fishing the other lakes, which lie some miles further on. Lastly, there is so much fishing all over that part of Canada that no true sportsman would object to the opening day being postponed from May 1 to June 1, as the snow is late in melting and the spawning fish get no chance, being backward in both the lake and in Meadow Creek, its only outlet. I throw out these suggestions in no spirit of teaching the commissioners their own business, but in pure gratitude for the two most enjoyable days of trout fishing I ever had in my life.

Two Canadian Lakes

Apart from man, these trout have their share of natural enemies. At all times half a dozen loons may be seen or heard, though Cowan does what he can to keep their numbers down. A pair of ospreys, too, generally quartered the lake during my stay, and the mink and musk rat take toll along the welltimbered banks. Worst of all, perhaps, are the beavers, whose overnight activity is evident in tangles of newly-felled timber. These busy carpenters eat not a single fish, it is true, being rigid vegetarians, but they dam the streams, and thus cut off the running water, which is such a vital necessity to the growing fry. A score have had their home on the lake years, and are strictly protected until 1911. It is even probable that, in view of national sentiment, the period of their protection will be indefinitely extended.

My other Canadian lake is less full of fish, but has much of the beauty which I recalled at Tahoe. It is in Alberta, and lies in the heart of the Banff National Park. To its beautiful shores, the day after turning my back on Trout Lake, I drove nine miles from the springs Hotel, through some of the grandest scenery in the Canadian Rockies. It goes by the uncompromising name of Devil's Lake, or Minnewanka (which meant approximately the same to the superstitious Indians), for in its unfathomed depths lusk grisly trout of goodness knows what weight. Specimens have been caught up to 30 pounds, and, needless to say, all fishing is done by trolling in the deep water with a spoon from the middle of June to. the end of July. I am, personally, not pas-sionately addicted to trolling, except in salt water, so I tried for a short time only, being rowed over the best grounds by Mr. Collins, who owns the inn. The one response to my overtures was a tremendous pull, which all but snatched a 20-foot salmon rod out of my hands. I was so startled by this wholly unexpected attack that I missed the fish, and I eral alterations in the too-easy laws that at was not particularly anxious to get a second. -F. G. A.

biggest parties went on the Great Western and Great Eastern systems, and some of the luckier youngsters will breathe air in Devonshire If some of the philanthropic people in our lanes and on the fringe of Dartmoor. As a tions spending an hour or two there would have rule they will stay in cottages, but wherever they go a responsible person, generally a

KED BY A VIPER

nary occurrence is reported and district near Chatswoth ne Duke of Devonshire visited a fair at the hilly village of ar Buxton, on Thursday. The of health for Chesterfield (Dr. in the afternoon drove to pirs in order to carry out cerns. He had two of his children vas explaining to them certain hens which he had secured. He hought was a common grass rough the bilberry bushes, and ck it up to show the children. rdent naturalist as well as a rediately noticed that the repglish viper. Before he could tened itself to his wrist, and times, the virulent poison beo both his hands. Dr. Peck ored to suck-the wounds, and re. His trap was some disa good deal of time elapsed ed Ramsley Lodge, near Bason was hastily summoned, and al officer in an alarming conied all the usual remedies, and inds himself, but ordered the oning of friends from Chesday it was reported that there the doctor's life being saved. ime, however, before he will noved from Ramsley Lodge to esterfield.

ve the fault you mention," said an, self-complacently, "but it's have, and it's a small one." the candid friend, "just like hat makes a plugged nickel no artillery, and have almost too many recruits for them. You see our population is 54,000, of whom 29,000 reside in this town; and though you would hardly believe it, the population is one of the densest in Europe-1,500 to the square mile."

The battle of flowers took place on Victoria avenue, which runs along the sea front. On the one side of the field of battle were the rugged heights of West Mount, with jagged rocks peeping through the purple heather; on the other the blue waters of the bay, out of which rises the imposing historical pile of Elizabeth Castle, with its moss-grown battlements. All along the avenue, from an arch of greenery which marked its beginning, Venetian masts covered with evergreens and flow-

ers were erected, festoons of greenery hanging from one to another and the very barrels of earth in which were driven the posts supporting the ropes in front of the stands were wrapped in sheaves of corn.

It was a huge crowd that witnessed the parade. On either side of the avenue stands had been erected, and in the centre was that reserved for the Lieutenant-Governor, the Connetable and other notabilities. There were nine classes. First came the children, the cyclists and the equestrians. Then followed the schools and other juvenile institutions, which sent groups of five to twenty children to compete for the Challenge Shield. Great local interest centred in the competitors for the inter-parochial cups, who came next; and towards the end there was a parade of twowheeled vehicles drawn by ponies, donkeys, or horses, of motors, and of four-wheeled carts and carriages. There were numerous prizes for the classes and special prizes, notably one for visitors, another for farmers' carts, and a third for vehicles decorated with wild flowers only. No one could watch the parade without pleasurable emotion; and not only the local people, but many visitors had entered into the idea of a floral fete heart and soul. Among the children there were some dainty and original ideas in decoration; and when it came to the wheeled vehicles the honors were awarded by popular vote to a Japanese merchant in the town, who had a rickshaw daintily decorated in delicately-hued flowers. In it were his two little girls, over whom as parasol, was poised a stork, worked out in white flowers. The motor-car class was rather small, but the fourwheeled vehicles made up for the deficiency. It was the best class in the fete, and the votbut from the high temperature attained and ing must have been close. The prize went to added as he retired in good order.

WHICH WAS THE BEAUTY

"Halloa Mrs. Lovejoy !" exclaimed a gentleman of that lady's acquaintance; "pray what brings you out so early in the day?"

"Oh, I've just been to the photographer's with my pet dog, Dido" (which she carried in her arms), "and we have had our portraits taken together, haven't we, Dido? Beauty and the beast, you know, Mr. Johnson"-with a saucy little laugh.

"And what a little beauty he is, to be sure !" replied Johnson inadvertently, as he tenderly stroked poor Dido's head and pulled his ears. And then he suddenly remembered, and became hot and cold in turn.

A PARTING SHOT

That fatal word had just been spoken. The rejected suitor stood before her listening to her elaborate explanations of her decision. "I trust that I have made myself suffi-

ciently plain," she said. "Well, I would scarcely go so far," he answered as his courage gradually returned. "It's but fair to give nature the credit for that," he

been no more trouble for the treasurer. An object-lesson would have untied the pursestrings. At Liverpool street a special left for places in Essex, Suffolk, Cambridge, and Norfolk at two o'clock. It was filled with youngsters between 5 and 14 years of age, pale-faced, thin, and some obviously delicate. They were clean and tidy, and showed the care of mothers who had had to deny themselves of a good deal to prepare a precious parcel of clothes which every child hugged. They were worthy subjects for a holiday, these dwellers in overcrowded rooms in sunless streets. Many a life among them may be saved by the fortnight's enjoyment of the invigorating air of the villages, the medicine they most need.

The smiles and cheers and waving caps as the train steamed away was the recognition of the children for the fund, but it was left to an incoming load to hall-mark the national work the organization is doing. Bronzed and vigorous, with boots in many cases bearing signs of long tramps in search of novelties, the youngsters jumped into the arms of mothers awaiting them, full of energy and of tales of the wonders of the country. There was ceaseless chattering, and an anxiety to show the gifts the country folk had showered upon the cribbed, cabined and confined children of the great metropolis. Here a live rabbit was proluced, there a bird now doomed to exile, and bunches of flowers galore. Fruit, the produce of allotment ground or village garden, was brought up as a present for the home, and on all sides one heard the telling of the stories of the wild flowers which are the greatest charm of Poppyland. Here, then, were two pictures -the departure of the weak and ailing, and the return of the rejuvenated boy and girl, rendered healthier by their stay among kind folk, and better fitted mentally and morally to face the tasks of their young lives. An appeal for the funds of an association achieving such results was never made in vain in London, and those who overlooked their duty will doubtless hasten to send their donations to the Earl of Arran, the honorary treasurer, at the offices.

45,000 Holiday Makers

Twenty-two thousand children returned from their holidays provided by the fund on father. Thursday. They came from the Midlands, the bracing Eastern Counties, the South Coast, the West, and from so far afield as Wales. A bigger army was sent away rejoicing. Fully 23,000 found seats in trains leaving Paddington, Liverpool street, Waterloo, London Bridge, up in a balloon, where would he land when he Euston, St. Pancras and King's Cross. The

clergyman will look after their comfort and arrange their amusements. The parents, as a rule, pay something, a shilling or so, towards the expenses but a number of cases are recommended by the Charity Organization Society. The average cost per child is 14s, including the railway fare. The donors include the King, the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise of Battenberg, the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife, and Queen Alexandra is the patroness of the fund. That the work of the council is thorough is assured by the fact that Canon Barnett presides over that. body, which includes in its membership some of the hardest workers for the uplifting of the metropolitan poor. The magnitude of the work for 1909 is shown in these figures:

Number of Children sent away 42,510 Number of County Centres 1,272 Number of Local Committees Number of London and Country Vis-

2,404 itors Expenditure£31,212 Parents' Payments£ 9,875

The children are selected from the dayschools on the grounds that they are ailing, or requiring change of air: that they have no friends in the country they can visit: that they do not require any kind of medical treatment, and that there has been no previous country holiday during the season. It is a painful thing that 45,000 chlidren in London can be so easily found to fulfil these conditions. The fund is now in its twenty-sixth season. Up to the end of last year nearly 700,000 fortnight's holidays for children had been provided, and the numbers annually sent away have grown from 4,600 in 1884 to 42,510 in 1908. It is calculated that about 600,000 or more than threefourths of the elementary school population of London, do not leave the metropolis for any period as long as a week during the year.

A PUZZLER FOR M. BLERIOT

"I want to ask you a question, pa," said Tommy.

"Ask your mother," answered the tired

"Well, but it isn't a silly question I want to ask you.

"All right," wearily. "What is it "Well, if the end of the world was", come and the earth was destroyed while and was came down?"